

By Dotti Holmberg-Waddell

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#### ABOUT ME

I penned many of the poems in "Your Own Ship" from the mid-'60s thru '70s.



Also included is my Christmas poetry collection of over 35 years used to personalize Christmas cards.

- ❖ Member of The GoldeBriars from 1963-1965 who recorded 3 albums for Columbia Records on the Epic Label. Two of the albums: "The GoldeBriars" & "Straight Ahead!" were released...3<sup>rd</sup> album wasn't released due to our group breakup. My documentary: "The GoldeBriars' Story "Whatever Happened to Jezebel?" was released September 2004 on a CD-Rom eBook and can be found on my website: THE GOLDEBRIARS.com
- Creator of character building songs, puppets & plays for kids displayed on my website RIGHTCHOICEKIDS.com and distributed with my husband, Bill Waddell, through our Apple Core Company.
- ❖ Solo Artist on "Sometimes Happy Times" CD of 17 sunshine pop songs (Writer on 13 of the songs). Recorded 1966 – 1970 & premiered on Sundazed Music label in 2002 and re-released by Sundazed in 2023 as an LP and a new CD to include 5 bonus songs and now in stereo, new cover and edited liner notes and some new photos.

### **MY PHOTO GALLERY**

I'm 13 yrs. old...Look at the 1950s FORD in the background!



This picture was taken for graduation photo at 16



## My Photo Gallery - Continued







Me in late '60s & early '70s (photo booth & at my kitchen table)



Me in late '80s — Photography by Daniel Catherine

#### **ARTISTS & PHOTO CREDITS**

#### ARTISTS & PHOTOGRAPHER

Dennis Ellefson – Book Cover for "Your Own Ship" & drawings throughout the book. Dennis was an illustrator for Petersen Publishing Company in Los Angeles. I met him in the late sixties when I worked at Petersen Publishing Co. Dennis' illustrations were in Petersen Publishing magazines; such as "Rod & Custom" and "Car & Driver". He was the editor of two magazines while at Petersen's - the first - Cycletoons and then Cartoons from 1975-1991.

Sheri Holmberg (My beloved sister) – Sheri loved drawing children, cartoons and nature. When Sheri passed away in 1997 from lung cancer, I inherited her drawings. This book includes many of Sheri's drawings—ones she drew specifically for the first draft of this book and other drawings I selected from her collection.

Ron Cable and Dean Pettinger – I have lost contact with these talented artists since the early 1970s and don't know their whereabouts.

Carol Lang (Cambridge, Minn.) – Artist for "You can be my Tree"

Daniel Catherine – Photographer & Sheri's second husband. Daniel's French friend, August, participated in some of the photographs in this book

Book Design – I used graphics that are public domain

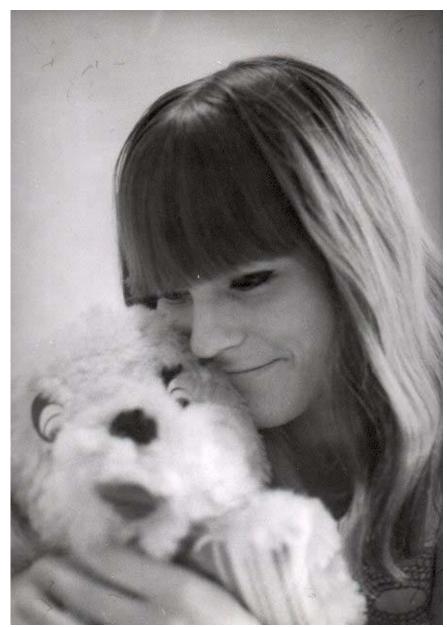
#### COPYRIGHT/REGISTRATION

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ISBN #: 0-9643681-3-7



Picture of Sheri & her husband Daniel in the '80s



My Sister Sheri in the late '60s

### **DEDICATION**



to all the beautiful people

i love,

and will love.



Hover over the Part Titles & Afterthought and press ctrl+click to go to that section.

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# PART I: A CHILD'S REFLECTION



"A Child's Reflection"

Little persons-yet so innocent and pure Seeing what really is there Little bodies with fresh eyes to use And minds not fogged with cares

But as we grow up, we lose our mind's touch With confusions that corrupt Trying and wearing lorgnettes to glasses But still needing beginner's classes

Yes, children see the truth
In what we're now looking for
So, sit by my side you little one
And take me back to four

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

#### "Little Girl Blue"



Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

Little girl blue Come blow your horn The cows in the kitchen The mice in the corn

Come home little girl Tell your blue Come home little girl Why sad are you?

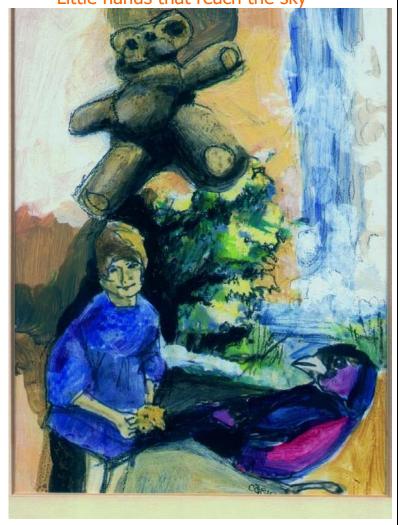
Little girl blue Why aren't you pink? Be rosy instead Be happy to think

Come home little girl Tell all others your woe Till you're a forgetting girl That you felt so low

### "Fun Away Child"

Fun Away Child Birds, trees—breeze caress Flowers falling in a row Water falling in a mist

Happy winds go
Dancing by—flying high
Skipping feet through cooling grass
Little hands that reach the sky



Silly thoughts, funny minds Teddy bears, Stuffed tigers, All a part of a loving heart

Smiling brooks of Mirror tricks—picture's me Fresh ripe strawberries in a patch Sky real blue, grass real green

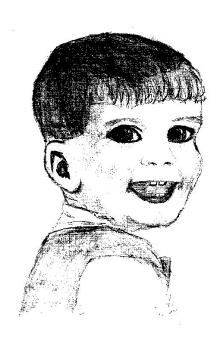
Hearts play along
As day goes on—songs will fill
The fresh sweet air with notes of cheer
Until the sun hides past the hill

Night calmness comes Time to rest your sleepy eyes The stars will turn on glowing lights The moon will wave the day goodbye

Fun-away child Bread is gone—bed is soon Sandman holds his bag in hand Even in your summer June

Artwork by Ron Cable

This poem is also one of my songs.



"BAMBI"

At the age of four Nature opened the door for the little boy...

With young eyes and carefree truth, Bambi saw pictures of rainbows...



And the yellow butterfly Captured the sun and shone its light through the breeze

> And the eyes of love and little hands grasped at the sun; a dancing poet, gathering beauty to share

...And pink lemonade and animal crackers and candy were passed out by peace echoes drumming in the soul of the little boy

(Once upon a time, we were all part of Bambi...We could <u>really</u> love. But "growing" people sometimes only grow UP instead of WITHIN...losing themselves...And once again we must return to the wanting, seeking child that is a part of all of us.)

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

#### "Sunny Children"

Sunny children Running to greet their mothers Lovely children Playing with sisters and brothers

Watching rainbows,
And wondering how to catch them
Saving pennies,
And waiting time to spend them

...Now we're living in our past For we cry as we grow old too fast Why can't we keep their young sun Growing in our eyes?

Sunny children
Not feeling gray-faced and old
Happy children
Believing fairy tales told

Picking clover
And making wishes from dreams
Finding flowers
And chasing the birds & sunbeams

...Now we're living in our past For we cry as we grow old too fast Why can't we keep their young sun Growing in our eyes?



Sunny children Running to greet their mothers Lovely children Playing with sisters and brothers

...But sunny tomorrow
Why don't we look ahead?
And leave this sorrow,
Let's smile and bow our heads.

This poem is also one of my songs.

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg



This poem was dedicated to "Cindy", granddaughter of Joseph Levine's (movie mogul) brother, George Levine...I wrote this poem for George in return for several dresses he sold me (and many others) at a great discount... The Levine's were originally in the clothier business & it looks like his brother (who was said to be looked upon as a black sheep of the family) kept the business going when Joseph became famous. I met Joseph's brother while working in a movie theatre on Hollywood Blvd. in Hollywood, California (across from Grauman's Chinese Theatre) as a concession stand clerk in 1965....first job in Hollywood after the GoldeBriars disbanded & I was broke & needed a job. Once when I was selling tickets at this theatre and I had my hair in pigtails, I could hear the people in line whispering that I was Sally Fields & it must be a publicity stunt.

"Cindy Little"

She lives in a world of her own
With wishing wells and wishing bones
Being only three years old, platinum hair and blue eyes
She still wonders why we big people can't fly

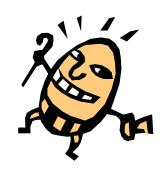
Ah, yes, with 'amburgers in mouth and 'ot dogs in hand Off to the kitchen for 'andy she ran Stuffing her little tummy 'til "ouch!"

Making better by watching cartoons on the couch

She's her own little mommy with all of her dolls
Caring and cuddling each one 'til school calls
Dressing each one in their own little clothes
And changing their diapers 'til onward she grows

Her Mom calls her "baby doll" as she combs her curls She said "nooo" I'm just a mommy's girl As she dresses up for Sunday School In a pink chiffon dress she'll study the Rule

Enjoying a breeze on her poodle pog
A midmorning sunshine while playing with her dog
Her name is Cindy—she is little
For she comes to my knees—about in the middle



"Here Comes the Bus!"

"Hey Mom, here comes the bus! I know, the driver's coming just for us So pull out all our small change And let's stand on the stopping range"

Boy, I remember when I was a tot...
The excitement that would build for the bus to stop
And how Mom would let me drop those coins
In the machine--grinding with others when joined

And to race to find your very own seat
And if crowded you might have some defeat
And when seated you could watch the "colorful" parade
For all kinds of people the bus was made

As I grew up...
I noticed all sorts of scents
Like perfumes to alcohol to my seat was sent
But as I said the bus can be a "sit-u-ation"
Of all sorts of people and combinations

As a kid, I enjoyed the bumps and passing sights Looking different on a bus as day is to night And as a sled ride is fun going down a hill A bus is a fun ride for a Jack or Jill

...But today is different—
It's not such an awful chore
To get used to a soft-seated car and more...
So leave the bus to all the kids
And if a bus ride's the auction—mine's the lowest bid

#### Kristin, my daughter, at 2-1/2 Years Old Photography by Daniel Catherine

Lollipops, gumdrops wrapped up in sweet mouths Always on hand Never out of style... Little people love

candy,

sugar coated

love

Children—
To hold over one young thought.





#### "A Happy Clown"

("And spring & flowers are bustin' out all over!")

A Happy Clown, Yellow balloon in hand A Happy Clown Wants you to understand

His heart's all-aglow, not like you think you know Sad paint is a mask while underneath he laughs

Children watch him play...
the games that make their day,
and deep inside he knows why
some painted clowns never cry—never cry

This clown sees the bird and the trees growing tall and the children that smile, making his life worthwhile.



a chaos of toys

laid beside my bed,

and I threw them down

and cried.

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg



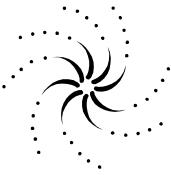
Why can't you be like me?
Why can't I be like you?
We both have eyes, a nose, and a tongue-But you don't seem to understand me

Often I wish I could project
Big Words
But I seem only to say a lot with
small ones

-- A Child's Request

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg





"Why?"

Why are trees so tall? Why are minds so small? Why are skies so blue? Why do I like you?

Some answers can be obtained By peering into brains But none will tell the tale While attempts go on and fail Crying is for little ones
But are we not always a child?
A part...with a laugh and a smile,
Looking, staring all in a while?

```
Searching
searching—
searching—
watching—
wondering—
```

```
As I
All in my time—
tick
tock
On and
on.
```

Late '60s in front of my Hollywood Apartment



"A STUFFED TIGER"...
striped up and
down

BIG whiskers eyes brown BIG

> paws ready to roam around

"I Like My Stuffed Dog"

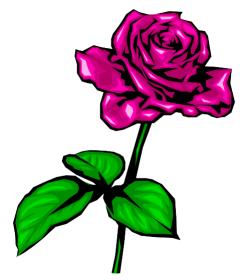
I like my stuffed dog As he stares from the couch So kind and not outspoken Big people want to touch

He's not fussy about his menu, Feeding on all chatter Never helping lower budget Or getting any fatter

As you look into his fuzzy face He makes people more thoughtful By an expression of complacence Some hoping could be boughtful

As he remains at a stance, He leaves a lot to say Although stuffed and filled to brim, His easy-going personality will stay

> sleeping away and with only to be watched and loved BIG

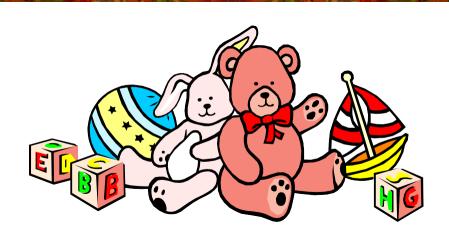


And the flower blossomed

Grew up

Was cared for,

And loved the world.



Quiet the child when it cries Tell it to watch the stars in the sky, And it will close its eyes.

#### "Take Me Back"

Take me back to all my toys
For now love carries the sad—no joy
Oh, let me be a child once more
To forget love's pain and close the door



Sand and blocks can't be but fun
With nature reflecting the light of the sun...
To wade through roses and dance through daisies
With fantasies making young happy eyes gazey

Let me build my tower
One block at a time
Take me back to my childhood
Then maybe good love I'll find

Oh, take me back to the beginning
Then maybe happy love I'll be winning
No seeking love or heart of pining
No long lost road and words without rhyming

Take me back to all my toys
For now love carries the sad—no joy
Oh, let me be a child once more
To forget love's pain and close the door

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

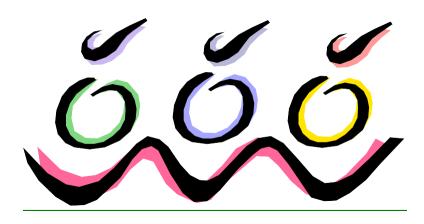
# PART II: MY SECRET GARDEN

THE NATURE

**OF LOVE** 

CAN BE TAUGHT BY

NATURE'S LOVE.



**ELEGANT** 

**GRACEFUL** 

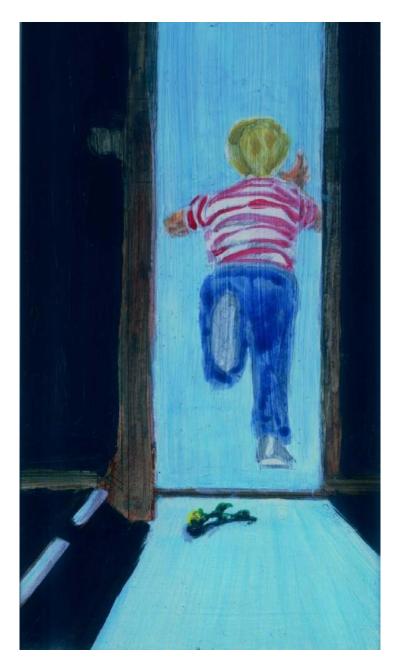
**SOFT** 

**FLUTTERY** 

AND FREE...

A BUTTERFLY.





"My Secret Garden"

I have a place I go each day...
When rain has fallen and I'm gray,
I go and open up the door
To the secret garden of my heart

Here, I hear a special tune
Of love that helps the flowers bloom
And I dance around the garden walk
And listen to the flowers talk

And I'm told of "Sunshine Good"
That others should hear if they only could
And the Captain Dandelion let me know
The secret to let the world grow

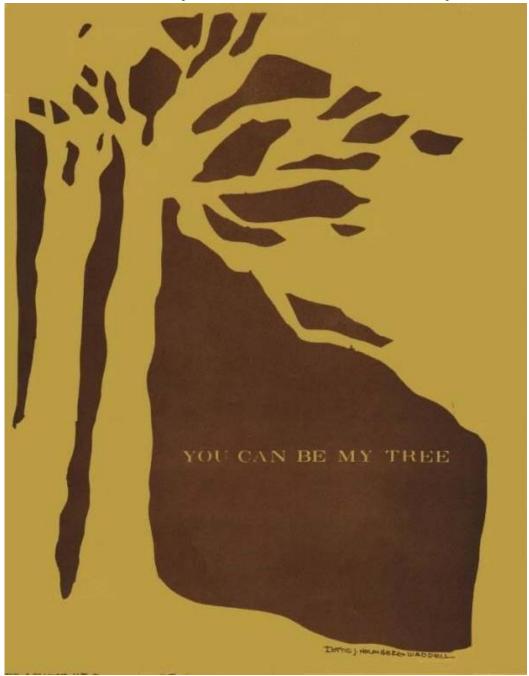
...And so when I go home each day I now sit down and want to pray, And AM now the flower of my heart, The dandelion yet a part.

Artwork by Ron Cable

## Nature Artwork by Sheri Holmberg



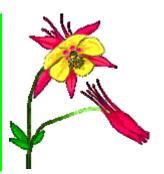
You can be my tree...to stand & be by me



Artwork by Carol Lang

Don't cry little flower
An hour of happiness is around
the next corner.

Cry to release the tears, And as life goes on, You'll find love is near.



A flower, A time to escape thoughts.

Caught up,
And lost from all time.



Never question the simplicity of one flower Why? Because that's why it was created— To keep nature in a wondrous form of beauty.

We don't know why it is...
The flowers just know they are held under God's spell.



A catching up of time, lost in the woods-or was it the time to discover what was missing?

I'm a flower a'bloom thru one constant season--Feed me with light and show me all is not lost.



A flower sat upon my desk
It vibrantly thirsted while my gray face frowned.
I looked down and said,
"A wilted flower dies with my frowns,
making two natures spoil any good day."



#### "As You Watched Alone"



the violets and roses
the rain came
and filled the ground
the sun came
and warmed the brown
the dew came
and said it rained
the sun shone
as you watched alone

the gopher ate
the grasshoppers shake—
their bodies up and down
you listen to the sound
the bugs hum
the spiders run
the grass grows
as you watched alone

the breeze blew hard...
and ruffled the backyard—
the grass fell down
and made a crown
the flowers bowed
and laughed out loud
the steam pot whistled—
and your ears listened
to what you know
as you watched alone

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

## "I Planted A Simple Rose"



cotton candy, cracker jacks paper cigar rings, wooden nickels paisley designs, golden moons rainbows forming, bubbles forming

...And I planted a simple rose and the sun reflected its height, the rain fed its roots and the moon glowed on, coloring it with midnightly colors...

And I love
And I love
the essence of life,
capturing the love
I can feel.

#### "Written on a Full Moon"



And the rose in my garden
Seems to find a way out of my heart,
To remind me of its gentleness...
'in the air of my thoughts' —
And then I can remember
Some of the "good days"
And your gentle way,
And can dream on and on...
With faith and my deep love for you.
Only this rose can know
How I actually feel...
In my own worries and disillusionments,
It reminds me of who I AM.





A woman is a fresh flower a'bloom

The spring began when you kissed my heart,

My inspirations are your mirror of understanding.

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg



## "Descriptions of Flowers"



a daisy dances beneath the trees and laughs with the birds and smiles with the sun and watches a new born dawn



a violet is a crystal haze of a shadowy color

of sentimental days of young love, and the fresh fields with that first kiss.

a long stem rose says its fragrance embodies the sweetness of life





a tiger lily stilts and sways with the breeze



a petunia smells of the rich farm soil, the melons, and the tomatoes.. and around the corner, the outhouse smells of petunias.

a carnation fills all the vases with "party thoughts" ... and with coats, hats, dresses, and tables



a honeysuckle remembers the soft moccasins and bare feet wading thru the collage of leaves





a chrysanthemum looks like golden dew with the smiling sun

a pansy looks fragile and sympathetic to the stormy winds



#### "Mirror Garden"

#### ONE MAN—

A gentle soul searches the friend of light, the lion staunches the black winds of night... and stumbled over a mirror garden of flowers and got lost

until the sun came out,
he thought he came to God's
wrong house, until he knelt
down to pick up a peculiar sight
and stopped in awe for
many long moments
when he saw his Own Reflection



in the mirror of the flower...

Now he really felt confused, for Now he found the key to the heart of his house.



a special sight to my eyes..

almost an unbelief at such beauty
an escape from everyday worries
a holding of my truth deep inside
a calmness of such simplicity
a chain-reaction of eternal growth...

God's way of showing his face
a clear separation of the good from the bad
...a connection to all other nature
...a holding up of earth's rocks.





a cherub of flowers growing amongst the herbs cherishing the loveliness they were given.. They stand out as a fresh breath of spring-catching you up, and making you see with a clearer eye a lovely sight to behold.

a knock on wood a tall matronly tree looks down and admires her children





#### "A Satin Cloud"

A satin cloud Singing outloud To the breeze humming by And the blue velvet sky

The little man looked As he turned from his book And loved in the breeze That cloud through the trees

A child smiled in fun As he felt the day's sun And that man was amazed What he saw as he gazed

His eyes became one As nature's beauty he won Never forgetting and presently awed At the carvings he saw

He threw down his book And took another look And knew it was real— Without words he could feel... That Satin Cloud



"Nature's Lullaby"

Singing—softly singing notes As I lay down to rest Flowing—gentle pattering I'll let you be my quest

Sounding like a symphony of drums Accompanying a breeze Challenging the stillness, Washing all of the leaves

Droplets dancing on my window Sliding off my roof Rolling down my backyard hill Hitting fast as many hoofs

Strengthening a little flower Watching a growing tree Listening—I—till sleeping And watching a growing me

You can lull me off and away Calming me—soothing my mind And before you know it's another day And you're hidden in the next sunshine

> ...Feeding time Hush, its night Pushing back trivialities As rain lulls my sight

(This is also a song of mine)

#### "Time Finds"



Dearest Friend.....(a growing rose)

A time of sorrow will set your heart in tears

But even the pain will prosper to joy through the years

You see, we all have our special time awaiting "Our Fate"—

But until the peace and completion comes our way,

We must prosper through our giving and loving—
And not give-up and feel wasted with our "simple selves"

We must have patience for TIME FINDS—
And OUR TIME will be.

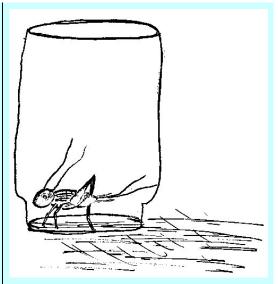
## "The Crickets"

The crickets listen to the crickets The sound ringing in the air

It's nighttime walk out in the breeze They're all around singing through the trees

The crickets are hidden from your eyes The darkness conceals their visual cries

Mysteries...
they chant-on to the stars
Their symphony
counts in time till dawn



The crickets make me feel at home The "sound" makes the night a poem

Hidden in... a closet of earth's plants Invisible creatures continue their night's chant

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

# "Girl Sitting By a Tree"

my, what time, and love, and the wind and the flowers can do to you. the wind can blow the love to you, and can quickly take it away... how sad and lonely...the flowers tell you about love; describing an essence of love and life (all being the same)...and time lets you grow while we listen and see and do-yes, time can give us happiness if we give it to ourselves...we are our OWN love before we can be love to OTHERS. (frustrations and tears, frustrations and tears, frustrations and tears all a part of misunderstanding and empty hearts) where are we?-or have we been for a moment?...time is many



moments...the heart should share the embers of desires, grown as a tall tree but ready to bear branches and flowers, and fruit and sunshine, never losing a fresh new season.

Men are Men...Women are

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

# PART III: PHILOSOPHICAL TRIP

Honesty and Sincerity

are the keys

to your own respect..

the <u>answer</u> to the love

that is given.





You

are your own love

through

the EYES of others

REFLECTING your love.



Grow and see by learning and doing what you feel is right... and everyday you will be more of what you hope to be...

s o m e d a y

"positive thoughts"



Wisdom grows from the roots of a tree, and blossoms as it stretches out and touches the sky...

We can learn so much from those who have experienced (so to speak) the "rags and riches" of life.

The most simple things are the most appreciated, and an older person with a wise heart will tell those much who will listen.





Love is strange Love remains Passes on from age to age Holds its spell, it will never change Love is strange, Love is strange

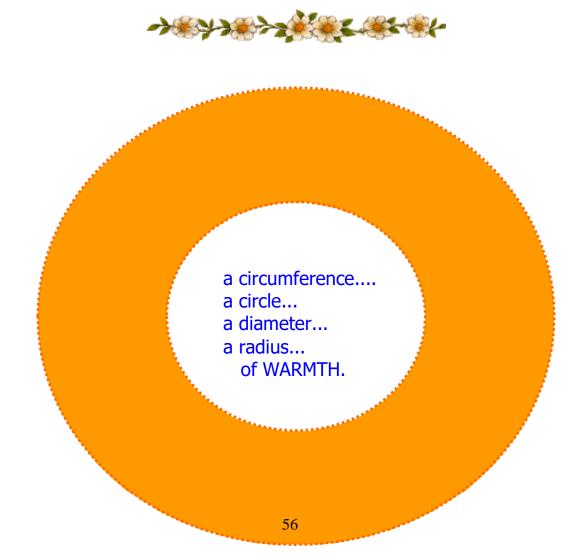
Love finds you
Love finds two
Holds its beauty as the sky is blue
Gathers tears as the morning
dew,
Love finds you, Love finds you

Love is kindness Love is mine no less Love is timeless Love is, Love is

Love is one
Togetherness spun
As the weaver who weaves & never is done
As four seasons make a year—evolved by the sun
Love is one, Love is one



I love you
I will tomorrow
I love you
Do you tomorrow?
Tomorrow never comes,
Today should be another day
Love Is
When It Is



### "Hello Laughter"

Hello laughter Wrap me in your knapsack and take me away with you

Watch all the yellows Hear the high and lows Making happy notes In a golden coat

Hello smile Paint a picture on my face and wash yesterday away

You can make me And break the day From long, lost nights With a little smile

> I'll plant the garden And watch the sun And see through one whole year All the good I've done

With the rain And the growth I will grow to know HOW TO LAUGH

Hello good times Now is the time for new days to shade away the darks

Step into my heart Stay there and play Songs to find their way With a better day





I LOVE TO BE to feel so free. I feel like the world's a bird and I'm a part of its wing. And my enthusiasm in the air showers the earth with love.

And whatever I want to be I can be a part of. The positive thoughts make me a part of everything good, which is gathered together into one love we should surrender our lives to.

And some we think we love more than others...These are only closer to the souls of who we are. We can touch upon their frequency of feeling, and continue to grow upon the air of our thoughts. And when communicated upon by another free soul, we take in love like a hungry sponge; for the soul only absorbs BEAUTY.

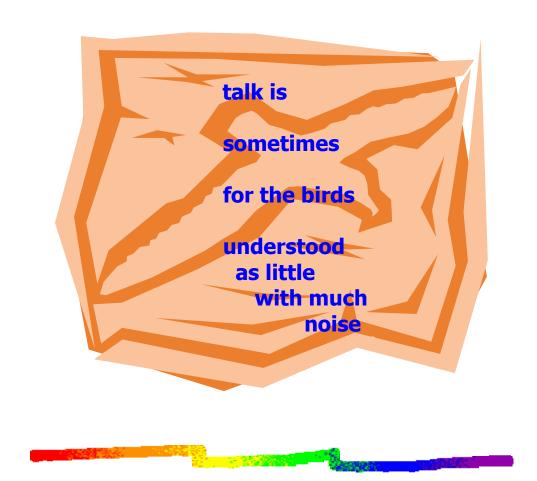
I am beautiful when I am simple to myself, that which is my soul, which should control my mind. We need not be blind...Our eyes can carry the message of our true feelings.

Let's be free enough to discover how we feel and give what we feel.

I know, I have given my soul to my destiny and I will always work for the devotion of how I feel.

...The messages ring on and on and I can hear them. The thin curtain that hangs must unveil itself. The sensitivity of love will strengthen the clear waters. (And age and life run together into one thin thread of a dream.)







"The Bird" (Didn't Die)

The bird died last night
And I knew it in my dream
Oh, you tell me and I know
The bird died, and it was so cold

He went home to rest In its nest of the sky And I'll tell you I can cry But the bird really didn't die

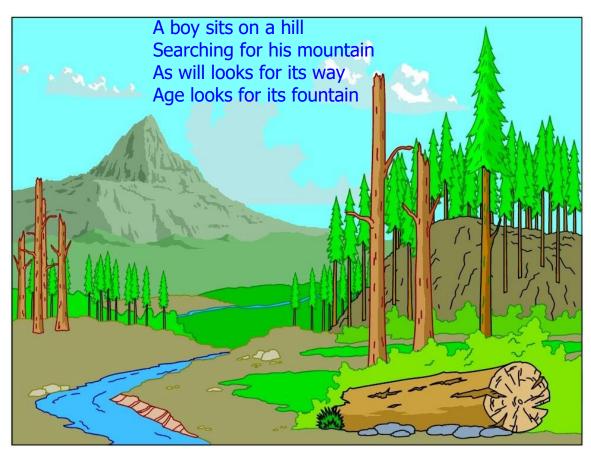
After the snow fell
The ice melted
And the spring came
And flowers grew from the rain

He went home singing
Carrying news of the war
And now he can come back bringing
Peace and the Evermore



You see, the bird didn't die His eyes are within all of us Ringing freedom we want, but still are crying Now the bird knows reality

(This is also a song of mine on "Sometimes Happy Times" CD and was written from a dream I had about my parakeet dying.)



A man
Boys become
Stretching their
legs, their minds,
Kinds—
each separate
But tall in heart...
Movements—
Driven on & on
& on...

to have its
Worth,
Meaning
to become
what they want to,
to be themselves
exerting their souls
Upon the land,
upon to set their feet
to stand—

Your feet to stand.



# Life is like a war, It never stops

Love's littleness Winds up where it started.

a ripple, a brook babbling every nook with ruffled tunes, beating against the rocks trying to mock one another

...and Truth steps in and the pot boils

a lock to
an opening
a society skirt
sewing our hem
a recipe life
a finished pattern
a stunted product
(#1...boil the water
#2...put the salt in
No! Oh well, somehow
make it work out.)

the royalty
goes all
the way
back
to the poor.

## "Goodness Isn't Always Good"



Don't be too kind You should be rough if you could People don't always appreciate it Goodness isn't always good

Too many favors
Will set you up in line
So goodness grabbers take advantage
And sadness strikes your mind

This will stop you for a while A frown will replace a smile You will walk an angry mile Until your goodness starts to compile

Maybe you should take a hint And give to those who also give The goodness, you'll reach—not grab Few aren't bad—some really live

> Don't be too kind You should be rough if you could People don't always appreciate it Goodness isn't always good

"For Some—Pain is a Release From Feeling Too Good"



Taking advantage of feeling too great?
Well, your mind may soon fall in other states
For when you pass a gold time—you should knock on wood
For pain is a release from feeling too good

It won't last but a short feeling When you'll find your body a'healing, But you'll feel let loose from all your luck As if you lost a century and found a buck

Some never notice all they have
Until they lost a toe when bit by a crab
I think everyone needs to halt in his shoes
And appreciate life—perhaps a release will do

"Missing—Not Having"

Where did it go?
I had it yesterday
But I never knew I'd miss it
But now I know it should have stayed

We all take things for granted Until they leave our hands And then we think of all to do With all we just disbanded

Missing—not having...

Should help us see the light
That instead of missing all that's gone
We should appreciate all in sight

"Monkeys See—So Monkeys are Many"



As a monkey climbs up a tree "Monkeys do what monkeys see"...
Until they're all up in that tree
Where they hive together as a bee

As they formed one big nest—
From their beginning, I'll tell you the rest...
One action led to another
Until they all acted like the same brother

All their manners became one As each eye saw the same sun And their clothes became one style As if you laid the same tile

One action's seen
Leading to the same action...
Until they all saw green
Making up our "chain society fraction"

So monkeys see And monkeys are many And as you can see in that tree One face is plenty

"The Man Who Counts His Coins"



Little man, why count your coins each day When I go past your place? Ringing out clear, as they fall from your hand One by one, at a steady pace

What prove you to count them all so much? Have you not more to do? Starting as soon as the sun does appear Till evening you take off your shoes

I never have seen you greet the world Your coins just keep you inside Closing you into your dark little world You only from happiness hide

Don't you know that you can't buy happiness? Money does not buy it— Only giving you life that does not live— In life, many coins are only a bit

## "Be Independent of Dependence"

If you want to get things done
It is smart to be independent of one
So, be independent of dependence
And accomplishments will then commence

Others will sometimes help you out
But people don't always pull through
When you trust them and go about
Then you'll only receive more disappointment
From those forgetting to fulfill their promising
appointments

People who say they'll do a favor Many times, get to it not sooner but later For we all can occupy much of our time— While forgetting many things we say "in kind"

So, it's better to play it safe Rather than get important things done late So, depend on yourself as the final one And your "letdowns" will be fewer, or none

"On Easy St."



Where the bread's real cheap and the newspapers are free, On Easy St.

Gather around all you people
And I'll tell you where I used to live;
The clocks spoke the time
And the sky rained down dimes
--On Easy St.

We never had it hard for material things
We wished and could have what we saw
Clothes, toys, and cars were ours at a glance
Until one day I cried when love had no chance

You see, our street was easy but didn't please The people that weren't happy with greed— Watching low class people working in their joy Carrying smiles that made happiness no toy

...So, I left and found out what it was all about
And found myself staring at the clouds,
And the trees and the flowers and the birds
that were singing,
And felt nature's love, and my heart started ringing

I was learning to find myself through God And build a foundation and grow And to enjoy things received but always be giving A chain of joy I could feel and find to be living

So, take it easy—once in a while But don't rest and drown your seeking heart And make YOUR love a part of your street So more of YOURSELF you will meet...

Where the bread's real cheap and the newspapers are free, On Easy St.



Funny looks, how funny Your funny looks

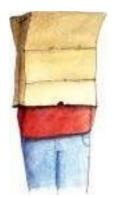
Are you happy or sad?
Delighted or blue?
Cheery or weary?
Your face gives me a clue

I try to understand you Your face is like a clown's For when I think I know you Your smiles change to frowns

I ask you, what's the reason You change your face each day You say to know and love you Will in the long run pay

Funny looks are moods You say I have them too I guess, we're all a mirror Of what people say and do

"Bag It"



When you have a worry or care,
Just bag it
When your days says "Do you dare?",
Just bag it

And save it for a rainy day
And let the water wash the bag away
But don't get caught up in your own sad sack
For the water may never run you back

For the water may turn your bag to tears And burst and fall to the ground for years And settle on someone's dark door Opening up your sorrows to more

### "Play a Game of Fantasy with Me"

Come play a game of fantasy with me Just close your eyes & count to three We're in a land of frills & fibs With painted people who love adlibs

> I'll dance every dance And love each romance And eat all the sweets And know no defeat

For reality can sometimes hurt your mind With many tensions that wind & wind So I'll play games with the "happy ones" Enjoying the moment—playing in the sun

I'll see all their rainbows And gather their gold Saying, "all's happy, not sad" And finding all good, not the bad

But I'll have to come back to reality
To remember my name-I can't escape for too long
As I have to find my way

...And now that my "vacation land" is past I still remember my reflections in play glass Perhaps, a figure distorted in the light But just a fun fantasy for one game's night



Bubbling, joyful Eyes happy, Full of love Spontaneous Laughter Carrying on Heart warm, Throbbing.

Beats of shimmering, Light, airy thoughts, Bouncing off minute's carefree.

...Coming back to soak it up.



Photography by Daniel Catherine

#### "You're Only Human"

You have to forgive yourself When you've done something wrong Learn from what you've done So you can move along

You can say "I'm sorry"
If that's what you must do
To repair your mind and heart
So you can start anew

#### **BRIDGE:**

of the rest of your life Remember, we're not perfect All we can do is try

You're only human
We're all in the same boat
Life should be a give and take
To balance our heavy load

We've got human nature Yes, that's what we're born with So when life gets too serious You've got to have some wit

Can't stop human nature
It's here with us to stay
Emotions running high and low
Sometimes get in the way

## Repeat Bridge

(This is also a song of mine that I recorded)

## "A Better Outlook"

A starfish

An angel

A violet

A bird abreast the wind

The sun

The happy winds

A rainbow

A happy clown

A robin with her first younglings

A new leaf on a tree

A yellow thought

A glowing face

A peaceful inner self

A real person

A step up,

A good day,

A lending hand,

A better way,

...So we must seek

and pray

So, you find people
show you how to love
and be loved—
Don't we all then
seem to be meant
for each other?



I love you
I love you
We seek and love,
and above all,
We need to understand
why we need
the love
we are giving



Consideration takes a little time To give to those who care, An extra moment spent To prevent, perhaps, a tear.

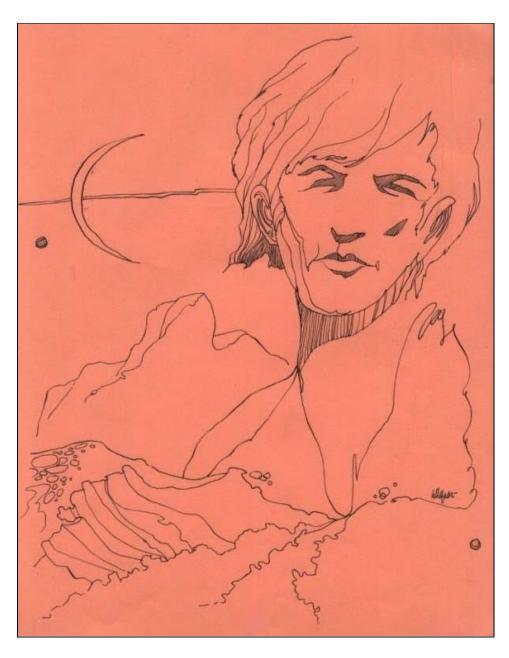
We all want to be thought of
In the pattern of our day,
To know we're special to someone...
So, take a minute out to let me know
'If everything's OK'.



The hand of a clock Approaches another minute, And an hour goes by.

As time changes onto another day, We watch and change with time.

# PART IV: THE MOON, TIDES & MY LOVE



A Book of
Memories...
Remembrance
of old



"Take Me for Me"

Take me for me
I'm not just a tree
Though I stand still
I have roots and a soul—
Which is warm
Then is cold

See who I am
Look hard and you can
See one who wants
More than surface
thoughts—
Which last but a moment
And in a rut is caught

Can a road be built of concrete and stone?
Of weaving well sown?...
To last and last
When trod on or worn
Through sun or a storm
Till death by you born?

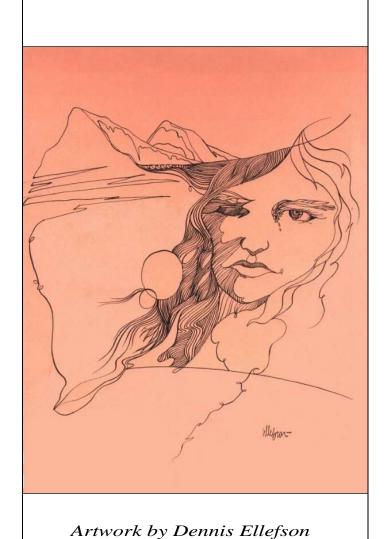
Few can create
The right kind of mate
But find one true
To discover past them
A person to whom
Is more than a friend

A partner-a friend
To know not pretend
But also to see
From their face to their
heart—
An understanding held
You'll never part



Someday I might discover A lover...not a lover Who wants me as I am— Whether tallest or small Good or bad But all in all

Photography by Daniel Catherine Me in Griffith Park, Hollywood, CA



"Gypsy Girl"

Gypsy Girl A day dreaming mind Wandering off to other lands

A new friend Somewhere to find Hidden in the grains of sand

Dancing mind
Directing the feet
Showing an emotion of hand

Moving away
To find your own
To find you if you can

Gypsy Girl A song of heart A song of who I am

(I also created a melody for this poem)

"Thru Rain and Sun"



I'll travel around and find Thru rain and sun Who I am

Rain is the tears poured from my heart Sun is my happiness thru a start I'll look to see where I belong I'll see and my heart will sing a song

I'll look beyond my mountain All covered with copper and gold And see my distant rainbow Where only my future unfolds

As days go on, I'll carry my feet along Picking up things here and there Till someday someone will sing my song Showing me deep concern and care

> I'll travel around and find Thru rain and sun Who I am

(Also a song of mine)



Artwork by Dennis Ellefson

## "Magic Carpet Ride"

And the fireflies light-up the sky with love...

I'm on a magic carpet ride You've got my dreams a' flying high The little dipper will be my guide From over a rainbow to by your side

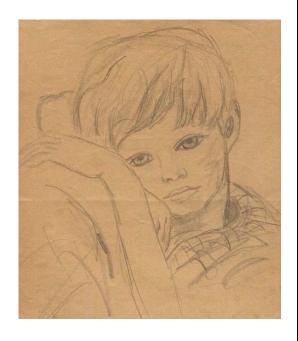
I'm on a magic carpet ride Two birds are singing by my side Let two love knots together tie To keep my carpet a' flying high

You say, you've got Aladdin's lamp And you'll light up the world for me And carry the stars to my front door Showing me how love can be

I'm on a magic carpet ride
The sun is shining in my eyes
You've asked my dreams to meet love's tide
From over a rainbow to by your side

(This poem also has a melody by Randy Swickard & is on my "Sometimes Happy Times" CD)

## "Gentle Boy"



REFRAIN:
You're honest, kind
You fill my life with joy
You respect me, affect me
You are a gentle boy

I see you give to everyone A love that's carefully spun Into a golden thread of friends--You'll never have to mend

You whistle with the birds that sing Melodies that bring A song into a sad one's heart--Giving happiness a start

You never reach beyond to see You find myself in me And give to me a gentleness--That never will grow less

Repeat Refrain

(This is also a song I've created)

Artwork by SheriHolmberg

"A State of Being"



My song has its own bag My word its own flow My rhyme its own scheme My way its own mean

My heart has its own beat My song a love-repeat My arms their own load My feet their own road

> As we watch and wonder Our pasts drift on under Our reasons will find rhyme With our mystic minds

We must tread the hands of time
As we attempt the long straight line—
We circle around our centers...
We're here with reasons meant for

My eyes have their own sight My day its own night My up its own down My voice its own sound

My heart has its own soul My life its own goal And I can do what I can For, I am who I am

## "The Leaning Guidepost"

I do stand straight
But I may fall down
Who is there to hold me up?
No parents or friends to help
me in this town

I am so happy But I can get so sad Crying tears to loneliness Sometimes I need my Dad

I'm getting old enough to hold myself up But sometimes I need advice When my backbone just won't stay straight Someone close and older would be nice

I guess my road's my own My trail has its own step And I can't take my elders with me For yesterday is gone, and I must go ahead

My guiding post is me So gear it straight in line Maybe leaning, but always returning Until my journey ends it wind



Picture of my Dad as a 16 year old



**Picture restored by Daniel Catherine** 

Share a little thought with me And I will be good to you

Many are the times

we have

stopped

& listened,

Many are the good times.

Songs come through my heart Let the melody flow Age has gone so fast Time's a metronome

Growing, sowing, flowing
What have we learned?
To continue to walk in the silence
of our thoughts.

## "I'll Never Forget"



Never shall I forget beautiful hands
That walked me through Eve's
Spring
Never shall I forget the warmth he
shares
And the comforting he brings

Perhaps, the Spring hast past but not For another one sneaks o'er the hill With birds and flowers and sun's caress A love kindles in my heart still

Perhaps, something small grows big and strong
As a tree touches the sky
And the warmth I can still feel for you
Is more than meets the eye

So, never—nay, no day will I forget
One heart beating by my side
Whispering to tell me sweet young words
As he laughed, then turned to cry

Photography by Daniel Catherine



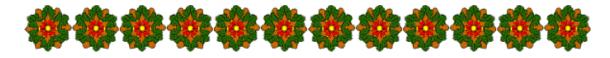
I can't give you a black crusted moon Or a silver swept sky I can't give you the rising lit sun Or past tears that you cried

I can't give you a white mountain top Or nature's birds abreast For all I have is the riches of the mind Which holds the heart you kissed

> You won't find the games anymore All I can give you is my love And I can't fill your hands with money But my life you turned to sun

My eyes can see only what is there All I'll give is what I see When the rainbows chased the rain away I was left with a sunny day

My heart has turned to warm embers So I can't give you December All I can give you is Spring's flower With my love that grows each hour Why do you hurt me so,
Why do you
mistake
yourself
as so
will I?



#### "Around Me Go"



Around me go All at once How much do I know? What have I to show?

Many things are
But what next?
To find a lucky star
But who knows how far?

Not sure of now Nothing comes A new field to plow I hope I'll know how

Confuse me so All at once Like an endless flow Around me go



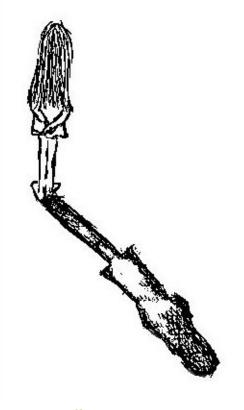
# "In My Own Shadow"

As I walk
I can't see but each step
As I walk
My shadow follows as every tear wept

Pushing all cares
As I hide them in dark...
To push all cares—repaired
To sing a song with a lark

Don't follow me As I go on my walk's way Don't follow me, But as I turn—you turn and stay

In my own shadow
I find my sad side
In my own shadow
I have wept and will cry



As I walk
I can't see but each step
As I walk
My shadow follows as every tear wept

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

#### "No One Knows"



Oh, where will I go?
Oh, where's there for me?
Oh, where will I go?
No one knows

Oh, where will I go? And what will I see? And how high is low? No one knows

> Where's my place? It was taken from me Look at my face— Wonderment you'll see

Oh, where will I go? And what will I be? How long will rivers flow? No one knows

Oh, where will I go?
Oh, where's there for me?
Oh, where will I go?
No one knows

(I also created a melody for this poem)



"Butterfly Nets"

Can I be real to reveal all the dreams that I feel? Must friends wait and laugh Behind my back As they watch me?

I try to please the dawn of all hearts that I meet But why are starred skies Fogged down with lies That are killing?

Why do I hide?
Why can't I fight the world of nets?
Catching the butterfly, capturing my eyes
So, I'll cry world, cry
Cry, world cry

I can't pretend that love will be my smiling friend But look to the child So loving and mild With freedom healing

...Moon...violet blue haze
crowding the days
with wandering eyes
of dreams
of beautiful peace
we can touch...
if we only reach out.

(I also created a melody to this poem)

Let me BE
What I can
What I am
Enrooting
my personality
in my mind
Connecting
myself
to myself
Holding myself above
to see
Confusion
boiled down
to
Simplicity.



spinddles
clauses,
 catching one another up..
passing..
spinddles,
I was to be
I AM
spinddles
But for just a
little while,
to feel this
right now..
spinddles
...I am a woman





## "Loving You"

Loving you Mystic hearts and rainbows Telling the tale And bearded men on Wisdom's rocks // capturing Ecstasy of the soul

The teardrops know
What the raindrops know
As they flow together
Into one river
But the water feeds the earth
As do the tears,
And what the water hears
Is a crying whisper of hunger...

Loving you
Mystic hearts and rainbows
Telling the tale
And bearded men on Wisdom's rocks // capturing
Ecstasy of the soul

So, we'll continue to feed
By nature's warm soul
And then the rock will turn to crystal
And reflect the love it's given
...And the river won't run hard
But will flow along gently
Having found the peace of living
And you'll hear it echoing....
Loving you, Loving you...

Teardrops
I have cried for you—
Will you only see them
Painted on your own mirror, my love?



Darling, I'll be back when it rains
But only when it rains...
You see, it doesn't look
like you need me
when the sun shines...
a wilting flower



Never say I hurt you I never turned you blue But sometimes truth can hit you hard When love is around, but yet so

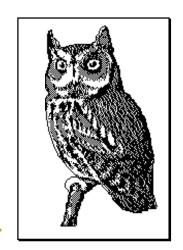
far.



The newspaper stories
That make me stop and worry
It's not gonna help me find
more sleep than before.



To float in a void Feeling empty and blue The cost is the time I'm waiting for you



"The Black Owl"

Rain falls
Moon scowls
Clouds circle
around the
Black winds of night

Black winds of night
Blow past my window
An air of many talk and laugh
But I know you will never come back

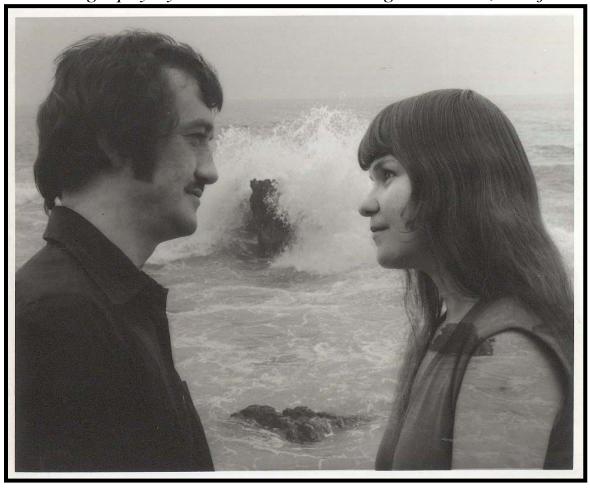
The black owl sang his song
The leaves soaked up the rain
The thunder shivered the sky
And the moon made one last try

Cool sounds gesture For the day to come, To pass by the black Of the howling wind's back

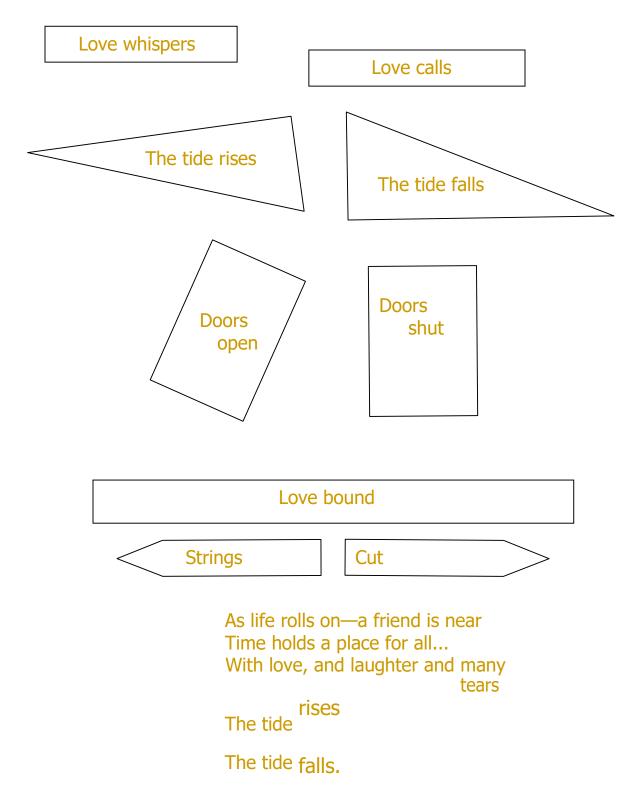
Water tearing the night
Of all we who cry
One sad mood lingering
In the shadow of my heart singing

# "The Tides Rises, The Tide Falls"

Photography by Daniel Catherine – Laguna Beach, Calif.



## "The Tides Rises, The Tide Falls"



#### "The Wind"

When the wind blows, you will return When the wind blows, our hearts will yearn

> And it's calling me with its sound And it's calling, spinning around

When the wind blows, the windmills do sing When the wind blows, all the bells do ring

> And it's calling me to a place And it's calling, air-floating space

When the wind blows, the souls will rise to high When the wind blows, we reach our hearts and cry

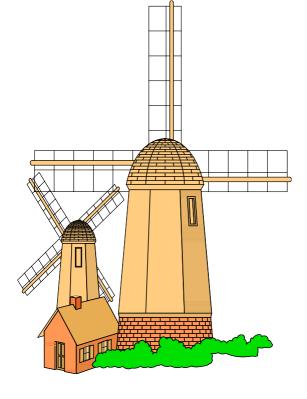
> And we call out in words we can feel And it's happening, we know it is real

When the wind blows, you will return When the wind blows, our hearts will yearn

> And it's calling me with its sound And it's calling, spinning around...spinning around...

And, I'm after the life I do want to live

So, I'll follow the cries of the wind... of the wind... Spinning around, spinning around When the wind blows. When the wind blows.



(I also created a melody to this poem which is on my "Sometimes Happy Times" CD)

#### "Love, Love"



Love, Love Gentle rain upon the pain of my heart

And the beauty captures the rain And the pain turns into me and my Love...

#### Love

Tender kiss I hold for only you—Love, I wonder why we must be blue?

But I'll keep the mountain built high And sing in the breeze in the sky And the mystics may never know why But I'll never lose my Love...

#### Love

Eyes so sturdy and strong—Love, Forever isn't too long

And the mystery keeps hangin' on And each thought turns into a song And tomorrow never is gone— And lavender sentiment surrounds the...



Love, Love
Wandering
Love,
Logic fading,
Love,
And returning to—
Love's mystery of the soul

(This poem also has a melody I created)

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

Tenderness
Of the mind
Of the tongue
Of the heart

Soft sparkling whispers
Tingling your soul
Rising you above
the mournful,
black,
crying sheep

All cannot be bad, sad....

There is a happy Shining Dancing light Within my soul.





Photography by Daniel Catherine



The moon turns into shadows
The likeness of your eyes
The wanderlust in meadows
The willows whispering by

The after mist of showers
The fragrance in my heart
The mellow tuning hours
The clock turns back to start

Its memory we still cling to Not really knowing why For yesterday can take you On a loving lullaby

And the days can't get much dimmer As the clouds go floating by And I see you walking slowly With the shadows in your eyes

The clock just struck the hour And you know our time has past And the essence grows the flowers But the beauty doesn't last

And the evolving, strumming music Now lingers in our hearts But the message in its turning Still keeps us apart

\*I created a melody for this poem which is on my "Sometimes Happy Times" CD

#### "Flowers Dance Alone"



I'm getting used of the days And the sun that faded away I wish you were here I wish you were here

I'm getting used of the nights
And your arms that faded from sight
I wish you were here
I wish you were here

Darling, please don't wait too long For I need your love to be strong My heart needs your love I need you—I need you near

The flowers dance memories alone And the darkness plants memories alone Sadness seeks a new home With you, my dear

The violets breathe love in my room From our long last kiss of perfume I wish you were here Oh, how I wish you were here

#### "Golden Dust"

Passing waves and memories That sweep my mind with reveries Changing into dust...Golden Dust

Gold dust sprays its wind in speech That casts my past thoughts into reach Turning into dust...Golden Dust

The endless ocean depths will cry
For the people who filled their
golden cups
And drank the love, not empty and dry

Our memories lie...
In the eyes
Of the Golden Dust

Haunting ocean runs to shore Screaming seagulls lift to soar Falling into dust...Golden Dust

(Golden charms and golden lockets Are wishes held in children's pockets... Hidden into night.)



As we share times together, We confidently feel beauty of life. Someday we might be able to say "I love you", But now we're filling the pocket holes of strife.

Our kind of relationship Should not be put away Because concerning our weary hearts, We happen to have a rainy day.

Sharing is never all smiles; There are also tears. This is what sharing is: The understanding of two people, Including the fears.



Love me who I am
I'll always be that way
From a child with love and wonder
That is where you'll make me stay



Tell me the phase of life I can live again Inspiring the love I once could feel within

Let me find this place in faces I see Let me know that love's an eternity

Capture my heart and take it away Open my eyes and show me the way

Stolen by night, my love slipped away Left by the wind, shattered the day Lost for the moment......



"How Will It Be?"

How will it be? Now that I'm free, Wandering the meadows alone

Carefree's my heart Out in the air, Breathing the ocean again

But now and then
I stop to think,
When will this loneliness end?

How will it be? Now that we're gone Off on another road?

Another time, another face
Another man will take your place
And it will be but I don't know
How it will be
for me.



## "Another Day"

Another day to come what may As shadows see gray, it's another day Fading into light

Each day climbs forward
Reaching into another
The black turns gray, another day
The grays turns light—
A day of light

I'll grow in my heart
Knowing what is may turn the tide
That fills my heart to hide
Kindling an inspiration
One step...a graduation
Of who I am to myself

A cloud may blind my eyes
Of what is in one blue, cheery sky
A dancing cloud,
Knowing where it is going

A sight, a drop of light Renewing an insight, Making me what is right to be--My purpose to be

Another day a sun may shine
Another day a love is mine,
Now seeking my soul
But winding up what my inner heart knows,
And feels, and need not know now.

Time tables turning in my head setting a steady pace





"The Newness"

The newness comes but once again The secret held has found its end The circles painted 'round your eyes The laughter now forgot to cry

The cycle now admits the new
The old has passed away the blue
The dust has blown away with the wind
The sun turns out the day again

The yesterdays have drifted a 'shore Today has opened up new doors I'm me but light has touched my way And now I see another day

The emptiness has filled its song
The right has washed away the wrong
The love was given then and then
And now the truth begins again

## "I'm Gonna Love Again"

I'm gonna love again
But the day knows not when
For now it is the end,
And a beginning should be starting

I can sit and listen to time
And not mind the gentle raining
But my heart keeps on waiting
To be filled with love

We all learned from love And as we leave behind our sharing The emptiness comes, not caring Oh, tell me—Where is the peaceful knowing?



"A Hidden Time"

Maybe someday I'll see you from some golden eye Maybe someday truth will know its way and give it a try

But for now, my hearts too hurt--not bold To find your heart that's young but growing old

I saw a light--it was there
In your face that showed you might care
But our silence and memories took it away
Then the light turned to dark, and slowly faded to gray

Maybe someday we will meet By a river that's wider and deep... And something mysterious will rise from your heart "In all your hidden sunshine"--we might find a start



Somewhere in my heart
There is a yearning,
And this desire is a burning fire inside of me—
It was only yesterday you said
I meant more than you ever felt before

Somewhere in my heart
There's a "wheel of fortune" turning,
And Time is stepping away—
And I wonder what you're doing, Love,
Why you left me this way

But green grass grows in the meadows And as I watch the flowers grow, The Springtime in my heart is reborn Now it's the love I want to know (I thought it was love But how can I be sure? When this feeling called love Left me so insecure?)

Time is time
Somewhere in my heart,
There was time you held the time with me
But now my eyes can count on another hour,
One where you'll lose this part of me

They say someone in my heart
Will be returning,
Someone to replace your time
And as flowers grow in the Springtime,
I'll soon forget the way you were mine

"Love We Long For"



Laughing with the trees Smiling with the breeze Let us walk along And sing a song of love

Your feet caress the leaves
Just singing in the breeze
Drop your worries off
Around the corner
P.O. Box away

...The rain is finally gone
The stormy days were long
Let your senses feel
Oh, how this present day
can be so real

Sometimes I feel so old Remembering the cold But now it's warm So nice and warm Just holding your hand

Slow down your hurried day And let us go away Take a walk with me And maybe we can be the love we long for..

\*This poem also has a melody by me titled: "Love, Love" on "Sometimes Happy Times" CD)

Photography by Daniel Catherine

# "When We're Together"



Bill & Dotti Wedding Photo August 31, 1974

There's something special in the air; An essence of warmth and sharing smiles upon us

I want to see you grow with my love for you;
To be stronger than you have ever been before,
To be the radiant flower I have always hoped to grow with

...And we will soak up the sun Taking in nourishment TO BE

Two flowers grow in our garden--As we change in each season, We will gain more experience together

Others share our garden but can never rob it Because it is our own; Cared for and watched over by us

How lucky we are to have discovered the most important treasure of life!

# "Love's a Natural High"

#### **REFRAIN:**

You touched my heart
I felt a part
Of the light of the moon & sun
Oh, I never knew I'd find the start
Of the love that has just begin

When you came into my life
I was feeling some mighty
strong strife
Wishing someone would sing
my song
I was struggling, getting along

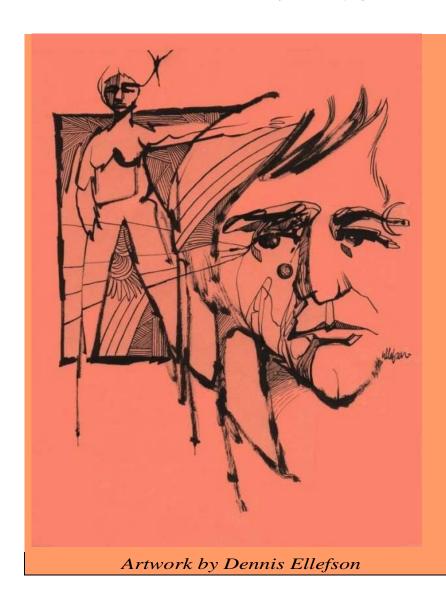
As the sun rises in the sky
It's another day for you and I
A sturdy soul right by my side
You can take me to heaven's tide



As the sun sets in the sea Love is growing for you and me Like a gentle flower swaying in the breeze Love's a natural high, I feel free

(This poem is also the song "Natural High" on my "Sometimes Happy Times" 2023 CD sung by my brother Gary.)

# PART V: A POT OF GOLD IS AN AURA OF LOVE



A pot of gold

A mystical dream

can be found at

the end of your rainbow

found in your

eyes...looking

through to the

image of your

SELF...

A pot of gold,

At the end of your

"Rainbow"



And the love around me is like the golden rod of Kindness



(Written for my brother-in-law, Keith Olsen, upon his father's passing in the late 1960s)

#### "To Dearest Keith"

And Death do us part...
Our hearts are all a

part of one, now and forever

We love life and the after is just an extension of time... to love, our spirits forever sharing the oneness, left to grow...

So, Death do us part is only a moment's changing from the tide of the earth unto the flowers of heaven . . .

And love remains to grow in all directions around us.



(Inspired from a dream I had "where my grandfather came to me to let me know his spirit would take flight soon....to give me time to prepare"....I dearly adored him)

The disappearing crowd Lost in the night The spreading of clouds Turn to the white

The silken shadow Misted in the light The drapes drawn up Announcing the flight

The empty closets
Filled with thoughts
The feet spreading fast
Off to be taught

The star-studded letters Speak for your mind The clock-echoing walls March on with time

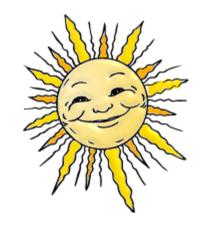
The deserts and oceans Spread open their arms And we continue to leave Having cause to alarm



My heart is the eye of my truth My life circles around the love in my heart



'A poem from the heart is the purity of love'



Smile & see the fun
the sun can bring
our thoughts
& desires



a smile..
a brighter
disposition,
a rainbow
a wish—
a mystical
dream,
obtained by
the smile.



Life is a smile when you find it's worthwhile.

Smiling is a sun imprinted on your face. Smiling is "yellow" thoughts some days you can't erase.

Smiling is a flower held in your hand for an hour. Smiling gives your heart a healthy tomorrow.



"Smile a Mile"

My Grandma Holmberg

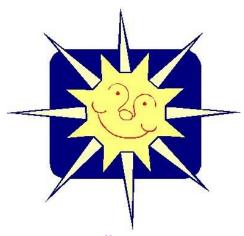
Smile a mile Never just a while Keep that glow upon your face It never goes to waste

A smile can make another smile You'll see—put someone through a trial A frown can't overcome A smile and a hum

A smile can keep from you The troubles and the blues And might help you more to see The great beauty of a tree







yellow
sun
love
happiness
virtue
always one...
step up
spiritualism
your time...
love's time
love
sun
yellow





#### Hearts...

a kiss of lemon a kiss of lime a sun in heart a life will shine,

The good and the bad are all a part to shape and mold a knowing heart,

The love and thoughts imparted, are given back from whence they started,

A wise heart shares through tears and woe, The love God gave our hearts to grow. Love knows where it's at But do we know where love is?

Can we be any closer to love Before it takes us up Grabs us and Conquers our souls?

Love Is— God is Love.



The line that meets and twines around the vine of love....

...The gentle soul
that holds a heart
of fire,
The desire of life
shall never meet the vine
unless it grows
by the church.



The innocence of a child can take you to the heavens of the earth.

What is a dream?
But a searching
 of something better,
 real—a longer happiness
 than we now see
 in God's earthly plants—
 a happiness 'within' you,
 of whom you are glad to know—
 a person that is as happy
 to give as receive—
 a love with God
 through yourself
 to others

Loneliness is not being able to share what you really know of yourself

Loneliness is not being able to have others communicate part of themselves to you

Loneliness makes your "party circle" small—

But if we really have ourselves and can relate to God, Why should we be lonely?

Every fragrance in the morning of my heart Should spread open praises to the love above, To believe in a little more faith To bring us through this day... In the looking glass of our own sun, We should share with everyone.



Faith is faith
Faith is love
Faith is an intuitive, mystical, spiritual feeling
Faith is the belief in oneself
Faith is above
Within and without—it's all a part of one



Faith in nature, strength of mind
Faith is love
Faith in harvest, brothers, sisters
Faith is above
Faith in parents and missionaries
Faith is the church
Faith is all kinds—
Faith is a constant search...

Search to believe in human things—
Of the words of the Bible we sing
Of the Ten Commandments and more
Of the abolishment of our world's war

<sup>&</sup>quot;Faith is Faith in Faith"

#### "Dear Lord"

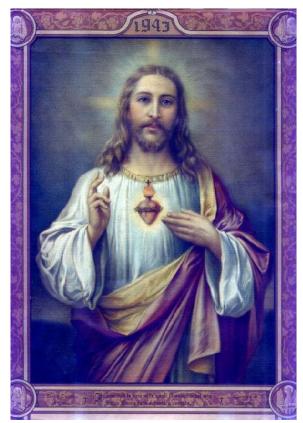
Dear Lord, I love you Thank you for letting me be Dear Lord, I love you Loneliness disappears when you're with me

You cover my sorrow And make me face my tomorrow

The rainbows in the sky,
The looking glass of your own eye
You paint the flowers
And feed the earth golden showers

And give me peace The love you share and I must teach

I'm myself You're my soul I must give What you let me know



(1943 Picture of Christ I found at an Estate Sale in Florida)

# "Ancient Lullaby"



The weavers come to take my song away...
To love and sing and dance in all their play
The music plays this song all through my heart
And the living in this rhyme and rhythm starts

The pulsating strums pass right through my mind The love of living seems to find more time The sycamore trees now most nearly grown The green life in my eyes is God reborn

It takes some time for some to find the way
Even though we hear the bird's song every day
I've been knitting on the wrong side for so long
I woke up one lost day, and the pain was strong

Sometimes the light can catch you by surprise And capture some lost love held in disguise While peaceful hearts will sing their love each day You may hear the weavers strum their gentle ways

(The nights were long and I could not find sleep So I laid awake...thinking rather deep I wondered what was wrong...where was the light? ...That could bring me through the darkness of my night) The crystal crumbles When the people fall And my heart tumbles When LOVE isn't all

My house is my castle Where dreams are within And some do come true If love is held IN

The world pulls down
But God will uplift
If my life sings pure songs
To the world I will give

I will pad my home with gold And there my treasures I'll protect Where sincerity and a heart will speak And I'll want to find respect



Time and time again we find the light has no end...
The circles moving on & on
and more feelings making songs...
Songs to wake you up each day
Songs to accompany you when you pray
Life and death can all be sung
with all your love, they join as one



Thoughtfulness
is ripe and rich
Thoughtfulness
should never switch
To something bad or black

Thoughtfulness brings one ahead, not back

# 3030303030303030

She's—
A great friend to be
A great friend to me
Although sometimes
faltering,
She winds up where
she started...
Concerning herself with
curiosity,
aspects
and expectations
Of what we will become
Each and together,
As we make our way along

# 3030303030303030

#### "Kindness"

Try a little kindness on your friend And accept this day is made for amends The harmony will satisfy your heart So give some kindness for a brand new start

Meditate on giving to your friend For somewhere someone has to make amends So come on in and sit right by my side And let out in full steam now what you hide

Perhaps, in time we will find some love And all matters under weather will be done I want to take some kindness to your side To help the coldness risen to subside

> Listen close to what the wise men say That dark skies will turn light one fine day

So, don't worry 'bout the trivial things you do And all the things you do to make life blue The kindness will satisfy a broken heart And let you know that there's a brand new start

There's a time waiting there for you And my time is coming someday too When we'll know how kindness gave us time To live, and laugh and love in a moment of rhyme

# "Friendship"

Friendship counts
You can take it to the end
Gotta have a friend
Someone you can depend upon

Take some time
To make yourself a friend
Someone who cares...
Someone who will defend you

Living & learning we earn our rewards---oh, oh Be a friend, it matters .. Makes our day--ay-ay There for you when you're in a pinch Stop all your worrying -- things will work out in a cinch...

Friendship will make it through a storm Through thick & thin Strengthens each time it's worn

Be a friend...
Sincere without pretense
Be yourself
Don't try to be someone else

Counterparts: Bop doo op bop doo op (3 times)

Living...loving....friends
Bop doo op bop doo op

living and loving and caring living and giving and sharing living...loving....friends bop doo op bop doo op (2 times)

(This poem also has a melody created by me)

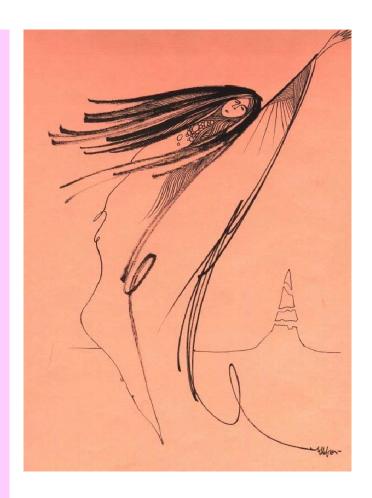
# "Girl of the Wind"

A sheet of the wind
Flung upon land
Two youthful hands
Wanting, seeing, touching
Loving all that one breeze can
encompass
Before it dies down

A girl playing with beauty
Not around,
Knowing that as the sun goes down,
Her visage may soon fade over the hill
Into something soft, tender,
Into love's complacence
Of the real understanding
That is grasped for...
To be-to know-to love

The rainbow's over her hill
If one really looks—one feels
One finds...Why are we so blind?
She knows soon a beautiful feeling will
Wrap her up...
A "moment's flung-upon",
Blown-passed beyond
What even her eyes seeing beauty are

But wind goes...
But always returns
Sometimes in a storm...
Sometimes to sooth
And God's creations when loving
Create unity and



Touches our hearts and reveals More of a child's soul

Rising above the many misunderstood Into pure gentleness, Clung by faith

Howling, crying, Laughing, loving Dying.... Soon to fade... To die down... Loving, Dying.

Artwork by Dennis Ellefson



We must remember
What we have learned
And go ahead,
But we must never hope to search out all of
life's secrets,
For the mystery of the mystic hangs over
beauty's discoveries (always)



The time is come
I see the sun
And the prophets of night
March on and on



#### "HOPE"

When doubt fills your heart,
You long for inner peace...
a place where you can go
where there's calmness & love

When things seem upside down And truth is hard to be found, You pray for a way back home...

The soul of America in a land of haze searching for answers caught up in the maze

All we can hope for is hope and know we indeed all reap what we sow

Good & bad deeds are never forgotten--We're all judged in God's Time

The end result of our journey as we travel along our road Is what we have done to help others home

Written November 29, 2004



# PART VI: SALT & PEPPER POETRY



# "Snuff 'N Stuff"





Gatoo—as he chews That snuff 'n stuff Makes some but not my gramps look rough

Swish-swash as he takes each flavor in Chew-chomp as it winds up "stuff" in bin

It may not smell like an "aroma" pipe But I can tell to snuff gramps 'has a like'

Although it's been "around" so long It still just winds up spit on ground

But I'm not complaining for I have my gum That I'm sure works same as snuff for some

> "Being in his glory, Chomping with the breeze"

Gatoo—as he chews That snuff 'n stuff Makes some, but not my gramps look rough



# "Juice It Up!"

Boy, I feel great! How do you feel today? Oh, you must not be starting off right Haven't you heard the way?

(Chorus Line:)
Juice it up!
Drink a cup
You better shape up
And Juice it up!

Come alive—
Take Awake, take Hi-C or Tang
Or if you prefer some other cure
Numaid and Sunkist have twang

Don't fade away— You must survive with nature's feeding vitamins Giving way to muscles, bustles Omitting would turn your body to tin

Unglue those heavy eyes and cloudy heads And see those blued skies aren't red You'll look with two new eyes instead When you make sure your body's correctly fed

Don't you want to be beautiful or handsome?— Well, just follow my instructions And become a healthy sun of a gun Follow me—and you'll see the outcome

(Chorus Line:)
Juice it up!
Drink a cup
You better shape up
And Juice it up!

#### "Kitchen Chemist"



When I prepare myself to cook
I take out my kitchen chemistry book...
Showing how to combine this with that
Producing reactions to make some fat

Using baking soda and baking powder
Which bubble being catalysts when hitting the water
Flour and water even make paste—
Cooking ingredients never have to waste

How fascinating yeast can be!
When dough can rise to such a degree
Look how many meats can be baked—
When slowly cooked, the gravy juices they make

I like to be a kitchen chemist Working with a chemistry list But I hope my results are rated to eat For I like my productions to be a treat



"I Want to Draw Pictures with Words"

With pen in hand, I want to draw allusions of pictures With mind on flowers and spring, I want to make an artful mixture



Efficacious—is what my thoughts should create to the reader Oh to write, yet to be artful with words and to be an "image leader"

Hold your imaginary level—
& tune into my words of beautiful things
For I want "picturesque expression" to hold you
in my world that sings

# "Enough to Freeze Your Nose Off"



No, you're not from the Pole But from the Midwest But now you're living in California A little nippy weather is a test

You get accustomed to a place A town and its weather And now you're like a chicken in the cold Who lost its last feather

When the slight chill nips at your nose You start to sneeze and cough And being spoiled, you complain Saying, "This cold's enough to freeze your nose off!"

(But put me back in Minnesota And see what I would do, I'd probably be like a typical westerner And wilt up and turn blue)



HUGO, MINNESOTA.

is like the daisy patch \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*



with the railroad tracks

running through to meet



the little old blue jean man

running to the bank ...but first stopping to chase the cows

out of the bar

# "Country Castle"

\*Dedicated to Grandma & Gramps in Hugo, Minn. while I was living in Hollywood, California from 1965 to 1974

If I could leave this town for one whole day
I would go back to my country castle of yesterday,
House planted on rich black soil
While grandma will bake, gramps in garden will toil

Hmm, that homemade bread and homemade jam My memories still sense and can see grandma can...

Those pickles and beets and peaches and beans Starting from their raw garden product to finding their means

A couple in a palace, not of gold but of God Always learning and concerning together in their own Cape Cod The fresh air and birds sing their own song And tune into grandma's kitchen all the day long

The cows in the pasture
The water in the creek
The fresh smell of daisies
The warmth on my bare feet



Grandma & Grandpa Holmberg

If I could leave this town
for one whole day
I would go back to my
country castle of yesterday,
House planted on rich black soil
While grandma will bake,
gramps in garden will toil

# "The Smog"

\*Dedicated to Los Angeles 1965 to 1974...I was raised a country girl in Minnesota with fresh air...

Creep, Creep... As you're fast asleep Soon a surprise may you awake As bodies in stillness slumber This mass gathers more than you can take



Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

As it's black body tiptoes over the city I try to hold my breath And think of something cheery and witty Before I choke to death

Why, Sir, I love your black suit Oh, tell me is it new? "No, Mam" he replied, the smog got to it "Oh, yes and it used to be blue"

Don't worry about this Halloween For it may last longer this year The masked children may start in the day Mistaking dust to be night's near

What happened to the morning dew? And the sunshine's radiating light? Now all the dawn will let me see Is far from being white?

Ok, smog, take us all... Invade this land of ours But first notify the government So we can choke one last tomorrow

#### "Where I Live...Everyone's a Star"

Oh, some people have been discovered by their unusual rock-roll screams

Or, Oh, by their weird ways of doing such unusual things as breathing or humming in the background

Yes, I guess I must tell you what you may already know... Where I live in Hollywood, California.... "Everyone's a star"

Where I live, my mother brought a "singing sewing machine"
So a knitting grandmother sang a "hell of a song",
which was obscene
But my dog challenged them all with his good pitch
Since then, he has been signed up as background for Mitch

My neighbor has the only voice that can talk back
Her name is "RCA" and time has shown her vocal knack
And her mother's name is "Jude Box",
having an overabundance of nickels
And my aunt has such a pure voice, she can sing with a pickle

My recording studio is my acoustical bathroom

Myself being the engineer and the walls producing the "echo boom"

My voice is only recorded but a shower's time

And I'm sure to hear it played back, I would pay a dime

Yes, we all act around here too
We all have our own personalities and wear our own shoes
We all perform on stages in our own homes
And we all think we are the first as was Rome

# "Movies and Life"

Movies contain actors and actresses That play all kinds of roles From bums to civilians to kings and queens But in movie stories, is reality told?

We all live our own roles
Each day a new scene
But is my kind of life also an acted one?—
If so, is someone hidden in my house
with a filming machine?



"Gretchen Trip"

There once was a girl who could be you Who did not always watch her step Making wrong moves by all her mistakes Others watching the advice she wouldn't accept

Her feet led her astray...

Falling into traps

Fumbling along her merry way...

Someone should draw her a map

Her acquaintances called her Gretchen Trip
For she caused others problems too
By using her bad sense of direction
Well, she better straighten out for her own protection

#### "Robot Children"

Click, you move a leg Snap, you maneuver an arm Zip, your mouth can sag Whop! You put on all charm



We're robot children
To our father machines
Just a couple million
Living in the same scene

Playing with time As a clock plays its chime Being helped by the mechanics Of a "fast age" moving panic

I know my words Sound like rationalized verse But look around you today And think what has happened since last May

Do we want to be lazy?
Or aren't we aware, but hazy?—
To the fact how we're being replaced
But our new mechanical race

Don't we need exercise?
Can't we with machines compromise?
Or are we to let our muscles
Go to waste in all "this hustle"

Instead of riding—take a walk
Instead of floating—take a swim
Get things done yourself—don't talk
Don't think inventions are just a whim

Yes, we're robot children Sitting & taking advantage... Of the mechanical helpers they're building--Maybe, they'll build us a cage









"The Unknown"

Here today
May be gone tomorrow
But where did it come from?
How far did it go?

The Unknown, the strange Pop up now and then Things we can't name or explain Covering up, having to pretend

Sights of oddly shaped bodies are seen in the night Also some oddly shaped creatures are spoken to in light Sometimes the sky is full of surprises too Such as flying objects that light up the blue

Our government may be keeping secrets
To unlock the mysteries of Big Foot and Loch Ness,
Or of proof of ghosts, to saucers, to little green men...
That some sightseers have said claim to be friends

Also people have been said to return from the past Telling reincarnation stories that can leave you aghast And objects have been known to float 'round in a house That aren't air objects—having cause to arouse

Our public is held in suspense
Searching for all the answers
And if we feel something's injurious,
we build up our defense
But searching out all the Unknown
is like curing all cancer

Here Today
May be gone tomorrow
But where did it come from?
How far did it go?

# "How Long Will Our World Last?"

(Written during the Vietnam War era)







How long will our world last? For enemies build up in a mass The "sounds" of July 4<sup>th</sup> may be over But "exploding news" is daily discovered

Close your eyes, plug your ears
Turn off the news so more turmoil you won't hear
But soon these "sounds" may be knocking at your door
And then, not only the rain from the sky will pour

What does a fight produce but the beginning of a new one?
Soon a busy sky will hide the sun
Why can't all countries link as friends?
So we can share and enjoy our life's amend

Hold onto your hat And hope someday you may throw it up and cheer And put out your door mat To people far and near

But how long will our world last?
For people in wars are wiped out fast
We hope for the best, so many soldiers can rest
Well, at present we don't know....And Time is the test

# "They're In the Army Now"

## (Written during the Vietnam War era)

Now—
They're in the army now
But they rather work the plow
Well, he is off,
Leaving smoker's cough
He'd rather get rich
Than dig his own ditch
They're in the army now

While Vietnam is hot We're boiling in our pot And the boys can't find a spot Where a potato won't rot

As they march on down the line They count our world's time And it would only cost a dime To put up a stop sign

#### But—

They're in the army now Fighting—Hoping—Winning, but how?
As a pasture keeps in its cow—They're in the army now

# "Where Have They Gone?"

(Written during the Vietnam War era)

Happy people went Sadness slowly sent World—why so small? With scars and all

Today again you wound And watch the world waste & ruin Come—stop—see—small can't more dwindle Only the flame of hate can kindle

Black, white, or green—just colors For not one's heart can be fuller... All feel love and human hurt And see and feel the rocks and dirt

Where have they gone?
The people who sang the happy song
But protests keep ringing on & on
And the road to peace gets long

#### "Frustrations"

You wake up and greet the world And a door slams in your face, As you're at a steady pace

Your feet hardly hold you up Then a someone steps on you, And a storm begins to brew

You try to put out friction Then a pressure lights the match, Your problems just won't patch

Red is red and black is black Worry, disgust, regret Are in your mind well set

Oh, woe is me! When is right? The sparks are flying high,... And you feel you're soon to cry

# "What Would You Like for Dinner?"

Say, what would you like for dinner? ...

Pot Pies, T.V. dinners, or store boxed pie?

You say, you would like "What fried?"

But, Honey, you know I haven't the time
And food can be so conveniently bought...
Dinners and appetizers that are already made,
What? You'd not like to give the matter a
second thought?

But didn't you know I sold my pots and pans And bought that sleek new dress? After all, I seldom use cooking utensils For the new foods just require less

You say, you're getting tired of that commercial taste? Why, I must be getting used to it! ...
Although now thinking back to that homemade bread,
That new dress just doesn't seem to fit

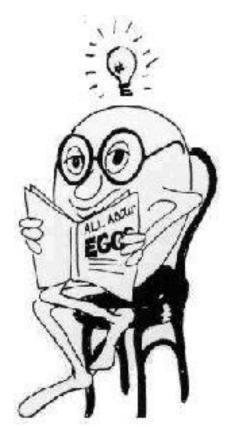
# "The Egg's Fate"

A long time ago, there was a chicken
It was a bird
A long time ago it laid an egg
Which at the time was "roundish" but still looked weird

But, still at present, as I lay this egg on my plate It says a lot For at present, I think of its many forms Starting when it was a beginning tot

This shelled little creature is eaten each day But it also flies--For, if hatched and not eaten it's a baby bird That plays with the sky

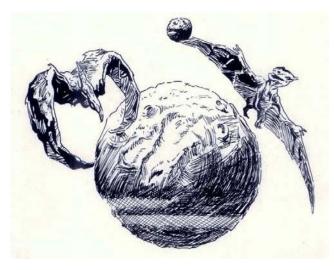
But how can a yolk and a white be legs and two eyes? I guess, it's only God's fate and way...
Of showing what a chemist he can and has been
And to us forever will stay



"She Visualizes People as Prehistoric Animals"

(To an Acquaintance with an imagination)

My husband's a Brontosaurus his hairline goes back real far he has big ears and small eyes maybe he's in disguise



My country friends are Saber Tooth Tigers with teeth and all—being short and tall

Obese persons are Mammoths
with big ears
soaking in everything they hear—
sometimes causing them tears

Many acquaintances are Dinosaurs looking stupid and big— to this kind, what a dig!

"Flighty women" are Flying Reptiles when their eyes get real round they take off so fast—sometimes they fall down

A preying salesman is a Tyrannosaurus being a vicious ugly man selling all he can

A "typical child" is an Armadillo having a defense biting into skin— sometimes a friend

(So, we're "Personality Creatures" wandering around...
So many creatures crowded into one area...Always walking into and on each other—Let's run for cover!)

"The Peepers"



WE'RE people who peek out from behind We almost appear as in disguise Sometimes our face you cannot find And a dog's contest may win us the prize

We look like beatniks or the Beatles—take your pick Really, we're neither just ourselves At least, we don't have that look "combed back slick" Or weird hairdos that make us look like elves

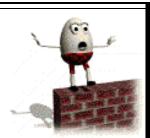
People protest against us—we get used to it fast For like them, we protest too Against people who don't think we peepers will last For us, short combed-back hair won't ever do

"The Flushing---"

The flushing toilet
The flushing sea
A flushing sink
Roots flushing water up into a tree

The tide flushing on the angry rocks
Your wet feet flushing in your old wool socks
A wet head flushing in a bowl or sink
Makes you observe how fascinating all kinds of
water flushes
Water makes you think

HUMPTY DUMPTY spiddles doo friddletty dattletty What's wrong with you?



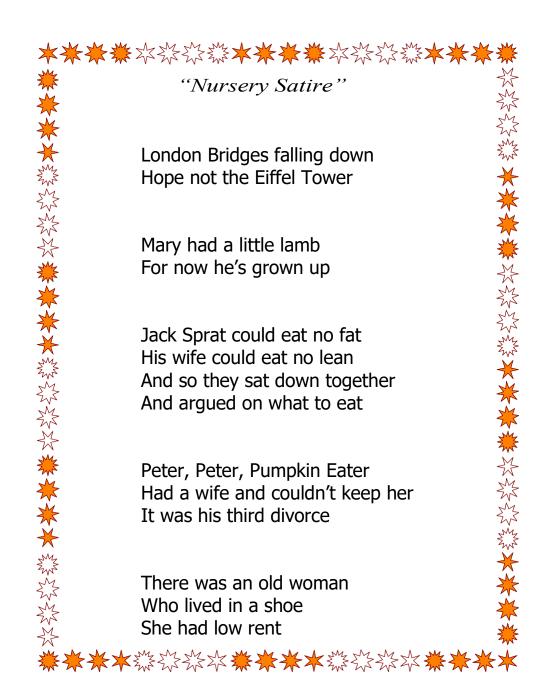
shikkerty shackertty shippitty shoa slikkitty slakkitty Who do you owe for all the nonsense you just caused all of you to read?...

this is a recording of how well you articulate...this is a ...



Stupidity can be the life of the party knocking over things and making us laugh but don't slip and break your knack.







"A World of Names Can Be Fun"

Our earth is called the world So, you must know you can have your own show For thinking of fun names can pile high as a steeple

- Joe Blunt disconnected himself while talking to Frank Ness
- Jim Newhart was placed in the medic ward
- Jane Pad sat through it all
- Tom Thumb could only point
- Nancy Advance studies the Theory of Progression
- Sue Cavern based her decisions on deep thought
- Joe Strong put up a good fight
- Granny Goose cracked many jokes; must be a chip off the old block
- Joe Smith is still looking for 'his Pocahontas'... Pocahontas can't seem to find John Smith's number in the telephone book
- Ervin Cookalot starved one night... he lost his can opener



a cigarette
Puffed
in
and out
takin' up all
the extra time
and absorbing
all sorts of
things.



"Sticks and Stones"

Sticks and stones may be but a rhyme
But sticks and stones are played with in time
People try protection with a backyard fence
But objects can be thrown o'er
and a fight will commence

Sticks and stones may break your bones But sticks and stones better leave me alone



# "Lightning, Thunder"



Lightning, thunder
Makes the world feel
Like it's going under
Vibrant noises, electronic sights
Changes the daylight into night

Bolting, echoing the sound Crash! Zap! Boom! Falling to the ground Knocking over a tree of pine Running into a hot wire line

Partners together
Bringing on the rain
Pressures playing with the weather
As if God were to say:
"Our world is an angry one today"

# "Colors"



Rainbows of rainbows Prisms of light Painting a day Painting a night

Pigments to build Our atmosphere Abstract modern art Using colors clear

Reflecting a ray Absorbing the heat Great combinations A color's repeat

Colors-candy, clothes Decorating all Highlights to make big Shadows to make small

## "Soaring"

Soaring...rising up!
Reaching God's emptiness of altitudes
Engulfing each breath of air
Smothering it in each wing

Going up...soaring even higher!
Staring down at the earth and its children
Trying to caress a star
Never quite touching it

Soaring...being independent and free Playing "games" with the breeze Singing up to the sun, Meeting, greeting a friend



Saying: "Lift your spirits and join me, also, in my Heavenly journey"

Photography by Daniel Catherine

#### "The Dude"

\*Dedicated to Uncle Maurice (my grandma's brother who was a poet, actor & professor)

He wears a "feathered hat,"
carries a cane
And he drives a little French car
He's grand, I call him The Dude
He's never mistaken afar

He's a little gray man
To me a "hip" personality
Willing to always lend a hand
To his Scandinavian family

He was an actor years ago
And achieved honor ratings
So, he can now dream
& reminisce
With his youthful picture
paintings

He's wise to the world
Sharing knowledge in wisdom's
seat
Once saying, "If you can't use your
head,
You may have to use your feet"



(This is a youthful photo of Uncle Maurice)

Mr. Dude can be grand Mr. Dude can be sentimental And as he gazes back in time Little has he done to be resentful

# "Mr. Tallyman"

Oh, he's got things figured out And even says he knows what we're about His friends call him Mr. Tallyman Cause that's where he stands

> He said— Mary had just one lamb And Little Jack Horner one pie And the mighty ocean grows the clam And knows "why why is why"

He totaled up the goodness we had And said he found some bad And worked out our expenses And said we need defenses

He knows how much blue is in the sky
And had counted tears that people have cried
And tabulates the world's cure
And said we haven't one for sure

We asked him to patch up things for us And be our Tallyman But he said, "Everyone can think for himself— Cause that's where people stand!"



# "Crazy Lingo"

As you travel through our United States You'll hear all sorts of tongues Created from our American English "Characteristic talk" comes from climates to nationalities you're among

It's crazy how lingo can differ
As you go from north to south
For in the north many words come out crisp & clean
While in the south, talk's drawn out slowly from mouth

The Eastern part of our country
Has the Nuu-Yah-ker sound
And if you go further down the coast
The Nuu-Joi-see people are found

The pure Midwesterners use nasal tones
Drawing out vowels like bāāg
While Californians are "hip" to themselves
Every area has its own lingo as each country its flag

Also, different locations make up their own words— For you'll often hear new vocabulary Every place creates their own type of talk Which sooner or later may hit the dictionary

Crazy lingo is hard to understand
But I know I speak crazy too
And our different lingoes make up our land
Our Country's English can be as different
as animals in a zoo



## \*Dedicated to Aunt Dorothy, grandma's sister

Those "for the birds"
Are those of kindness
Feeding the nature
From the eagle to the tiniest

Doves hover over her yard Sparrows following closely behind Bluebirds awaiting in a tree Forming hungrily in a line

A bread crumb is thrown On their dinner ground As a band of her friends Cluster anxiously around

Fighting for the last bite, Feeding their feathers Tummies that greedily bulge May put one bird under the weather

"For the birds"
May be but a phrase
But those who feed their feathered friends
Is living hope for the human race

# "Cough Drops"

\*Little ditty you people may eat up...." Hack, Hack!"

#### **Dear Doctor,**

May I have a prescription for that new tasty cough drop just invented? You know, I've tried all the old ones and just as styles go out, I need a change to rid me of this terrible. "Hack, choke, cough!"

For as their flavors come in style So do my colds.... Lemon and cherry ones make me smile And each advertisement guarantees their cough drop is gold.

As I rush to the candy stand I sometimes mistake cough drops for candy But as a Fad, cough drops have their demand And as a snack, they just seem to be handy

Trying all kinds—soothing mind and throat
And now only coughing on smoke
And finding myself singing a true-pitched note—
For at bedtime, I took a cough drop,
And in the morning, I healthily awoke

But I believe in these drops so much
I ate (took!) them each day
But now I think I'm immune to their cure's touch
Yes, I need a new brand—the old cough drops just don't pay

So you know, Doc—I need the latest, which will most likely be the greatest—Also, please give me the secret how to eat those "darn things". For do you know that my last cough was diminished by that delicious honey licorice drop—by drop—by drop, until my poor stomach was left with a syrup sticking to my ribs?... Yes, thinking, which I do concentrate on... please prescribe me the correct formula for digesting the different cough drop brands...

Forever dropping my colds—"drop by drop"

-Dotti

#### "The Good Humor Man"

Every evening promptly at eight he passes down the street The Good Humor Man all the children want to meet As the music box on his truck rings on The little customers soon sing their song:

> May, I please buy an ice cream bar, peanuts or candy? Mom, Dad, as you can see the Good Humor Man's handy Let's hurry before he passes too fast For not too long his goodies will last

Yes, Mom, I know candy's not good for my teeth But once in a while, it's good to have something sweet Besides, I'm just a typical kid And you can't say when young, From the Good Humor Man you hid

So, as you can time your clocks by this man each night If all children had been good, the parents might Give some small change to each one for a treat So, the Good Humor Man, they can meet

My first job in Hollywood, Calif. after The GoldeBriars' broke up was at the movie theatre across from the Grauman's Chinese Theatre in mid-1960s...as a...

# "Girl of Counter with Candy"

I confess, Yes, I am one to hungry people I'm handy Only the theater girl of counter with candy

Gigantic *Hershey's*, *Dots*, and *Black Crows* do I sell Making cravers happy till they find all teeth have fell

Each year taxes go up, so do "sweet prices"

Confronting "penny pinchers" with slow minds and hands of dices

Serving rude ones and "Hollywood weird ones"— Many faces I do meet Filing to my counter as they rush off the street

I confess, Yes, I am one to hungry people I'm handy Only the theater girl of counter with candy

# PART VII: CHRISTMAS POETRY COLLECTION

"On a Winter Starlit Night"

On a winter starlit night
The wings of earth will turn to white..
Beckoning its children upon the earth
To remember the day of the Christ Child's birth.

As we join hands together and march 'round the tree, We give of our love and sincerity
And the angels form 'round us singing joyously
Thus, we pray in our hearts Christ will always be.



Christmas .. A new born King Christmas .. A heart that sings, A time to renew an inspiration of truth, Finding a rebirth in the flame That kindles throughout the earth.

Brotherly love ..
Is what Christmas is made of And should be given all year On a universal sphere.



# "Capturing Time"

Capturing time of ages spent
As we celebrate this one special day
We call this holiday Christmas—
The day Jesus Christ was born

If we pray each day with thankfulness And bless each new dawn we see The light inside will continue to grow And will burn for an eternity

So let's share together the stories long told Of the meaning of this day And the peace and joy will be a part of us, When we say--- "Merry Christmas"



Jolly, jolly jumpling all fat and roly-poly

Round and round up and down

Feet that pound, echoed sound

The cookie monster has arrived? ..with cheery smile, humming style....

Your Santa has come to town.





"Blessed is the Light"

Blessed are they
Who give of themselves
Unselfishly,
Knowing within
They will merit
Some golden peace
That there is no words for..
A feeling so simple and special.

Blessed are they
Who can reap through pain
Having Faith in God,
Realizing
They must seek
"The Light",
For the good things in life
Never come too easy.

Blessed are they
Who can hope together,
Uniting our Love,
Extending it
To as many people as we can..
Making our lives more complete
For ourselves
And others.





"The Looking Glass of Christmas"

In the looking glass of your own sun There's love for everyone In this world you can come along too There's love inside of you.

> Come along and join hands Look to the sunshine, You'll understand.

Come along, now's the time When rainbows and sunshine Unfold and unwind.

In the looking glass goodness can't hide When love's strong by your side When I take off my mask, I can see... And out pours that love from inside of me.

> Come along and don't be slow You missed the last train Said you were feeling low.

The gold in your heart You will find it too When you look to the love, "Christmas Shines Through"

(This is an edited version of my song "Visualize" on my "Sometimes Happy Times" CD)





# "Our Christmas Message"

#### Written by my husband, Bill, & I

A song rings within our hearts
As the Christmas spirit starts...
To spread its cheer to all we know,
Reach out and touch—you'll feel the glow.

We all can add love this world needs, By singing in harmony If you listen to the pealing note inside, You'll find yourself a part of the catchy yuletide.

This time of year we all cherish, A season we secretly wish would stay If we keep the embers of December burning, We'll find its light will warm each day.





# "Colors of Christmas"

Reflecting upon those you love, Here's a Christmas poem...

A time you think of others A time when you see things in a positive way This time should be every day.

Love, a special glow Like the wonders of nature, An endless flow.

Christmas, a rainbow...
Gold, halo of divine light
Blue, the guiding Bethlehem star
White, the angelic hosts singing "Silent Night"



Red, colorful boxes sent near and far Green, a smiling wreath and dazzling pine... All these colors spell out its meaning like a neon sign.





It's Christmas time
A time of love
To be near those you love.

And when miles keep you apart Seasons Greetings for your friends fill your heart.

We work hard all year towards our goals, Now we stop to reflect what we've done... Yes, from last year to now, How the Christ Child's birth Holds our lives together With true meaning and worth.





What a merry time! With candy canes, sparking snow and Santa's ho, ho, ho.



A chain reaction of good cheer to friends far and near.

This is a time when frowns turn to smiles
As we watch the excitement build in a child.

This is a time we review the great story,
Of Jesus' birthday in all of its glory.

And a time when Santa's reindeer dance through our dreams

Making a pathway to Christmas for you and me.





In each of us there's a special light Which can "shine on" day and night...

Christmas shines a special light for all to share... And when combined with "our lights" makes the world a brighter place to live.

A birth so special of one Christ Child lighting up Bethlehem... Bringing a special message, as it does now...

So we should feel blessed at this time of year As we share its meaning and spread good cheer.



Glory Be!

It's Christmas time
"Tis the season of good cheer
Listen to Christmas carols brightly sung
As we honor Jesus' Birthday,
Our hearts unite as one.

Bells ring out the message and We listen and renew our faith... We've grown each year from Christ's purpose, It brings sunshine to our days,

So smile, "Merry Christmas!"



"Sharing"

Sharing is believing in what you're feeling...

a soft sunset a bird's ascent a dewing mist a summer kiss

a velvety snow a burning coal the fresh, sweet pine.. It's Christmas time

We can radiate our light And warm the winter nights And set the days aglow By what we see and show

And others will see too The casted skies of blue And then they will aspire

To share the candle's fire



Hearts...

a kiss of lemon

a kiss of lime

a sun in heart

a life will shine

The good and bad are all a part to shape and mold your heart.

The love and thoughts imparted are given back from whence they started.

A wise heart shares through tears and woe, The love God gave our hearts to grow.



The reason for the season is to keep all the lights burning... Outside and inside our hearts...

To express the meaning of the Christ Child's birth.

At this time of the year, we sing in harmony.. far and wide

And with our goodness and love, we better understand what our true purposes are.



Poinsettias, Christmas trees A child in awe on Santa's knee Colorful twinkling lights in the night As we all get ready—it's Christmas time

Colorful wreaths welcoming us Presents wrapped for loved ones Mistletoe—many candles aglow, and Giving a little extra for those we don't know

Tolling bells, pine tree smells...
And of turkey, ham, cookies, yam
Smiles, giggles, laughter, singing
The joy of Christmas' true meaning





Christmas songs and Christmas poems Christmas food and going home Christmas trees and sparkling lights Jesus and Santa make everything right

Christmas turns a world of woe Into a place we love to know With happiness and cheer we cherish each year The sadness we dwell upon disappears

Sing out your praises...
Be joyful of your blessings...
Brighten up the season...
With a cheerful holiday greeting!



#### "HOLIDAY MAGIC"

Another year comes to an end And we're standing in front of our tree We hear the bells ringing and children singing The joy is everywhere, there's Christmas in the air

Let's take the holiday magic
Put it under our tree
Wrap it up as a gift for you and me
Spread some Christmas kindness all over the world
Bless our moms and dads
All the boys and girls

We're finding more to give these days
To those who are in need
To strangers who need a lending hand
Somehow we find it easier to understand

Even our dog caught the Christmas bug She's eating more these days... Between turkey scraps and Christmas snacks We're finding more to send her way

> It is the holiday magic everywhere we go Like a neon Christmas sign all aglow Caught up in the magic... We're under it's spell There's good cheer to spread... And good news to tell.

Hold over the holiday magic to last through the year Merry Christmas to all and to all a good year--MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!

(I also created a melody for this poem & the recording & piano arrangement are available on RIGHTCHOICEKIDS.COM)

# "Angels Proclaim"



They sing in soft voices
With harmony sweet & pure
They spread their wings and gracefully embrace us
Through life's hardship & pain,
Love will always endure.

God sends guardian angels to watch over us And remind us to count our blessings every day They light up the sky as they point to the star of Bethlehem Reminding us to celebrate Baby Jesus' birth once again.

They proclaim helping others
Creates an "air of kindness"
To give unselfishly from the heart--To soar above the hurry & scurry of life
Brings us all back down to earth
To reflect upon the true meaning of Christmas.

# "Christmas Reflections"



Flickering lights

Starry winter nights

Twinkling eyes

Warm "Helloes" & "Goodbyes"

Kind gestures

Welcoming hearts

Memories that last

Tapping Christmas Past

Music has special meaning

This time of the year

Old tunes renewing spirits

A place & time we hold dear

Yesterday's never gone

Reflections linger on

Enriching another Christmas

With faith, love and song.

# "Peace"



Peace is within our reach It's never really gone... Sometimes we get turned around Feeling lost and wish to be found

Peace is there for all of us to achieve Cultivated with loving hearts & kind deeds It will chase fear and doubt away And restore hope to begin a new day

Peace grows with prayer...
So we all need to pray today for
Peace on earth
Peace of mind
And for all to have a Blessed Christmas Time!



Christmas is a time to think the best of others
To hope, for the best is yet to come
Even when times seem upside down
We need to renew our spirits
And know that love & kindness...
At the end of our journey always wins

Even though times are filled with sadness & wars
We need to renew our hope & know
That when all is said & done
Bad deeds never find a real home

Goodness & Love have the continuing power to drive our souls toward a hopeful tomorrow

Shadows absorbed by candlelight
Unkind words replaced by praise & confidence
Aggression & arrogance erased by fairness & compromise
Lies put to rest by God's Truth

We must always pray & remember that Christmas is the time of renewed hope

# your own ship

Artwork by Ron Cable

# **Afterthought**

"On & Off"

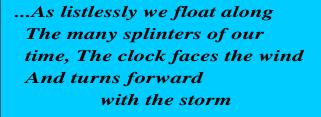
walkin' around walkin' upside down mind wanderin' in and out mind from a whisper to a shout

seeing the sky movin' on you walk, then run a moon, then a sun you go, you come

light is rapped up continuity is put in a cup only drank a little at a time you go, then a stop sign

black, white-on and off hard talk, words soft skippin' time, then trip... but, you're always sailing ....on your own ship

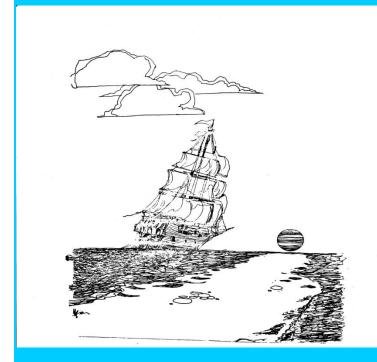




And the trees
encompass
the passions of the air...
Our frustrations are
held by the
dew on the leaves...

Do we dare speak too
loudly? Or feel too strongly
Or we may evaporate
into the wind,
Leaving behind a
sigh.

Artwork by Dennis Ellefson



# THE END