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MY DADDY

From WINSTON-SALEM POETS – 1950
To THE POETRY LOVERS GROUP of The Woman’s Club – October 19, 1950

He played with me when I was small
    He was my pal as I grew tall;
    He was happy when I was glad
And cheered me up when I was sad.

All children loved his cheerful lore,
    And flocked into his grocery store;
Kind he was to both young and old,
To those who bought, and those who sold.

I miss him so since he is gone;
    I miss his smile, his cheery song;
    His loving face I long to see;
His memory is so dear to me.

This was written shortly after the fatal, tragic accident of my Daddy. I did know then that my Daddy was in Heaven with His Savior, but at the time was shy about giving the poem spiritual significance.
I Do

August 15, 2000

Do you remember that first day we met,
How I talked and sat on you bed?
   I Do

Do you recall those cold nights at the campus bridge,
Where we hugged, ‘til curfew’s very end?
   I Do

Do you relive the time you ran from your car,
To say you loved me and wanted to be mine?
   I Do

   When you look at our puzzle picture,
   Do you smile about the hours we spent together?
   I Do

Can you see that night with you in your wedding gown,
When we said our pledge and our vows?
   I Do

   When you watch a ship with sailors aboard,
   Do you feel their loneliness of being away?
   I Do

   If you listen, do you hear the creek at our first house,
   Along with Freda, Simon and Sarah down at the road’s end?
   I Do
Do you feel on your fingers that very first touch of Bree,  
Her smooth skin so pure and clean?  
I Do

Do you recall the sight of Robb,  
The first son born to carry on our name?  
I Do

Do you find yourself having flashbacks to Kuwait,  
Carpets, parties, travel and cooked fish with heads?  
I Do

Do you praise God for Marc, child number three,  
And completing our family the way He wanted it to be?  
I Do

Do you talk to young couples and reminisce about our kids,  
Gymnastics, car pools, soccer and first days at school?  
I Do

Do you sense things will be just fine,  
In the lives of our kids, yours and mine?  
I Do

Do you look forward to thirty years more,  
Of being together and seeing what life has in store?  
I Do

Thirty years of laughing, sharing, crying, and loving have gone by so fast,  
And if the big question was asked  
My answer would be the same as the last.  
I Do
WHO IS THAT CHILD?

Who is that child?
He’s a living soul, created by God,
    Full of potential so great
If led to the Savior and drawn by God
Through His cords of love and grace.

Who is that child?
He’s the one that was born to Adam’s race
    With a heart that goes his own way.
He’s lost in sin and doomed to die;
    So reach him without delay.

Who is that child?
He’s the one who sits in your club or class
    Or maybe comes now and then.
Pray for God to love through you
    And help him know his sin.

Who is that child?
He’s the one who needs to know the Lord,
    Who suffered and died for him;
Then rose again to give new life
    As God’s Spirit works within.

Who is that Child?
Be sure he’s one for whom you pray
    And love with the love God gives.
The prepare and teach the message clear
    Through your words and the life you live.
Driving Safely

April 2013
“...safety is of the Lord” — Proverbs 2:31

Alertness wanes when one grows old.
It’s hard to drive as years ago.
Lord keep me always in Your care
And help me see what’s here and there.
My mind lacks focus now and then,
But with your help there’s hope within.

You’ve kept me safe for many a year.
I’ve traveled far north from way down here.
Abounding mercy You’ve shown to me,
Abundant grace, wide as the sea.

I thank You, Lord, and give to You
My driving years, though more or few.
I want to serve just as You plan,
But you must hold so tight my hand,
And let Your Spirit work through me
As I proclaim salvation free.
You know I need Your power and might
Until Your glory fills my sight.