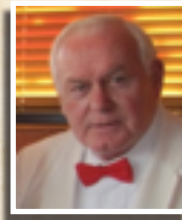


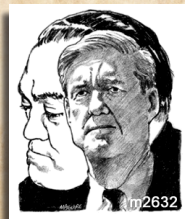
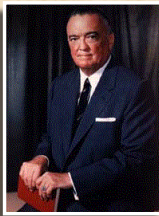


# VERSATILITY

## The Poetry of my Life



*By Thom McGorray*





# THE POETRY OF MY LIFE

*By Thom McGorray*





## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Tom McGorray was born in Buffalo NY. He attended Holy Spirit Grammar school and Fallon High School, where he was taught by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. He entered the Oblate Seminary and spent five years studying to be a Priest. He left the seminary and joined the U S Navy, spending four months in Officer's Training School in Newport Rhode Island, 10 weeks in Pensacola Florida learning to fly. He married in 1960 and eventually had seven beautiful children. He then spent three years flying P2V7 Neptunes out of NAS Brunswick Maine. He was a Navigator and Air Intelligence Officer in the Navy. In 1962 he photographed the missiles coming out of Cuba. He left the Navy and joined the FBI in 1963. After FBI training school in Quantico Va., he served in Atlanta Georgia, the Defense language School, Monterey, CA. where he studied Polish for a year. He then served in Washington Field Office, New Haven Ct., FBIHQ. He was sent to Tucson as the Senior Supervisory Agent and remained there for four years. He was then assigned as a Supervisor in Sacramento, CA. He retired from the FBI in June of 1987. He then traveled across the US in his cab-over camper. He spent several months as a Monk at the Trappist Monastery, at New Melleray near Dubuque, Iowa. He returned to Tucson where he worked as a Private Investigator, an FBI BICS Background Investigator, and a computer Consultant. For over 50 years he sang with the Barbershoppers, four Barbershop Chapters, and several Barbershop quartets. He founded the Nevada-placer Chapter in California and edited several Chapter Newsletters. He sang with the Sons of Orpheus Men's Choir for 19 years under the Direction of Grayson Hirst. He sang with the Diocesan Choir for over 25 years and sang at every ordination at St Augustine's Cathedral during those years. He also sang with the "Star Spangled Seniors" for 10 years, doing over 400 concerts at nursing homes in Tucson. Tom has run the xgboys listserv for 3600 former agents of the FBI since 1996. He has been a member of the Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI since 1988, and an officer of the Tucson Chapter during that time.

All my life I have been writing poetry. I do not know why. I have never sold a poem or taken a course in poetry writing. Many of my poems come to me in the middle of the night. I do not know where they come from but I know I have to go immediately and write them down. Some of my poems were written as part of an English assignment. Many were written for newsletters. I was the Editor of a Barbershop newsletter titled "Sounds of the Mother Lode" and for six years I published a monthly newsletter in Auburn California. For 15 years I published a Newsletter entitled "Sunshine Sayings" for the Barbershop Chapter in Tucson. This newsletter was a monthly, twenty pages long, and contained many poems, mostly light-hearted and humorous. I also published a quarterly newsletter for the Diocese of Tucson for eight years, called "Pathways" which went out to 1000 Catholics in the Tucson area. I used a computer program called "Pagemaker" and these newsletters contained photos, poems, articles, and sometimes jokes and cartoons.

For thirteen years I did a monthly newsletter for the Tucson Mac Users Group called "Tucson Mac" It was mostly about computers but once in a while I would slip in a poem or two. I served twenty-four years in the FBI and when I retired I have been very active with the Society of Former FBI agents and still do a monthly newsletter for the Tucson Chapter, titled "Tucson Credentials". I have dropped in a poem or two over the years-the years being 27.

## **DEDICATION**

This book is dedicated to my wife Carolyn and to my son Matthew Charles McGorray who courageously endured a spinal cord injury at the age of 20. Matthew spent 24 years in a wheel chair. During that time he obtained his bachelor degree and Masters in Epidemeology from the University of Arizona. He worked five years for the University and five years for the US Social Security Service, when his health declined. He passed away at the age of 44 and suffered with great courage and dignity. Upon his death we established the Mathew McGorray Scholarship Fund. This scholarship is for quadriplegics attending the University of Arizona. It is administered by the Disability Center, at the University f Arizona where Matt rehabbed. Donations can be made on line at;

<http://www.uafoundation.org/give/sls/mcgorray>

This book is also dedicated to my loving parents, Doris and John McGorray, my diceased sisters, Sue, Kay and Jeannie. My diceased brother Richard, Also to my sister Patricia Burk in Bradenton Fl and my brother John in Gilbert AZ.

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

The author is indebted to the following for their assistance, encouragement, opinions, advice guidance throught out the years:

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate, my FBI colleagues, my barbershop friends, the Tucson Mac Users group, the Knights of Columbus, The Star Spangled Seniors, my family, the Nuns of St Mary Namur, The many Pastors and parish Priest, the monks of New Melleray Abbey, Mary Ann Ryan my proof reader. Esperanza S. my desk top publisher. The many recipients of my Christmas Cards, Christmas letters and Christmas poems throughout the Years.

## **ABOUT THE BOOK**

Verse – atility is a book of poems written over the past 60 years. The author has been involved in many things during his lifetime. I began writing these poems in 1950 when I was fourteen years old. Each poem represents a moment of time in my life, an emotional feeling. Some of these feelings were one time affairs, others conjure up the same feelings with each re-reading. There is a story and an event behind each of these poems. They are especially meaningful to me because I lived them. I hope that in reading these poems you too might share some of these feelings. It is in the sharing of our joys and sorrows that we are unified and become as one.

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LOCKHEED P2V-7 NEPTUNE (US NAVY)



## 'FOREVERMORE'

Now and then, while reminiscing, I can see two lovers kissing,  
As they sit and sigh besides the - Soft and sandy waters shore.  
She is small, and yet so slender, He is strong, and yet so tender,  
As he bends, and doth befriends her, Renders kiss, like none before.  
Then the waves they come to whisper... Send her kneeling to implore...  
*Till he says...."Forevermore"*.

See, he turns to her replying, That to him there's no denying,  
Seeking, searching, sadly, sighing, "Hast thou never loved before?"  
She doth answer by confessing, Others, who had come professing,  
While, she takes his hands, caressing. Blessing them with tears of yore...  
And the raving waves returning, Bless these lovers o'er and more...  
*Till she cries out..."Nevermore"*.

Then she lifts her face so shiny, And doth rise, so quaint, so tiny,  
Pleading with her eyes reclining, Over on the distant shore.  
As he turns, his heart is straining, Yet his love is still remaining,  
While his soul is ascertaining, Deigning her his wife and more...  
Telling her of loves forgotten, Feigning were his loves before...  
*"They were friends, and... Nothingmore"*.

Once again we see their faces, Giving love in sweet embraces,  
As the moon comes up and stretches, Creeping cross the waters floor.  
Yes, I see two lovers kissing, Though tis not while reminiscing,  
But the moon's bright rays dismissing, Glistening from the waters core...  
My reflection and my lover's.... Kissing at the waters shore....  
*Now and then....."Forevermore"*.

## **HURRICANE**

There onto my island soaring,  
Came the waves, so rough, so roaring  
Driving, splashing, passing, dashing,  
They're against my rock domain.

I perceived the clouds descending  
Knowing that they were intending,  
To transcend my rock extending,  
Rending down their wrath and rain.

"Tis a little storm", I muttered,  
"Sending to my island rain".  
While within me – Hurricane

Yet my thinking made me quiver,  
And the silence made me shiver,  
As I looked across perceiving  
Quaint and quiet waters plain.  
Then the storm not hesitating,  
Breaking fast from bonds of waiting  
Blowing, crushing, vindicating  
Hating with a hate insane.  
Seeking to destroy my island  
Hating me with hate insane.

As I shouted - "Hurricane".

'Twas too late for paraphrasing,  
Waters rising, stinging, dazing  
Climbing, crawling, crying, calling,  
There upon my rock domain.  
While I hear the waters roaring,  
While I see the waters soaring  
As I feel the waters pouring,  
Pouring, soaring o'er my brain.

Til the water rises o'er me  
Killing me and my domain

As I mumble, "Hurricane".



## **GALLEY SLAVE**

Was it not a sight enticing, As the ship came forward, slicing...  
Roman pomp, and Roman power. Coming closer with each wave.  
While within its hull decaying, There were men, like beast repaying,  
While they pulled their oars, obeying, Praying, while they shriek and rave...  
Hark, the ship is heard to whisper... Saying, as it meets each wave....  
“Move those oars, thou Galley Slave”.

Twas it not most unbegetting, As they suffered, stroking, sweating,  
Sinking spirits heard relenting- “Will we never reach the grave?”  
Then their master, standing, swearing, While his whip on backs, ensnaring...  
See, his eyes light up a glaring, Staring, while his whip doth wave....  
Over and upon their bodies, Tearing, as it doth engrave....  
Marking - each a....”Galley Slave”.

Yet one night, there came a scrapping, Minutes later, slaves escaping,  
Charging out upon the deck - Madmen, beast from captive’s cave...  
They with all their hearts fullfilling... Pledges, vows, and dreams of killing...  
While the Romans’ blood was spilling, Thrilling, all who now could rave...  
Was it not a sight enticing.... Thrilling, all, who heard the rave....  
“Nevermore - a, “Galley Slave”.



Some poems are inspired by history, and sad events that took place a long time ago, but still affect our view of life today. Our history of slavery is such an event and it lead me to write “The Song of the South”.

## **SONG OF THE SOUTH**

With dark hands weary and worn,  
With muscles balmy and wet.  
A darky bends in inhumanly rags,  
Drying his forehead of sweat.  
Hoe            Hoe            Hoe  
He opens his hungering mouth.  
And then with a voice of desolate woe:  
He sings, the song of the south..

Hoe            Hoe            Hoe  
While the sun is rising above,  
And, Sow            Sow            Sow  
Till the moon climbs forth like a dove.  
It's, Oh to be a slave,  
Like the negroes of old were bound,  
Await'n alone for the dreary grave,  
To mix one's flesh with the ground.

Hoe            Hoe            Hoe,  
Till the head begins slowly to sway.  
Sow            Sow            Sow,  
Till one's hair is wirery and gray.  
Sow, the cotton and hoe.  
Hoe, the cotton and sow.  
Till after each plant'n you fall asleep,  
And dream how the cotton will grow.

Oh men of the southern plains,  
Oh man-both husbands and wives,  
Tis not the soil you're wear'n out,  
But human creatures lives.  
Hoe            Hoe            Hoe,  
He closes his plea 'in mouth,  
Sowing at once with a double seed,  
The birth and the death of the south.

But why do we speak of death?  
For the South "Will rise again",  
Yet what shall be its terrible price?  
Enslavement of Negroes in pain?  
For it seems a damnable shame,  
That pride in dwells so deep,  
O God, that the South should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap.

Sow            Sow            Sow,  
His labors never slags,  
What are his wages? A bed of hay,  
A morsel of bread and rags.  
A leak'in roof, a lonely stool,  
And a cupboard bare, a naked stare-  
The red-necks law for a rule.

Hoe            Hoe            Hoe,  
The sun, it spells out the time.  
Sow            Sow            Sow,  
As your color pays for its crime.  
Sow, the cotton and hoe,  
Hoe, the cotton and sow.  
Till the heart breaths deep,  
And the tears come cheap,  
And fall on the cotton like snow.

Work            Work            Work,  
In the dull November storm,  
Work            Work            Work,  
When the weather is bright and warm.  
While underneath one's flesh,  
Beneath one's nut-brown skin.  
The shout of freedom cries to flee-  
And burst from one's heart within.

Oh, but to breathe the air,  
Of brotherhood, whose taste is sweet.  
With the sun so free upon the brow,  
And the slave chains off my feet.  
For only a little while,  
To feel as Americans feel-  
To wear the glow of freedom's smile,  
And to eat of the free man's meal.

Oh , but for one short hour.  
For a rest, however brief.  
To open the blisters from one's hands-  
And gather the tears of grief.  
A little love could ease one's pain,  
That the rays of justice might glow,  
But tears must cease, for every drop  
Hinders my dark hands and hoe.

Work            Work            Work,  
For wages that are unjust.  
Sleep            Sleep            Sleep,  
In ghettos that smell of dust.  
And dream the dreams that cannot be,  
And sing a joyous note.  
For yours is the land of the brave and the free...  
And yet, you cannot vote.

With dark hands weary and worn,  
With muscles balmy and wet.  
The negro toils in inhumanly rags,  
Drying his flesh of sweat.  
Hoe            Hoe            Hoe,  
He opens his hungering mouth-  
And still, with a voice of desolate woe-  
He sings...the song of the south.

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# FBI POEMS

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## **FBI THANKSGIVING**

For the wealth that is our friendship, whereon no harm did fall;  
For the training that we shared alike, that let us each stand tall.  
For the cases that we worked and solved, for the paths we all did trod,  
For the bravery of our fallen ones, we thank thee, O my God!

For reports that were well written and the grace to do what's right.  
With our egos badly smitten, long hours worked through the night.  
For Thy safety and protection and the disciplining rod,  
For our fight against crimes evil we thank Thee, O my God!

For respecting badge and gun and the laws that show the way.  
For success in our endeavors for completing every day.  
For the justice that we strove for, for your blessings and your nod,  
For what brother-agents died for, we thank Thee, O my God.

For the splendor of your wisdom deep rooted in all things.  
For justice that was always served and all that goodness brings.  
For agents steeped in courage we stand so proud, yet awed,  
For watching o'er our Bureau we thank Thee, O my God.

And as our time grows shorter and as our suns do set.  
We thank thee for this journey each agent that we met.  
For helping in the battle within, above, abroad,  
For watching o'er us daily we thank thee, O my God.



## **AT-A-BOY**

When I was just a little guy I put away my toy.  
My Mom & Dad said way to go, My first real "At-A-Boy."

An-At-A-Boy is kind of nice, In word or written form.  
It means you did some good things that were above the norm.

I finished high in my school class this is the real Mc Coy,  
Such praise you never 'ere have heard, another, At-A-Boy.

And then there came the Bureau, with every top arrest.  
I got a note announcing I was among the best.

SACs like to write them, and put them in your file.  
They start to look a lot the same, they kind of make you smile.

And when they come from SOG, They're signed alone in blue.  
You better get your bags and things, HQ is calling you.

So when my death is scheduled, I hope He won't be coy.  
May God write well, my epitaph...  
My final "At-A-Boy."

## **BONES**

"I wish someone would do it,"  
The Wishbones like to say.  
The Jawbones talk about it,  
They talk the day away.  
The Knucklebones complain a lot  
And knock the one's that do  
The Backbones do most of the work  
Which one of these are you?



## **SEE ME**

A young man of twenty with spirit so free,  
Dreaming of life and what he will be.  
An agent at twenty four, my heart gives a leap,  
Remembering the oath that I promised to keep.

At twenty six now, I am long on my own,  
A wife and a baby and a secure happy home.  
A young man of thirty, my life now moves fast,  
The FBI's my home with ties that should last.

At forty, success finds its way to my door,  
And my work is fulfilling with little to mourn.  
At fifty I ponder and wonder and fear,  
And worry about my life and career.

Dark days are upon me, my partner is dead;  
I look at the future, I shudder with dread.  
For the young agents mature and go on their own,  
And I think of the years and the work that I've known.  
I'm now an old man and how nature is cruel;  
Retirement descends to make us a fool.  
The body, it crumbles, grace and vigor depart,  
There is now a stone where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass a young agent still dwells,  
And now and again my battered heart swells.  
I remember the joys, I remember the pain,  
And I'm loving and living life over again.  
I think of the years - all too few, gone too fast -  
And accept the dark fact that nothing can last.  
So open your eyes, agent, open and see,  
Not a burnt out old agent, look closer - see ME!!

## **THE FBI TWINS**

In face and feature, hair and limb, I look just like my brother,  
When folks first see they oft mistake, Our photos for each other.

It puzzled all our fans and kin, Why Barry got so rich.  
Why brother Tom his pauper twin, Didn't learn about the switch.

One day when we were very young, Before our life was fixed.  
Our baby sitter switched us so, We got completely mixed.

And so you see it came to be, That I got fat and he got slim,  
My brother Barry got Christened me, And I got Christened him.

We joined the Bureau in New York, They swore us in the gym.  
His creds, that day they gave to me, My badge, they gave to him.

I ask the FBI and friends, I ask each one I knew.  
What would you do if you were me, To prove that you were you.

Young Barry's courting made me hide, It really ruined my life.  
For somehow my intended bride, Became young Barry's wife.

And when we worked a case or two, Confusion came to be.  
I made arrest but folks they thought, That Barry - he was me.

And on and on throughout the years, Our lives were quite contrari...  
So when I died - our SAC came- And buried brother Barry.

## **EDITOR'S REVENGE**

You'll always be remembered, Where Special Agents roam.  
Your presence t'will be noted, Your whereabouts e'r known.  
Your Chapter they are watching, The Bureau knows your name,  
This writer has your zip code, Your life won't be the same.

Forever, n'er forgotten, Deserted nor dismissed.  
Your name will live forever, You're on my mailing list.



## CONVENTIONAL WISDOM

When FBI agents gather  
In cities everywhere.  
The place is not important  
They really do not care.

But Mystery Writers always,  
Are never really cheery.  
They meet in just one city,  
It's called the town of Erie.

And Plastic Surgeons have to  
When they release the cork.  
You'll find them in a township  
They call, Scarsdale, New York.

Accountants are no different,  
They watch close all their shillings.  
And gather in a hamlet...  
That's called the town of Billings.

The Egotist, they are quite grand,  
Look down on those inferior.  
They have to meet in just one place,  
The place is called Superior.

Voyeurs are a nasty lot,  
A secret place they seek a...  
Quantico won't accept them  
They meet down in Topeka.

Conventions are a lot of fun,  
Girl lawyers often pretty...  
It really makes me mad to know  
They meet there in Sioux (Sue) City.



## THE OLDEST OF THE BEST

'Tis a burden heavy,  
And a road that is long.  
'Twas a life full for justice,  
Changing all that was wrong.

Labored hard, this Agent,  
In a world of crime.  
Labored well, his talents,  
'Gainst the clock of time.

He was loved by many,  
Carried badge and gun.  
His reward, convictions,  
When his case was won.

But the sands of time,  
Follow each man's breath,  
Relentless as the sun,  
Certain as one's death.

'Twas a life full of honor,  
'Tis a well earned rest.  
A lonely, terrible burden...  
The Oldest of the Best.



## **THIS WRITING THING**

This writing thing is art, not chance, Or so it ought to be..  
They move the best who learn to dance, Or so it seems to me.

A writer brings to what he sings, His mind, his heart, his voice...  
It matters not, he loves his lot... And words, remain his choice.

He writes of life, each man's strife, Of things we love and mourn.  
Tells the story of love and glory For this is why he's born.

A writer sings of many things, Of yearnings and desire.  
His music lives, to words it gives... Its form and to inspire.

The written word is sometimes heard, It is a crazy thing.  
For it is when, a song feeds pen... You love this writing thing.



## **NATIONAL CONVENTION**

There's a National Convention, Come'n soon, to Reno town.  
Former agents in contention Making gamblers think and frown.

One thousand folks and maybe more, Gathered where the cactus grow.  
Telling stories, tall and secret, Only Special Agents know.

In golf & tennis they'll wow you, Many duffers will compete.  
To the winners, all will bow to- Sure , won't be an empty seat.

Many agents from east and west, Will gather for some eating,  
Doing what they all do best... Lots of talk and a meeting.

On the stage we'll hear the talkers They will get complete attention.  
With hearing aids and their walkers, At National Convention.

## **OUR LIFE IN THE FBI**

In a world of strife, from all walks of life, we're born, we grow, we try.  
Hard to explain, how it all began, our life in the FBI.

We shot some pool, but finished school, gave something a three year try.  
The time it flew, next thing we knew, we joined the FBI.

We all began, as a new agent man, with gun and badge and books.  
We learned the rule, at Quantico school, on how to catch the crooks.

We shot the gun, till it was no fun, some fugitives we ran.  
Study their needs, follow some leads, we always got our man.

Spent lots of time, on organized crime, on men of ill repute.  
These family folk, who's life's a joke, their brother they would shoot.

A good old boy, shot on the job, we saw a good man die.  
He paid the price, for being nice, we sigh, we grieve, we cry.

Success we knew, he worked on a crew, a squad of very good men.  
We past the test, made the arrest, we caught, our first Top Ten.

Some gave a try, and worked FCI, the infamous KGB.  
Some spent their time, on white collar crime, fraud was oft hard to see.

Some tried to be, Supervisory, I guess they had a great need.  
They gave it a try, to climb up high, perhaps they had to lead.

Time came and went, our days they were spent,  
Retirement time came our way.  
Some were glad, and some were sad,  
On what some called their last day.

But friendships remain, some never wain,  
An agent, a brother, a friend.  
The things that we know, will blossom and grow  
And consume our hearts till the end.

## **HOOVER**

I did not really know this man,  
I shook his hand one time.  
His agent friends were many,  
His enemy was crime.

He fought the powers of evil,  
He fought with all his might.  
Destroyed fugitives with prison,  
He fought for all that's right.

They say he had much power,  
On everyone a file.  
He tried to make us safer,  
By bringing thugs to trial.

He did so much, his work was great,  
And great was his FBI.  
They say t,was wrong, he stayed too long,  
"He worked 'til the day he would die."

When the history books are finished,  
And we all look down from the sky.  
We will see the angels and prophets,  
And his sacred FBI.



## **A SPECIAL AGENT GHOST**

I came a riding on my horse,  
Into Old Tucson town.  
To cover just a lead or two,  
But found no one around.

I rode along old Speedway Street,  
Twas dusty from decay.  
And as I got down on my feet-  
The wind began to play.

I saw a bush roll cross the road,  
'Twas followed by some dust.  
I heard a sign speak in a code,  
From hinges that had rust.

And then the wind spoke in my ear,  
No FBI - it boast,  
We want no Agents working here,  
This town is just for Ghost.

I found myself all panicky,  
My heart began to pound.  
"Go Back" the wind kept telling me,  
Yet, no one was around.

I jumped into the saddle,  
A head'n out of town,  
But found myself dismantled  
In direction that was down.

My horse he kept a go'n,  
At a racing horse's pace.  
I'm sure he was a know'n,  
That there was a Ghost to face.

Because my horse did not come back  
I am Old Tucson's host.  
A heart attack turned me into  
A Special Agent Ghost.

## ***“AULD LANG SYNE”***

The mind doth perch, and memories search,  
For the days that used to be.  
And voices throng, Round an “old time” song.  
It makes for our history.

An Agent grows, and that one goes,  
By the way of no return.  
And our work can teach, and memories preach-  
A sermon that time cannot burn.

With a case-load high, many agents would die,  
‘Tis painful to lose a friend.  
Each conviction you get, causes some regret,  
For the case that will never end.

There’s a constant ache, for old time sake,  
And good friends who were always near.  
But our losses of life, in our battle with strife,  
Bring a shrug and often a tear.

Each year brings its weight, sooner or late,  
There’s never the time for a rest.  
In the fight against crime, tis never nuf time,  
The first day of the year seems the best.

So sing out a rhyme, from the portals of time,  
Look and listen for that ancient sign.  
Listen and cheer, for that time is near...  
For the ringing of “Auld Lang Syne”



## **AN XGBOY PRAYER**

*Dear Lord:*

I am a former gman  
And I'm going soon to bed  
This little prayer keeps buz'n,  
And running through my head.

God bless my Mom and Dad,  
My FBI family.  
Keep them warm and safe from harm  
For they're special unto me.

And God, there's one more thing  
I wish that you would do.  
Bless all those old xgboys  
Bless my computer too.

I know that you may hesitate  
To bless my mother board,  
I've got a very good reason  
Which I'll 'plain to you 'My Lord'.

You see, that little hard drive  
Holds more than odds & ends,  
Inside that small compartment  
Are all my gboy friends.

I know a lot about them  
By the email that they give  
And that little scrap of metal  
Tells me how and where they live.

By email I now know them  
To be good men and true  
They share each day their burdens  
That's how our friendship grew.

Please, take the time to bless them  
I know they are not few  
Please bless the list of gboys  
Those on the digest too.

My prayer is for each gboy  
To each and every friend,  
Please bless their gboy folder  
And guide them when they send.

And when you do your update  
And burn your CD-Rom  
Remember all who've said this prayer  
Sent up to God.com.

*Amen.*



## ***JUST DO IT***

You'll never hear me begging, You'll never hear me yelp.  
But as your humble editor, I sure could use your help.

The chapter just elected you, To serve a year or two.  
So write just one short article, Any topic, it will do.

The director needs to tell the men, Of how to sing and walk.  
He needs to put on paper... A kind of a pep talk.

The music VP needs to plan, The repertoire and more,  
He needs to state rehearsal goals, Performances in store.

The Treasurer must keep the books, Write checks with a smooth stroke.  
But most of all please tell us, Whenever we are broke.

The Secretary takes the notes, At Board meetings quite well.  
Reports to us most everything, Except when they raise hell.

The Membership VP works hard, He never gets to rest.  
He brings new members to our list, And introduces guest.

The members of the Board agree, Cooperate, don't fight.  
Your Editor would like to see, Some articles you write.

So if you were elected, It's time you did renew it.  
Take pen in hand and start to write, Don't hesitate-just do it.

## **FBI AMBITION**

To live and die, for the FBI  
Was once my life's ambition  
To Shoot and scoot, recover loot,  
Run not out of ammunition.

To arrest the best for the Bureau  
T'was what I wanted most.  
To ID a face, and win the chase,  
His capture made me boast.

To never cry, and never sigh,  
For the mighty SOG.  
Be not a fool ,follow the rule  
From censor to be free.

To always grin and mostly win  
Within the FBI.  
To work with Feds, lose not my creds,  
And always wear a tie.

When I'm eighty-four, and life is o'er  
And happily retired.  
I like to know, before I go  
I truly was admired.

## **FINE GRAPEVINE**

Please don't reduce its pages,  
A monthly is just fine  
We're stuck with pension wages,  
More dues won't make us pine.

They say it pays to advertise,  
It might cause a conniption,  
An ad or two try on for size  
We want no paid subscription.



## **TO AN FBI AGENT GONE**

*(Inspired by Edgar Guest)*

I'll lend you for a while, this Special Agent man.  
For you to love while he lives, and mourn as best you can.  
It may be six or seven years, or twenty two, or three.  
But will you 'till I call him back, take care of him for me?  
He'll be a Special Agent, and though his stay be brief,  
You'll have courageous memories, as solace for your grief.  
I cannot promise how long he'll stay, as all from earth return,  
"But there are lessons taught down there," I want this man to learn.  
I've looked all o'er this Bureau of ours, In search of teacher true,  
And from the throngs of agent men, I have selected you.  
So will you teach him all you know, think not the labor vain,  
And be not angry when I call, to take him back again.  
He served the Bureau hard and well, and now his work is done,  
We loved him well but now 'tis time, To end what God's begun.  
So think of him with tenderness, our friend was always there,  
An agent, special in all ways, For him a special prayer.  
So when the angels call for him, if sooner than you planned,  
Save gun and badge, and brave the grief, His life was O so grand.

*(Dedicated to all the Special Agents  
Who grace our Hall of Honor)*



## **TALE OF A PRETTY GOOD AGENT**

There was a pretty good agent,  
In a pretty good class  
Taught by a pretty good teacher  
Who always let pretty good pass.

He was not great in firearms,  
In accounting, nor in Math.  
But for him the Bureau was leading  
Straight down a pretty good path.

Training school was not too exciting,  
But he wanted to do pretty well  
Though he had some trouble dictating  
And he wasn't able to spell.

He went to a pretty good office  
Where the new agents he always could fool  
But he had trouble with working the cases,  
He had trouble following the rule.

It was there in the agent position.  
That he learned the Bureau was tough.  
And he soon had a sneaky suspicion  
Pretty good might not be enough.

He served in a pretty good nation  
Pretty proud of the greatness it had,  
But he learned much too late,  
If you want to be great,  
Pretty good, is in fact, pretty bad.



## **ARE FBI AGENTS IRISH**

Are FBI agents Irish,  
Do they come from county Cork?  
And do they like their corned beef,  
And stay away from pork?

Do they like their ladies pretty  
Both fiery and serene?  
Do they name their daughters Bridgit.  
Or mostly sweet Kathleen?

Is Danny boy their hero?  
Is the Minstrel Boy quite grand?  
And Do they like their music  
Played by McNamara's Band?

And do they carry handguns  
And never, never miss.  
And when they find the  
Blarney Stone  
Do they greet it with a kiss?

And was it in Killarney  
Those many years ago,  
They tried to grow potatoes,  
Where only shamrocks grow.

Do Special Agents have the eyes  
That steal your heart away?  
And when their eyes are smiling,  
Do You want to kneel and pray?



## **MISTAKES**

Mistakes they always look for, a word or two misspelled.  
A typo makes them happy, and let's them raise up hell.

His Editorial's crazy, his jokes get old with time,  
Don't even know his grammar, his poems don't even rhyme.

When "Credentials" are mailed out, I say this with a smile.  
If someone doesn't get one, You can hear him yell a mile.



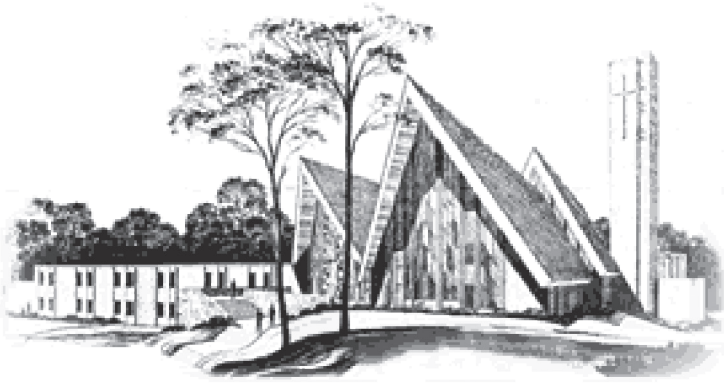
## **THE LIST**

You'll always be remembered,  
Where Special Agents roam.  
Your presence t'will be noted,  
Your where abouts e'r known.  
The Bureau has your number,  
The CIA your name,  
The IRS wants taxes,  
Your life won't be the same.  
Forever, n'er forgotten,  
Deserted or dismissed.  
Your name will live forever...  
You're on my mailing list.

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# MEDITATIVE POETRY

—//—



*Monastery Musings*





## **MEDITATIVE POETRY**

Some poems have their basis in scripture as well as in religious art,  
and I call these poems “Meditative”.

Such a poem found its way to the paper. It is titled “The Rock”

### **THE ROCK**

I am not man,  
But he envies me.  
I was the rock  
At Gethsemane.

Heard not the Lord,  
Nor did I see.  
But felt His blood,  
It did fall on me.

Saw not His sweat,  
Nor Holy Face.  
Mine, but the strength  
His arms embrace.

Mine not to listen,  
Nor share His fears,  
Merely to gather  
His anguish in tears.

I have no soul  
No spirit in me.  
Merely the rock  
At Gethsemane.

Here are some other examples of "Meditative Poetry".

**NOR BETTER FRIEND  
THAN THIS**

You came to me,  
Upon a tree,  
All battered and all torn.  
They placed you there,  
I held you there,  
Each day your love to mourn.

Your hands you stretch  
To me a wretch,  
Unworthy and ashamed.  
And even though,  
My sin you know,  
You love me just the same.

I saw you there  
So very fair,  
I looked upon your face.  
I held you near  
I saw the tear,  
Your wounds I did embrace.

You blessed my life,  
Relieved the strife,  
My grief, sadness and pain.  
Taught me to live,  
How to forgive,  
Our friendship did remain.

I know not why,  
You choose to die  
Upon this cross I kiss.  
No man has known,  
This love I own,  
Nor better friend than this.

**BEFORE I SLEEP**

The chapel lovely,  
dark and deep.  
And I have a vigil  
there to keep.  
A prayer to say before I sleep  
Such prayers to say  
before I sleep.

**BREVITY OF LIFE**

To your eyes, O Lord, a thousand years,  
Like yesterday, in your sight.  
Come and gone, life's joys and tears,  
To you, a mere watch in the night.

Like a dream you sweep men away,  
Man-a mere breath, a mere sigh.  
Like grass is born and flowers, but a day  
By evening all withers and dies.

Seventy or eighty years for the strong,  
Swiftly do the years flow bye.  
We live for this world., is it wrong?  
Emptiness and pain, you reply.

The shortness of life we know,  
May Thy wisdom of heart glow e'er bright.  
How brief our grief, unto us show,



## **LOVE ME WHILE I'M LIVING**

Love me while I'm living,  
Tell me how you feel.  
Wait not for my passing  
Make your feelings real.

Wait not for a grave stone,  
To speak of what's inside.  
Your heart, it should be open  
Your heart, it should not hide.

Smoother me with truth,  
Let grief's voice never moan.  
Speak some words of tenderness...  
Inscribe them not in stone.

Wait not till I fall asleep,  
And pass beyond life's wall.  
I long to hear words of kindness,  
I yearn to hear your call.

Time is not our ally,  
It seeks to steal away...  
Now's the time for friendship  
Death's the time to pray.

## **DAY OF DAYS**

Awake my soul the time is near  
Listen, can you hear the cry?  
Complete is your life's lonely journey  
Will this be the day that I die?

Will this be the day we wait for?  
The day the grim reaper will send?  
Will it be of darkness and turmoil?  
Will it be a day without end?

We know not the time nor the hour  
When life will be taken away  
We fear eternity's morrow  
We know not the hour or day.

Prepare for the sure and the certain  
For with all life there follows a death.  
Make ready your soul for its journey  
That begins with your very last breath.

No man can delay or avert it  
No matter how hard he may try.  
Will the good Lord find you are ready?  
Will this be the day you will die?



## **LIFE'S LOVES**

LIFE'S LOVES -  
THEY FADE AND DIE IN TIME.  
THEIR OCEAN  
CAN'T ENSLAVE  
LIKE STATUES  
OLD AND COLD, THEY TAKE  
TIME'S MOSS  
UNTO THE GRAVE.

## **MORNING SUNSHINE**

Like morning sunshine,  
You came like morning sunshine.  
Through the windows of my life,  
You kissed away the Heartbreak,  
When my life was full of Strife.  
Your love was like a  
New-Born Rose,  
That opened bright and wide.  
You talked to me of  
Things to be-  
You nestled by My Side.

## **LOVELY - GROWING OLD**

Let me grow lovely, growing old,  
As musical things do.  
Lace and silver and gold,  
The "Old Songs" need not be new.

In age, there is a wisdom of time,  
From the grape, the vintage of wine.  
Some old poems have an ancient rhyme,  
In the heart of man, a tell-tale sign.

There is healing in old trees,  
Old Songs, a glamour hold.  
Why not I, as well as these,  
Grow lovely - growing old?

## **DWELLING PLACE**

Enter through the portal  
To the threshold of eternal life.  
Seek ye now God's dwelling  
With the skill of a surgeon's knife.

Cut away the trappings,  
All possessions they must go.  
So walk the road less traveled  
Wash your soul in the melting snow.

Enter the gate so narrow  
Shake loose life's heavy load.  
In the dark of the night, go gently  
Seek the light of your Father's abode.

Seek you the road that is narrow  
Walk you the path that is straight.  
Stray not the flight of the arrow  
Let His love conquer your hate.

Center your heart on His goodness.  
Surrender yourself and then give...  
For this is where you come from  
And this is where you must live.

## **RESEMBLANCE**

'Tis comely...  
Ere a face has been,  
It's praying lips,  
Forgiving.  
It's eyes so clear-  
So pure.

It is the face of Jesus,  
Approach.  
And look with care,,  
Into your soul's  
Internal mirror...  
Perhaps...  
You'll see it there?

## **LOVE**

What have you done and what have ye earned, Said the angel soft and low.  
What have you taught and what have ye learned,  
What great thing do you know? I lived my life and for love I yearned,  
My love of man I watched it grow.

Who did you love and what did you try, And what did you take for your own?  
Did you measure your love by the sea or the sky, Did you hear the hungry moan?  
I'll love with great love, till the day I die, And the good Lord takes me home.

Did you love a women, did you love her well, Did you treat her nice and fine?  
Did all men know, could the angels tell, That happiness was her sign?  
She knew great joy, and my heart did swell, My blessings were nine times nine.

## **HUGS**

I often think that hugs can do, A lot of good for all.  
They cheer us when we're feeling blue, They make the short feel tall.

A hug can say "I love you so," "Thanks, for all your caring."  
"I really hate to see you go." "Thanks again, for sharing."

A hug can sooth a broken heart, Absorb a child's tears...  
A hug brings close the far apart, removes our own worst fears.

A hug delights, and warms and charms In such a simple way.  
It places us in God's own arms, Makes for a happy day.

A hug can act just like a thief, And steal our pain away.  
Shop-lift away our every grief, Bring sun, where it is gray.

So let your hugs be warm and free, Reach out without delay.  
The hug you give for sure may be,  
The blessing of your day.

## **THE HOLY BIRDS OF MELLERAY**

The Holy birds of Melleray, on the Chapel wall so fair.  
Perched on their window nest so high,  
They seem so peaceful there.

They listen so attentively,  
as Monks chant soft their prayer.  
As if to relay unto God  
each word with loving care

The rising Sun doth warm their nest,  
and radiates the air.  
God's love heats us, within our breast,  
so pleasing is our prayer.

## **OLD FOLKS AT HOME**

I've got gold in my mouth,  
And silver in my hair.  
My kidney's full of stones.  
I ache, just everywhere.

I'm often not more sociable,  
With every passing day.  
Five gentlemen come a calling  
I see them every day.

There's Will Power in the morning  
He gets me out of bed.  
Then "John" I go a visit.  
Enough 'bout him is said.

Charley Horse is ever near,  
A talking 'bout a muscle.  
And Arthur Ritis comes and stays  
He tries to make me hustle.

My favorite friend he comes to me  
At the end of every day.  
I call him Mr Smooth...  
His real name is Ben Gay.



## **MY DEATH**

I know about this life of mine,  
All the things that I did try.  
But I am very curious  
About how I will die.

Will my brothers know I'll miss them?  
Will my sisters know I care?  
Will my children know I loved them?  
Will they think of me in prayer?

Will it be a terrible accident?  
By truck or bus or car?  
Will it be aboard an aeroplane?  
In a place that's near or far?

Will I have the time to say a prayer?  
The time to reflect within?  
The time to say I'm sorry?  
The time to recall each sin?

Will there be much pain or feeling?  
Will I crawl in sand or dirt?  
Will I know my time is over?  
Will my mind remain alert?

Will I see my Lord a coming?  
Will the mountain be too high?  
Will I have the strength to bear it?  
Will I have the grace to die?



## **KISS OF SUFFERING**

You want to know of suffering,  
Of pain, that leads to bliss?  
He gives the wounds of Christ to us  
He sends them like a “kiss”.

Upon the cheek is leprosy,  
Upon the lips, is drink...  
Upon the legs, a crippled one...  
On mind, that cannot think.

He kisses us with suffering,  
That death we might embrace.  
The sick, the blind, the helpless ones  
He kisses on the face.

These are His friends, the ones beloved,  
Whose love and pain He knew.  
Lord, is it any wonder that...  
Your friends, they are so few?

Behold the poorest of the poor,  
A kiss of sacrifice...  
O God, my God, kiss me no more...  
I wait for Paradise.

## **SACRIFICE**

Lord, I give you my hopes and pain  
I give you my tears,  
Yes, I give you a broken-bleeding heart  
I give you my fears.

I give you my son, broken and torn  
His damaged nerves and spine  
And ask in your mercy and love  
That all his pain be mine

I know not if this cup can pass  
Nor if I can drink this cup you fill  
I pray your love on me bestow  
That I may do your Father's will

Yes, I give to you all of these  
And more – than I can bear  
I place my son upon your altar near,  
And place my soul in your loving care.

## LOVE AGAIN

The perfect relationship,  
Is not found in the other.  
'Tis deep within our very selves  
And found not in another.

True love and joy we often seek,  
We search, we seek to find.  
We look for it in all our friends,  
We seldom look inside

Inside our very hearts and souls,  
The place where love must dwell.  
'Tis there that love can give and take  
And make us whole and well.

You are your dream come true you know,  
The perfect harmonious mate.  
You can't give way what's not possessed,  
You can't mix love with hate.

So love yourself then all the rest,  
Will follow as night the day.  
A friend to self, will be the best,  
In a mystifying way.

The miracle of love it seems  
Is gift not from the other.  
But once possessed within the self  
Is given to one another.

So wait, have patience, love is near,  
Wait only for awhile.  
Marvelous things will happen soon,  
And love again will smile.



## **MYSTERY**

I come upon the stage of time,  
The world is mine and all is well,  
I touch the stars, I write my rhyme,  
While some do bleed in early hell.

I've known the best, I bloom and grow,  
While others, like the flower wilt.  
My happiness, like melting snow,  
Is gone, and all I feel is guilt.

I look around, I hear the cry  
Of hunger's child somewhere on earth.  
Emaciation will not die,  
My hunger pains, I curse all birth.

What purpose I, what is the goal?  
Why suffering man in every place?  
I search each day to find my soul,  
A child, I find, with hungering face.

'Tis worse to think, yet not to know,  
From whence I came or why.  
This mystery of life will grow...  
Until the day I die

## **TEARS**

Tears, tears, of all the tears  
That e'er by man were shed.  
The worst of all by far, the tears  
Are those that damp our dead.

Tears, tears, Oh little tears,  
That cool the child's cheek.  
The droplets fall and tell of fears,  
That little ones can't speak.

## **My FRIEND**

My friend was like the sunlight  
He brought much warmth to me,  
He made it bright when it was dark,  
At times when I couldn't see.

My friend was like the owl,  
both beautiful and wise.  
He shared with me his wisdom,  
and his spirit never dies.

My friend was like the wind that blows,  
In storm and tempest strong,  
He helped me oft to understand,  
The right and yes, the wrong.

My friend was there when things were good,  
and when my life was poor.  
My friend was there when I was ill,  
when death knocked on my door.

You see my friend died on a cross,  
that's how He chose His end.  
I know I'll rise with Him some day,  
Our friendship will not end.

## **MISERERE MEI**

T'was near the crosses, behind the monastery wall,  
There by the cemetery, I heard their call.

“As now you are, O child, so once we were,  
As now we are, so one day you shall be.”

The sound it floats and softly makes its plea,  
Sobbing and breaking, asking to be free.

*Miserere Mei*

I turned to listen but nothing did I see,  
Be merciful O Lord, this child did loveth Thee.

Hide not, turn not from them Thy Holy Face,  
Grant unto them Heaven's sweet embrace.

Stabat Mater...hearken to their cry...  
Mater Misericordia...open up the sky.

*Miserere Mei*

## **MY TIME IS HERE**

My time has come,  
I think the time is right.  
For me to say goodbye  
To trade my days for night.

To end my pain-filled days  
To cease my sleepless nights.  
I long to rest my soul  
And see those heavenly lights.

I lived my life with passion  
And fought with all my might.  
My days are only cloudy  
The sun, no longer bright.

At first I feared my going,  
Knew not the reason why.  
Why me, the only question  
Why good men all must die.

I've thought about it plenty,  
I've overcome my fear.  
Prepared my soul to travel...  
I know my time is near.

I need to go, I really do  
I know I cannot stay.  
To be with God forever,  
For this I daily pray.

I know about your love for me,  
I know your hopes and fears.  
I know it hurts to see me go  
I see it in your tears.

I'm going where there's music,  
Where life is one great song.  
Where all is in great harmony  
And there is no right or wrong.

I thank you all for loving me,  
Throughout my many years.  
For putting up with many faults  
My phobias and fears.

I'll think of you with kindness,  
With tenderness and grace.  
I'll hold your heart so closely  
Our souls will know no space.

And so I say goodbye to all,  
My God he draweth near.  
I hear his voice, I see his face....  
Alas, my time is here.

## **ONLY ME**

What did you come to the desert to see?  
The arid and parchness of land?  
Or a prophet who foretells you of time,  
Or Christ's footprints on the sand?

Did you come to the desert to eat fine food,  
Or to drink the finest of wine?  
To the desert where never a day is good,  
Where serpents and locust do dine.

Did you come to hear John, to heed his call,  
To repent of your evil ways?  
To prepare for the Lord,  
make straight His path  
For His coming is a mere matter of days.

What did you come to the desert to find,  
The demons and shadows within?  
That haunt our minds and possess our souls,  
And identify us with sin.

What in the desert were you looking for,  
What did you hope to see?  
"I came in search of inner truth ",  
What I found, was only - me.

## NEVER

Never jump in water,  
Never make the leap  
Unless you know its very depth  
Unless you know how deep.

Never throw a baseball  
Or a football pass,  
If you are near somebody's house  
With windows made of glass.

Never tell a little fib  
Nor utter a great lie,  
Unless you want to suffer  
Unless you want to die.

Jump not into marriage  
Utter not "I do",  
For sure you'll know real sorrow  
More than you ever knew.

Never tell false stories  
about your neighbor's life  
For truth will surely surface  
And cut you like a knife.

Never keep your marbles  
In a single linen bag.  
For surely you will lose them all  
When your bag becomes a rag.

Never sit in sunshine  
Without a hat or shirt  
For when the sun departeth  
Your skin will surely hurt.

Always wear your helmet  
When riding bikes with speed  
For if you have an accident  
Your head will surely bleed.

Never throw a boomerang  
Before you learn to catch.  
When it returns the outcome  
A doctor you must fetch.

## THE GARDEN

Into the garden Jesus came,  
In prayer his body spent.  
Into the garden Jesus came,  
In weary fear and shame.

But the Olives did not commiserate  
The green leaves did not extricate,  
The thorn trees did not venerate,  
When into the garden Jesus came.

Out of the garden Jesus went,  
That His Father be content.  
Out of the garden Jesus came  
In humble fear and shame.  
From death and shame he too shied,  
As in the garden he had cried,  
T'was on a tree they crucified.  
When out of the garden Jesus came.



## **THE JOURNEY**

We met briefly on the journey,  
The journey that is life.  
Our souls they touched but briefly,  
In good times or in strife.

You may have been my mother,  
How much you did inspire.  
You may have been my father,  
My soul you set on fire.

A sister or a brother,  
Who taught me lessons new.  
Of how to share and get along,  
To search for what is true.

You may have been a teacher,  
A man, a priest, a nun.  
Who taught me all the basics  
What's good, what's right, what's fun.

I may have met you briefly,  
In airport or in flight.  
We merely may have said hello  
In passing late at night.

Our souls they touched but briefly,  
Imprinting good or bad.  
Effecting somehow the journey,  
With the happy or the sad.

You may have been a small part  
Of the journey that is long.  
We may have shared a minute,  
A day, a year, a song.

It matters not how long we touched  
A year or but a day.  
What matters is we knew each other,  
Somewhere along the way.

The journey is of many parts  
But all make up the whole.  
Each encounter does implant  
Some good upon the soul.

I thank you for your presence  
On this journey that we take.  
For touching me but briefly  
For the difference that you make.

You are now part of my memory,  
Of all that has gone by  
Yes, I thank you for your sharing  
Till the day when I will die.

For all journeys must come to an end  
As the day ends with the night.  
You made life's trip more memorable,  
You made my life more bright.

(Christmas 2000)

## **IN 1994**

During this year let's strive to do  
Let's open wide the door.  
Let's mend a quarrel, seek out a friend.  
In this year of '94.

Dismiss suspicion, replace with trust,  
Try not to judge or measure.  
Write a love letter and softly speak  
And share with all your treasure.

Be loyal in word and good of deed,  
Find time, and live and let live.  
But most of all forego the grudge  
And learn at last to forgive.

Keep a promise and listen well,  
Apologize if wrong.  
Give a hand, and understand,  
Let "Bless You" be your song.

Examine yourself, be kind and gentle,  
Appreciate more and more.  
The goodness of God, the value of life,  
During this year of '94.

Love your neighbor, honor yourself,  
Find beauty in every thing.  
Fear not the night or tomorrow's fright,  
Laugh and let your heart sing.

Speak your love, again and again,  
Laugh some more and some more.  
Try to be kind, to the poor and the blind,  
Do more, in this year '94.

## **WOULD I WERE THINE**

Jesus, You are so good to men,  
In truth, your very glory shines.  
It touches all, it blesses all,  
Earth and Divine entwine.  
Master - Would I were Thine.

For You are every good that falls,  
Upon this world that we call earth.  
You look not thence-upon our sinfulness,  
You come and bless us from our birth.  
Jesus...Would you were Mine.

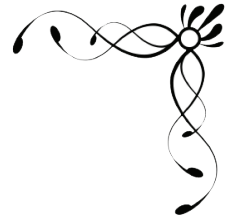
Your life but one great Sacrifice,  
That men might know your Grace.  
And in their souls might contemplate...  
Their Savior's Holy Face.  
Master...Would I were Thine.

For you have given to me a joy,  
So new and yet so pure...  
Your Cross it hangs before me now...  
With Wounds you did endure.

Jesus...Would you were Mine.  
Jesus, Would I were Thine....







## 'TIS GOD

John in the desert Baptizing,  
Three wisemen from afar.  
Biblical prophets foretelling,  
In the east appears a new star.  
The Christian world rejoices,  
As shepherds knelt close to the sod,  
Some say "Quaint Tradition"  
And others say " 'Tis God".

A deer seeking cool waters,  
A lion searching for meat.  
Man sweats daily in labors,  
That he and his family might eat.  
Within man a mysterious yearning,  
A feeling that all want to applaud,  
Some say tis merely a longing...  
And others say. " 'Tis God".

A father bequeathing his children,  
A mother feeding her young.  
A man gives his life for another,  
Life's music by angels is sung.  
For life is fraught full of friction,  
And strife, seems all feet must thereon trod,  
The good say tis surely a blessing,  
The Holy, they say " 'Tis God".



## **TRUE WORDS**

To love, is to be loved.  
I think these words are true.  
    Respect what is old,  
    Gives honor to the new.  
Our lives have been shattered,  
And altered from their course..  
Our souls have been crucified,  
    by what is called divorce.  
    We struggled with denial,  
    We learned of angers pain.  
We thought we'd never live once more  
    Or ever love again.  
Time has slowly healed the wounds,  
And slowed somewhat the pain.  
    The sun again began to shine,  
    And chased away the rain.  
Our eyes have opened once again  
The clouds of joy break through.  
    To love, is surely to be loved,  
    I know these words are true.

## **FORGIVE**

LORD, HELP ME TO FORGIVE.....  
    THAT WHICH I CANNOT  
    FORGET.  
    TO FORGET,  
THAT WHICH I AM UNABLE  
    TO FORGIVE,  
    THAT I MIGHT BE FREE -  
TO LOVE AND SEE THEE -  
    MORE CLEARLY.



## **WHEN LOVE IS STOLE AWAY**

No thing in the history of man,  
Neither death nor dust nor decay.  
Can pain the heart of mortal man,  
As when love is stole away.

For in time a death is forgotten,  
There ceases, in time the crying.  
The loss of one's love is worse by far,  
Than the grief that comes in one's dying.

For the loss of love is eternal,  
It will rise not on the last day.  
The glory of love won't returneth,  
No matter how hard one might pray.

The loss of true love sufficath,  
It removes all air from above.  
It strangles the heart it forsaketh,  
Brings death to this life called love.

For man is born thus to suffer,  
And from love oft times to stray.  
For this heart-break man is not ready,  
When love is stole away.



## **THE WINKING OF THE STARS**

As you are old and gray and long to sleep  
While nodding by the fire, dare to dream.  
Remember well, the vision of youth's scene.  
The sparkle of your eyes, and now their shadows deep.

How many loved your movements and your grace,  
And loved your beauty when it was fresh and new.  
How many loved so true the pilgrim soul in you.  
And mourned the furrows of your changing face.

And bending close to ember glowing bars,  
Whispers softly of how life's love has fled,  
And hid itself from view in black skies overhead,  
Acknowledged only by the winking of the stars.

## **PURE HEARTS**

When I was just a little child,  
So young and so unsure.  
I did not now the ways of this world  
But, alas my heart was pure

And even as I grew in age  
Nieve and quite apart.  
It seemed that He protected me  
With purity of heart.

But time goes on and all this world  
Takes over from within  
And overwhelms the timid soul  
And introduces sin.

Our lives are one great battle  
With temptations mighty sword  
We're overcome with guilt, and turn  
Towards our God and Lord.

And as our lives draw near to death  
With His grace we do insure.  
That He might draw us closer,  
That our hearts again be pure.

## **HIS VOICE**

If today you hear His voice,  
Harden not your hearts.  
Sin or sinless is your choice,  
Listen, lest He departs.

Their hearts were hardened by the lure,  
By sin, and sinful ways.  
They follow, nor His ways endure,  
Their love for God betrays.

His voice is soft and mellow now,  
He speaks as in a dream.  
He tells us of the where and how,  
His voice music serene.

His voice speaks loud to soul within,  
As sorrow to a tear.  
His vocal chords warn us of sin,  
Listen, and pray, and hear.

## **LISTENING**

If only you would listen. That all the world could hear.  
The snow would always glisten. And God would shed no tear.

To listen is an act of love. And such a wondrous gift.  
Bestowed upon the ones who fall And really need a lift.

So listen with your eyes as well For there is much to see.  
One's eye, the window of the soul Can speak eternally.

Listen with understanding, With love, with joy, with care.  
For he who listens with the heart, He prays the perfect prayer.

Yes, if only you would listen, What great things you would hear.  
The snow would truly glisten, And God would shed no tear.

## **A FRIEND OF MAN**

He was a very simple man,  
All things they were ideal.  
He did not like to think too much,  
He much preferred to feel.

He loved His God, His Church, his truth,  
He always was the bard.  
But knowing truth from falsity,  
Sometimes it was so hard.

He loved his children O so much,  
And though they numbered seven.  
He sought one thing throughout his life...  
To be with them in Heaven.

He cried a lot throughout his life,  
Love wet his many years.  
He covered up with joke and smile,  
Invisible his tears.

He wanted much to love each man,  
As much as a man can.  
He only sought to be one thing...  
To be a friend of Man.



## **ALONE WITH THEE**

Alone with Thee In solitude,  
O let me be, Pray - set me free  
Alone with Thee.

Alone with Thee, My nothingness.  
You hear my plea, one-ness are we,  
Alone with Thee.

Alone with Thee Eternal Love,  
Upon the tree, such ecstasy,  
Alone with Thee.

## **A BEAUTIFUL CHOICE**

I am a fetus so they say,  
But do not have a voice.  
And whether I live or die, they say,  
Is not for me, a choice.

Abortion's the right of those  
A female's right to speak.  
The right to life the whole world knows  
Not for the unborn, the weak.

Merely a fetus, nothing more,  
I sit in my mother's womb.  
Breathing & growing outside life's door  
Will her womb be also my tomb?

Her body is hers and mine is naught,  
No child shall hamper her dreams.  
Selfishness calls & convenience is sought,  
My God, she hears not my screams?

Women tune in to the maternal  
Listen, to that fetus's voice.  
Women reject oft the paternal  
But life...what a beautiful choice.

## **COME TO ME**

Come to me, that you might see  
That I am gentle and meek  
Come I say, that we might pray  
'Tis you my heart doth seek .

Come and rest, that you be blest  
Away from labor a while  
Show thou art, humble of heart  
And on you your God doth smile.

Know ye 'tis right, my burden light  
My yoke easy and sure,  
Shoulder it see, and learn from me  
My love your soul endure.

## WINTER

Time it moves so quickly  
It catches you unaware  
Just yesterday I was so young  
It really isn't fair.

I remember all my school years  
My Navy years were brief  
And then I met my future mate  
Time passes like a thief.

My spring, my summer and fall flew by  
Where they went I do not know  
My winter fell upon me  
Like softly falling snow.

I remember seeing older folks  
They seem so far away  
And now I finally realize  
That's where I am today.

My friends are all retired  
Their hair is turning gray  
I share their daily aches and pains  
Each and every day.

My shower is a treasure  
My sleep another story  
Can't get thru the day without my nap  
It's really mandatory.

My winter shows me unprepared  
My strength has slipped away  
I can't do things I used to do  
My bodies in decay.

Looking back I have regrets  
Of things I did not do  
But happy for the things I did  
And how they got me through.

So young folks I must tell you  
That time it waits for no man  
Do all the things you want to do  
Do all the things you can.

Life is such a precious gift  
And so is one's good health  
Gold and silver not the goal  
Long life enjoys real wealth.

And if some names you do forget  
And if you lose your keys  
Be thankful for the life you lived  
Remember to say please.





## **DO YOU?**

Do you ever talk with God?  
Do you hear his silent voice?  
Do you feel the burn inside?  
Does He offer you a choice?

Does He let you choose your cross?  
Make a solitary request?  
Do you feel a sense of loss?  
Does He know for you what's best?

No, we do not get to choose  
Nor to turn down sorrows bite.  
To accept our cross with joy  
With dignity, is right.

For our cross is but our chance  
To follow in His way.  
That we might learn to love and share  
With Him on our last day.

So when next you talk with God  
Let His silent voice inside.  
You may find the simple answer-  
Why on a cross He died.`

## **ELOQUENCE**

The cemeterie's grass doth grow  
Between the crosses row by row  
The monastery wall is high  
The monks they sleep when once they die  
The chants no longer heard below.

Their life's fiat makes little sense  
To those whose god hold no suspense  
The Monk and silent loving care  
Tells of his life in living prayer  
Speaks of his love in Eloquence.

## **A RAINBOW**

A rainbow is a blessing,  
A mix of sun and rain.  
It cannot know its beauty  
Without its share of pain.

Its colors come from sorrow,  
From joy, and light and tears.  
Its arc of truth surrounds us  
And keeps away our fears.

It's seen not by the ones who know.  
The good things of this earth.  
One must drink the cup - adversity,  
To give the rainbow birth.

So accept your grief and hardship  
And ask not for reasons why.  
If you hope to share the blessing...  
Of a rainbow in the sky.

## **A TIME**

Everything under the heavens  
Has its time and its hour  
After the sun and the rain,  
Cometh the flower.

There's a Time for joy  
A Time for crying  
A Time then for living  
A time for dyin.

A Time for praying  
A Time for kneeling  
A Time for suffering  
A Time for healing

There is a Time for building  
A Time for breaking  
A Time for despair  
For God's forsaking.

But Time flows on  
like the flow of the sea.  
Till it breaths the pure air of eternity.

## THE VISION OF A SOUL

When I was just a little boy,  
A voice cried out to me.  
It spoke in simple eloquence,  
it said come follow me.

Please follow me, my son  
Come seek men's souls with me,  
I wish their hearts, their love, their lives  
My son come follow me.

Please follow me all through your life,  
Never shall we part  
Nor should you ever search for me,  
I'll be within your heart.

And bare thy cross most steadily,  
And on life's road beware,  
But never fear, for on thy cross,  
You'll always find me there.

Follow me, oh please and be,  
A Priest, we shall be one  
I gave myself, please give thyself,  
Come follow me my son.

I heard the voice but did not heed,  
I pushed away the call,  
The world grasped me with sinful claws,  
And pleasure made me fall.

And worldly things they pulled me down,  
The weight of sin increased,  
I listened with a halfshut ear,  
His voice from then did cease.

I lived away my youthful years,  
I lived and dwelt in shame,  
I heard his voice but did not heed,  
Would things 'er be the same?

My heart grew cold and bitter,  
My soul was dark in sin,  
But still his words they held me up,,  
They ate my heart within.

But when I came of manly age,  
I sought that priestly state,  
With all my heart I said to him,  
I pray its not too late.

He heard my prayer and answered it,  
His graces came to me,  
He loosed my bonds of love and hope,  
From sin He made me free.

From then with every working day  
At daily mass I cried  
Lord I am not worthy for,  
'Tis I who crucified.

'Tis I who crucified by God,  
Upon a tree of love  
'Tis I who'll suffer till I hear  
That voice from Him above.

The time it passes O so slow,  
My God knows what I seek,  
I pray, I die, I plead, I cry,  
O Lord will you ne'er speak?

I listened with my very soul,  
And yet I know that why,  
The knocking on my heart perhaps,  
Makes mute my Lord's reply.

A strange occurrence came to me,  
I saw a shining light.  
I opened up my senses,  
I prayed with all my might.

And every day upon my knees,  
I begged that he might hear,  
And then one day a found myself,  
A trembling and in fear.

T'was then I heard his pleading voice,  
It said come follow me.  
With all my thankful heart I said,  
My God I'll come with Thee.

It seemed as if he came within,  
And took my heart from me.  
And loosed me from the bonds of earth,  
Into eternity.

For there the Holy Spirit came,  
Upon a most pure Dove,  
And there I saw a sacred site,  
The vision of God's love.

I saw the son of God in prayer,  
To me it was a shock.,  
He knelt, his eyes towards heaven's  
throne,  
Upon a sacred rock.

And on his face was blood and sweat,  
His forehead seemed to shine,  
A cup of love from thence I knew,  
Someday it would be mine

For as I saw the drops of blood,  
Fall helplessly in vain.  
T'was that I knew it was my sins,  
That really cause the pain.

Into the garden Judas came,  
I did not hear him speak.  
But saw the Son of God betrayed,  
A kiss upon the cheek.

I looked into my Savior's eyes,  
He spoke, his eyes in tears  
A greater sin has never been,  
In all men's sinful years

And next I came upon the court  
Around round the pillar red,  
I saw the royal palace where,  
For you and me he bled.

I followed every drop of blood,  
And where they had him down.  
Upon a dirty beggars bench,  
A ring of thorns His crown.

Then as I looked into his face,  
the blood there freely ran.  
I heard a voice that pierce me through,  
it said "Behold the man".

I turned away I could not bear  
my Savior in disgrace,  
And as I did I turn to see  
his mother's tear stained face.

And as she looked into his eyes,  
The sight tore her apart.  
And at that very moment then,  
A sword did pierce her heart

For on the ground he lay in pain,  
The cross upon his back.  
Too weak and tired to even move,  
His bones about to crack.

You see He falls into the dirt,  
He surely now will die.  
He hears the prayers of holy men,  
He hears sinners reply.

Veronica rushes up to him,  
On him a cloth doth place.  
And opening it up she sees  
The saviors only face

Again he falls unto the earth,  
This third and final time.  
Faith is the only strength in him  
Love is his only crime.

T'as then I saw his holy cross,  
This alter was of wood.  
On which someday I'd sacrifice  
His body and his blood.

I watched him crawl onto his cross,  
And there himself He placed.  
His hands stretched out in sacrifice  
His altar He embraced.

I saw the soldiers placed the nails,  
I watched His sacred hands.  
I saw each blow and then I knew,  
The price that God demands.

I felt with every mocking shout,  
His heart as it did beat.  
And heard him utter words that made  
Forgiveness sounds sweet

My God hung on His altar there,  
With nails through hands and feet.  
And I as he bowed his head and died,  
My vision was complete.

My story ends for here I stand  
Unworthy yet so blessed,  
His words his love within my heart  
His cross upon my breast.

## **COMPLINE**

The day is done and the doing,  
Is finished as the setting sun,  
And the Monks night prayer is flowing,  
As it was with day's vigil begun.

And the Lord looks down and he blesses,  
Each Monk at the end of the day.  
And our "Salve Regina", caresses,  
Consoles us all as we pray.

And the Lord He favors his loved one's,  
The one's with whom he did share.  
The days joys and tribulations,  
Their souls, he has placed in his care.

He chides us to fear all our sins,  
To ponder our bed and be still.  
Justice and sacrifice have met...  
Nocturnal love our fill.

## **ECCE HOMO**

"I have pierced your hands & your feet,  
I have numbered all your bones".  
With my sins your heart I have broken...  
I've not listened to your groans.

Look down on me good Oh gentle one,  
Pierce me with your eyes.  
Let me see your sorrow-your love,  
Let me hear your cries.

Cries, that have longed to save me,  
Cries, that have mingled the tears.  
Of a loving God, who through the ages...  
Gives Benediction to the years.

Soften my heart O my Jesus,  
Harden my will to sin.  
Mingle Thy justice and mercy...  
Heal my soul from within.

## **ETERNAL GRIEF**

I know not why, she had to die  
So young and yet so fair.  
My mind can trace, my sisters face  
As she is lying there.

I have no choice, I hear her voice  
In every breath and sigh.  
And yet I fear, she cannot hear  
My god why did she die?

I was away, that pointed day  
When death came for its prey  
I feel the ache, that God did make  
Within my heart that day.

I saw her face, in health's embrace  
Then death came like a thief  
I did not see, death spoke to me,  
"For you – Eternal Grief".

## **ETERNAL WATERS**

The deer he runneth o'er the valleys,  
Running for the flowing streams.  
Never turning, never slowing,  
Knowing water fills his dreams.

Like the deer I runneth after,  
God of God and light of light.  
Oft times weary - ever knowing,  
Keeping God ere in my sight.

Like the deer who knows no boundaries,  
Steadily runs to where he knows.  
Nature leads-his thirst rewarding,  
Pure, refreshing, water flows.

I too, know no limitations,  
To God's love that quenches me.  
May His loving river floweth,  
Through my soul eternally.

## **FINI**

When I have ceased to be  
And the casket lid is shut,  
When they have lowered me  
And my bones have found their rut.

T'is then I'll think no more  
Of The good things I have known  
And know that I am free  
Of the evil I help sown.

For each of us spreads evil  
And Each of us sows si.  
God alone he knows our harvest  
All the good and bad within.

## **FIRST LOVE**

Tw'as in my backyard  
Near the sycamore tree.  
I turned and I listened...  
As she whistled there to me.

She sang such a song,  
Took the breath away from me.  
Then she blushed in all her beauty...  
As I came there near to see.

Her song was O so joyous,  
Her chirp seemed to ring...  
As nature she did welcome...  
The first Robin of the spring.

## **TEARS**

Tears ,tears, of all the tears  
That e'er by man were shed.  
The worst of all by far the tears  
Are those the damp our dead.

Tears, tears, oh little tears,  
That cool the child cheek,  
The droplets fall and tell of fears  
That little one's can't speak.

## **CONSECRATION**

The altar Priest are standing,  
Simple bread and wine appear.  
The Holy moment comes, demanding...  
Silence, that men's hearts might hear.

The Sacred words soft, informing.  
All the world of Christ above.  
"This is my Body" transforming....  
Simple bread into his Love.

The chalice thence is raised on high,  
This cup of blood Divine.  
Shed by God's Son who had to die,  
Sacred mystery, altered wine.

Lovers of Christ may now believe,  
The promise was foretold.  
That Christians all might now receive...  
His Body, Blood, Behold...



## **JUST NICE**

It's nice to be important,  
I think we'd all agree.  
With lots of adulation...  
A centered there on me.

Far better to be a person,  
With class, and lots of spice.  
I think it's more important-  
For me, to be, just nice.



## **FRIEND OF GOD**

There are hermit souls that live alone and Speak no words to men.  
There are Monks I'm told whose prayer to God are angelic now and then.

There are farmers who their whole lives worked Whose souls are in the sod  
Oh that I might know His presence Thus be friend of God.

Let me be his sun beneath the sky Each day to do his will.  
Let me eat his bread and drink his wine That my soul might know its fill.

Let me travel the road of life's highway That most will never trod.  
That I might hear his voice on the last day, "Enter Friend of God".

## **FROM OUT OF THE DEPTHS**

From out of the depths O Lord I cry  
O Lord please hear my voice.  
Let your ears hear my sigh  
My pleading Lord, give choice.

If you O Lord should mark our guilt  
Survival Lord we fear.  
Forgive us Lord do what thou wilt  
Your mercy we revere.

My soul O Lord is waiting for  
As watchman for the day  
My soul is longing to adore  
At Dawn my soul to pray.

For with the Lord doth mercy know  
Within both you and me.  
Indeed in us His love will grow  
Conquer iniquity.

Lord let your ear hear our sigh  
My pleading Lord gives choice  
From out of the depths I cry O Lord  
O Lord please hear my voice.

## ***I CANNOT TELL YOU WHY***

Why seekest thou this life?  
You ask me to explain  
To tell you why a monk?  
Why solitude and pain.

There is no answer clear,  
The matter how I try,  
God alone doth know  
I can't tell you why.

God chases after souls,  
His call it is divine.  
All good in me is his  
The grace he gives is mine.

I tried to understand,  
A monk someday you'll be.  
Seeker of nothingness  
It made no sense to me.

But God's to seek I must  
I weep his love I cry.  
My soul must rest in Him,  
I cannot tell you why.

### ***JFK***

Here rest a man and yet more than a man.  
Here lies a god whose death was such a crime.  
For who can know the loss his death began  
His only sin the passing on of time.

Great was his heart and genuine his soul  
God gives his gods the joy and woe of tears,  
He gets who gives and conquers every goal  
He paid the price, the shortness of his years.

Think not of his courage nor his pride  
'Tis done, and greatness gave to him her nod.  
To sooth the tears men shed and nations cried  
He rest the best, who slumbers with His God.

## **IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONASTERY WALL**

What a beautiful way finish a life  
In the shadow of the monastery wall.  
What a wonderful way to combat strife  
And to answer the Masters call.

What a blessing it is  
To find God in your heart,  
And to learn that he loves us so,  
What a joy to behold  
Holy men in prayer,  
In whose hearts God's love can grow.

May the Lord of love and the God of joy  
Bestow on us His saving grace,  
That we might be free  
You know and see  
The splendor of God's heaven face.

For 'tis good to know, and tis good to grow  
And prepared for God's final call,  
That His saving grace  
We might embrace,  
In the shadow of the monastery wall.

### **LIFETIME**

We walked along the sandy beach,  
The sea spray full upon our faces.  
Our gait was strong, beyond the reach  
Of time and pain, slowing our paces.

And looking back there seems to be,  
The memories, foot prints on sand,  
Our quartet knew, we seemed to see  
Within, the words, "I understand".

So many songs, the years did bring,  
Such chords within, I hear their rhyme.  
The sea and sand have heard the ring,  
They tell a tale, some call lifetime.

## **KISS OF THE CROSS**

Look down on me and let me see  
    O good and gentle one,  
You'r praying eyes , the darkened skies  
    Redemption's battle won.

I hear thy groans, your numbered bones  
    The cross, the nails, the thorns.  
For mankind sake, your heart would break  
    Your father sees and mourns.

How can this be, this wood, this tree  
    What message lies there in?  
What does it mean, this sacred scene,  
    God dies for men who sin?

A story old, one long foretold,  
    God's love for man who fell.  
God's holy face, that sacred place  
    In heaven there to dwell.

Much love for me, such agony,  
    And then beyond all this,  
You let me see, you die for me  
And bless your cross with a kiss.

## **MAKE TIME**

Make time to smell the flowers,  
And watch the rippling stream.  
And sing a song, a chord or two,  
    And have yourself a dream.

For life is but a moment.  
And time waits not for men.  
    A song is soon forgotten,  
And lost to "now and then."

Slow down to hear the snowbird,  
    And listen to it's rhyme.  
    It's part of nature's harmony,  
Be still, and please, make time.

## **LITTLE SINS**

You pierce my hand with little sins  
Of pride and hate and greed.  
Obey you not the little things,  
You make my body bleed.

I give you grace to do what's right  
I give you food to eat,  
And in return with little sins  
You nail my wearied feet.

I only asked for acts of love  
Tis little I demand,  
But you won't do the little things  
You pierce my other hand.

Again you drive with little sins  
You think you're pretty smart,  
Your sins they form an evil spear  
You drive into my heart.

And so you fight life's battles here  
In which the devil wins.  
Unless you heed my bleeding heart  
Please stop your little sins.

## **MERELY A MAN**

I am your Lord,  
my heart listens.  
In your sounds of silence,  
tears across my brain.  
And like tiers of my life's compassion,  
listens, and moistens my heart,  
with melancholy refrain

For what is man but a breath,  
passing breeze.  
A brief moment taking on eternity's clock.  
A man's soul, a grain of sand  
A life washed up by seas,  
and left to die, unknown, upon  
terrestrials rock.

## **LONGING FOR GOD**

O God, my God for you I long, My soul is thirsting dry.  
My body pines, I sing thy song. Without water I sigh.

I gaze on you on altar, Your strength and glory see.  
My life will bless, not falter, Better your love for me.

My lips will speak of praise, My soul a banquet fill.  
My mouth with joy, on you I gaze, In me, your name instill.

Upon my bed I think of you, I muse on through the night.  
So that my soul it clings to you. Your wings shadow my fright.

With your right hand, O hold me fast, From evil give me rest.  
The wicked all, they shall be last. My God, I pray be blest.

## **HYPOCRISY OF MAN**

Here in the land it is quiet  
Here in my study it seems  
Free of the bigot - the riot  
Full of American Dreams.

I watch the black man growing  
I hear the white man knowing  
Seeds of goodness are sowing  
Such wonderful beautiful scenes.

For all that is worthwhile and fitting  
The best and the fullest of men  
Like a sweater of warmth it is knitting  
A mantle of brotherhood then.

All men will learn to swallow  
Their pride, that they might follow  
That their words might not ring hollow  
The hypocrisy of man.

## **MORNING PRAYER**

Give ear O Lord unto my words,  
Attend to the sound of my cries.  
You are my King, heed my groans,  
You are my God, Lord of the skies.

Tis you O Lord whom I invoke,  
Tis you each morning who hears,  
My prayer all the day as it's offered...  
While I wait often in tears.

You are no God of evil,  
No sinner is your guest.  
The boastful they see not your face....  
Nor before you e'er are blest.

But I through the greatness of your love,  
Within your house may dwell.  
Before your Holy Temple bow...  
In awe your glory tell.

Lead me Lord in your Justice,  
For the just man shall be blest...  
Surround me with favor O Lord...  
Within your shield may I rest.

## **PROPHECY**

I came a kneeling heart so glad  
To let my sin unfold,  
'Twas not so much as David had  
But as my God foretold.

I aimed the pebble at myself  
That all within my fall,  
Was it Goliath was too large  
Or was my soul too small?

I prayed the Lord to take my hand  
To lift me from above,  
He slew the enemy within  
And healed my soul with love.

## **NOT TO US**

Not to us O Lord  
Not to us  
But to thy name be praise.

Not a day O lord  
Not a year  
But eternity of days.

Not to earth O Lord  
Not To earth  
But To the heavens we drive.

Not to birth O Lord  
Not to birth  
But to thy cross we strive.

Not this world O Lord  
Not this world  
But to dwell ourselves with thee.

Not for a week, O Lord  
Not for a month,  
But for eternity.

## **O PALM TREE**

O palm tree God's creation, I see thee in the sun.  
The others die in winter...All year ye seem to run.

How green the Lord hath made thee, Your leaves they seem to care.  
Like arms they stretch toward heaven, As if in humble prayer.

I look upon your beauty, I touch your bark, your skin.  
I'm sure you know no evil... I know you know no sin.

O Palm tree how I envy, Your purity and grace.  
I see nature's reflection - Tis God's most Holy Face.



## **MY SOUL IS SORROWFUL**

My soul is sorrowful on to death, wait here and keep awake with me.  
My Cross of love will take away life's breath, but first the garden and my prayer of agony.

If possible it be, let this cup pass me by, your will my prayer, I merely knock.  
I kneel before you Father, I weep, I cry, My sweat leaves drops the blood upon this rock.

Had you not strength one hour to be awake? Unto the test to pray and seek.  
To Share mine agony for heavens sake, the spirit willing but the flesh is weak.

Sleep on, sleep and take your rest, the hour has come, His will be not delayed.  
'Twere better than man not be born, that with a kiss the Son of Man is betrayed.

I Drink this cup bitter in right accord, These nails, this cross asphyxiates my breath,  
Who draw the sword, die by the sword, My soul is sorrowful on to death.

## **NOW MY HEART IS PURE**

When I was but a child of God  
A youthful one unsure,  
I yearned to do his will with love  
To make my heart most pure.

He took my hand and lead the way  
He purified my tears.  
He nailed my heart unto his cross  
He washed away my fears.

The way was long and long the way  
My sufferings he fed.  
Purge me of sin through sacrifice  
Sustained me with his bread.

He Pruned away my selfishness  
Cut out my selfish will.  
Brought to my knees my sensuousness  
With pain, my cup to fill.

And so his ways I soon betook  
His ways and life endure.  
He gave me all, let me not fall  
And now my heart is pure.

## **PRAYER**

When I contemplate my Lord,  
And I know His cross is near.  
Then I want to feel His feelings,  
Then I yearn to know His fear.

For I know He came as human,  
Yet, He is and was divine.  
That His love is everlasting,  
That this same love, it is mine.

Will I ever know the meaning,  
Will I ever share His pain?  
Will I ever feel His heart-beat,  
Enter in His very brain?

For there is in contemplation,  
Something known as the dark night.  
Where the soul is shroud in darkness,  
Where the soul is void of light.

May I ever know your darkness,  
May I ever feel your shade.  
Blest be God His gentle kindness,  
In each creature ever made.

## **SING LOW**

Sing low my heart, your whispered prayer,  
The world must hear it not.  
Tis His alone, for Jesus where  
He touched your soul, mark well the spot.

Sing low O heart, in muted tones,  
Your music can be heard.  
By God alone who hears your groans,  
Alone, He knows each word.

Sing low O heart, your song of praise,  
O heart the Lord must know  
The beauty of your voice, thus raise  
Your voice, My soul, sing low.

## **SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW**

A rainbow is a blessing, A mix of sun and rain.  
It cannot know its beauty, without its share of pain.

Its colors come from sorrow, From joy, and light and tears.  
Its arc of truth surrounds us And keeps away our fears.

It's seen not by the ones who know. The good things of this earth.  
One must drink the cup, adversity, To give the rainbow birth.

So accept your grief and hardship. Ask not for reasons why.  
If you hope to share the blessing... Of a rainbow in the sky.

## **THE BELLS**

The bells of New Melleray,  
They call to us so clearly.  
The monks are called to Chapel  
To the God they love so dearly.

They break the silence of the dark,  
The muteness of the night.  
Their vigil prayer is O so stark  
They call forth dawn to light.

The bells are heard all round land  
That Men might know just where,  
God lives and dwells and gives his hand,  
To men of humble prayer.

The bells they tell of Mary's love,  
In God's most wondrous plan.  
They tell her tale and thus they trace,  
Her role since time began.

O Bells of Melleray do ring out,  
We long to hear your chimes  
O Bells of Melleray do ring out  
To God, our love, all times.

## **THE AGONY**

I came upon a garden there to see,  
The Son of God, as He was bent in prayer.  
Upon a sacred rock on hands and knee,  
I saw Him sweat and mingle His blood there.

I notice too His growing love and fear.  
Most noble words which flow from lips so meek.  
And as He nods, I see a rolling tear...  
“Thy will be Done” is what I heard Him speak.

For now He goes to wake his weary friends,  
The time is near at hand when He shall be  
Delivered to die. But I, when this world ends,  
I humbly pray a vision, there to see  
A bed of straw, a cross, a soul set free -  
His sacred wounds, and then, eternity.

## **THE CLOCK OF LIFE**

The clock of life is running its course,  
To some it brings the sweet and sour.  
No man knows the map of life's course,  
Nor how early or late is the hour.

For now is the time that you alone own  
Live your life full, love with a will.  
For tomorrow may be but a sigh or a groan,  
The clock of your life maybe still.

## **THE HOLY BIRDS OF MELLERAY**

The Holy Birds of Melleray,  
On the Chapel wall so fair.  
Perched on their window nest so high,  
They seemed so peaceful there.

They listen so attentively,  
As monks chant soft their prayer.  
As if to relay on to God,  
Each word, with loving care.

The rising sun doth warm their nests,  
It radiates the air.  
God's love heats up, within our breast,  
When pleasing is our prayer.

## **THE PRICE**

I'd like to think when life is done,  
That I had lived and loved my all.  
My children here to know some fun,  
My wife to stand so chaste and tall.

But God doth test some men severe,  
He ask of some a terrible price,  
Much loneliness, many a tear,  
Oh God, such sacrifice.

## **THROW AWAY THE ROD**

Trow away the rod  
Do away with hate  
Oh my God  
What will be our fate?

Men are black and white  
But men we all agree  
That it is always right  
To live in harmony.

Brotherly love is near  
And only then can we  
Never fear  
The birth of bigotry.

Let us learn anew  
To live and let live here  
Let us do  
And bring the Negro near.

Throw away the rod  
Do away with hate  
Oh my god,  
If not: what our fate?



## **THE TOUGHEST THING ON EARTH**

Some say it's working hard each day,  
And others say it's giving birth.  
Others claim rearing children,  
What's the toughest thing on earth?

Is it getting up at break of dawn  
For forty years or more?  
Is a failure down there on the farm?  
Is it always being poor?

Some say it being men today,  
And being someone's dad  
And others say it's motherhood  
Moms really have a bad.

I thought a lot about this thing,  
What in life takes much worth  
What thing is really hard to do?  
The toughest thing on earth?

Forgiveness is the toughest thing  
When anger robs life of mirth.  
Letting go of the hurt and pain,  
That's the toughest thing on earth.

## **'TIS TIME**

The years have past in joy  
it seems  
I see it in your face.

Your eyes they tell of loving  
dreams  
Of loves long life embrace.

I thank you for those loving years  
For all to me you give.  
Please dry in happiness  
The tears,  
Just time to love and live.

## **THE WALK**

Come walk with me on a winters walk  
Where we can grieve and have a talk.  
Walk in the shadows where the moon doth glow  
Shedding our tear on the crackling snow.

Hear the strings of a violin  
Playing our song on the heart within  
Oh that the world our sorrow should know,  
Like a kiss that melts on the flurried snow.

Walk in step as our footsteps tell  
Of our history, our past, and our living hell.  
God alone knows our psychic pain  
That shreds the heart and torments the brain.

Over the snow and the frozen crust  
Walks a soul that has turned to dust  
Coming and going, it knows why  
Longing the moment when it's life shall die.

## **VIGILS**

Between the night and the daylight,  
When the stars are beginning to tower.  
The monk comes in adoration,  
To begin his vigils hour.

I can hear the monks all around me,  
Heading for the chapel start.  
To ask of their Lord that he open,  
Their lips, to enlighten the dark.

There's the bell, the light over the altar,  
That tells of His presence there.  
One feels in the psalms gentle chanting,  
His benediction of love and care.

The monk feels His holy presence,  
That God will ne'er depart.  
Having placed himself in the dungeon  
The dungeon that is God's heart.

And there will He keep us forever  
Forever and a day  
For man knows his soul is immortal,  
His body but of clay.

## **VOX DEI**

I fear thee silence,  
Art thou not friend?  
More like night than day  
Beginning or end?

Thy voice is muted in my soul  
I hearest thee not.  
What becomes my life  
What will be my lot?

Will Thee be music in the air  
Singing on earth?  
Or silence, will you be nothingness  
Death by my birth?

O that through silence I might find  
Freely, by choice  
Sounds eternal within my soul,  
God's Holy Voice.

## **WHEN I AM DRY**

How glorious is my prayer  
I thank you Lord.  
I sigh.  
When You are there  
Sweet tears,  
O Lord, I cry.

But when your face  
Remains not there  
No matter how I try...  
O wet...Dear Lord  
My Prayer

When I am dry.



## WHY

Why have you come  
Old monk of old?  
Was it his call,  
Was it foretold?

Did you seek God,  
The path of his way?  
Came you to find him,  
To learn how to pray?

Came you to love him  
Stem all desire?  
Taste of his goodness,  
Be touched by his fire?

Many have come here,  
But few persevere.  
They hate the negation,  
They love not the tears.

They fear so the silence  
The diet so crude.  
It crucifies the spirit  
Their bread solitude.

O why are you here?  
This life is for some,  
Who love with great love  
Is that why you've come?



## **WILL YOU BEHOLD THE SON OF GOD WITH ME**

Will you behold the son of God with me?  
As he is bent in prayer while other sleep.  
Take care to notice how his brow doth sweat,  
And how the bloody beads do crawl and creep.

Take care two noticed too his growing fear,  
Which mounts with every word his lips can make.  
And as he nods we see a rolling tear,  
“Thy will be done” is what we heard him spake.

And see he goes to wake his weary friends.  
His time is near at hand when he shall be,  
Delivered to die, but you, when this world ends,  
Will you behold the Son of God with me?

## **WINE OF LOVE**

There was a wonderful wedding,  
At Cana in Galilee.  
They came from all over the district,  
As far as the eye could see.

And Jesus came with disciples,  
And Mary His mother was there.  
And when the wine was all finished,  
Mary said with great care.

“They have no wine” she whispered,  
Her eyes they pleaded with Him.  
Six jars the servants re-loaded,  
With water they filled to the brim.

When the steward tasted the water,  
The first of many a sign.  
He knew that Jesus transformed,  
The water into fine wine.

May He ever take our souls water,  
Transforming our hearts from above.  
Rejoice, for we know that He fills us,  
With the wine that comes from His love.

## ***I THANK THEE LORD-FOR LIFE***

I thank Thee Lord for my mother,  
Whose love of life I shared.  
Whose love brought forth my brother,  
And sister, and said she cared.

Seven times her body you did use,  
And fertilized with loving grace.  
And seven times within her you infuse  
A soul, a body, a face.

I thank Thee Lord for my wife,  
Who seven times did bear in birth-the pain.  
With son's and daughters you bestowed life.  
Abortion's thought n'er ran across our brain.

O Lord, you know the millions-twenty four  
Whose souls and bodies you conceive-  
Abortion's butcher came, and cut and tore-  
Away the life, and you alone did grieve.

I thank Thee Lord, for sparing me the knife,  
For all you do and give.  
For teaching me the Sacredness of life...  
For having let me live.

## ***FEAR***

It's the heart afraid of breaking  
That never takes loves chance.

It's a dream afraid of waking  
Stays forever in a trance.

It's the one who sees no sunshine  
On the clear bright summer day

It's the soul afraid of dying  
That never dares to pray.

## **UNHAPPY ENDING**

I saw a couple sitting,  
On a park bench by the bay.  
Two old people doing research  
In their quaint unusual way.

Time had harvested their sinews  
And their faces showed the test  
More than 80 years of living  
And true love that knew no rest.

But their faces knew no mourning  
And on lip and eye was light.  
As they gazed upon each other...  
The twinkle, was quite bright.

And their memories played a drama  
Like a picture-movie show.  
They alone possessed the tickets  
None else will ever know.

And I envied them their moments  
And the trail their love would course  
And I wept o'er my love story...  
That had ended in divorce.

## **CONTEMPLATION**

You lift me from out myself  
In mystery profound  
My eyes perceived but nothingness  
My ears to hear no sound

My soul took flight from out this earth  
As ne'er before has trod  
I knelt before the crucified  
I contemplated God.



# COMPUTER





## **A JUNKIE**

I am a MacIntosh'in junkie.  
No matter what I do.  
I find myself a boot'in,  
And to my screen I'm glued.

I sit and stare upon my screen  
My fingers do the walking.  
And as I watch the picture change  
My Mac - it does the talking.

I open up a program  
And search and seek for more.  
The way I use my modem,  
The phone bills made me poor!

I like to paint in pixels  
It never seems the same.  
I like to use my modem,  
Or maybe play a game ?

Friends and family try vainly  
to reach me now at home.  
It's terribly hard to get me...  
when you compute by phone.

I search all thru my hard disk,  
For utilities and games.  
The sysop has warned me more then once,  
"Sign off - no time remains"!

Perhaps you think I'm different...  
It's just a machine you say.  
A person needs some excercise,  
Not glued to screens all day!

Computers they can help you,  
And let you have your say.  
But if you let, they'll make you...  
A bit, prematurely gray!

## **COMPUTER OFFSPRING**

I am a macho Mac Intosh,  
My wife's an Apple Two.  
Her smile and keyboard I adore,  
Her softwares, soft and new.  
We married quite awhile ago,  
I think the years are four,  
We thought we'd have a child, but -  
We had a "Commadore".

## **CUTE COMPUTER**

When a boy  
I had a scooter,  
Now I own,  
A Mac Computer.  
It has bells,  
And lots of rings.  
Does a lot of  
Different things.  
Crunches numbers,  
Data Bases.  
Prints Bit map  
Clips Art-faces.  
Tells me when  
To pay my bills.  
Writes my letters,  
And my wills.  
I still miss  
My little scooter.  
But Mac is fast, and  
A lot cuter.





## **AN ODE TO THE INTERNET**

I downloaded you one morning  
So joyfully we first met.  
I tried to call you cyberspace  
You said, "I'm Internet"..

I met your girl Eudora  
My mail box she did fill.  
Her settings I adora  
Her gif's I always will.

Netscape was soon to follow  
Both version 2 and three.  
And Java made my head spin  
With applets that were free.

I learned to fetch your slippers  
And ftp your site.  
With validation software  
I learned to make it right.

HTML was my language,  
Or was it really pearl.  
My jpeg's animated  
My gif's began to twirl.

Oh Internet I love you,  
With all your style and grace.  
Someday I hope to see you.  
And look into your face.

## **KING ARTHUR'S NICE ROUND TABLE**

In days of old, when knights were bold,  
And autos were not driven.  
When micro chips, did not do flips,  
And Mac's weren't even liven.

That was the time, of verse & rhyme,  
Of horse and sword and maiden,  
No bites-no bytes, no desktop fights,  
No software disk a trad' in.

They knew no fear, of virus near,  
Of printers just delay'in.  
No hypercard, out in the yard,  
No data base for pray'in.

No ram to yield, no spreadsheet field,  
No data bases able...  
Just Pure and Good, and Robin Hood,  
King Arthur's nice round table.

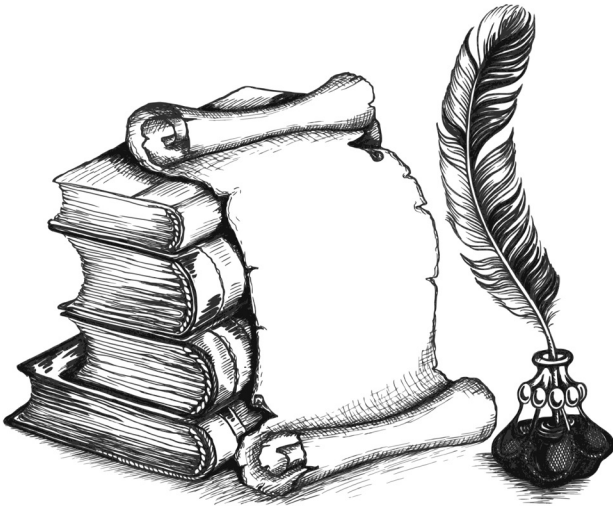




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# CHRISTMAS POETRY

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## **CHRISTMAS DAWN**

“My heart is ready, O Lord,  
My heart is ready.  
I will sing His praise...  
Awake, My soul,  
I will awake the dawn”. (Ps 56)

Did He come this morning.  
Bringing love to you?  
Did you hear His whisper,  
Of His way the true?

Were you wrapped in silence,  
Were you well prepared?  
Did you lift your heart and mind,  
To what few have dared?

Did you say I love you,  
You are my desire,  
Did you feel His warmness near,  
Did you touch His fire?

Did He let you see His face,  
Alleviate your fears,  
Did He know your many sins,  
Did He taste your tears?

Did you say to Him the words,  
“May we never part”,  
Did He come this Christmas dawn,  
Did He touch your heart?

## **ON CHRISTMAS DAY**

Inside a cave near Bethlehem,  
A child glanced above.  
And saw his mother’s shining face,  
Which told a tale of love.

Their eyes they met but spoke no words,  
On that first Christmas Day.  
But in her heart she knew he came,  
That men might find “the Way”.

For there in sweet innocence,  
Upon a bed of hay.  
He knew men’s sins would nail His heart-  
Upon a cross someday.

And Joseph hovered near his side,  
The ox and sheep drew near,  
A star shone forth so very bright,  
An angel did appear.

And to his throne of straw there came,  
Three Kings from far and wide.  
Who came to him with precious gifts...  
To honor, pray at his side.

Shepherds flocked to praise the child,  
What men for years had dreamed,  
The Son of God was born that night,  
That men might be redeemed.

He came to us in humble state,  
Through Mary’s virgin birth.  
His sacrifice of love to show...  
The price our souls are worth.



## **HIS PEACE & REST**

When Mary first fed Jesus,  
And took Him to her breast.  
The world went hush with silence,  
The angels knelt & blest.

For God became a child,  
Man's weakness did endure.  
Her milk it was of Heaven,  
Stainless, as she was pure.

What trust the Lord did give her,  
This one who knew not shame.  
Who said her "Soul Rejoices,"  
And, "Holy is His Name."

Her motherhood is sacred,  
She nurtures all mankind.  
Through her His light doth shinneth,  
Gives sight unto the blind.

And so I pray to Jesus,  
To know His peace & rest.  
As Mary first did feed Him,  
And took Him to her breast.

## **WONDER**

Don't you wonder how it was  
That first cold Christmas night.  
With just one star o'er Bethlehem  
One star that was so bright?

How strange it was for those who saw  
Three wise men trav'ling late.  
Across the sands to Bethlehem  
And what would be their fate?

Don't you wonder how the cold  
Was warmed by a child's birth.  
Warming men's hearts for centuries  
Spreading throughout this earth?

Doesn't it seem a little strange  
That a child came that day.  
Not in regal splendor  
But in a humble bed of hay?

'Tis strange that a tiny child,  
Came not in power or thunder...  
Born afar, under a star,  
What can it mean? I wonder!

## **LOVE'S CARESS**

“My son, do not scorn correction from Yahweh. Do not resent His rebuke.  
For Yahweh reproves the man He loves as a father checks a well-loved son”.....

My God, this life oft times rebukes, Reproves, until my very eyes do weep.  
Sends angels, to gather up my tears, Each day, and even when I sleep.

As father checks a well-loved son, The angel counts each drop of tears,  
And measures each with Heaven's rule... Against the count of all the years.

Scorn not correction child of God, For He who rules above,  
Blesses the broken-hearted, Caresses, that soul with Love.

### **TO SING AT MIDNIGHT MASS**

There is a time that comes each year  
When prophecy comes to pass.  
An urging moves from deep within  
To sing at Midnight Mass.

The urge began lo long ago  
When I was but a lad.  
The Christmas hymns came easy  
And made me feel so glad.

In spotless surplice I would sing  
The nuns they taught us well.  
“Lo how a rose ere blooming”  
My heart it seemed to swell.

All through the years the melodies  
Return each year to bless.  
At Christmas time, the one who sings  
And peace and joy caress.

I hope again this year to know,  
When prophecy comes to pass.  
That my voice and heart will be aglow  
When I sing at Midnight Mass.



## **COME O CHILD**

Come O child, once more,  
Come, let us adore.

Mary...chalice of simplicity,  
Of God's design.  
Jesus, man in Divinity,  
Of bread and wine.

She, angelic from birth,  
Soul magnifying.  
He, God, come to earth,  
Man sanctifying.

She, bent o'er crib adoring,  
O what a sight.  
He, Came, love pouring,  
That Holy Night.

Come O child, once more...  
Come, let us Adore...

## **NIGHT OF NIGHTS**

Night of silence, night of joy,  
Night of nights divine.  
World of silence, world of peace,  
Send to us a sign.

Star of wonder, star so bright,  
Light our night above.  
Beam your radiance, beam your light  
Send down your ray of love.

Kings of splendor, kings with gifts,  
Traveling from afar.  
O the feeling, shepherds kneeling,  
Neath the Heavenly star.

A child is born, this Christmas morn,  
For all the world to see.  
Men of goodwill, with prayers fulfill,  
Adore on bended knee.

Night of silence, night of joy,  
Night of nights declare.  
Child of God-man, heavenly boy,  
Come that we might share.



## **KISS OF TEARS**

Mary, the mother of Jesus,  
Wanted her son to be.  
A child, so happy, so loving,  
In the hills round Galilee.

She worked as only a mother,  
Her work so right, so fine.  
In her heart she kept there pondering  
Her son - partly divine.

She watched her child in the doorway,  
Her Jesus, her boy - her pride.  
He ran to her feet, where he nestled,  
On his knees, so close to her side.

He looked in her eyes and he told her  
That of all creation's art.  
She was by far the fairest,  
Closest to His Father's heart.

She looked down on her child, her Jesus,  
This woman so full of grace.  
Sweet tears fell down dropping softly,  
Kissing - God Son's Holy Face.

## **BLESS AGAIN**

Child of God, Child of light  
Come again this year.  
Bring us wisdom, bring us sight,  
Take away all fear.

Babe who saves, babe who heals  
We long again for your touch.  
Let us know just how it feels  
To love all men so much.

Child of Heaven, childbirth,  
We kneel, we bow, we pray.  
Honoring again your holy birth  
Bless again this Christmas Day

## **BREATHE IN ME**

I breathe for Thee  
With every breath I take,  
You speak to me,  
With every breath I make.  
Jesus, breathe in me.

And take away the breath of time,  
That I might see  
Thy Heaven's breath within me climb-  
Eternally.

O Lord I pray-please set me free  
To breathe with Thee.  
Throughout each day-within each hour-  
Please...breathe in me.

## **CHRISTMAS JOY**

Oh the joy of Christmas,  
Truly ecstasy,  
Oh what blessed splendor,  
That makes the heart break free.

Will we know its grandeur?  
Feel its touch sublime.  
Angelic is its nature,  
Eternal is its time.

Oh its grace of giving,  
Gifts the Spirit brings.  
Knowing He is coming  
Our soul, rejoicing sings.

Whereforth, this gift, this coming,  
Whereforth, this saintly toy?  
This wonderous wrapping of the heart,  
This thing called Christmas joy.

Will we really know it?  
Will it come this year?  
Will our God bestow it?  
Will it bring a tear?

## **CHRISTMAS TEARS**

Will you cry this Christmas?  
Will your feelings swell?  
Will His spirit touch you,  
As Wise men did fortell?

Men must hide their feelings  
Not allowed to cry.  
Even when they're rapturous  
Even when men die.

Stoic is their outlook,  
Signs of strength prevail,  
Never let your feelings  
Tell their truthful tale.

Now you are of age man,  
Old enough to sigh.  
Wisdom tries to tell you  
Time for you to cry.

The babe will come at Christmas  
His spirit don't deny.  
Time for you to worship  
Time for you to cry.

## **CHRISTMAS**

Day of days,  
Night of night.  
A child is born  
Holy site.

God came down,  
God's own Son.  
Tremendous joy,  
Salvation won.



## **CHRISTMAS TIME**

It's Christmas time again,  
I'll send my best regards.  
It won't be like last year  
With songs, and poems and tags  
In a Christmas Bulletin.

I'll write no editorial  
Of peace to men on earth.  
But something quite profound  
About that great man's birth.

I'll write about the many songs  
We sing at Christmas time.  
The one's we sing in harmony,  
The one's that sometimes rhyme.

No card for you this year my friend,  
It kind of makes me grin.  
There 'll be no Christmas cards,  
No toys in the bin.

This year I think I'll try  
Your minds and hearts to win.  
I've got some special gifts for you,  
In my Christmas Bulletin.

Inside a cave near Bethlehem,  
A child glanced above.  
And saw his mother's shining face,  
Which told a tale of love.

Their eyes they met but spoke no words,  
On that first Christmas Day.  
But in her heart she knew he came,  
That men might find "the Way".

For there in sweet innocence,  
Upon a bed of hay.  
He knew men's sins would nail His heart-  
Upon a cross someday.

And Joseph hovered near his side,  
The ox and sheep drew near,  
A star shone forth so very bright,  
An angel did appear.

And to his throne of straw there came,  
Three Kings from far and wide.  
Who came to him with precious gifts...  
To honor, pray at his side.

Shepherds flocked to praise the child,  
What men for years had dreamed,  
The Son of God was born that night,  
That men might be redeemed.

He came to us in humble state,  
Through Mary's virgin birth.  
His sacrifice of love to show...  
The price our souls are worth.

## **SONG OF CHRISTMAS**

Song of Christmas, sing out loud. Sooth the humble, chastise the proud.

Chant glad tidings, Sing Nowell Of the Savior, do foretell.

Croon a chorus, purr a hymn, Shout an anthem, honor Him.

Raise your voices, sing out loud. Lift your spirits, calm the crowd.

Tell the mountains, that this morn, Jesus cometh - Christ is born.

## **LITTLE CHILD**

Little Child the world is weary,  
With its sin and war and strife.  
Little Child the world is weary,  
Won't you give the world your life?

See the souls of men in darkness,  
Is there nothing you can do?  
Won't you leave your crib and change it,  
There's so much for you to do.

See the star it shines so brightly,  
Yet it shines on Thee alone.  
For the world with all its evil,  
In men's hearts - it has not shone.

Shepherds come to you and thank-you,  
For the little they have got.  
You have told the world you love them,  
Yet they will believe you not.

Look upon your mother kneeling,  
In her eyes I see you there,  
On a Tree I see you hanging...  
For your love men have no care.

If they look upon you lying,  
There atop your bed of hay.  
I am sure they'd see you crying...  
For their souls this Christmas Day.

Yes, O Child, the world is weary,  
For your tiny hands they pray.  
Bless them with your Godly Blessing,  
Heal their hearts this Christmas Day.



## **MY CHRISTMAS WISH**

My Christmas wish for you this year,  
Is one of great concern.  
I pray that everyone might get  
The blessings that he earned.

My Christmas wish for you this year,  
That we might read the signs.  
That comfort might encrust your soul  
In these most difficult times.

When sadness enters in your life,  
That smiles the battle win.  
That rainbows follow painful clouds  
And make their abode within.

That laughter place a kiss of peace  
Upon your lips each day.  
And warm sunsets to shine upon  
As you journey on your way.

That hugs will find their way to you,  
When spirits sag and fade.  
And beauty for your eyes to see  
In all that God has made.

True friendships that will strengthen you  
Real joy that you receive.  
That faith be found beneath the tree,  
That you truly then believe.

That confidence may o'er come doubt  
In everything you do.  
That courage all things overcome  
And to yourself be true.

I wish for you much patience  
In accepting every strife.  
But most of all I wish for love  
To infiltrate your life.

## **ON THAT FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY**

Within the cave near Bethlehem  
I heard a mother say,  
My heart is full of holy joy,  
On that first Christmas Day.

See the baby in the manger  
His eyes they stare above,  
Where they rest upon his mother  
To tell his tale of love.

Their eyes they meet but speak no words  
On that first Christmas Day,  
But in their hearts they know He comes  
That men might find the way.

And Joseph hovers near his side  
The ox and sheep draw near,  
A star shine's fourth so very bright  
And Angels to appear.

And to his thrown of straw there comes  
Three Kings from far and wide,  
They Come to offer him riches,  
An be right at his side.

Coming to the kingly babe  
And kneeling down before him,  
With their riches they praise God  
And kneeling do adore him.

And shepherds flock to praise the child  
As if 'twas all a dream,  
The Son of God was born tonight  
That we might be redeemed.

He came to us in humbleness  
Through Mary,s virgin birth,  
And by His sacrifice of love  
He gave to men new birth.

For all men's souls were in that crib  
Within his heart that day  
The Son of God was born to us  
On that first Christmas Day.

## **SHEPHERD BOY**

Shepherd boy oh how I envy,  
You who on that wintry night.  
Came upon the village stable,  
Poor and helpless without site.

In your blindness and your sorrow  
Cold and weary were you there,  
Just a child weak and lonely  
All you had a simple prayer

I can see you little shepherd  
As you walk and as you stumble,  
In God's eyes you are a giant  
In men's sight so very humble.

Yes my shepherd you I envy  
As you came upon the scene.  
Mother, father percieve only,  
Eyes up on the babe serene.

Was it not a special favor  
Are you not a gifted one?  
When with faith you touched so humble,  
Hand of God's eternal son.

Then before you heaven opens,  
And on you its splendor spills.  
Graces from celestial sources,  
'Tis alone your heart he fills.

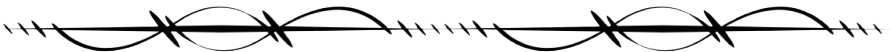
Yes my child you I envy  
As you kneel in constant joy,  
God this Day gave you a vision,  
Christ has blest you shepherd boy.



## **SANTA CLAUS & THE CHRISTMAS BARI**

*(with apologies to W. Clement Moore)*

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,  
Not a Bari was stirring, 'cept me and my mouse.  
I was filled with great cheer, I was truly elated  
O'er the December issue I'd just had created,  
When, suddenly, it seemed, my hand started to quiver.  
My heart skipped a beat; and my loins felt a shiver.  
Then the trembling ceased on my Macintosh screen  
Two figures emerged, garbed in bright red and green.  
I stared at this duo, and it gave me to pause,  
For one of the figures was dear "Santa Claus."  
Alongside old Santa, a baritone sighed...  
Overcome with delight, I broke down and I cried  
Without a note Santa reached into his sack  
From which he extracted a "Classical" Mac.  
My mouth opened wide. I could hardly believe,  
I was almost sure, a PC it would be.  
I nearly collapsed, til the pitch pipe I heard,  
Then the sound of a Bari, or perhaps twas a bird.  
I leapt from my chair and reached out for my present.  
Subsequent moments were worse than unpleasant,  
I heard twelve deep chimes from my grandfather's clock  
And, yes, I awoke! 'twas a terrible shock!  
I rebooted my Mac and, to my horror, discovered  
My Newsletter was gone, could not be recovered!  
How I groaned, how I cussed, how I ranted and raved!  
"Sunshine Sayings," had vanished 'cause I hadn't "saved."  
I staggered to bed, shattered, weary, and worn,  
And fell fast asleep until late Christmas morn.  
When I arose, I returned to my little old Mac.  
And, would you believe, my program was back!  
As I jumped up for joy, I fell right on my tush...  
"A Bulletin in the hand, is worth two in the bush."





## **THE DIVINE MASTERPIECE**

Once upon a night most weary  
Worked a man with all this heart  
Not in gold or silver splendor,  
Carpentry was this man's art.

As the night grows cold and dreary  
On he works he cannot cease.  
Time is short the world is waiting,  
For his humble masterpiece.

On and on he works so swiftly,  
Hear his hardy saw blade ring.  
Hurry Joseph make it quickly  
For our Savior and our king.

Sun sets down the moon it rises,  
Star shines forth and angels sing.  
Time draws near the shepherds gather,  
Is it not a holy thing?

See him end his work is finished,  
Is it not such sacred art?  
In this crib lies just a child  
Human being with Godly heart.

## **THE STAR**

You are the star, sent from afar  
Lighting the night.  
Leading three kings, while angel sing,  
O glorious sight.

You lighted the sky, made heaven sigh,  
You centered on your glow.  
On mother and child, and sheep in the wild  
that the whole world would know.

A savior was born, on that frosty morn  
For all the world to see.  
Peace on earth, came with that birth  
And joy for you and me.

## **THIS HOLY NIGHT**

The angels sang A star shown bright,  
A child was born, This Holy night.

The shepherds came And there they saw  
A lowly barn A babe in straw.

Three Kings that came We're much amazed,  
And kneeling down With gifts did praise.

A mother knelt, For many a day.  
And to her child She humbly prayed.

And all the world Enjoy the sight,,  
God's son was born This holy night

## **THIS CHRISTMAS WILL BE DIFFERENT**

This Christmas will be different  
His death will make it so,  
There is something that is missing,  
I can feel it, I just know.

The tree will shine and will glitter,  
And the toys will help bring joy.  
There'll will be the mother Mary  
And the little Christmas boy.

There is something that is missing  
It just won't be complete  
Sure there'll be a lot of goodies  
And plenty for us to eat

But to have a perfect family  
You need both mom and dad  
And if one of them is missing,  
We're going to feel real sad.

I have looked upon the manger  
It is just as I had feared.  
The statue of St. Joseph,  
Has surely disappeared.

## **TENOR OF CHRISTMAS MORN**

Three kings they gathered round the cave,  
With gifts of gold and myrrh.  
And sang to Him who came to save,  
I know not who they were.

The first he sang with voice so pure,  
A second tenor he must be.  
Another sang, his notes endure  
A mighty bass was he.

The third, his voice was but a moan,  
But pleasing to the ear.  
This magi was a Baritone,  
Who knew that God was near.

They sang their hymns in harmony,  
These three kings from afar.  
And as they looked adoringly,  
A voice came from the Star.

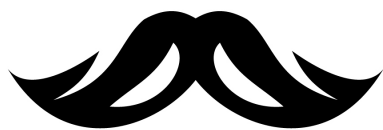
The voice, a child's, high and free...  
Such harmony was born.  
Three kings had come to sing and see,  
The Tenor of Christmas morn.

### **REJOICE**

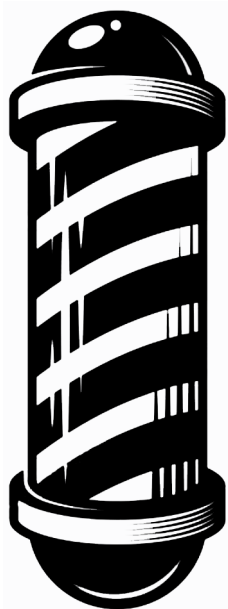
Unto us a child is born  
Rejoice.  
Tis the Christ this Christmas morning  
Get voice.  
Sing his praises loud and clear  
In voice.  
Angelic, that he draw near  
Rejoice.

Rejoice  
All men, who waited these many years  
Make choice.  
For His coming in time and place  
Raise Voice.  
That he might hear and see your tears  
Rejoice.  
Unto us is born-behold his holy face  
Rejoice.





# BARBERSHOP





## **BARBERSHOP CHRISTMAS IN TUCSON**

Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all through the town.  
No tenors were frozen,  
No snow fluttered down.

The Bari's in flannels,  
Were heading for bed.  
While barbershop tiddlies,  
Danced in their head.

The basses were gathered,  
Round the tree with a glow.  
As they hummed one more carol,  
So deep and so low.

The leads were all cuddled  
Real close to the fire.  
Falling asleep  
And about to retire.

When all of the sudden  
Old Santa came near.  
Dressed as a cowboy,  
Ariding a deer.

He carried a bag  
That was loaded and full.  
And he rode on that deer,  
Like you'd ride on a bull.

He reached in his bag,  
Pulled out a round thing...  
A pitch pipe for all  
To help them all sing.

Each man blew his pipe,  
And then they began.  
To sing "Silent Night"  
To that great Holy Man.

They sang through the night  
As they looked to the star.  
And their singing got better,  
Their best - by far.

To this day they still hear  
Old Santa to say..  
"God bless you my singers  
On this Christmas day."

## **BARBERSHOP SINGING**

I sang Barbershop for over 50 years. I sang Lead (Melody) and Tenor and I was the Editor of two newsletters for many years. The first was called "Sounds of the Mothewr Lode".

The second was called "Sunshine Sayings", and both won many awards on the Regional and National level. Often I would write a poem as "filler" for these two newsletters. Here are some samples:

## **SURPRISE**

This bulletin is different,  
'Twill never win a prize.  
You'll find some things unusual  
I hope you'll be surprised.

It's written for men singers,  
It doesn't qualify.  
I hope it makes you curious  
And makes you laugh and cry.

Its fed by many writers,  
And limited by size.  
Enjoy - I hope you like it...  
And, I hope you'll know surprise.

## **FIFTH WHEEL ETIQUETTE**

If perchance you get the chance,  
To sing a chord that's real.  
And if perchance, you turn and glance,  
And hear a voice fifth wheel.

And if you find, the man behind,  
A new man or a guest.  
Take it slow, and let him know,  
Quartetting is the best.

Do not shout, or throw him out,  
He doesn't know the rules.  
Invite him in, let him begin,  
To use his vocal tools.

Give him space, to take your place,  
And sing your part for you.  
And help him sing, to make it ring,  
As all chord busters do.

After awhile, give him a smile,  
Explain the rule is real.  
Quartet's are four, and never more...  
Never, sing - "Fifth Wheel."



## **STAGE PRESENCE**

Look that audience  
in the eye,  
Make them laugh  
or make them cry.  
Tell a story  
with your face,  
Use your eye-brows  
with such grace.  
Make them reminisce  
a while,  
Not with hands  
but with your smile.  
Let them see you  
right or wrong,  
Show them you believe  
your song.  
Let emotion from  
you glow,  
Both within and out-  
thus flow.  
Make the audience  
thus take part,  
Let your Presence  
win their heart.

## **CONFUSUS THE BARI**

The Key of Bb it seems,  
Has a flat of one, or two?  
Or else 'tis the other way,  
I'm never sure-are you?

## **A BARI'S PROMISORY NOTE**

A Bari went down to the river, and sang his part on the bank.  
The sound that he heard, it depressed him. so he jumped in the river and sank.

He came up once and he gurgled, he came up twice & he cried.  
The sounds in the water, he liked them but He almost sank and died.

He then took an elevator, in a highrise in Tucson town.  
He sang a Bari note or two, and thought he should jump down.

He stood on the ledge & he warbled, tried to sing, yes he really tried.  
He liked his voice from the high rise... Yes he almost jumped and died.

But the Bari, he's still here a livin, if you listen you can hear his cry-  
He told me you can't stop him from singin And you, ain't gonna see him die.

## **THE MAN IN THE BARBERSHOP MIRROR**

When you learn to sing,  
And you know all the words.  
And the world makes you king for a day.  
Look in the barbershop mirror on the wall,  
And see what that man has to say.

For it isn't your lead, or your bari or bass,  
Whose judgement upon you must pass.  
The fellow whose judgement counts most in your life  
That singer staring back from the glass.

The Chapter may think you a hard working sort,  
And think you're a musical guy.  
But that man in the glass will question your worth,  
If you can't look him straight in the eye.

That barbershop mirror shows up every fault,  
It sees the truth in the end.  
So you're really fooling only yourself,  
When the man in the glass ain't your friend.

So practice your music and learn all the words,  
By the barbershop mirror you shall pass.  
Knowing you lived your life long and well,  
You can wink at that man in the glass.

## **POWERFUL QUARTET**

If Lincoln were my baritone,  
And Washington my lead.  
And Jefferson my bass man,  
We'd be powerful indeed.

My tenor would be honored,  
It would be a great quartet,  
We would sing out at the White House,  
And for Congress you can bet.

We'd sing "Carry Me Back"  
And "Old Kentucky Home".  
They'd want us back in Paris,  
And in London and in Rome.

And George would be most careful,  
Not to ever tell a lie,  
We'd keep him from the Delaware  
And also cherry pie.

And Abe would probably practice,  
While he stood and chopped some wood.  
He'd sing a swipe, a tag or two...  
And tell us it sounds good.

Tom Jeff, would want to declare,  
His Independent style...  
He'd sing about man's freedom  
But always with a smile.

We sing our barbershopping songs,  
And this you sure can bet.  
They'll stand up at attention...  
For our Powerful Quartet



## **MY ONLY SIN**

There is nothing wrong with me,  
I'm a singer as you can see,  
Bursitis is there, in both my knees,  
and when I sing, it's with a wheeze.  
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin,  
Tone deafness, is my only sin.

I wear braces on my feet,  
And roller skates when on the street.  
I only sleep one hour per night,  
And with the dawn I'm always aright.  
My mem'rys failing, my head's in a spin,  
Those Bari notes, my only sin.

There is a truth if it be told,  
You other guys, are growing old.  
That I get younger, it makes you grin,  
Can't hear that note, my only sin.

Old age is golden, I've heard it said,  
Sometimes I wonder if I'm dead,  
With ears in drawer, my teeth in cup,  
My eyes on a table, for when I wake up.  
E're sleep comes o'er, I sometimes moan,  
"Will heaven accept a Baritone?"

## **SOUNDS OF SILENCE**

It pains the Leads,  
At a gathering,  
When all the guys  
Round them sing.  
'Tis not their quiet  
Out of choice,  
Nor shamed because  
They lack the voice.  
They'd like to trill  
Just like the birds...  
If they could but-  
Recall the words.

### **APOLOGY**

Full fathom five,  
My Bari lies.  
I shoved him...  
I apologize.

### **BARI COME LATELY**

The beginning of course  
Is where songs begin at...  
It's never the place,  
That our Bari comes in at.

### **THE TRUTH**

I hope that I  
Shall never see.  
A song  
Lead by a Bari.  
But lest you hear  
The Bari call...  
You'll never sing  
A chord at all.

## **THE BARBERSHOP TWINS**

In voice and feature, face and limb, I sound just like my brother,  
When folks first hear they oft mistake, Our voices for each other.

It puzzled all our fans and kin, why Bari missed the pitch.  
Why brother Tom his tenor twin, didn't learn about the switch.

One day when we were very young, before our voice was fixed.  
Our baby sitter switch us so, we got completely mixed.

And so you see it came to be, that I got fat & he got slim,  
My brother Bari got christened me, and I got christened him.

I ask my barbershopping friends, I ask each one I knew.  
What would you sing if you were me, to prove that you were you.

Young Bari's singing made me hide, It really ruined my life.  
For somehow my intended bride, became young Bari's wife.

And when we sang a quartet song, confusion came to be.  
I sang the tenor but folks thought, the Bari - it was me.

And on and on throughout the years, our lives were quite contrary...  
So when I died - the Chapter came-....And buried brother Baris

## **THE GAL THAT IS SITTING AT HOME**

We sing of our mothers & daughters, of cities like New York and Rome.  
But we seldom if ever do ballads, of the gal that is sitting at home.

She's the one who really adores us, she the one who's oft left alone.  
How often she pleads and implores us, to call, at least on the phone.

She's the one who's heard all our quartets, she's the one who knows all our songs.  
She's so patient and loving, she never, tells of notes, the right from the wrong.

You can't tell if she's married or widowed, she's alone so much of her life.  
But we don't have a song with description, that tells of the barbershop wife.

So let's sing of that wonderful maiden, who shares our hobby with pride.  
So that when life's songs start a fad'in, she's the one who'll be by our side.

For our hobby was made for the shar'in the music and words form a poem...  
They tell us of one who is care'in... that gal...who is sitting at home.

## **LIMERICK NONSENSE**

There once was a tenor from Ar'zona,  
Who's Tucsonian wife was "Ramona",  
Her husband would sing,  
And make her bell ring,  
Thought she married a tele phona.

T'was a bass from ne'r Sierra Vista,  
In the Army he did enlista,  
He oft times wore his sword,  
That did ring such a chord,  
They thought he was "Count Monty Christa".

There once was a Tucsonian lead,  
His memory was lacking indeed,  
His notes ne'er were set,  
And his words he'd forget,  
He died, when he ate "weed & feed."

## **NOTHING TO FEAR**

I sensed a funeral in my head,  
Where mourners, to and fro  
Sang chords, that told me I was dead  
No tags would I e'er know.

The basses sang their mellow part,  
In time just like a drum.  
The tenors lulled a note so high  
It made my mind go numb.

The leads they spoke in foreign words,  
I could not understand.  
The Bari's came like swarming herds,  
And filled my head with sand.

I heard the clang of my death bell,  
My only sense, to hear..  
"Come barbershopper-you sang well"..  
You have nothing to fear.

## ***GREAT, JUST BEING ME***

Good Lord, much thanks for many things,  
But most for being me.  
I'm not sure what you wanted...  
But I was meant to be.

I don't know bout the baritone,  
Singing tenor makes me faint.  
I will not fret, with vain regret,  
Bout being what I ain't.

I might have been a bass man,  
And sang with all I've got.  
I'll just be glad for what I am.  
And not for what I'm not.

The melody is good enough,  
It fills my every need.  
I won't give way to those who say,  
I'm just another lead.

"Those good old songs for me," I'll sing,  
With reverent dignity.  
I love this barbershoppin thing,  
It's great just being me.

## ***HEAVENLY TENORS***

I COME FROM THE CITY  
OF TUCSON,  
THE HOME OF GOOD GOLD  
AND GOOD SOD.  
WHERE BARI S SPEAK ONLY  
TO BASSES.  
AND TENORS SPEAK ONLY  
TO GOD



## **IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER**

If I had my life to live over, I'd make some mistakes now and then.

I'd try and relax in the clover, I'd not worry of who and the when.

I'd be silly and even a bit crazy, I'd often break out into song.

Ring some chords and be a bit lazy, worry not 'bout the right & the wrong.

I'd take trips and lots of more chances, climb mountains and swim in the rain.

Eat ice cream and go to more dances, let poetry fill up my brain.

There'd be music and many more sunsets, and each moment would mean so much more,

My quartet would sing of sweet chariot, of the girls that I loved and adore.

If I had to live my life over, it be free to follow no chart.

Just to listen to Barbershop music, And sing, that song in my heart.

## **DEPARTURE TIME**

It was time for him to leave,

Fate would not let him stay.

It is time for us to grieve,

That is forever the way.

To sing, for that he was born,

It mattered not the part...

To harmony he was sworn,

He leaves an ache in the heart.

Our music he adored,

Till departure time befell,

He is now in the hands of the Lord,

He who sang and loved so well.

I sang the tenor but folks thought,

The Bari, it was me.

And on and on throughout the years,

Our lives were quite contrary.

So when I died - the Chapter came,

And buried brother Bari.

## **GRANDCHILD'S DELIGHT**

Come with me, and you shall see,  
Such wonders on this earth.  
A firefly, a midnight sky,  
A mare, in giving birth.

A Robin's nest, an owl at rest,  
A beaver building well.  
Come watch awhile, the lily's smile  
Such treasures I could tell.

I'll share with you, the sky's of blue,  
The hummingbirds stand still.  
A jet plane's chalk, a diving hawk,  
What pleasures I can fill.

I have not wealth, just God's good health,  
A voice, perchance a chord.  
God gives to me, such harmony-  
And that is why He's Lord.

## **CODE OF ETHICS**

I'll walk the road, and live the code,  
Our Society doth will.  
That Sacred right, to bring delight,  
With harmonies fulfill.

Our future fate, perpetuate,  
With membership prolong,  
I'll always try, with conduct high,  
Bring credit with a song.

Recruit a friend, congenial men,  
With character most high.  
Who show good will, and then fulfill,  
With songs that reach the sky.

We shall refrain, our songs restrain,  
From unsympathetic ears.  
We shall refrain, from personal gain,  
Thus placed, upon our peers.

We'll not debate, political fate,  
Nor controversy bear.  
Just harmonize, the world to rise,  
To music, soft and fair.

## **PUT**

Put the melody back in music  
Put beauty back in art  
Put pride in your appearance,  
And romance into your heart.

Put commitment into your marriage,  
Put love where it belongs.  
Put kindness in your children  
Tenderness in your songs.

Put togetherness in family,  
Put learning back in school.  
Put the hearth back in the home,  
While you live the golden rule.

Put prudence in your spending,  
Put trust back in your job  
Put condition in your lending,  
And dress not like a slob.

Put patience in your handbag,  
Put refinement in your speech.  
Put ambition in your daily life,  
And watch the goals you reach.

Put a song in every dwelling,  
Put harmony in the air.  
Sing a chord to do the telling,  
Of your joy that's everywhere.

## **THREE OUT OF FOUR**

Said the Tenor boy, "I sing quite high."  
Said the old Baritone, "High notes I try."  
The Tenor boy whispered, "I sing off key."  
The baritone nodded, "That's not me."  
Said the tenor boy, "I often cry."  
The old Bari nodded, "So do I"  
"But worst of all" said the tenor, "you see."  
My quartet guys won't listen to me.

## **MY BARBERSHOP TIME**

Between the day and the darkness,  
When the sun ceases to climb.  
That's the time in my days situation  
That I call my Barbershop Time.

I place a cassette in the player,  
Of a quartet that has taken the gold.  
And I lip sing the lead part and listen  
While barbershop chords do enfold.

And my children they rush to my chamber,  
To listen and hear every word.  
The music and voices enchant them,  
And the harmonies n'er before heard.

They look around thinking there's many,  
But can see & touch only me.  
And the tag that we sing is so super,  
That it rings from me and the three.

And the music seems to go on forever,  
Yes forever and a day.  
And the children will remember only,  
That great quartet that seemed far away.

As the years pass and then come together,  
And my quartet of gold sings it's rhyme.  
I will always cherish those moments,  
That I call My Barbershop Time.

## **ALLADIN'S LAMP**

When I was just a little boy, I found Alladin's lamp.  
And listened to songs barbershop, down in my cellar damp.

I made a wish upon the lamp, it was a weighty choice,  
I asked that I might grow to have, A mighty tenors voice.

The lamp was old and full of rust, It smoked, it hissed with groan.  
I think it must run out of oil, I'm now a Baritone.

## **TYPO -WOW - HOORAY**

The typo is an error,  
It's sneaky and its sly.  
You search, but cannot find it,  
No matter how you try.

It hides there in the corner,  
Mid words that make you sleep.  
It's quiet like a pin drop,  
It doesn't make a peep.

So secret is its mission,  
Opaque to proffers eyes.  
A needle in a haystack -  
In print, it has great size.

Your bulletins 'most perfect,  
In almost every way.  
But when it hits their mailbox,  
That typo makes their day.

They circle it with red ink.  
They phone you right away.  
"There's a typo on page seven,"  
I found it, "Wow, Hooray."

## **I HAVE NO OTHER TALENT**

I have no other talent, Than this bass voice of mine.  
I prayed to be a tenor, Or a Bari would be fine.

I'm stuck with voice that quivers, Around deep C or D.  
And when it booms I scare the folks, A sitting near to me.

It makes the chairs to shake a bit, The risers seem to sway.  
My voice is really powerful... Director's blow away.

I tried to keep it mellow, This bass I now do own.  
My voice it tends to smother, And bury the baritone.

The lead I try to follow, My mouth it opens wide.  
The sound comes out with such great force, The lead runs off to hide.

I have no other talent, I have no other skill.  
And in this life I have one fear.... My voice someday will kill.

## **A BARITONE'N GHOST**

I came a riding on my horse,  
Into Old Tucson Town.  
I came to sing a song or two,  
But found no one around.

I rode along old Speedway street,  
Twas dusty from decay.  
And as I got down on my feet-  
The wind began to play.

I saw a bush roll cross the road,  
Twas followed by some dust.  
I heard a sign speak in a code,  
From hinges that had rust.

And then the wind spoke in my ear,  
No Baritone - it boast,  
We want no Bari's singing here,  
This town is just for Ghost.

I found myself all panicky,  
My heart began to pound.  
"Go Back" the wind kept telling me,  
Yet, no one was around.

I jumped into the saddle,  
A head'n out of town,  
But found myself dismattled  
In a direction that was down.

My horse he kept a go'n,  
At a racing horse's pace.  
I'm sure he was a know'n,  
That there was a Ghost to face.

Because my horse did not come back  
I am Old Tucson's host.  
A heart attack turned me into  
A Baritone 'n Ghost.

## ***I'M JUST A VOLUNTEER***

I really only want to sing,  
And learn some harmony.  
To make some friends and have some fun  
And be a little free.

To meet a challenge and relax  
And help some folks get through,  
The turmoil of their daily lives,  
In what they love and do.

I want to help the common folk,  
With song and entertain.  
I want to touch their very hearts,  
And maybe reach their brain.

To improve self with confidence,  
Inspire with music joy.  
To 'proach life with some common sense,  
And show - a child's joy.

I need to feel a needed,  
To give and know no fear.  
My efforts have succeeded,  
"I'm just a volunteer."

## ***ROAD SCHOLAR***

Beneath this slab,  
Our Bari's stowed.  
He watch the ads-  
And not the road.

## ***DIRECTORIS AMORIS***

Bass's aren't happy  
With nothing to ignore.  
That's what Directors  
Were created for.

## **ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A TUCSON CHURCHYARD**

I make up jokes, for chapter folks, I quote from Bari Billy.  
My humor's dry, but still I try, Some say that I am silly.

It's not enough, I reprint stuff From other Chapter's work.  
I almost die, to hear you cry- "You're just a lazy jerk".

I ask for art, or from the "heart", An article or two.  
"I'm busy now", or "Don't know how". Submissions, are so few.

A writer must, win others trust, And know his rightful station.  
For singers need, and like to read A "classy" publication.

But do not fear, twelve times a year, I'll write; you'll know I tried.  
But please don't moan, o'er my tombstone- "He sang, he wrote, he died".

## **GRANDCHILD TIME**

O come to me, O grandchild see, The things that I have seen.  
And with my eyes, behold the skies, And valley - O so green.

O please come near, so you can hear, That Old Quartet of Mine.  
We sang of Love, of God above, America - so fine.

Your eyes are small, You're not too tall, Such soft and tiny ears.  
I sang my part, with voice and heart, Please wipe away my tears.

My songs grow sad, no longer glad, Old age creeps slowly in.  
My voice like dust, begins to rust, Death's drums, their roll, begin -

So come you near, O grandchild dear, That I might sing a chord.  
Climb on my knee, Hear harmony- Soon I must greet, My Lord.



## **A BARBERSHOPPING MAN    AIN'T GONNA SEE HIM DIE**

Are you an active member,  
The kind that leads the cheer?  
Or are you just contented,  
To sit and sip your beer?

Do you attend with vigor,  
And mingle with new guy.  
Or are you a bit upity,  
The kind that doesn't try?

Do you take an active part,  
And help with chair or riser?  
Do you practice songs at home,  
Or cry in your Budweiser?

Do you work with committee,  
And get right in and mix?  
Or leave the work to just a few,  
And run off to your clique?

Let's all have fun by helping,  
Each singing man we can.  
Let's harmonize our best and be-  
A Barbershoppin Man.

A Bari went down to the river,  
And sang his part on the bank.  
The sound that he heard, It depressed him.  
So he jumped in the river and sank.

He came up once and he gurgled,  
He came up twice & he cried.  
The sounds in the water, he liked them  
But He almost sank and died.

He then took an elevator,  
In a high rise in Tucson town.  
He sang a Bari note or two,  
And thought he should jump down.

He stood on the ledge & he warbled,  
Tried to sing, yes he really tried.  
He liked his voice from the high rise...  
Yes he almost jumped and died.

But the Bari, he's still here a livin,  
If you listen you can hear his cry-  
He told me you can stop him from singin  
But you , ain't gonna see him die.

### **BETTER BELIEVE IT**

Mistakes they always look for, a word or two misspelled.  
A typo makes them happy, And let's them raise up hell.

His Editorial's crazy, his jokes get old with time,  
Don't even know his grammar, his poems don't even rhyme.

And when "Sayings" is a mailed out, I say this with a smile.  
If someone doesn't get one, You can hear him yell a mile.

## **BARBERSHOP JOURNEY**

A barbershoppers journey  
Begins with his birth.  
He travels with songs  
All over this earth

He follows the music  
Sings notes that are true  
But often he wonders  
What good singers do.

His mind tells him one thing,  
His heart tells another.  
He listens to friends  
And he listens to mother.

He sings all his songs  
In harmony nice.  
And when he is finished  
He still needs advice.

## **BARBERSHOPPERS IN THE NIGHT**

Barbershoppers in the night,  
Barbershoppers in the light.  
Do you giggle out of spite,  
Vocalizing your delight?

Barbershoppers, Oh so right.

Quartet singers, do you tremble,  
When Groups of four do assemble?  
Do you gamble, while you amble,  
Are you humble, when you stumble?

Quartet singers, what a sight.

Harmonizers, why so tearful,  
Sing your chords and be not fearful.  
Give the world a glorious earful,  
To their lives always be cheerful.

Resound the heavens, Oh so bright.

## **A MORAL**

I never sang in Barber Shops,  
Nor ate a sour cherry.  
But once I saw a mongoose die,  
And once I heard a Bari.

There is a moral to this poem,  
It's really very plain.  
If in a quartet you should roam....  
One part will bring you pain.

## **GREAT BARI HUNTER**

Our Bari crouches in his blind,  
Neath camoflaug of every kind.  
He harmonizes a quackling noise,  
To lend allure to his decoy.  
This grown up man with pluck & luck.  
Is hoping to out wit a duck.

## **WOOD CHUCKEL**

A Tenor termite knocked on wood  
And tasted it and found it good.  
And that is why his Bari may-  
Fall thru-the wooden risers today.

## **HORSE'N AROUND**

The bari taught  
Billy the bass man,  
The bass man taught  
tenor McGee.  
McGee of course,  
taught this tag to his horse,  
And his horse taught me.

## **A LITTLE THING CALLED SONG**

It's not the great things that we do,  
That makes this life worthwhile.  
It's just a little thing like song,  
That brings to folks a smile.

A pretty ballad, soft and sweet,  
An up-tune, fast and loud.  
A song about the land we love,  
Can make us all feel proud.

A barbershopper's well-trained voice,  
Can harmonize us all.  
Bring peace and love to all the world,  
And make us all stand tall.

So raise your voice in harmony,  
Let free men hear us sing.  
And know the sound of liberty,  
And the joy that song can bring.

For the world is but a chorus,  
And it's people but a throng.  
Our God made music for us,  
In a little thing called song.

## **A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING**

The skeleton's in the closet hiding as he should,  
The bari's in there singing the only way he could.

The fly is in the ointment and the froth is on the beer.  
The cat is in the bag and my lead is in my ear.

The worm is in the apple and the clam is on the shore  
The tenors on the rooftop and the bass is on the floor.

The birds are in the bushes, it seems these days much more.  
The needle's in the haystack and the director's at the door.

The chorus' on the risers, \ his head is in his hat,  
There is a place for everything., 'cept someone singing flat.

## **A MOM ALONE COULD LOVE**

My mother often said to me,  
The time to sing is now.  
Go join the Barbershoppers,  
And they will show you how.

I joined them in their singing,  
The sound it felt quite strange.  
They had me singing Baritone,  
With notes beyond my range.

I talked to the director,  
About the Bari part.  
He said music was a science,  
And Baritone an “art”.

I tried real hard to learn it,  
I went to music school.  
I sang a Bari solo,  
I felt kind like a fool.

They put it on my tombstone,  
“He sang Bari like a dove.”  
I found in heaven twas a part,  
A Mom alone could love.



## **MY MAILING LIST**

You'll always be remembered, Where barbershoppers roam.  
Your presence t'will be noted, Your whereabouts e'r known.

Forever, n'er forgotten, deserted or dismissed.  
Your name will live forever... You're on my mailing list

## **DEEP IN PRAYER**

If you hear a song sung softly,  
By four barbershoppin' guys.  
And their chords are high and lofty,  
And their words are true and wise.

If they sing of how they love you,  
And of how the shamrocks grow.  
How the moon is high above you  
How the streams beyond you flow.

Then you'll know the joy we're feeling,  
In the music that we share.  
Though we sing when were not kneeling,  
We are often deep in prayer.

## **FOURTH OF JULY**

It's the fourth of July,  
That great time of year.  
When Barbershoppers sing,  
And Patriots cheer.

God Bless America,  
Home of the Free.  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Great harmony.

This is my country,  
Of thee we sing.  
Thrill to the sound of it.  
Great chords to ring.

Gave way through the night,  
Our flag still was there.  
We sing from the heart,  
We sing cause we care.

Fourth of July,  
Listen and hear.  
America, my home  
Wipe away the tear.

## **A SMILE**

A smile cost little but it gives so much  
It enriches all who receive.  
It does not impoverish the giver,  
Nor make poor those who believe.

A smile can last now forever,  
The rich and the poor know its need.  
It glows like the light of a lantern,  
It grows like a flower from seed.

It maketh the poor like a rich man  
A treasure that never will end.  
Its value can never be measured  
Its presence is like a close friend.

It brings rest to those who are weary  
And courage to those much in fear.  
It's sun to the sad and the frightened  
It stays when one's love one's not near.

A smile can't be purchased or paid for  
Its value does not have a price.  
It tells us which people are hateful,  
It tells us which people are nice.

So if someone you know is too tired  
To give you a smile or two.  
Give them yours, and you'll see that  
your spirit  
Will both you refresh and renew.

## **THE ANIMAL FAIR**

We went to the barbershop fair,  
The bari's and tenors were there.  
The big basses, with their red faces,  
Were combing their snow white hair,  
The leads they all got drunk,  
Fell asleep on the elephant's trunk,  
The elephant sneezed,  
When down on his knees,  
and that was the end of the drunk.

## **BARI BILLY**

Bari Billy, singing at our bashes.  
Fell in the fire and burned into ashes.  
Now, although the hall is chilly,  
Don't have the heart to poke poor Billy.

## **BARITONE PRESCRIPTION**

Some doctors use morphine,  
A physician once wrote.  
And others sedate,  
With a baritone note.

But Bari's perceive, that  
Brandy is dandy.

A poet once wrote, that  
Liquor is quicker..

## **BARITONIS**

What is this that people hiss  
It is known as baritonis.  
Singers who with every note  
Make your middle ear to float.

Listen as they try "cantare,"  
They are really quite contrary.  
Terror me, O bari be  
Just below the key of C.

Spare us, please , O oratis...  
Be cute, be mute, O baritonis.  
Sing you not that note to us  
We would rather be "mortibus."

Dative be or ablative  
Sing thou not, please let us live.  
Domine, defende nis  
Contra, please, baritonis.



## **DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE**

I think perhaps next Tuesday,  
I'll bring a singing guest.  
To share my time and song in a way  
I'm sure he'll feel twice blest.

I'll ask him if he had some fun,  
And if he ever cries.  
I'll tell him how "we help the kids."  
And how "we harmonize."

I'll ask him "Was it all worth while?"  
And did you feel a strain?"  
I'll say "How do you like our style?"  
And "Will you come again?"

I'll offer him a ride next week  
I'll call him at his dorm.  
Encourage him to try and seek...  
An application form.

I hope he doesn't say "No thanks."  
"I've got no time to spare."  
"The fellows were just not friendly."  
"They didn't...seem to care."

## **HARMONY**

Harmony moves mountains  
Even when they're very steep.  
Calms the roughest waters,  
Even when they're very deep.

Harmony changes darkness,  
Brings with it such a light.  
We sing with such tranquility,  
We never know the night.

So harmonize your every song,  
And everything you do.  
And separate the right from wrong  
Till harmony rings true.

## **DIRECTOR'S PROVERBIAL DUEL**

Our Director knows his music,  
And his voice is very strong.  
He teaches us with proverbs, but  
He often is quite wrong.

He said, "who hesitates is lost"  
So don't you fall asleep.  
Our chorus told him, loud and clear...  
Please..."Look before you leap."

"Birds of a feather, flock together,"  
Was his counter attack.  
The Bari's countered loud and clear..  
That "Opposites attract."

You're never too old to learn," he said,  
The words came out like sticks.  
But even our teacher O.C. Cash...  
"Can't teach old dogs new tricks."

"Variety is the spice of life,"  
His roar, almost a scream.  
A tenor softly chided him...  
"Don't change horses in midstream."

"Actions speak louder than words," he said,  
"Four notes make up a chord."  
The editor smiled and softly said,  
"The pen is mightier than the sword".

## **THE VICTOR**

A young German Bari  
named Schlichter  
Had a yen for a boa constrictor  
When he lifted the tail  
Achtung! 'Twas a male.  
The constrictor, not Schlichter,  
was victor.

## **DIRECTOR'S ANATOMY**

I think it's time we took a look  
At our director's anatomy.  
To study backbone structure,  
And see what we can see.

His legs they must be strong ones  
Or he will know defeat.  
For often he must learn to stand  
Upon his own two feet.

His hands they must be agile,  
Strong and firm, yet slim.  
Agile like the monkey...  
He's often out on a limb.

His mouth it must be large in size,  
To know where he is at.  
To put his foot inside his mouth  
When telling tenors, "Flat."

His arms they must be supple,  
They must keep perfect time.  
His words they must have meaning,  
They do not have to rhyme.

His backbone must be immovable,  
It matters not his size.  
He must know and love good music  
And in harmony be wise.

## **INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION**

International Convention, Come'n soon, to New Orleans  
Barbershoppers - in contention Really love those B 'you scenes.

Ten thousand folks and maybe more, Gathered where the schrimpers play.  
Singing old songs we adore... Harmonizing, "Down Our Way."

Eighteen choruses, they will wow you, Sixty quartets will compete.  
Last years winners, they will wow you, sure t'won't be an empty seat.

On the stage they'll sing there ditties, They will get complete attention.  
Representing-each their cities- International Convention.

## **BARI RELATIVITY**

The after effects, of a Bari's neglects, Will spoil his voice and the song.  
But the converse is worse, When he tries to rehearse,  
For the notes, they will all come out wrong.

There once was a Bari named Bright, Who could sing much faster than light.  
He sang out one day, In a relative way,  
And finished on the previous night.

### **DO IT**

You'll never hear me begging,  
You'll never hear me yelp.  
But as your humble editor  
I sure could use your help.

The chapter just elected you,  
To serve a year or two.  
So write just one short article  
Any topic, it will do.

The director needs to tell the men,  
Of how to sing and walk.  
He needs to put on paper...  
A kind of -a pep talk.

The music VP needs to plan  
The repertoire and more,  
He needs to state rehearsal goals,  
Performances in store.

The treasurer must keep the books  
Write checks with a smooth stroke.  
But most of all please tell us  
Whenever we are broke.

The secretary takes the notes  
At board meetings quite well.  
Reports to us most everything  
Except when they raise hell.

## **GOOD FOLKS EVERYWHERE**

Went to lots of churches,  
Said a lot of prayer  
Met some really nice folk  
Good folks everywhere.

Sang "Amazing Grace" and yes  
I say with all my heart.  
Sight read from their hymnal,  
Sang some in tenor part.

All summer in ten churches,  
English, Greek and German  
Heard some holy music  
Heard many a good sermon.

Nice to sing with others,  
In their church of prayer  
This summer was a blessing  
Good folks everywhere.

## **A BARI NAMED JERRY**

There once was a bari, named Jerry  
who sang with a vest made of terry.  
he sang such a note,  
it just wouldn't float-  
committed he then, hari kari.

You all know Dennis-the-menace.  
He never played golf or tennis.  
he sang all the time,  
and that is the crime-  
And the reason, he is such a menace.

To sing is quite an endeavor,  
And sometimes it goes on just forever,  
But to sing right on key,  
it seems like to me,  
Is the better, and also quite clever.

## **HARMONY ABOUNDS**

It all began with man,  
So very long ago.  
Two men at first they say  
The year we, do not know.

They sang their home made tunes,  
Together, then in parts.  
They blended music notes,  
Two voices and two hearts.

A third came on the scene,  
The harmonies were true.  
The voices high and low  
Their melodies were new.

A fourth voice rose to join,  
In days of lance and sword.  
The king and queen went mute,  
When first they sang a chord.

For harmony was born  
In music, with the voice.  
And men began to share  
And freedom 'came a choice.

The language was diverse  
The melodies were pure.  
The music was rehearsed  
And harmony endured.

Today the sound goes on,  
The talent base is high.  
And harmony abounds...  
From birth, until we die.

## **HOW COME?**

You seem to enjoy singing,  
The discipline you hate.  
I always see you talking,  
And coming in so late.

You never help with risers,  
The older fellows do.  
You do not seem too friendly  
With fellows who are new.

You seem to like performing,  
And singing songs real well.  
But tickets for the annual show  
You never seem to sell.

You remember all the music  
And show times for a while.  
The one thing that is missing...  
You're forgetting how to smile.

You seem to like the fellows  
You get along with some.  
I wish you'd be more friendly  
I'd like to know "How Come".

## **PERFECT & TRUE**

Among the beautiful ballads  
That hang on memories wall,  
There is one to me that beckons  
By far is the best of all.

It has survived the painful years  
And never has grown old,  
A story of a perfect love  
Nicest story ever told.

I know you love its melody  
I know you know it's true  
'Tis, "Let me call you sweetheart  
I'm in love with you".

## **ID LIKE TO SING**

I'd like to sing about  
Our country and our flag,  
I'd like to sing without  
Having to have to brag.

I'd like to serenade  
Our soldiers who have died,  
My song would try to soothe  
Their widows who have cried.

I'd like to sing of land  
And purple mountains high,  
Of soldiers brave and grand  
Who taught us how to die.

I like to harmonize a tune  
For mother during May,  
For father too in June  
For each should have their day.

But most of all I'd like to sing  
A hymn, much like a prayer,  
To Him who gave us each a voice  
Our God, He's everywhere.

## **POLECAT LOVE**

I met "My Wild Irish Rose",  
"Down By the Old Mill Stream".  
I said, please "Shine on Me",  
And, "You Tell Me Your Dream".

"Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie",  
For, "Sweet & Lovely" you are.  
The "Heart of My Heart", "O Honey",  
My "Sweet Adeline", by far.

"Sweet, Sweet, Roses of Morn",  
I heard from "Down Our Way".  
"Let me Call You Sweetheart",  
Now, and yes, every day.



## **INSTALLATION**

Put the melody back in music  
Put beauty back in art  
Put pride in your appearance,  
And romance into your heart.

Put commitment into your marriage,  
Put love where it belongs.  
Put kindness in your children  
Tenderness in your songs.

Put togetherness in family,  
Put learning back in school.  
Put the hearth back in the home,  
While you live the golden rule.

Put prudence in your spending,  
Put trust back in your job  
Put condition in your lending,  
And dress not like a slob.

Put patience in your handbag,  
Put refinement in your speech.  
Put ambition in your daily life,  
And watch the goals you reach.

Put a song in every dwelling,  
Put harmony in the air.  
Sing a chord to do the telling,  
Let your joy be everywhere.

## **OLD PITCH PIPES NEVER DIE**

*(They just fade away)*

“Ah death is ne’r a pleasant thing,”  
My tenor said to me.  
‘Tis twice as sad  
when with the dawn,  
Your pitch pipe calls to thee...  
And blowing once,  
or twice or three..  
You find,  
your B flat gone.

## **ODE TO ALL EDITORS**

It isn't fair, I like to share  
My writings with you all.  
It may seem long, and often wrong  
To some it seems too small.

Out of respect, I do correct  
Mistakes that creep in so...  
Feel downright shame, for every name  
I spell wrong as I go.

Please use my stuff, for though it's rough,  
And often seems quite trite...  
I really hate, to violate  
Those laws of copyright.

So if you steal or merely peel  
A page or just a letter.  
Remove my name, you'll feel some shame,  
Even if it's better.

For time will tell, of writings well,  
Good poems, and jokes, and gladness.  
'Tis sad to see, bold plagiary,  
For such, it is pure madness.

It is our fate, that some create,  
While others work is "choppy."  
Don't hesitate, to imitate...  
But author not - a copy.

## **POEM OF A QUARTET LEAD**

Just a verse to say I'm singin... With my quartet-we're not dead.  
Though our lead gets more forgetful... Word's mixed up inside his head.

For at times he can't remember... The name of song were 'bout to start.  
No one said he was a genius, Would have helped if he were smart.

Often times he blows the pitch pipe... Starts a talkin to the crowd...  
Then he turns to me a askin, The first line right out loud.

There are times our lead's a singin, Every note, right on the mark...  
But the words - he keeps forgettin, Guess he "day dreams in the park"....

Once we sang before two thousand... How my face it got so red.  
Our lead forgot the words completely... Had to read a poem - instead.

## **RUBBER BANDED BARI**

The chief defect of Bari King,  
Was chewing rubber bands and string.  
One day together two he tied  
An ugly knot they made inside.

And when he tried to sing his part  
They caught around his great big heart.  
The docs, they said as they took their fees,  
There is no cure for this bari disease.

His parents stood around his bed,  
Predicting he would soon be dead.  
But then his quartet came to see  
What ever wrong with him be.

They tried to cheer him up with song,  
But everything, it came out wrong.  
One chord it seem to hit the spot  
And Bari King spit up his knot.

## **SING THE BARI**

When it's ninety in the shade,  
Sing the Bari.  
When a chord must be rung,  
Ring the Bari.

For his voice box never burst,  
And when dog days are the worst,  
He will hardly have a thirst,  
Sing the Bari.

When the song is hard and high,  
Sing the Bari,  
When the tenors voices die,  
Ring the Bari.

Laugh at leads and lowly basses,  
Tenors with their cherub faces,  
Only Bari's fill chord spaces,  
Sing the Bari

## ***RULES OF SINGING***

Relax and keep attentive eyes,  
Upon Director's face.  
With chin down & your eyebrows raised,  
Between your lips, some space.

The tongue upon the lower gum,  
The jaw quite loose & free.  
Torso erect and yes O please...  
Slight bend unto the knee.

The shoulders back & chest held high,  
The arms loose at your side.  
The knees should flex a little bit,  
The mouth, opened and wide.

Breathe at the proper intervals,  
And make those low notes bright.  
The high ones should be darkened,  
And often soft and light.

Match every vowel that you can,  
And try to stay on pitch.  
Match every diphthong that you sing  
And know which note is which.

Key off your leads in every bar,  
The melody line is king.  
Togetherness, expands the sound,  
And makes those chords to ring.

Interpretations sets the mood,  
And gives the song it's life.  
So watch directors every move,  
His hands are like a knife.

Stage presence is a helpful tool,  
To help you as you sing.  
But practice separates the fool,  
And makes our music ring.

## **SING FREELY OR MAYBE HUG A KID**

Sing freely with your voice,  
and often try to smile.  
Savor special moments,  
Breathe deeply for a while.

Practice some patience,  
And meet yourself some friends.  
Live God's message,  
Until each new day ends.

Rediscover old friends,  
Tell those you love, you do.  
Feel deeply and forget your hurt,  
And to yourself be true.

Hope and grow and count your blessings,  
Forgive, yes, one and all.  
A miracle make happen...  
Give in, and then stand tall.

Worry not and trust enough to take,  
Pick some daisies and with them share.  
Keep a promise, see beauty everywhere,  
Take time for people, show you care.

Look for rainbows, gaze at stars,  
Be wise, work hard, try to understand.  
Be kind to self, with laughter from the heart,  
Spread joy, for life is truly grand.

Take a chance, reach out, let someone in,  
Share thy life and then try something new,  
Celebrate your life and sometimes softly be,  
This morning's sunrise, that like a flower grew.

Believe and trust, have faith in all you do,  
Believe in self, and listen to the rain.  
Enjoy and wonder, and reminisce awhile,  
Comfort a friend, and share with him your pain.

Trust life and if mistakes be made,  
Learn from them, and of the guilt be rid,  
Have good ideas and thoughts most beautiful,  
Explore a cave, or maybe hug a kid.

## **THE BARBERSHOP MIRROR**

When you learn to sing,  
And you know all the words.  
And the world makes you king for a day.  
Look in the barbershop mirror on the wall,  
And see what that man hast to say.

For it isn't your lead, or your bari or base,  
Who judgement upon you must pass.  
The fellow whose judgement counts most in your life  
Is the singer staring back from the glass.

The chapter may think you a hardworking sort,  
And think you're a musical guy.  
But that man in the glass will question your worth,  
If you can't look him straight in the eye.

That barbershop mirror shows up every fault,  
It sees the truth in the end.  
So your really fooling only yourself,  
When the man in the glass ain't your friend.

So practice your music and learn all the words,  
By the barberhop mirror you shall pass.  
Knowing you lived your life long and well,  
You can wink at that man in the glass.

## **WITH PITCH PIPE IN MY HAND**

When I was just a child, oft times I would demand.  
My diapers to be changed with pitch pipe in my hand.

I grew up quite the boy with fire enough in my brain.  
My voice it was quite high, but soon began to strain.

In college things began, It caused me a red face.  
My voice began to change and soon I was a bass.

I finally settled down, my voice it stayed the same.  
But when the tenor sang, my voice it felt ashamed.

The pitch pipe helped me learn, the songs that were quite new.  
I learned to really imitate, the note the pitch pipe blew.

Eventually I did die, they placed me in the land.  
No one noticed that I lie, with pitch pipe in my hand.

## **EX-MEMBER JOE**

I think he joined our chapter, About a year ago.  
I never got to learn his name, I think they called him "Joe".

He sat in with the tenors, Or was it with the leads?  
I never got to shake his hands, Or help him with his needs.

I'm much too busy with my life, To greet and socialize.  
He'll get some help from other folks, To sing-if he really tries.

I guess I could have said hello, And told him that I know...  
How hard it is to be the guy... They call "new member Joe".

Each week went by without a word, A smile - or just "hello".  
No wonder that he didn't renew... Just another, Ex- Member-Joe.

## **YOUR SINGING FRIEND**

I see you at our meeting, you never say hello.  
Your busy all the time you're there, with guys you seem to know.

I sit within my section, alone, I sing, I try-  
I want to be your friend, but you old guys pass me by.

You all invited me to join, you talk of fellowship.  
You only have to cross the room, you never make the trip.

I really want to sing a chord, a tag with you to share.  
To learn about this music craft, a joke with you to share.

I'll be at the next meeting, my spirit will not bend.  
Please introduce yourself to me  
I'll be your singing friend.



## **THE GARLIC QUARTET**

Oh how many tears, over the years,  
Have dropped to the ground, you can bet.  
But the worst of all, are the ones that fall,  
In front of the Garlic Quartet.

The tenor eats bread, with garlic it's said,  
'Tis a fact he will not deny.  
The audience sigh, then start to cry,  
And asked the tenor, "Oh why."

The breath of the lead, would kill a young steed,  
As he bellows his barbershop tune.  
And in the front row, they pay lots of dough,  
But the show can't be over too soon.

The bari they say, three times a day,  
Puts garlic on all of his meals.  
And the wood on his seat, starts to retreat,  
And the varnish it softens and peels.

From the mouth of the bass, it is a disgrace,  
Comes a storm of garlicky breath.  
It is oh so strong, wilts even the song,  
And to some can even cause death.

So to you who sing, this barbershop thing.  
Please try, and never forget.  
Four guys they will chase, folks out of the place,  
If they sing in that "Garlic Quartet."





FAMILY FAMILY FAMILY





## **WHEN LIFE'S CLOCK IS CLICKING**

### **(To Nana on her 90th)**

When life's clock is still a ticking and you're 90 years of age.  
In those 90 years of living, lots of nice things take their place.  
All those little things that happen, seems to take up time and space.

We remember you as mother with two daughters holding hands  
It isn't all that easy, with all that job demands.

You wowed us with piano, as we watched your fingers glide  
Across the keys both black and white, as we sang right at your side.

They often say the good die young, that isn't always true.  
For 90 years is a blessing, and much happiness for you.

May God be with you always, in all you think and do.  
May He shower you with goodness, and to yourself be true. M

## **ME MUDDER**

When I was just a little boy, And thought that I was cute & coy,  
Who always brought my favorite toy?  
Me Mudder.

When I was really small & little, Who often played for me, her fiddle,  
And cleaned me up, when oft I piddle...  
Me mudder.

Who thought I looked so nice and fair, And taught me how to pray my prayer,  
That God, somehow was everywhere...  
Me mudder.

And as my life did move along, Who taught me how to sing a song,  
And where the notes and words were wrong...  
Me Mudder.

And who, did teach me how to cry, To grieve, her love when she did die,  
She didn't have time, to tell me why?  
Me Mudder.

## **A DAUGHTER'S TRUST**

You'll never know  
The sweetness of the earth.  
That I did taste,  
The moment of your birth.

So many years have past,  
And with them  
You have grown.  
I pray that they shall last,  
Those memories,  
I have known.

Like the lily and the rose,  
I've watched you bloom & grow...  
A daughter's trust  
A father's love...  
We'll always know.

## **A BOY WITHOUT A DAD**

I seldom saw my father,  
I'm like him so they say.  
For I was just a little guy,  
When they made him go away.

See, my brother talked about him,  
Oft his eyes would fill with tears.  
And I came to know him better,  
With the passing of the years.

I would visit him each summer,  
But my one regret must be,  
That I never got to thank him,  
For the love he showed to me.

I never got to tell him things,  
A boy should tell his dad.  
Of how it hurts for me to be,  
A boy without a Dad.

## ***Fifty Years Ago***

(50th– Ron & Evelyn Quinn)

I cannot show, the world won't know,  
    About our love affair.  
For fifty years, we shared our tears,  
    And love was always there.

Our children grew, and yes, they knew  
    The details of our life.  
With children blest, we knew the best...  
    The joys, the fun, the strife.

Outrageous claims, 'bout tennis games,  
    N'er made the sporting page.  
A serve- not hot, no backhand shot,  
    Made Ronald show his age.

And Evelyn knew, that Ron was through  
    When off the slopes he came.  
With cheeks that glow, and boots of snow,  
    He hardly knew his name.

Friends move away, they often stray,  
    Just Christmas cards remain.  
To tell our deeds, our wants, our needs,  
    Our joy, and yes our pain.

The Palm Spring air, with not a care,  
    Now 50 years gone past.  
Our vows stayed true, we always knew,  
    Our love would always last.

I would not trade, let memories fade,  
    One day with you forego.  
Nor ever regret, the day we met,  
    Just fifty years ago.

## **GOD BLESS ...LITTLE GRANDCHILD**

There are children who are cute, And children who are wild.  
But none can compare, With one's own Grandchild.

There are those who learn to smile, And those that like to cry...  
But none can match the joy I hear, When I hear mine coo and sigh.

So let each year be numbered, Let each year understand  
That our hearts might thus remember...God Bless...Little Child - so grand.

## **JEREMIAH**

Your birthday time is here again, O grandchild, love of mine.  
The memories of your birth remain, A treasure, rich and fine.

I have no gift of earth for you, No toys, no clothes, no bear.  
For you are worthy of much more, For you I have a prayer.

I pray the Lord of sunrise comes, To shine upon your years.  
To fill you with His love, and dry The sunset of your tears.

I pray that you might learn to know, What's right from what tis wrong.  
That you might hear His melodies, His prayer - that is his song.

You're much too young to understand, Life's values or the price.  
Together, we shall share it all Someday, in Paradise.

Love - Grandad

## **HAPPY BIRTHDAY**

Older brothers seem to me, To be a special lot.  
And being born on August third, You know they will be hot.

How does it feel to be of age, To reach to seventy five?  
To wake up on your birthday, To know you're still alive.

So don't look back to count the years, Just try to look a head.  
The best is yet to come, you see, That's what our mother said.



**GOD BLESS YOU**  
**KATHY JEAN**

God Bless You Kathy Jean  
O Kathy Jean, O Kathy Jean,  
You're married and on your own.

I write a lot, I see you not...  
I talk upon the phone.  
I tell you of my life and love,  
Of Him who is so grand.  
And though my life's  
been fraught with strife,  
I pray, you'll understand.

For you must know, I love you so,  
Through all these many years.  
For you I care, with you I share,  
Life's joys and many tears.

Each April spring, my heart doth sing,  
Of you and of your birth.  
And all the gold, this world could hold,  
Would equal not your worth.

I came this way, to live and pray,  
Mem'ries n'er to depart.  
I often find, you on my mind,  
And in my very heart.

I pray God's will, your life to fill,  
With love and peace serene.  
I love you more, e'er than before,  
God Bless you Kathy Jean.



## **MATT**

Blessings on the little Matt,  
With turned up nose and crazy hat  
With clothes to be from your older brother  
and a smile softened as no other.

I dream of you often with joy,  
I too was once a barefoot boy.  
I too had a dog friend at my side,  
And a marvelous treehouse in which to hide.

Blessing on you little Matt,  
strong and fast like a cat  
I can't be there to hold you  
Teach you things and mold you.

But I'm better by far  
cause you are who you are,  
I am often quite sad  
But proud to be your dad.

## **A BRIDAL TOAST**

May peace and joy  
Ever be your guide  
To you young man  
And you're pretty bride.

May Your life be full of wonder  
May your joy know no small measure  
Put the cares of this world asunder  
Be goodwill and progeny your pleasure.



## **MY WEDDING WISH**

My wedding wish for you, my friends  
Is a very a simple one.  
For I wish you hope and joy and peace  
And days filled with warm sun.

I wish you love and happiness  
Throughout these coming year.  
May your heart be full of joy and love  
To fill your life with cheers.

And may His blessings fill your home  
With good things that will last.  
Think only of the good and true,  
Forget the ill that's past.

And may your hearts fill to the brim  
With friendships that remain.  
May all your sorrows turn to joy  
Relieving all your pain.

I ask of you a single gift,  
That all of us might share.  
I ask this from my very soul  
I ask of you both a prayer.

A prayer that we might live our lives  
Obtain that final prize.  
Which all men surely search for  
That gift when the body dies.

I wish for you eternity  
And all that it implies.  
That you might be together  
When 'er your souls do rise.

I wish this all and O, much more  
May all your prayers come true  
May you have a Blessed Wedding day  
May all your dreams come true.

## **QUADRIPLEGIC TIME**

There is nothing like that moment

That time of great defeat  
But a second filled with terror  
When one loses hands and feet.

There's no medicine can heal it,  
No doctor who can treat.  
The shock that paralyzes  
One's hands and then one's feet.

Though they study all the x-rays  
And seek a magic cure.  
A solution stays beyond them  
No one seems to be quite sure.

'T'is a lifetime full of struggle,  
And a belly full of pain.  
When one loses all that's physical  
And is left with just one's brain.

So when e're you see a wheelchair,  
Look upon that padded seat.  
And place yourself upon it...  
Without your hands and feet.

## **MY BEGINNING EXPERIENCE**

I encountered my soul,  
but my soul  
could not see.

I trusted my God,  
but my God  
eluded me.

I grieved  
with my brother,  
and in my grief,

I found all three

## **FIFTY YEARS AGO**

I cannot show, the world won't know,  
About our love affair.  
For fifty years, we shared our tears,  
And love was always there.

Our children grow, and yes, they know  
The details of our life.  
Our children five, will keep alive...  
The joys, the fun, the strife.

Insurance claims, and ideal aims,  
The daily bread for me.  
Tours and trips, and household tips,  
Life's nectar sweet for thee.

New Jersey shore, and O much more,  
These fifty years gone past.  
Our vows stayed true, we always knew,  
Our love would always last.

I would not trade, let memories fade,  
One day with you forego.  
Nor e'er regret, the day we met,  
Just fifty years ago.

## **TO TERRI ON HER 13TH BIRTHDAY**

To Terry my wishes this day  
Are full of joy and mirth.  
The best to you on this 13th day  
The day we mark your birth.

May God be good to you this year  
Each hour, each minute, each day.  
May happiness be your pillowcase  
And joy your blanket of warmth,  
May your father's poem -your teddy bear  
To snuggle all year – this I pray

*Love dad*  
*Summer 1983*

## **A PERSON IN NEED**

A person in need,  
Yes, a person in need,  
Is the sad'st of things in a life.  
For it surely is sad,  
Frustrating and bad...  
When the person in need is your wife.

There's a terrible pain,  
Hits the heart and the brain,  
Makes breathing a job and a chore.  
And the more that you try,  
Seems the more that you cry,  
For the woman you love and adore.

When the shadow of breath,  
Moves forward in death,  
Makes the heart and  
The soul surely bleed.  
For death like a thief,  
Renders only it's grief,  
To the soul of a person in need.

## **HAPPY BIRTHDAY (BROTHER RICHARD)**

Older brothers seem to me  
To be a special lot.  
And being born on August third  
You know they will be hot.

How does it feel to be of age  
To reach to seventy five?  
To wake up on your birthday  
To know your still alive.

So don't look back to count the years  
Just try to look ahead.  
The Best is yet to come, you see  
That's what our mother said.



## ***I GIVE YOU MY SON***

Lord, I give you my hopes and pain  
I give you my tears,  
Yes, I give you a broken-bleeding heart  
I give you my fears.

I give you my son, broken and torn  
His damaged nerves and spine  
And ask in your mercy and love  
That all his pain be mine.

I know not if this cup can pass  
Nor if I can drink this cup you fill  
I pray your love on me bestow  
That I may do your Father's will.

Yes, I give to you all of these  
And more – than I can bear  
I place my son upon your altar near,  
And place our souls in your loving care.



## **MAUREEN**

I want to speak in quiet tones,  
For there are things I like to say.

I want to tell you of my love  
For you on this your special day.

The years have passed  
And you have grown  
And blossomed through the years.  
I thank you for the joy I've known  
For drying out so many tears.

You were a special gift to me  
I loved you all the while,  
But best of all your special heart,  
Your grace, your soul, your smile.

The mountains of life  
We've had to climb  
We've shared the stress, the strain.  
I thank you for your presence  
And for sharing in my pain.

And so I toast your day of birth,  
As only a father can do.  
And pledge you my paternal love  
May it always be strong and true.

Love Dad (Oct 2004)



## **WHEN YOU'RE 82**

When you're eighty-two  
the sky is always blue  
there's nothing really new  
When you're 82.

When you're 82  
your bones are weak and frail  
and all your body parts  
they seem to want to fail.

When you're 82  
your hair it turns to white  
and car lights in the night  
they seem to be so bright.

When you're 82  
you lose a step or two,  
you'll learn this very soon,  
no long walks are for you.

When you're 82  
your eyes they lose their twinkle  
and if you look real close  
you might find yourself a wrinkle.

When you're 82  
you speak with weaken voice  
and medicare's your plan  
you have no other choice.

So when you're 82  
make sure the sky stays blue  
may all your dreams come true  
when you're 82.

## **THE FATHER'S PRAYER**

O God,  
Let them know I care  
That If they need me  
I am always there  
Help them please  
To survive this world  
To be strong and true.

And Please Lord  
Protect them ever  
With your holy love  
When they ere they do ere  
They are mine O Lord  
And I do love them.

But events have barred the way  
I see them in the summer  
You have them everyday.  
Amen

### **TODAY**

Today your day  
In every single way  
I wish you all the best  
Alive, alive  
And only 25  
You pass life's every test.

Your day, I pray  
A special birthday day  
May all your dreams come true  
Your joys your toys  
Just for a girl, not boys  
More than you ever knew.

Good life, no strife  
And soon to be a wife  
You stand above the crowd  
All things, life brings  
In you my glad heart sings  
You make a father proud.

*Happy Birthday Mo  
Love Dad  
Nov 3, 1999*



## **FIFTY YEARS AGO**

I cannot show, the world won't know,  
About our love affair.  
For fifty years, we shared our tears,  
And love was always there.

Our children grow, and yes, they know  
The details of our life.  
Our children five, will keep alive...  
The joys, the fun, the strife.

Insurance claims, and ideal aims,  
The daily bread for me.  
Tours and trips, and household tips,  
Life's nectar sweet for thee.

New Jersey shore, and O much more,  
These fifty years gone past.  
Our vows stayed true, we always knew,  
Our love would always last.

I would not trade, let memories fade,  
One day with you forego.  
Nor e'er regret, the day we met,  
Just fifty years ago.

## **MINE**

I am thankful for your presence  
I am thankful for the sign.  
That tells me you are special  
That tells me you are mine.

As a rock upon the mountain  
As the water in the sea,  
My love for you eternal  
For sure will always be.

You bring pleasure to the morning  
All you touch you do refine,  
And the winds they tell a story  
Forever you'll be mine.

*(Happy Valentine's Day Carolyn)*

Love Tom  
2-14-2099

## **LOVE AGAIN WILL SMILE**

The perfect relationship,  
Is not found in the other.  
'Tis deep within our very selves  
And found not in another.

True love and joy we often seek,  
We search, we seek to find.  
We look for it in all our friends,  
We seldom look inside.

Inside our very hearts and souls,  
The place where loves must dwell.  
'Tis there that love can give and take  
And make us whole and well.

You are your dream come true you know,  
The perfect harmonious mate.  
You can't give way what you don't possess,  
You can't mix love with hate.

So love yourself, then all the rest,  
Will follow as night the day.  
A friend to self, will be the best,  
In a mystifying way.

The miracle of love it seems,  
Is gift not from the other.  
But once possesses within the self  
Is given to one another.

So wait, have patience, love is near  
Wait only for a while.  
Marvelous things will happen soon,  
And love again will smile.

## **MY ANNIVERSARY SONG**

*(To Carolyn -25th)*

Oh, how my heart danced on the day we were wed,  
I vowed sincere love, though a word wasn't said.  
The world was all ours, and so blue were the skies,  
And the joy that I felt brought tears to my eyes.

“Then, as I held you close in my arms  
My heart was singing a hymn to your charms  
A voice deep inside me, murmuring low  
Carolyn, I love you so.”

Our life it has blossomed and like the dawn,  
The sun shined anew and the joy lingered on.  
And all through these years has lingered sublime  
Grown each year, and much better in time.

“Then, as I held you close in my arms  
My heart was singing a hymn to your charms  
A voice deep inside me, murmuring low  
Carolyn, I love you so.”

*Love Tom*

## **POETS**

The loneliness of poets  
Is solitude indeed'  
As art is form of potency,  
As birth is in the seed.

For poetry is noble thought,  
The best that man can deem,  
It chooses only perfect art,  
The best of every dream.

It's dreams are high reality,  
its logic can be found,  
In memories that retain,  
And make images profound.

Yet poetry is loneliness  
And solitude as sure,  
As man must die his death alone  
And God alone is pure.

## **MY DAD**

My dad could do most anything,  
He'd play, he'd work, he'd fight.  
He taught me what was wrong to do,  
My dad was always right.

He liked to sing a song or two  
When people were not near,  
His voice it was unbearable  
You see he had no "ear."

I longed to help him sing it right  
To help him with the pitch,  
But when it came to singing notes  
He didn't know which was which.

One day I told him he was wrong  
In singing songs off-key,  
He put me on his knee that day  
And said some things must be.

God gives to each some talents, and  
To some special insight.  
To do the things that they do well,  
My dad was always right.

## **MY FATHER**

My father was a shadow, A shadow of a man.  
I followed him all through my life, Since first my life began.

At first he loomed so very large, But as the time passed bye,  
Our shadows 'gan to merge a bit. We saw then eye to eye.

What once was dark and fearsome, Began to mellow out.  
His voice became a beacon What once seemed but a shout.

His shadow took on substance, And though twas far away.  
I always felt his presence, Though his life had passed away.

His shadow remains forever, I'm the only one who sees.  
To others it's invisible... I alone possess the keys.

For our shadows they are one, Somehow they'll always be.  
I'm so much like my father. And my father - he is me.

## THE DAY I WED YOU

The day that I wed to you  
Was a very special day,  
The Lord gave a blessing  
While the angels did play.

The sun had a shine  
And the sky, it was blue.  
The clouds scripted words  
That said I love you.

And time stopped and stood  
And the air breathe no more.  
My heart told my mind  
'Tis you I adore.

I loved every moment  
I have loved every day.  
You spoke with your kisses  
What I wanted to say

The day that I wed you  
It knows no regret'  
And the Love that we share  
I will never forget.

## MY GREATEST MOMENTS IN SPORTS

It wasn't when I hit the ball  
Over the left field wall,  
But when I ran cross country  
With my daughters in the fall.

It wasn't when in basketball  
They named me MVP.  
But when I taught my kids to play  
And they played tennis with me.

It wasn't scoring hockey goals  
That made me feel so nice.  
But when I taught my boys to skate  
And they joined me on the ice.

It wasn't playing softball  
That I felt the touch of fame.  
But only when my children sang  
"Take me out to the Ballgame".

No the greatest moments in sports for me  
Were the moments I recall.  
Watching my children play their games,  
Those were the best of all.







# MISCELLANEOUS







## **THE POET**

A poet is a man not made, But one who's born with talents laid.  
At his disposal he may give, To words the food they need to live.  
A poet may describe the ways, A man may live or what he says.  
His talent comes not with his age , It seems to burst forth from his rage.  
How nature acts, and what's her course, Is to the poet a great resource.  
His thoughts record his spirit's whim, And by his works to honor him.  
The poet's not known for profits made, For poets are born and seldom paid.  
Prose is a work that soon will cease, His poem an eternal masterpiece.  
His earthly works though not well read , Oft times do live when he is dead.  
For death is but his final seal, To end the myth and begin the real.

## **MAUGHTY MOUSE**

There were many a cat and many a mouse,  
That lived in our neighborhood.  
But twas never a mouse, like the one in our house  
At the corner of Pine and Wood.

His name was Maughty, he was very naughty,  
The reason is very plain.  
He pulled many a trick, to make the cat sick,  
And to put the cat to shame.

For he'd eat all the food, that was any good,  
And leave none for that skinny old cat.  
And he'd eat like a pig, and it made him so big,  
That you'd think he was really a rat.

Now it came to be, he became friendly,  
To the cat who hated him much.  
And it was his own fault, that he got caught,  
And the cat had a "rat" for his lunch.

## **NEGRO BOY**

Negro boy who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave you life and called you here  
Taught you how to live with fear.

Brought you to this continent  
Helped to heal your discontent  
Let the white man's bigotry  
Crucify you to the tree.

Negro Boy who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Negro Boy I'll tell thee  
Negro Boy I'll tell thee  
He is good and he is just,  
In his ways all men must trust.

For he knows our every need  
Watches over every deed  
Blesses both the black and white  
Both are pleasing in his sight.

Negro. Boy who made thee?  
Negro Boy who made thee?

## **TIGER**

Tiger, tiger, in your cage,  
Shinning teeth in captive rage.  
To and fro across the bars  
Showing off your orange-black scars.

Beauty flows forth from your eyes  
As the stars that flee the skies  
In who's image were you made  
Will your virilness e'er fade?

Tiger, tiger in my dreams  
I have heard you growling screams  
How majestic is your prance,  
Free me from your burning trance.

## **MORNING GLORY**

Your life is as the morning glory,  
Bringing joy to all you meet.  
Your radiance tells a glorious story,  
Men bow humbly at your feet.

Your beauty seems to be angelic  
Full of rays of peace and love.  
All the world has sought a relic,  
Of your beauty from above.

A flower comes to us from seed  
With little space and room.  
The sky and water is it's need,  
Majestic is it's bloom.

Thou art a flower of the morn  
A bud, so pure and fair.  
With you, again each day is born,  
To bless our earth and share.

Your time, it comes, and then no more,  
Your beauty fades and dies.  
And with the night you close the door,  
Like stars, you dot the sky's.





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