

An Anthology

POEMS AND READINGS FOR
SPORTS, HOBBIES AND PASTIMES



C.P.J. Field.

More than a funeral director since 1690.

A decorative teal floral pattern with intricate scrollwork and leaf motifs, covering the left half of the page.

Introduction

Welcome to this collection of suggested poems and readings.

This booklet is a collection of verse, either sports or hobby related, and suitable for a funeral service. Some poems have been written specifically for a funeral, whilst others have a reference to the subject and are considered relevant or suitable by us. They are a mixture of serious and reflective to light-hearted. The poems have been collected from a number of online resources, celebrants' forums and dedicated poetry sites, which are credited at the end of this booklet. You can access these resources if you wish to expand your search for something different. If the pastime you are looking for is not covered in this book, please let us know and we will help you to find something suitable.

Every effort has been made to identify the author of these poems and credit them where possible.

If using an online version of this, we have bookmarked the section from the index which will take you straight to it. If you know the title of the poem you are looking for, you can also be taken to the poem's place in this booklet by using the bookmarks.

Should you choose one to be printed in an Order of Service book, each poem has a reference for you to provide to your Funeral Arranger or Funeral Director – to ensure the correct versions are used.

In supporting the families who choose us in the best way we can, this is a resource that can be shared or printed from, to look at for guidance on poetry or readings and to help in the planning for their loved one's ceremony.

Joanna Rose

Celebrant and Funeral Director

Contents

Acting (Theatre)	10
Ac1. "All The World's a Stage" By William Shakespeare (From As You Like It)	10
Ac2. Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day? (Sonnet 18) By William Shakespeare	10
Ac3. Sonnet 141 By William Shakespeare	11
Ac4. Theatre Is Magic By Roger Turner	11
Ac5. Theatre Of Dreams By John Read	12
Angling / Fishing	13
An1. A Boy And His Dad By Edgar Guest	13
An2. Fish Tales By Author Anon	14
An3. Heaven's Fishing Hole – Author Unknown	14
An4. Hook, Line And Sinker By Michael Ashby	14
An5. Prize Catch Adapted From What Is Dying By Rev. Luther F Beecher By J. Rose	15
An6. The Fisherman's Prayer 1 – Author Unknown	15
An7. The Fisherman's Prayer 2 – Author Unknown	16
An8. The Fisherman's Prayer by Delmar Pepper	16
An9. The Fishing Contest – Author Unknown	16
An10. Trout Fishing By Eunice Lamberton (1873)	17
Animals / Pets	18
Ani1. Cats By Dorothy Golub	18
Ani2. I'll Call You Dog – Author Unknown	19
Ani3. I Went Out To Rescue A Dog That Day By Fionna D	19
Ani4. The Dogs Must Have Their Walks by A.L. Sation	20
Ani5. The Fool Who Wants a Cat by J. Luke Migliacci	20
Ani6. The Owl And The Pussy Cat By Edward Lear	21
Ani7. Why Own A Dog? – Author Unknown	22
Archery	23
Arc1. The Arrow And The Song By Henry Longfellow Wadsworth	23
Arc2. The Invasion By Henry Newbolt	24
Art	24
Art1. Creativity – Author Unknown	24
Art2. I Am An Artist – Author Unknown	25
Art3. Importance Of 'Art' A Poem By Komal Jindal, Indian Poet	26
Art4. Painters Of The Sky By Jamie Horridge	26
Art5. We Are All Painters By Ola Radka	27
Astronomy	27
As1. A Falling Star By Mae Stein	27
As2. As I Look Up To The Skies Above – Author Unknown	28
As3. Far Away Yet Near – Author Unknown	29
As4. I Am The Night Sky By Clive Blake	29

As5. In My Mind By Jenn Farrell	29
As6. My Match By Mary Leeann Glenn	30
As7. One More Time	30
As8. The Sombre Astronomer By Michael Humphries	31
Athletics	31
Ath1. A Song Of Living By Amelia Burr, American Poet.	31
Ath2. Don't Quit – Author Unknown	31
Ath3. Invictus By William Ernest Henley	32
Ath4. Olympic Race By Victoria Seale-Constantinou (Adapted)	32
Ath5. So Go And Run Free – Author Unknown	33
Ath6. Sportsmanship By Joey Dille, Aged 11	33
Ath7. The Victor By C.W. Longenecker	33
Ath8. To An Athlete Dying Young By A. E. Housman	34
Badminton	35
Bad1. Badminton By William F Kirkham	35
Bad2. My Life, My Game By Meadow Morada	35
Beach & Seasons	36
Bes1. A Time For Everything – Book Of Ecclesiastes	36
Bes2. Footprints In The Sand By Mary Fishback	36
Bes3. Happy The Man By John Dryden	37
Bes4. What Is Dying? By Rev. Luther F Beecher (Often Attributed To Henry Vandycke)	37
Bes5. I'm Always Around By B.J. Welsh	37
Bes6. Pemaquid Point Elegy By Mary Oliver-Rotman	38
Bes7. The Tide Recedes By M D Hughes	38
Bes8. The Unknown Shore By Elizabeth Clark Hardy	39
Bes9. Seasons Of Grief By Belinda Stotler	39
Bes10. Something Beautiful Remains By Martha Vashti Pearson	40
Bes11. Sonnet 73 By William Shakespeare	41
Bes12. The Beach In The Sky By Jackie Bush Holcomb	41
Bes13. The Funeral Poem By Glenn Stewart Coles	42
Bes14. The Ship Of Life By John T Baker (Taken From What Is Dying? By Rev. Luther F Beecher)	42
Bes15. The Sight Of The Ocean By Roseberry	43
Bell Ringing	43
Be1. For Whom The Bell Tolls By John Donne	43
Be2. In Memoriam, [Ring Out, Wild Bells] By Alfred Lord Tennyson	43
Be3. The Bells By Poet E	44
Be4. Villanelle Of Bells By Keith Douglas	45
Beer	46
Beer1. The Beer Prayer – Author Unknown	46
Beer2. The Golden Age Of Beer By John F Mccullagh Feb 2015	46

Bingo	47
Bin1. Bingo! By Michael Ashby	47
Bin2. Number's Up By Rebecca Spilsbury	47
Bird Watching	48
Bir1. A Flying Bird By Jagdish Pal	48
Bir2. Bird Watching By Amy Ludwig Vanderwater	48
Bir3. Caged Bird By Maya Angelou	49
Bir4. Fly Like A Bird By Javon Evans	50
Bir5. Fly Written For Celine Dion By Jean Goldman, Jean Jacques/Galdston, Philip Edward/Romanelli	50
Bir6. For The Birds By Charlie Shifflett	51
Bir7. God Told The Birds By Danette Kettwich	51
Bir8. High Flight By John Gillespie Magee	53
Bir9. Hope Is The Thing With Feathers By Emily Dickinson	53
Bir10. I'm Sending A Dove By Author Unknown	53
Bir11. In Memoriam By Victoria Bruce	54
Bir12. Little Dove – Author Unknown	54
Bir13. No Fear Of Flying – Author Unknown	54
Bir14. Ode To Bird Watching By Pablo Neruda	55
Bir15. The White Chariot By Julie Johnson	56
Boats, Sailing & The Sea	56
Boa1. Bilbo's Last Song (At The Grey Havens) By J.R.R. Tolkien	56
Boa2. Crossing The Bar By Alfred Lord Tennyson	57
Boa3. Gone From My Sight (Originally Titled: What Is Dying) By Rev. Luther F. Beecher	57
Boa4. Sailor's Paraphrase Of The 23rd Psalm – Author Unknown	58
Boa5. Sea Fever By John Masefield	58
Boa6. Some Time At Eve By Elizabeth Clark Hardy	58
Boa7. The Parable Of The Two Ships – (Paraphrased)	59
Boa8. The Parable Of The Two Ships from The (Jewish) Talmud – Midrash Koheleth On Eccles. VII.	59
Boa9. The End By Mark Strand	60
Boa10. The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner (PART V) (Abridged) By Samuel Taylor Coleridge	60
Bowling (Ten Pin)	61
Botp1. A Ten Pin Bowler's Prayer	61
Bowls (Lawn)	61
Bol1. A Bowler's Prayer – Author Unknown	61
Bol2. A Crown Green Bowler's Prayer Attributed To P.Helliwell (Laycocks)	62
Bol3. The Bowler's Prayer 1 – Author Unknown	62
Bol4. The Bowler's Prayer 2 – Author Unknown	63

Butterflies	63
But1. An Angel Like The Butterfly By Mae Stein	63
But2. An Angel's Kisses By Vicki Hanson	64
But3. Butterfly Kisses By John F Connor	64
But4. Little Butterfly By Amy Farquar On The Loss Of Her Son Alfie	64
But5. Little Butterfly By Amy Farquar (Adapted For Adult Loss)	65
But6. On A Butterfly's Wings By Jim Howard	66
But7. The Genesis Of The Butterfly By Victor Hugo	65
But8. Untitled By Jill Haley	67
But9. While Waiting For Thee – Author Unknown	67
Camping & Caravanning	67
Cam1. Beauty That Many Of Us Oft Miss By Robert J. Lindley	67
Cam2. Camping By Kaitlyn Dematteo	67
Cam3. I Feel You Drifting By Darren White (Adapted)	68
Cam4. Memorial Day By Daniel Turner	69
Cam5. The Waterfall By Charmaine Chircop	69
Cam6. This Journey Is Just Beginning By Ju. D.G.	70
Cam7. Yellow Moon Above, Our Friendly Lamp By Robert J Lindley	70
Cards	71
Car1. Bridge By Patsy Mortimer	71
Car2. Capitulation – Author Unknown	72
Car3. Love Is Like A Game Of Cards By Titia Geertman	72
Car4. To Bridge Or Not To Bridge	74
Cooking / Food	74
Co1. Grandma's Apron By Tina Trivett	74
Co2. Grandmother – Author Unknown	74
Co3. Grandy's Recipe For Tear Soup	75
Co4. Love Is Like Food By Kasey Szamatul	75
Co5. Mother's Apron By Joyce Johnson	76
Co6. Riches By Jeanne D. Rhein	77
Cricket	78
Cri1. A Cricketer's Prayer By Pencil Cricket	78
Cri2. Just Like Philip Hughes By Michael Hughes	79
Cri3. The Cricketer's Last Boundary Michael Ashby	79
Cri4. The Cricketers Prayer 1 – Author Unknown	80
Cri5. The Cricketer's Prayer By The Players of East Leeds Cricket Club	80
Cri6. The Rules Of Cricket For Foreigners By Mel Carson	80
Cri7. When An Old Cricketer Leaves The Crease – Author Unknown	81

Cycling	82
Cyl1. A Heaven I Could Never Lose – Author Unknown	82
Cy2. Oh! Bury Me In Lycra! – Author Unknown	82
Cy3. O Magic Wheel By N.P. Tyler (1879)	83
Cy4. The Cyclist By Joyce Elliot	84
Cy5. The Tour De Universe By Michael Ashby, Sidmouth & Sandra Norburn	84
Dance	85
Dan1. Angel Dance By Sherrie Bradley-Neal	85
Dan2. Dance Beneath The Stars By Christy Ann Martine	85
Dan3. Dancing In The Sky By Elizabeth And Danielle Hyde	86
Dan4. Dance Me To The End Of Love By Leonard Cohen	86
Dan5. Dance With The Waves By Christy Ann Martine	87
Dan6. Dancing On Air – Author Unknown	87
Dan7. I Imagine You Dancing By Tanya Lord	87
Dan8. I Will Dance With You Again By Mike Miller	88
Dan9. Slow Dance By David L. Weatherford	89
Dan10. So Go And Run Free – Author Unknown	90
Diving	90
Di1. Scuba Diver By Maggie Benefield	90
Di2. Underwater Memory By Divemaster Dennis	90
Equestrian	91
Eq1. Don't Cry For The Horses By Brenda Riley-Seymore	91
Eq2. Hark! Old Horse – Author Unknown	91
Eq3. Flame By Amy Ludwig Vanderwater	92
Eq4. When The Riding's Done By J.P. Gorham	93
Flowers / Floristry	94
Flo1. Four Roses For You – Author Unknown	94
Flo2. I Place A Rose By Lou Szymkow	94
Flo3. The Rose Beyond The Wall By A. L. Frink	95
Flo4. The Rose Beyond The Wall (Abbreviated) By A.L. Frink	96
Flo5. Time Heals – Author Unknown	96
Flo6. Twelve Roses For (Name Here) - Author Unknown	96
Flying (Pilots / Aviation)	97
Fly1. A Pilot's Prayer By Patrick Phillips	97
Fly2. Fly Written For Celine Dion By Jean Goldman, Jean Jacques/Galdston, Philip Edward/Romanelli	99
Fly3. Freedom Of Flight – Author Unknown	99
Fly4. High Flight By John Gillespie Magee, Jr	100
Fly5. Last Flight – Author Unknown	100
Fly6. Prayer For A Pilot By Cecil Roberts	101

Fly7. Silver Wings – Author Unknown	101
Fly8. Take Flight By Amitav Radiance	101
Fly9. The Winds Will Carry You By C. Joybell	101
Football	102
Fool1. The Passing Of A Footballer By Michael Ashby	102
Gardening	102
Gar1. Dear Old Dad By Patience Strong	102
Gar2. Finding You In Beauty By Walter Rinder	103
Gar3. God's Garden – Author Unknown	103
Gar4. Meet You At The Gate By Barbara Bailey	104
Gar5. Our Father Kept A Garden – Author Unknown	104
Gar6. Our/My Mother Kept a Garden – Author Unknown	105
Gar7. The Garden – Author Unknown	105
Gar8. The Gentle Gardener By Edgar Albert Guest	106
Gar9. You Will Always Be There – Author Unknown	106
Golf	107
Gol1. A Golfer's Dream – Author Unknown	107
Gol2. Comfortless By Edgar A. Guest	107
Gol3. Golf Tees Lament By Larry Buddin	108
Gol4. I Really Am A Golfer By Justin Time	109
Gol5. Life Is Like A Round Of Golf By Criswell Freeman	109
Gol6. Ode To Golf By Allan Berman	110
Gol7. Seaside Golf By Sir John Betjeman	110
Gol8. Seaside Golf By Sir John Betjeman, Adapted By Sir Robin Butler	111
Gol9. The Golf Course In The Sky By Michael Ashby	112
Knitting & Sewing	112
Knit1. Clickety Clack By Robyn O'Connell	112
Knit2. A Legacy Of Stitches By Sandra E. Andersen	113
Knit3. Prayer Shawl Knitters & Crocheters – Author Unknown	113
Knit4. Rows Of Stitches By Ilene Bauer	114
Knit5. Seamstress Masters Her Craft By Joanne M. Clarkson	114
Knit6. Together Again – Author Unknown	115
Knit7. With Tender Loving Care By Pam Braden	115
Martial Arts – Inc Endurance & Discipline	116
Mar1. A Thousand To One By Berton Braley	116
Mar2. I Am A Martial Artist By Karen Eden	117
Mar3. If By Rudyard Kipling	117
Mar4. Find A Way By John G. Saxe	118
Mar5. Martial Arts Is So Much More Than Just a Fighting Art By Daya Nandan	119

Motorbikes / Motorcycling	119
Mb1. A Biker Funeral, Dedicated To Tripp By Ironboltbruce	119
Mb2. Another Biker Who Has Gone Down By Connie Starren	120
Mb3. Can You Feel The Wind In Heaven Attributed to Dr Bar	121
Mb4. Funeral Poem For a Biker By Dick Underwood	121
Mb5. His Journey Goes On By Joe Eliston	122
Mb6. My Last Ride – Author Unknown	122
Mb7. The Big Plan By Gunnar Hassenplug AKA Gundawg	123
Mb8. The Harley Ride By Terry Scott Presgrove	123
Music and Singing	124
Mus1. A Singer By William Allingham	124
Mus2. Funeralissimo By Michael Ashby	124
Mus3. My Trumpet Is Silent – Author Unknown	124
Mus5. Songbird By Georgia Lound	125
Mus6. The Gift To Sing By James Weldon Johnson	125
Mus7. The Musicians By Ella Wheeler Wilcox	126
Mus8. Where Words Fail, Music Speaks By Lucy Rudman	127
Rugby	128
Rug1. Life Is Like A Rugby Game By Samantha Wallace	128
Rug2. The Rugby Player's Last Try By Michael Ashby	129
Rug3. The Rugby Prayer – Author Unknown	129
Rug4. What's The Crack With Rugby By Gail For Dad	130
Rug5. When The Battle Scars Have Faded By Rupert Mccall	131
Running	133
Run1. Run – Author Unknown	133
Run2. Runner's Moans And Groans By Clive Cooksey	133
Run3. The Final Race By Allison Chambers Coxsey	134
Run4. The Race By Ann M Johnson	135
Run5. The Runners' Mile – Author Unknown	135
Run6. To An Athlete Dying Young By A.E. Housman	136
Run7. 'Twas The Night Before The Race By 'Goneforarun'	137
Snooker	137
Sn1. Snooker By Phil Soar	137
Snowsports	138
Sno1. Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening By Robert Frost	138
Sno2. White Noise – Author Unknown	138
Sno3. White Stars By Lenore Hetrick (Adapted)	139

Swimming	139
Sw1. Swimming With Quiet Spirit – Author Unknown	139
Surfing	140
Sur1. The Surfer By Tara Bliss	140
Teams / Team Sport / Team Work	140
Team1. Compensation By Edgar Albert Guest	140
Team2. Don't Quit By John Greenleaf Whittier	141
Team3. For Every Hill I've Had To Climb By L. E. Thayer	142
Team4. It's Not The Critic Who Counts By Theodore Roosevelt	142
Team5. Plain Old Oyster – Author Unknown	142
Team6. Success By Ralph Waldo Emerson	143
Team7. The Victor By C.W. Longenecker	143
Tennis	144
Ten1. The Tennis Players Prayer By Brian Bilston	144
Ten2. May The Net By Daniel Mark	144
Ten3. Wimbledon Prayer – Author Unknown	144
Trains and Train Journeys	145
Tra1. I Am Standing Upon The Platform (taken from 'That is Dying' by Rev Luther Beecher)	145
Tra2. Last Journey by Timothy Coote	145
Tra3. Takin' the Train To Heaven – Author Unknown	146
Tra4. That I Love You – Author Unknown`	147
Tra5. The Train Of Life – Author Unknown	148
Resources List	145

Acting

Ac1. “All The World’s A Stage” By William Shakespeare (From As You Like It)

All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the bard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin’d,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav’d, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Ac2. Shall I Compare Thee To A Summer’s Day? (Sonnet 18) By William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature’s changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow’st.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Ac3. Sonnet 141 By William Shakespeare

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But ‘tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue’s tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway’d the likeness of a man,
Thy proud hearts slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

Ac4. Theatre Is Magic By Roger Turner

There is magic in live theatre
It can’t be understood
For even watching a bad play
Is really something good
The footlights and the curtains
The sound of actors on the boards
Of orchestras and the sound effects
Of cheaply painted swords

The theatre is a special place
It excites me to no end
It’s a long lost brother coming home
It’s a warm and welcome friend
Sitting in a theatre
Waiting for the overture
Is an illness I suffer happily
And one for which I wish no cure

Good theatre is transporting
Takes you where the actor lives
You sense it in the speeches
That every actor gives
You get lost in what’s going on
You feel hurt and you feel pain
And when you get another chance
You splurge and go again

Live theatre is hypnotic
It's a world that stands alone
It's a place inside your being
You learn how love is shown
It's where you listen to great music
Played by artists never seen
Where you hear the actor's heartbeat
Unlike on the silver screen

Live theatre is true magic
I can't tell you how I feel
when I see a live performance
I know exactly what is real
The lights are slowly dimming
I hear them closing the lobby doors
Shhhhh... the orchestra is ready
Here comes the overture...

Ac5. Theatre Of Dreams By John Read

In the 'Theatre Of Dreams'
The lights have dimmed
The curtains about to close

It's the end of the show
Sadly it happened you know
Life just ebbs and flows

The cast in my life
Were my children, my wife
Now only memories fill my head

I have lived all my dreams
Now it's the end of the scene
My script has finally been read

Angling / Fishing

An1. A Boy And His Dad By Edgar Guest

A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip –
There is a glorious fellowship!
Father and son and the open sky
And the white clouds lazily drifting by,
And the laughing stream as it runs along
With the clicking reel like a martial song,
And the father teaching the youngster gay
How to land a fish in the sportsman's way.

I fancy I hear them talking there
In an open boat, and the speech is fair.
And the boy is learning the ways of men
From the finest man in his youthful ken.
Kings, to the youngster, cannot compare
With the gentle father who's with him there.
And the greatest mind of the human race
Not for one minute could take his place.

Which is happier, man or boy?
The soul of the father is steeped in joy,
For he's finding out, to his heart's delight,
That his son is fit for the future fight.
He is learning the glorious depths of him,
And the thoughts he thinks and his every whim.
And he shall discover, when night comes on,
How close he has grown to his little son.

A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip –
Builders of life's companionship!
Oh, I envy them, as I see them there
Under the sky in the open air,
For out of the old, old long-ago
Come the summer days that I used to know,
When I learned life's truths from my father's lips
As I shared the joy of his fishing-trips.

An2. Fish Tales – Author Unknown

The tales you told about each catch
Its stature and its girth
Will live in memories unmatched
As days pass here on earth
Until we meet again, one day
Upon God's golden sand
We'll picture you, no other way
Than with a pole in hand.

An3. Heaven's Fishing Hole – Author Unknown

For years, the riverbank was where
Your soul felt most at peace
Your heart was most content when there
With the fish and the geese

But then, your spirit came to rest
Where angels chose to roam
And once equipped with ten-pound test
You made yourself at home.

The sky became your deep blue sea
The clouds became your shore
And there, for all eternity
You sat with friends galore

Each angel was a fisherman
Who had traded his pole
For golden wings and a game plan
At Heaven's Fishing Hole.

An4. Hook, Line And Sinker By Michael Ashby

As I sat upon a rock
With the waters breaking around me
I pondered matters of life and death
A-fishing by the sea

I was waiting for the tide to come in
Which would drown others in despair
So let me reassure you now
How much I've enjoyed being a being here

I know you know I'm still spinning lines
To help you on land at this time
Please swallow them... hook, line and sinker
Because you're the real catch... of me the fisherman

An5. Prize Catch, Adapted From What Is Dying By Rev. Luther F Beecher By J. Rose

Picture yourself standing at the water's edge of a vast lake. The sun is setting, the sky a warm pallet of reds and oranges. A fisherman stands by your side, looking out across the lake with you, his rod and net in hand. There is silence, all is calm.

And then a little fishing boat appears, and it is a thing of beauty. The fisherman smiles softly at you and climbs aboard. The little boat gently moves away from the water's edge. Its pure white sails are picked up by the evening breeze and it starts across the lake. The fisherman waves as the waters around his little boat ripple. He is an object of beauty and strength and his silhouette is so familiar to your heart.

You stand and watch until the little boat hangs like a speck of white cloud where the far edge of the lake and the sky come to mingle with each other. The fisherman appears much smaller now, but still visible. He is still there.

Then someone at your side says, "He is gone!" "Gone where?" Gone from your sight. That's all. He is just as large in love and smiles and fishing rods as he was when he left you".

And just at that moment when someone says, "He is gone!" There are other eyes watching from the other side of the lake; the side you cannot see. Their voices take up the joyful shout of "Here he comes!" And in that moment, you know that he is not alone. Fish begin to leap and splash in the waters around you; bringing you the message that he is home. His love has not left you and it never will.

Do not think of him as "The one that got away" but instead as "The prize catch". [Name] remains forever in your hearts and minds and will always be a part of your life, because he loved you all.

An6. The Fisherman's Prayer I – Author Unknown

Our fisherman
Who art on riverbanks
Angler be thy name
Thy fishing season comes
Thy casting will be done
The weather will be heavenly.
Give us this day lots of bites
And forgive us our laughter
As we forgive you, your
Lies about the one that got away
Lead us to a shoal of fish
And deliver us a big catch
For thine is the carp
The Pike and the Trout
Forever and ever
Amen

An7. The Fisherman's Prayer 2 – Author Unknown

I pray that I may live to fish
Until my dying day
And when it comes to my last cast
I then most humbly pray:
When in the Lord's great landing net
and peacefully asleep
That in his mercy I be judged
Big enough to keep

An8. The Fisherman's Prayer by Delmar Pepper

I've finished life's chores assigned to me,
So put me on a boat headed out to sea.
Please send along my fishing pole
For I've been invited to the fishin' hole.

Where every day is a day to fish,
To fill your heart with every wish.
Don't worry, or feel sad for me,
I'm fishin' with the Master of the sea.

We will miss each other for a while,
But you will come and bring your smile.
That won't be long you will see,
Till we're together you and me.
To all of those that think of me,
Be happy as I go out to sea.
If others wonder why I'm missin'
Just tell 'em I've gone fishin'

An9. The Fishing Contest – Author Unknown

The contest now had finished, and the fish were all weighed in
And Dad sat there so satisfied and expecting yes to win.

His bag of Bream was quite supreme with quality assured
And Perch they were innumerable more points of yes were scored

The Roach so shiny as the stars a dozen more or so
Mixed in the bag were Tiddlers small too tired back to throw

The Tench of course weighed three pounds each condition they were prime
And Pike and Eel and Dace of course caught on my Dads new line

There was a Pike so beautiful a record he was sure
It must have weighed a hundred pounds he winked p'raps much more

And Barbel caught on luncheon meat from sandwiches he had
Whilst sitting on his favourite peg, reserved of course for "DAD"

Yet in this competition now just one other took a part
And yet he did no fishing when the hooter sounded start

And Dad he seemed so puzzled as to why he let him win
And yet his face familiar looked... behind that gentle grin

At last presented with the cup all made with burnished gold
Adorned with Angels Wings so bright the winner had to hold

My Dad now recognised the face, of him who stood aside
And let him walk as champion his heart now filled with pride

The Fisherman of Galilee and Dad was quite amazed
As at the face of Jesus now he looked and stared and gazed

Our Saviour said in humble tones no fish I caught it's true
But from today on Jordan's shore a peg, reserved for you.

An10. Trout Fishing By Eunice Lamberton (1873)

Give me a rod of the split bamboo,
a rainy day and a fly or two,
a mountain stream where the eddies play,
and mists hang low o'er the winding way,

Give me a haunt by the furling brook,
A hidden spot in a mossy nook,
No sound save hum of the drowsy bee,
or lone bird's tap on the hollow tree.

The world may roll with its busy throng,
And phantom scenes on its way along,
It's stocks may rise, or it's stocks may fall,
Ah! What care I for its baubles all?

I cast my fly o'er the troubled rill,
Luring the beauties by magic skill,
With mind at rest and a heart at ease,
And drink delight at the balmy breeze.

A lusty trout to my glad surprise,
Speckled and bright on the crest arise,
Then splash and plunge in a dazzling whirl,
Hope springs anew as the wavelets curl.

Gracefully swinging from left to right,
Action so gentle- motion so slight,.
Tempting, enticing, on craft intent,
Till yielding tip by the game is bent

Drawing in slowly, then letting go
Under the ripples where mosses grow
Doubting my fortune, lost in a dream,
Blessing the land of forest and stream.

Animals / Pets

Anil. Cats By Dorothy Golub

There was a spry woman
who lived next door.
She had cats in the attic
and cats on the floor.

There were cats where she ate
and cats where she slept,
And she dearly loved all
the cats that she kept.

At night she tucked each
in a wee little bed,
But they all much preferred
to wander instead.

The ripped through the screens
and battered through holes.
They climbed up the chimney
and slid down clothes poles.

They made a great racket
and scurried around.
They jumped from the roof
to the fence to the ground.

When the night was over,
at the crack of dawn,
The cats came home
with a sigh and a yawn.

They were quiet and docile
and gentle as silk
And came a-begging
for morning milk.

The neighbours were furious,
frustrated, and frantic,
Refusing to stand for
another cat antic.

When they came to complain,
they were offered a treat.
The cats were all kittenish,
playful, and neat.

They blinked and stretched
and purred on their mats.
Who would believe
they were the same cats?

Ani2. I'll Call You Dog – Author Unknown

When God made the earth and sky, flowers and the trees,
He then made all the animals, the birds and the bees.

When His work was finished, not one was quite the same.
He said, "I'll walk this earth of mine and give you all a name."

And so He travelled land and sea, and everywhere He went,
a little creature followed him until its strength was spent.

When all were named upon the earth and in the sky and sea,
the little creature said, "Dear Lord, there's not one left for me."

The Father smiled and softly said, "I've left you till the end,
I'll turn my own name back to front, and call you 'Dog,' my friend."

Ani3. I Went Out To Rescue A Dog That Day By Fionna D

I went out to rescue a dog that day
To give him a really good life
To take him away from the life that he led
And free him from trouble and strife

I thought I would do him a favour
And be a good person to him
And go do my bit for the country
I didn't go out on a whim

But what do you think really did happen?
The day that I did my good deed,
I discovered a love that I'd dreamed of
And fulfilled in myself a strong need.

I now have a dog that I care for,
I see things that I needed to see.
That lovely dog that I rescued
Really ended up rescuing me.

Ani4. The Dogs Must Have Their Walks by A.L. Sation

These dogs of mine lay down the law
They rule me with an iron paw
Here's the lead and there's the door
These dogs of mine must have their walk

In force eight gale and driving rain
The snow in three-foot drifts has lain
But when the clock strikes three again,
The dogs must have their walk.

Though stricken down with Asian 'flu'
Nose bright red and ears pale blue
Amidst the suffering I knew
The dogs must have their walk!

What 'ere disaster may befall,
Though I can only limp or crawl
Here's one who must obey the call
The dogs must have their walk.

The queen herself could call for tea
But if the clock should stand at three
It's no good looking out for me
The dogs must have their walk

And when St Peter names the day
~And comes to summon me away
Before you go I know he'll say
The dogs must have their walk.

And my idea of heaven would be
A score of wagging tails to see
All waiting for a soul like me
To take them for their walk.

Ani5. The Fool Who Wants a Cat by J. Luke Migliacci

It wasn't very long ago,
Just about a year or so,
When I convinced my husband that
He'd hardly notice one small cat.

He made his position very clear
"She's your responsibility, dear.
This kitten's yours, remember that.
I'm not the fool who wants a cat."

"You'll be in charge of discipline,
Putting her out and letting her in."
Well I understood she'd be my cat,
But I don't think he remembers that.

She's mine to care for and to feed.
I see to her every need.
But when it's time for love and a pat,
She immediately becomes his cat.

He loves "my cat" and it's plain to see
That she loves him as much as me.
At any designated time
You'll find her in his lap not mine.

I suppose I could remind him that
He's not the fool who wants a cat.
But in fact it pleases me,
Because love is better shared by three.

Ani6. The Owl And The Pussy Cat By Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are, You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose, His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon.
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon, The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Ani7. Why Own A Dog? – Author Unknown

Why own a dog? There's a danger you know,
You can't own just one, for the craving will grow.
There's no doubt they're addictive, wherein lies the danger.
While living with lots, you'll grow poorer and stranger.

One dog is no trouble, and two are so funny.
The third one is easy, the fourth one's a honey.
The fifth one's delightful, the sixth one's a breeze,
You find you can live with a houseful of ease.

So how 'bout another? Would you really dare?
They're really quite easy but, oh, Lord the hair!
With dogs on the sofa and dogs on the bed,
And crates in the kitchen, it's no bother, you've said.

They're really no trouble, their manners are great.
What's one more dog and just one more crate?
The sofa is hairy, the windows are crusty,
The floor is all footprints, the furniture dusty.

The housekeeping suffers, but what do you care?
Who minds a few nose-prints and a little more hair?
So let's keep a puppy, you can always find room,
And a little more time for the dust cloth and broom.

There's hardly a limit to the dogs you can add,
The thought of a cutback sure makes you sad.
Each one is so special, so useful, so funny.
The vet and food bills grows larger, you owe BIG money.

Your folks never visit, few friends come to stay,
Except other “dog folks” who live the same way.
Your lawn has now died, and your shrubs are dead too,
But your weekends are busy, you're off with your crew.

There's dog food and vitamins, training and shots.
And entries and travel and motels which cost lots.
Is it worth it you wonder? Are you caught in a trap?
Then that favourite one comes and climbs in your lap.

His look says you're special and you know that you will
Keep all of the critters in spite of the bill.
Some just for showing and some just to breed.
And some just for loving, they all fill a need.

God, winter's a hassle, the dogs hate it too.
But they must have their walks though they're numb and your blue.
Late evening is awful, you scream, and you shout
At the dogs on the sofa who refuse to go out.

The dogs and the dog shows, the travel, the thrills,
The work and the worry, the pressure, the bills.
The whole thing seems worth it, the dogs are your life.
They're charming and funny and offset the strife.

Your lifestyle has changed. Things won't be the same.
Yes, those dogs are addictive and so is the dog game.

Archery

Arcl. The Arrow And The Song By Henry Longfellow Wadsworth

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth; I knew not where.
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth; I knew not where.
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke.
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Arc2. The Invasion By Henry Newbolt

Spring, they say, with his greenery
Northward marches at last,
Mustering thorn and elm;
Breezes rumour him conquering,
Tell how Victory sits
High on his glancing helm.

Smit with sting of his archery,
Hardest ashes and oaks
Burn at the root below:
Primrose, violet, daffodil,
Start like blood where the shafts
Light from his golden bow.

Here where winter oppresses us
Still we listen and doubt,
Dreading a hope betrayed:
Sore we long to be greeting him,
Still we linger and doubt
“What if his march be stayed?”

Folk in thrall to the enemy,
Vanquished, tilling a soil
Hateful and hostile grown;
Always wearily, warily,
Feeding deep in the heart
Passion they dare not own

So we wait the deliverer;
Surely soon shall he come,
Soon shall his hour be due:
Spring shall come with his greenery,
Life be lovely again,
Earth be the home we knew

Art

Art1. Creativity – Author Unknown

Don't hesitate – grab your pen or paint.
Place you thoughts within a space
Where you can communicate
In this process, no time exists,
Patterns form, colours mix

Contemplations brought to birth
The unseen made visible in the universe
We can't escape, our maker's mark
From whom comes our creative spark

Woven words, soft tone, clearly lines
Creativity itself, eternal, outside time.

Dancing thoughts, caught in coloured bands
Come to rest in the maker's hands.

Art2. I Am An Artist – Author Unknown

Art is a breath to a lifeless object.
Art speaks out to the mind which no other can find.

The whole story depicted by some few lines
none other than Art can this much define.

A technique full of fun
conveys a new meaning to each eye that turns.

Art shouts the artist's thoughts
all the feelings that the artist's mind had caught.

Life without Art is like Death after doom
It would be like a flower that never blooms.

Life is colourful and the colour is Art
Taking away the Art means taking our life apart.

No Art means only greys and dark
Loveless, meaningless, aimless would be the life without Art.

Artists knows how deep is Art
It's like every beat in one's heart.

Colours, rhythm, imagination, creativity
Art Carries our life to the way to eternity.

Art is in nature, in non- living, living beings
even in the smallest particle Art can be seen.

Art is as independent as a high-flying bird,
The depth and verity of Art is beyond any word.

Art3. Importance Of 'Art' A Poem By Komal Jindal, Indian Poet

I am a creator of ideas,
Swimming in a sparkling sea of imagination

A magician of sorts, turning thoughts of wonderment
into pieces of originality

Each creation showcases
My own personal journey

My worries, dreams and ambitions
Everything I've loved, and everything I feared

All that I was yesterday and all that I could have been
Is neatly contained in my glorious creations

When you glance over my work, you are catching
A glimpse of my soul for a part of me in each piece I have created

I marched to my own beat and wildly danced to my own rhythm
Passion ran through my veins as emotions were the fuel for my craft

Certain pieces I protected and kept to myself,
but you will see them now along with the others I shared with the world

I was a creative beacon, shining my light brightly
For all the universe to see

I was all these things and more
Rolled into one unique and talented artist

Art4. Painters Of The Sky By Jamie Horridge

I've been watching someone paint all morning
He started with orange and pink
Now I see shades of blue and light green
Since I woke up, he's been painting
On the largest canvas I've ever seen

A wonderful artist,
Though sometimes sloppy, still highly unique
He wants to show everyone
He's an artist without a secret to keep

He's been painting since I was little
And long before then, too
I know the pattern of his brush strokes
Look up now and then, and so could you

I don't know the painters of the sky
But they paint all day and I never ask why
It's beautiful, so why should I?
They're beautiful, who are these guys?

I don't know the painter of the moon
But the sun always sleeps
So I'll watch him paint soon
And I don't know the painter of the stars
But when the paints still wet
I know he can't be far

I know a lot of artists
But not one who paints the sky
I imagine they're good people
That like to paint for you and I

Art5. We Are All Painters By Ola Radka

We all paint our lives.
The mountains of challenges,
The rivers of tears,
The waterfalls of joy.

We mix the colours of sorrow and laughter
And add the colours of experience and the years that passed.
The souls we will always remember
And the moments we will never forget.

Astronomy

As1. A Falling Star By Mae Stein

I saw amongst a bed of stars
That twinkled in the sky
A falling star like one of ours
That fell from way up high

Gifts from Heaven; that's what they are
That God is sharing here
I could catch a falling star
I'd know my Lord was near

I bow my head; hope and pray
For one to go astray
In hopes a star would ricochet
And one would fall my way

In the eyes of a beholder
Their thought is so divine
My long life is getting older
Hoping this catch will be mine.

As2. As I Look Up To The Skies Above – Author Unknown

As I look up to the skies above,
The stars stretch endlessly –
But somehow all those rays of light
Seem dimmer now to me.
As I watch the morning sun appear
The shadows still don't fade
As if the brightest light of all
Was somehow swept away

Though I see the branches swaying.
And watch their dancing leaves
The echoes carried on the wind
Don't sound the same to me
As I listen to the morning birds
Sing softly from afar –
It seems to be a mournful tune
That echoes in my heart.

Another day has come again,
As time moved surely on –
But nothing now seems quite the same,
To know that he is gone.
The days and weeks and months ahead
Will never be the same –
Because a treasure beyond words
Can never be replaced.

The loss cannot be measured now, The void cannot be filled -
And though someday the grief made fade,
His mark will live on still.
For even with my heavy heart,
I know that I've been blessed
To have been one who's life he touched
With warmth so infinite.

As3. Far Away Yet Near - Author Unknown

In the skies you fly with stars dancing around you
You are the essence of the night
Your heartbeat is far away
Yet I hear it is near

Every night you rise
High above to linger
Your light is soft and innocent
Your eyes are far away
Yet I see them near

You are eternity
Ageless and free
You are a spirit of peace
Your wings are far away
Yet I feel them near

As4. I Am The Night Sky By Clive Blake

You are the viola,
And I am your bow
You are the mountains
And I am your snow

I am the song-sheet
And you are my tune,
I am the night sky
And you are my moon

You are my true love,
The love of my life
My best friend, my lover
My soul mate, My wife

As5. In My Mind By Jenn Farrell

Somewhere in my dreams tonight
I'll see you standing there
You look at me with a smile
"Life isn't always fair"

You say you were chosen for his garden
His precious handpicked bouquet
"God really needed me,
That's why I couldn't say"

It's said to be that angels
Are sent from above
I've always had my angel
My [relation to deceased] – Whose heart was filled with love

Wherever the ocean meets the sky
There will be memories of you and I
When I look up at the sky so blue
All I see are visions of you
While there's a heart in me, you'll be a part of me

As6. My Match By Mary Leeann Glenn

When I look for joy, I find it in you
When I look for peace, it is there too
When I look for love, none can compare
When I look for comfort, Your shoulders are there

When I'm down and lonely, you're never too far
When the world's upside down, you are my guiding star

When friends have all failed me,
And I'm lost and undone
When I'm so lonely, I just want to run

Your soft, sweet whisper I'll always hear
Telling me "Hey, there is nothing to fear"
Kiss my brown hair, tell me everything's fine
Cry with me, laugh with me, love me for all time

Stay with me, breathe with me
Please never part
For you are my match for this broken heart

As7. One More Time

Every night, all I can do is stand here
Beneath the stars that brighten my hopes,
Through these cloudy times.

Another Spring is about to pass
So much time wasted,
Wishing for wings to fly
To hold your Soul once again.

I've been told the easiest things to do
Is just to let go
It's hard when dreams pull me back every night

You said once,
Everyone you love leaves you,

But I'm still standing here
Looking for you flying among the stars
Worrying about you

Praying that I can hold you in my arms
One more time.

As8. The Sombre Astronomer By Michael Humphries

You said to look to the night skies
For there is no other love so resolute
That the feelings we grow for others
Are never absolute

So jealously I stare at the stars
But you are all I see
For they are where your heart resides
And where I long to be

Athletics

Ath1. A Song Of Living By Amelia Burr, American Poet.

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have spent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in the blue of the sky.
I have run and leaped with the rain. I have taken the wind to my breast.
My cheeks like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I have pressed.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have kissed young love on the lips, I have heard his song to the end,
I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of a friend.
I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work done well.
Because I have loved life I have no sorrow to die.
I gave a share of my soul to the world, when and where my course is run.
I know that another shall finish the task I surely must leave undone.
I know that no flower or flint was in vain on the path I trod.
As one looks on a face through a window, through life I have looked on God.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

Ath2. Don't Quit – Author Unknown

When things go wrong as they sometimes will
When the road you're running seems all uphill
When the funds are low, and the debts are high
And you're trying to smile but you have no sigh
When cares are pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must
But don't you quit.

Don't give up, though the pace seems slow
You may succeed with your next blow.
Success is failure turned inside out
It's the difference between faith and doubt
You may be close, though it seems so far
It's hard to tell how close you are
So stick to the flight when you're hard hit
It's when things seem their worst,
That you must not quit.

Ath3. Invictus By William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeoning's of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

Ath4. Olympic Race By Victoria Seale-Constantinou (Adapted)

Standing and waiting for the race of life to begin
I'm getting quite nervous.
Am I going to win?

Crouching down low, I wait for the starter's gun
Bang! There it goes.
On life's track I am starting to run.

My heart often pounding; I'm going to burst
Come on legs keep going!
I want to come first.

Just one last effort, I pass the line.
Was I first, was I last? Where was I?
What's my time?

I stand on the podium, proud and bold
I'm wearing a medal
An Olympic Gold

And now my race had ended
So much I have achieved
I loved you all so very much
It was so hard to leave

But here is your race medal
From me with all my heart
You'll wear my gold at every step
And we will never be apart

Ath5. So Go And Run Free – Author Unknown

So go and run free with the angels
Dance around the golden clouds
For the Lord has chosen you to be with him
And we should feel nothing but proud

Although he has taken you from us
And our pain a lifetime will last
Your memory will never escape us
But make us glad for the time we did have

So go and run free with the angels
As they sing so tenderly
And please be sure to tell them
To take good care of you for me

Ath6. Sportsmanship By Joey Dille, Aged 11

When you enjoy the bliss of winning,
Don't just stand there, happily grinning,
Because the ones around you will feel bad.

Just think if you switched places,
Then look what's on their faces,
Then you would be the one who's feeling sad.

Shake hands with them - tell them it's okay,
They may win some other day.
Being a good sport is the way to be.

Make them laugh, make them smile,
You should go that extra mile.
Say "Someday, you'll be just like me."

Ath7. The Victor By C.W. Longenecker

If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win but think you can't.
It's almost a cinch that you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost.
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win the prize

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster.
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can!

Ath8. To An Athlete Dying Young By A. E. Housman

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place.
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears.

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find un-withered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

Badminton

Bad1. Badminton By William F Kirkham

The Shuttlecock ascends at the start of play
as a new day of competition
is underway
it passes between posts
both morning and night
passed at speed
like a bird in flight
high in the air
between two competitive foes
away it goes!
Backwards and forwards,
forwards and back.
One player defends as the other attacks,
till momentum falls and the shuttle descends to the floor of green.
Then the umpire between says it's in or it's out, helped by officials gathered about.
as they play for the prize which is quite grand in size

Bad2. My Life, My Game By Meadow Morada

I play my life like my kind of sport
I face opponents on a badminton court
Racquet and shuttlecock in hand
Just flick the birdie to the other end

In high clear the quilled rubber flew
A sure defensive stance I often threw
Preventing a smash, parrying a score
Thus, the shuttle lands on the floor

The green court is wide and long
Knees must be fast and strong
Calculated serves oddly placed
Unreturned, I can score an ace

I seldom position myself at the back
Mostly in front to deflect all attacks
Drop shots to elude sharp drives
A kill will deflate opponents' pride

In the middle, when the rally starts
That instant where I need to be smart
Flicked, pushed and dropped a net shot
The umpire called fault, although I was not

I may lose today, I might be in pain
But I'll be back tomorrow to play again
I live my life like a badminton game
I play for fun and not for fame

Beach & Seasons

Bes1. A Time For Everything – Book Of Ecclesiastes

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die.
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.
A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up.
A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together.
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.
A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away.
A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak.
A time to love, and a time to hate, a time of war, and a time of peace.

Bes2. Footprints In The Sand By Mary Fishback

One night I dreamed a dream.
As I was walking along the beach with my Lord.
Across the dark sky flashed scenes from my life.
For each scene, I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand,
One belonging to me and one to my Lord.

After the last scene of my life flashed before me,
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I noticed that at many times along the path of my life,
especially at the very lowest and saddest times,
there was only one set of footprints.

This really troubled me, so I asked the Lord about it.
“Lord, you said once I decided to follow you,
You’d walk with me all the way.
But I noticed that during the saddest and most troublesome times of my life,
there was only one set of footprints.
I don’t understand why, when I needed You the most, You would leave me.”

He whispered, “My precious child, I love you and will never leave you
Never, ever, during your trials and testings.
When you saw only one set of footprints,
It was then that I carried you.”

Bes3. Happy The Man By John Dryden

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.
Be fair or foul or rain or shine
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Bes4. What Is Dying? By Rev. Luther F Beecher (Often Attributed To Henry Vandycke)

I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white
sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch her until at length
she hangs like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky come
to mingle with each other.

Then, someone at my side says;
“There, she is gone!”

“Gone where?”
Gone from my sight. That is all.
She is just as large in mast and hull
and spar as she was when she left my side
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone
at my side says, “There, she is gone!”
There are other eyes watching her coming,
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout;
“Here she comes!”
(And that is dying)

Bes5. I’m Always Around By B.J. Welsh

I’m not near, but I’m really not so far
If you look up I’ll be the brightest star
Looking down upon God’s project earth
Watching and waiting for a rebirth
When you speak I will always listen
My points will seem to shine and glisten
Giving you guidance when things seem tough
Steady now it may be rough
When we meet again someday
Be it there or far away

I'm here for now and always will
Never escaping, did you feel that chill?
My spirit wind brushed by your side
Or the soft, gentle wave pushed by the sea tide
When we meet again someday
Be it there or far away

You've given me hope and reason to breathe
It's not yet time for me to leave
I'm that fluttering seagull upon the sands
Maybe I'm the reason for you to dance
When we meet again someday
Be it near or far away

Bes6. Pemaquid Point Elegy By Mary Oliver-Rotman

Scatter my ashes at Pemaquid Point,
Let the wind sail them home to the sea.
Cradle of life, be my cradle in death,
And set my spirit free.

Sun will warm the daylight hours;
The lighthouse illumine the night.
Waves provide rhythm and gulls give voice —
Music to ease my flight.

Eternal rocks will form my tomb,
Sand my quilt shall be,
Protecting from shipwreck and raging storms,
And I'll become one with the sea.

(Replace 'Pemaquid Point' with any geographical reference relevant to the deceased)

Bes7. The Tide Recedes By M D Hughes

The tide recedes,
But leaves behind
Bright seashells on the sand.
The sun goes down,
But gentle warmth
Still lingers on the land.
The music stops,
And yet it echoes on
In sweet refrains;
For every joy that passes,
Something beautiful remains.

Bes8. The Unknown Shore By Elizabeth Clark Hardy

Sometime at eve when the tide is low
I shall slip my moorings and sail away
With no response to a friendly hail
In the silent hush of the twilight pale
When the night stoops down to embrace the day
And the voices call in the water's flow

Sometime at eve when the water is low
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.
Through purple shadows
That darkly trail o'er the ebbing tide
And the Unknown Sea,
And a ripple of waters' to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager sailing away
To mystic isles
Where at anchor lay
The craft of those who had sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea
To the Unknown Shore

A few who watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay
Some friendly barques were anchored near
Some loving souls my heart held dear
In silent sorrow will drop a tear
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In mooring sheltered from the storm and gale
And greeted friends who had sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea
To the Unknown Shore

Bes9. Seasons Of Grief By Belinda Stotler

Shall I wither and fall like an autumn leaf,
From this deep sorrow - from this painful grief?
How can I go on or find a way to be strong?
Will I ever again enjoy life's sweet song?

Sometimes a warm memory sheds light in the dark
And eases the pain like the song of a Meadow Lark.
Then it flits away on silent wings and I'm alone;
Hungering for more of the light it had shone.

Shall grief's bitter cold sadness consume me,
Like a winter storm on the vast angry sea?
How can I fill the void and deep desperate need,
To replant my heart with hope's lovely seed?

Then I look at a photo of your playful smiling face
And for a moment I escape to a serene happy place;
Remembering the laughter and all you would do,
Cherishing the honest, caring, loving spirit of you.

Shall spring's cheerful flowers bring life anew
And allow me to forget the agony of missing you?
Will spring's burst of new life bring fresh hope
And teach my grieving soul how to cope?

Sometimes I'll read a treasured card you had given me
And each word's special meaning makes me see,
The precious gift of love I was fortunate to receive,
And I realise you'd never want to see me grieve.

Shall summer's warm brilliant sun bring new light,
And free my anguished mind of its terrible plight?
Will its gentle breezes chase grief's dark clouds away,
And show me a clear path towards a better day?

When I visit the grave where you lie in eternal peace,
I know that death and heaven brought you release.
I try to envision your joy on that shore across the sea,
And, until I join you, that'll have to be enough for me.

For all the remaining seasons of my life on earth,
There'll be days I'll miss your merriment and mirth,
And sometimes I'll sadly long for all the yesterdays.
Missing our chats and your gentle understanding ways.

Yet, the lessons of kindness and love you taught me,
And the good things in life you've helped me to see.
Linger as lasting gifts that comfort and will sustain,
Until I journey to that peaceful shore and see you again

Bes10. Something Beautiful Remains By Martha Vashti Pearson

The tide recedes
But leaves behind
Bright seashells on the sand -
The sun goes down
But gentle warmth
Still lingers on the land.

The music stops
And yet it lingers on
In sweet refrain
For every joy that passes
Something beautiful remains

Bes11. Sonnet 73 – William Shakespeare

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Bes12. The Beach In The Sky By Jackie Bush Holcomb

I closed my eyes,
Felt the warmth of the sun on my face.
All the grief and pain
Was simply too hard to erase.

I could smell the ocean in the air.
I opened my eyes only to see you far off in the distance.
I knew it was you there.

I called out your name
As I ran to you.
My prayers had been answered.
It was all too good to be true.

Beautiful as always,
You smiled and held me so near.
This moment was happening;
It was all perfectly clear.

You laughed and said,
"I'm happy you're here. Welcome to my beach in the sky,
But you can't stay forever,"
As a [insert relation here] always knows why.

"You see there is a little place at my beach in the sky.
It's called Heaven and that's where I live.
I am happy and content
And have no one else to forgive."

"I dance in the sun and play in the waves.
I collect seashells as I watch the sun rise and set
All of my days."

"I know no more hate, sorrow or grief.
I only know love and peace.
And I stand firmly with my God on that belief."

"You have not yet learned what it takes.
You can't be with me on my beach in the sky.
Just because you think you have faith,
You still have not learned why."

"Go back to your world and do what you can.
Be kind and gentle to each and every man.
Have a compassionate heart.
Remember my words as we now must part."

"Little things matter.
Be the best you can be.
Take great care with others
As you would a seashell at sea.
Be helpful, be strong
And never ask why.
That's all it takes
To reach my beach in the sky."

Bes13. The Funeral Poem By Glenn Stewart Coles

If I should die in summer, the gardens will be sown.
My hyacinths and daffodils will grow up on their own.

If I should die in autumn, the leaves will cover me.
I lie in restful peacefulness beneath the maple tree.
If I should die in winter, the frost will keep me fresh;
For winter is renewal and we are more than flesh

If I should die in Springtime, the earth shall bury me
And fertilize the flowers beneath the maple tree.

Bes14. The Ship Of Life By John T Baker (Taken From What Is Dying? By Rev. Luther F Beecher)

Along the shore I spy a ship as she/he sailed out to sea.
She/he spreads her sails and sniffs the breeze
And slips away from me.
I watch her fading image shrink;
As she/he moves on and on.
Until at last she's/he's but a speck.
Then someone says "She's/He's gone"
Gone where? Gone from our sight
And from our farewell cried
That ship will somewhere reappear to other eager eyes
Beyond the dim horizon's rim, resound the welcome drums

And while we're crying "There she's / he's goes"
They're shouting, "Here she / he comes!"
We're built to cruise for but a while
Upon the trackless seas
Until one day we sail away
Into infinity.

Bes15. The Sight Of The Ocean By Roseberry

I have lied in the sight of the ocean
Where the water runs into the land
I have walked on the beach in the morning
And left my footprints in the sand
But musical waves have been calling
And the ocean is so wide and vast
That I've struck for the silver horizon
And put out to sea at last

Bell Ringing

Be1. For Whom The Bell Tolls By John Donne

No man is an island,
Entire of itself.
Each is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.
If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less.
As well as if a promontory were.
As well as if a manor of thine own
Or of thine friends were.
Each man's death diminishes me,
For I am involved in mankind.
Therefore, send not to know
For whom the bell tolls,
It tolls for thee.

Be2. In Memoriam, [Ring Out, Wild Bells] By Alfred Lord Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Be3.The Bells By Poet E

I should be able to see
Golden gates of the divine
The only place that is free
Of things troubled and benign

Trapped tunnels, nothing to find
Escape to the other side
Voices trailing from behind
It's harder to live than die

I should be able to feel
No need to find salvation
Lord, say it is surreal to
Reach final destination

Turned tunnels with paths that wind
God won't say a reason why
Living dead and I don't mind
No difference if I die

Dead end, the black is bright
Stone wall, I can see it now
Damp ground, blinding light
Fade away, I don't know how

Be4. Villanelle Of Bells By Keith Douglas

Thousands of bells chimed overhead
Their lovely tone shaping my thoughts
Splendid new lands danced in my sight
But with ten thousand bells as my guide
I would never be lost

Thousands of bells chimed from afar
Distant, soft, and gentle they seemed
Thousands of steps stretched between us
But with ten thousand bells at my side
I would never be lost

The steps grew larger, the land less great
My eyes more tired, my path less straight
The bells kept ringing, farther away
Too many to count, their sound now grey

They fall on deaf ears, heart turned aside
Waiting for someone, arms open wide
I have become lost, my own mistake
I went far from them, no path to take

Forever the bells will be gone
I do not know where to find them
For I thought not of their light
And I heard not what they sang
When the ten thousand bells rang

Villanelle Of Spring Bells
Bells in the town alight with spring
converse, with a concordance of new airs
make clear the fresh and ancient sound they sing.

People emerge from winter to hear them ring,
children glitter with mischief and the blind man hears
bells in the town alight with spring.
Even he on his eyes feels the caressing
finger of Persephone, and her voice escaped from tears
make clear the fresh and ancient sound they sing.

Bird feels the enchantment of his wing
and in ten fine notes dispels twenty cares.
Bells in the town alight with spring
Warble the praise of time, for he can bring
this season: chimes the merry heaven bears
make clear the fresh and ancient sound they sing.

All evil men intent on evil thing
falter, for in their cold unready ears
bells in the town alight with spring
make clear the fresh and ancient sound they sing.

Beer

Beer1. The Beer Prayer – Author Unknown

Our lager, which art in barrels,
Hallowed be Thy drink,
Thy will be drunk, (I will be drunk),
At home as I am in the tavern.
Give us this day our foamy head,
And forgive us our spillages,
As we forgive those who spill against us,
And lead us not to incarceration,
But deliver us from hangovers,
For thine is the beer,
The bitter and the lager,
Forever and ever, Barmen.

Beer2. The Golden Age Of Beer By John F McCullagh Feb 2015

Blessed are we all to live in a time
when the love of Craft beer exceeds that for wine.
Hops, malt and barley all now rule the day
When brewed up together in a nice I.P.A.
Who cares if some hipsters choose to babble away
about hints of oak in some obscure Chardonnay.
We are no longer limited to our father's Budweiser.
The vast choice of beers would astound those old timers!
Cherry Wheat, pumpkin, and Oktoberfest
You'll fall down on your face ere you've tried all the rest.
As Ben Franklin stated wittily and succinctly"
"Beer is the proof God meant man to be happy."

Bingo

Bin1. Bingo! By Michael Ashby

My mum's playing Bingo in Heaven
With a happy smile on her face
If she'd known there was a Bingo hall in Heaven
She'd have looked more forward to the place
Past 78 and Heaven's gate
It's 83 and time for tea
With 61 and a baker's bun
And no queue for the lavatory
After 41 and time for fun
She's won with 54 and wiped the floor
I really do thank my lucky stars
My mum landed in Heaven instead of on Mars

Bin2. Number's Up By Rebecca Spilsbury

I loved going to bingo
And seeing all my chums
I'd listen out for numbers
Hoping they would be the ones

A line, a house would pass me by
The frustration could make a grown man cry!

But I was patient and not het up
Eyes looking down, ears pricked like a pup
I'd calmly wait to hear the call
The call that says this is the ball

BINGO, I shout, it's my time
I finally got to complete that line!

I've been a daughter, mum, nan and wife
I had a ball and enjoyed my life
It's just that when I heard the call
The call had my number on the ball.
Live on now, make me proud of what you'll become.

Bird Watching

Bir1. A Flying Bird By Jagdish Pal

A flying bird I am for heavenly flight;
No enthralling branch can hold me tight.
Free I am from all the passing years;
not submitting to the baseless fears.
Free I am from all the worldly chains;
staying away from all the bodily pains.
Free I am from all the endless desires;
not burning self in the lustful fires.
Free I am from the fleeting attractions;
never indulging in the vicious intentions.
Free I am to fly beyond all limitations;
remaining away from the wonted tensions.
Free I am from all the formal appreciations;
undisturbed by the dreadful rejections.
Free I am from all the religious rituals;
Unaffected by the deeds of other individuals.
Free I am from all sensuous pleasures,
always filled with abundant treasures.
Free I am to reach the highest goal
in incorporeal world with the Supreme Soul.

Bir2. Bird Watching By Amy Ludwig Vanderwater

We put out every kind of seed
To watch small birds come flutter-feed.
Blue Jays
Robins
Chickadees
Flutter in from nearby trees.

They swiftly snatch a morning snack.
One flies away,
One flies back.

We sit a while
We guess bird names
We look them up
We watch bird games

They dip
They soar
They dart right by
We wonder how it feels to fly.

Bir3. Caged Bird By Maya Angelou

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn
and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped, and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill
of things unknown but longed for still
and his tune is heard on the distant hill
for the caged bird sings of freedom.

Bir4. Fly Like A Bird By Javon Evans

If I could fly like a
bird I would fly so very high.
I would soar through
the sky leaving all my
worries behind.

If I could fly like a bird
my face would touch the
the clouds while my
feathers hit the ground
as the wind cools me
down.

If I could fly like a bird
time would slow me down
giving me time to enjoy the
peace that surrounds all around.
If I could fly like
a bird swift as a light
I know for a fact
I would love this graceful flight.

Bir5. Fly Written For Celine Dion

By Jean Goldman, Jean Jacques/Galdston, Philip Edward/Romanelli

Fly, fly little wing
Fly beyond imagining
The softest cloud, the whitest dove
Upon the wind of heaven's love
Past the planets and the stars
Leave this lonely world of ours
Escape the sorrow and the pain
And fly again

Fly, fly precious one
Your endless journey has begun
Take your gentle happiness
Far too beautiful for this
Cross over to the other shore
There is peace forevermore
But hold this mem'ry bittersweet
Until we meet

Fly, fly do not fear
Don't waste a breath, don't shed a tear
Your heart is pure, your soul is free
Be on your way, don't wait for me
Above the universe you'll climb
On beyond the hands of time
The moon will rise, the sun will set
But I won't forget

Fly, fly little wing
Fly where only angels sing
Fly away, the time is right
Go now, find the light

Bir6. For The Birds By Charlie Shifflett

My feathered friends, I think I read the disappointment in your cries.
Please rest assured I've done all I can, though I still must apologise.

Squirts of WD-40 stain the cast-iron pole,
machine gun blasts of water from the grassy knoll,

Anti-squirrel contraptions with 90-day risk-free guarantees –
all have failed to keep the little buggers from eating from your seed.

They hurtle down from branches, clearly with intent
to occupy the feeder like they pay the rent.

With front-row seats to their circus act, surely you're as ticked as I –
that these Evel Knievel-rodents seem to need no wings to fly.

Bir7. God Told The Birds By Danette Kettwich

No one told the birds
The sun is not shining
No one told the birds
About silver linings
No one told the birds
The skies are overcast
No one told the birds
About living in the past

No one told the birds
Sing aloud at dawning
No one told the birds
Anything of wanting
No one told the birds
Not to sing in the rain
No one told the bird
Of weakness or of pain

No one told the birds
Dance among the cowslips
No one told the birds
Life would bring hardships
No one told the birds
Be happy with each day
No one told the birds
But they sing anyway

No one told the birds
There is no good in worry
No one told the birds
There is no need to hurry
No one told the birds
Naught of personal gain
No one told the birds
They would be sustained

Someone told the birds
Each day is a beginning
Someone told the birds
Life is not of winning
Someone told the birds
To look up to the skies
Someone told the birds
Who caused the sun to rise

Someone told the birds
Each day I have measured
Someone told the birds
You are my great treasure
Someone told the birds
Be happy how you're made
Someone told the birds
He loves their serenade

Someone told the birds
Each day we have a duty
Someone told the birds
Always find the beauty
Someone told the birds
Of a Creator up above
Someone told the birds
Grace is because of Love

Bir8. High Flight By John Gillespie Magee

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, – and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew –
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

Bir9. Hope Is The Thing With Feathers By Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune, without the words.
And never stops at all.

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chilliest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity
It asked a crumb of me.

Bir10. I'm Sending A Dove – Author Unknown

I'm sending a Dove to Heaven
With a parcel on its wings
Be careful when you open it
It's full of beautiful things.

Inside are a million kisses
Wrapped up in a million hugs
To say how much I miss you
And to send you all my love

I hold you close within my heart
And there you will remain
To walk with me throughout my life
Until we meet again.

Bir11. In Memoriam By Victoria Bruce

For a second you were flying
Like you always wanted to
Now you'll fly forever
In skies of azure blue
We'll see your smile in every ray
Of sunshine after rain
And hear the of echo of your laughter
Over all the pain
The world's a little quieter now
The colours have lost their hue
The birds are singing softly
And our hearts are missing you
Each time we see a little cloud
Or a rainbow soaring high
We'll think of you and gently
Wipe a tear from our eye

Bir12. Little Dove – Author Unknown

On the wings of this white dove
I'll set your spirit free.
Up into the big deep sky,
to heaven, where you'll be.
I know God has a plan for us,
he wants us by his side.
But it is hard for us to understand
when we are left behind.
Little dove, help lift our hearts
as we watch you go,
God is there if we just ask,
because He loves us so.

Bir13. No Fear Of Flying – Author Unknown

Someday I will soar
Where only eagles dare to fly.
My wings will span great distances
In a clear blue azure sky.
So high above this worldly place
That Heaven's doors I'll see.
And angel voices will start to carry me
Through skies ringing with sweet melody.
For God has promised us this day
If His name we will revere.
And I hold this promise in my heart
As I mount up with wings that shall have no fear.

Bir14. Ode To Bird Watching By Pablo Neruda

Now let's look for birds!
The tall iron branches in the forest,
The dense fertility on the ground.
The world is wet.
A dewdrop or raindrop shines,
a diminutive star among the leaves.
The morning time mother earth is cool.

The air is like a river which shakes the silence.
It smells of rosemary, of space and roots.
Overhead, a crazy song. It's a bird.
How out of its throat, smaller than a finger
can there fall the waters of its song?

Luminous ease! Invisible power,
torrent of music in the leaves.
Sacred conversations!

Clean and fresh washed is this day
Resounding like a green dulcimer.
I bury my shoes in the mud, jump over rivulets.
A thorn bites me and a gust of air like a crystal wave
splits up inside my chest.

Where are the birds?
Maybe it was that rustling in the foliage
or that fleeting pellet of brown velvet
or that displaced perfume?
That leaf that let loose cinnamon smell – was that a bird?

That dust from an irritated magnolia
or that fruit which fell with a thump – was that a flight?

Oh, invisible little critters birds of the devil
with their ringing, with their useless feathers.
I only want to caress them, to see them resplendent.
I don't want to see under glass, the embalmed lightning.

I want to see them living. I want to touch their gloves
of real hide, which they never forget in the branches
and to converse with them sitting on my shoulders
although they may leave me like certain statues
undeservedly whitewashed.

Impossible. You can't touch them.
You can hear them like a heavenly rustle or movement.
They converse with precision. They repeat their observations.
They brag of how much they do.
They comment on everything that exists.
They learn certain sciences like hydrography.
and by a sure science they know where there are harvests of grain

Bir15. The White Chariot By Julie Johnson

During your journey on your final flight home.
White wings will carry you and you will be flown.
To the pearly gates of Heaven, where they will usher you in.
To the feet of your Lord, your Saviour, and your friend.
He will hold you in his arms and the angels will sing.
As another one of His children is delivered by white wings.

Boats, Sailing & The Sea

Boa1. Bilbo's Last Song (At The Grey Havens) By J.R.R. Tolkien

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
but journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stony wall.
Foam is white and waves are grey;
beyond the sunset leads my way.
Foam is salt, the wind is free;
I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,
the wind is east, the moorings fret.
Shadows long before me lie,
beneath the ever-bending sky,
but islands lie behind the Sun
that I shall raise ere all is done;
lands there are to west of West,
where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star,
beyond the utmost harbour-bar,
I'll find the heavens fair and free,
and beaches of the Starlit Sea.
Ship, my ship! I seek the West,
and fields and mountains ever blest.

Farewell to Middle-earth at last.
I see the Star above my mast!

Boa2. Crossing The Bar By Alfred Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home!

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For though from out our bourn of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Boa3. Gone From My Sight (Originally Titled: What Is Dying) By Rev. Luther F. Beecher

I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.
Then someone at my side says, "There, she is gone."
"Gone where?"
Gone from my sight. That is all.
She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and she is just as able to
bear her load of living freight to her destined port.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.
And just at the moment when someone at my side says, "There, she is gone!" there are other eyes
watching her coming, and there are other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"
And that is dying.

Boa4. Sailor's Paraphrase Of The 23rd Psalm – Author Unknown

The Lord is my pilot, I shall not drift.
He guides me across the dark waters.
He steers me through deep channels.
He keeps my log.
Yea, though I sail 'mid the thunders
and tempest of life,
I shall dread no anger, for He is with me;
His love and His care shelter me.
He prepares a quiet harbour before me.
He anoints the waves with oil
My ship rides calmly.
Surely sunlight and starlight
shall guide me on the voyage I take,
And I will rest in the heaven's port forever.

Boa5. Sea Fever By John Masfield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.
I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied.
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the seagulls crying.
I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like whetted knife:
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Boa6. Some Time At Eve By Elizabeth Clark Hardy

Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the waters' flow-
Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.
Through the purpling shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,
I shall fare me away, with a dip of sail
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
To the Mystic Isles where at anchor lay
The crafts of those who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.
A few who have watched me sail away

Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In mooring sheltered from storm and gale
And greet the friends who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unknown Shore.

Boa7. The Parable Of The Two Ships – (Paraphrased)

In a sea-blue harbour, two ships sailed.
One was setting off on a voyage; the other was coming home to port.
Everyone cheered at the ship going out, but the ship sailing in was hardly noticed.
To this, a wise man said, "Do not rejoice over a ship setting out to sea, for you cannot know what terrible storm it may endure. Rejoice over the ship that has safely reached its port and brings its passengers home in peace.

And this is the way of the world. When a child is born, we all rejoice; when someone dies, we grieve in sadness. Perhaps we all should do the opposite. For none of us can tell what trials and tribulations await the new-born child. So, when a love one dies and finds peace, we should rejoice, for they have completed a meaningful and worthwhile journey, and is now reunited in spirit with those gone before them.

Boa8. The Parable Of The Two Ship. From The (Jewish) Talmud – Midrash Koheleth On Eccles. VII.

King Solomon has said: The day of one's death is better than that of his birth.
When a human being is born all rejoice, and when he dies all weep.
But it should not be so.

Rather, at one's birth no one has yet cause to rejoice; for no one knows to what future the babe is born, what will be the development of his intellect or of his soul, and by what works he will stand; whether he will be a righteous man or a wicked man, whether he will be good or evil; whether good or evil will befall him. But when he dies, then all ought to rejoice if he has departed leaving a good name and has gone out of this world in peace.

This may be likened, in a parable, to two ships that set out to sail upon the great ocean. One of them was going forth from the harbour, and one of them was coming into the harbour. And every one was cheering the ship that set sail from the harbour, and rejoicing, and giving it a joyous send-off.

But over the ship that came into the harbour no one was rejoicing.

There was a wise man there who said:

"I see a reason for the very opposite conduct to yours.

You ought not to rejoice with the ship that is going out of the harbour, for no one knows what will be her fate;

how many days she will have to spend on the voyage, and what storms and tempests she will encounter. But as to the ship that has arrived safely in port, all should rejoice with her, for she has returned in peace."

Boa9. The End By Mark Strand

Not every man knows what he shall sing at the end,
Watching the pier as the ship sails away, or what it will seem like
When he's held by the sea's roar, motionless, there at the end,
Or what he shall hope for once it is clear that he'll never go back.
When the time has passed to prune the rose or caress the cat,
When the sunset torching the lawn and the full moon icing it down
No longer appear, not every man knows what he'll discover instead.
When the weight of the past leans against nothing, and the sky
Is no more than remembered light, and the stories of cirrus
And cumulus come to a close, and all the birds are suspended in flight,
Not every man knows what is waiting for him, or what he shall sing
When the ship he is on slips into darkness, there at the end.

Boa10. The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner (PART V) (Abridged) By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Oh sleep! It is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the Skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honeydew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

Bowling (Ten Pin)

Botp1. A Ten Pin Bowler's Prayer

Our Alley,
who art in Bowling
Hallowed by thy lanes
Thy strikes will come
Thy will be done
On approach as it is on release
Give us this game our weekly bowling night
And forgive us our splits
As we forgive those
Who excessively celebrate against us.
Lead us not into the gutter
But deliver us from the ten pin.
For ever and Ever
Bowl Men

Bowls (Lawn)

Boll. A Bowler's Prayer – Author Unknown

Dear Lord, each time I bowl a frame
I thank you for this striking game
Each step I take down the alley's lane
I'm glad I can play sunshine or rain
When I've hooked my final Bowling Ball
Please spare me a split when I answer your call
And take my mortal soul to be
With you in Heavenly Bowl

Bol2. A Crown Green Bowler's Prayer Attributed To P. Helliwell (Laycocks)

Are there Bowling Greens in Heaven Lord?
Crown Greens I mean for me?
Will there be lush grass, warm breezes
And endless cups of tea?

When you decide to call me Lord
In Your special way,
Could there be a team one player short
Who might ask me to play?

Do you have a pavilion Lord?
Where we could sit and talk?
Can you give me lots of energy
So that I am never short?

Could I meet family and friends, Lord?
All those who have gone before?
Have you lots of seats for supporters?
And markers who will score?

Would you volunteer to be Captain, Lord?
To ensure there is fair play?
For if you draw the cards, and measure,
I hope to play for you someday.

Bol3. The Bowler's Prayer 1 – Author Unknown

I stand Oh Lord – With hand on heart
And ask you now to do your part

I've sent my wood – from centre line
I know the green I choose is fine

Now let your word be true
Oh hear me, as I pray

Scatter thou mine enemies
Make a path where there is no way

Guiding on a righteous track,
Place it Lord upon the Jack

Amen

Bol4. The Bowler's Prayer 2 – Author Unknown

Bowling's my pleasure, I'll not want
It takes me down to play
To bowling greens it leadeth me
That first weekend in May

My soul it does restore again
And me to skill doth make
Within the path of Willis Wood
Even for my rink's own sake

Yea though I bowl in wind and rain
Yet will I feel no chill
For my strikes are with me and
My chalk and strings me comfort still

A risk thou hast prepared for me
Where grass doth evenly grow
My bowls I dost with Grippio anoint
So that they will smoothly go

Good luck and rubs them all my life
Shall surely come to me
An on that green forever more
My dwelling place shall be

Butterflies

But1. An Angel Like The Butterfly By Mae Stein

I feel the breeze that whisps' on by
That wipes the tears beneath your eyes
And heals the hurt that made you cry
An angel like the butterfly

God sent a spirit just for you
To cheer away a heart that's blue
A pretty dash of spring loved shy
An angel like the butterfly

To cheer your hope that kissed above
The spring of flowers for a love
Lies upon your shoulders high
An angel like the butterfly

Its spring and flowers are in bloom
To harmonise your heart in tune
Since angels and wings may imply
God sends a monarch butterfly

But2. An Angel's Kisses By Vicki Hanson

On the way to see you
I saw a butterfly
It fluttered all around me
Then flew up to the sky.

They say that they are kisses
From the angels up above
Their beauty and their majesty
Are evidence of their love

So when you see a butterfly
Always make a wish
Because they're from your angel
You just got an angel's kiss.

But3. Butterfly Kisses By John F Connor

Don't cry for me, please don't be sad
Hold on to the memories of the times we both had
Don't dwell on dark thoughts, hold on tight to your wishes
Sending you hugs and butterfly kisses

I walk beside you, I am there all day long
I am right here. But you think I am gone
You don't see me, but I can see you
Whatever the problems, I will help you get through

I am the wind in your hair, the sand in your toes
Butterfly kisses that you feel on your nose
I am with you at sunrise and in the sunset
But you cannot see me, it's my one regret.

I sit right beside you when you are sad
And you look through the photos of times that we had
I watch you sleeping, I hold you so tight
Before I go, I kiss you goodnight

I will watch over you from heaven above
Forever you will be a dear and true love
Hold on to your dreams and all of your wishes
Sending you hugs and butterfly kisses

But4. Little Butterfly By Amy Farquhar On The Loss Of Her Son Alfie

I lived my life inside you
Cocooned in all your love
So mummy, daddy please don't cry
I'm still with you, just up above

I felt your every heartbeat
It's my sweetest melody
And for every heavenly bedtime
The angels play it back to me

I know how much that I am wanted
I feel so very blessed
Of all the mummies in all the world
I got the very best

You think of me in all your waking hours
And on those sleepless nights
Just look out of the window and you'll find me
The brightest star, the most dazzling light

I'm that little breeze in the summer
And I'm that unexpected white feather
I plucked it from my downy wings
So that you remember we are always together

I know how much it hurt your soul
When we had to say goodbye
But I'm not gone, I'm always here
I'm your sweet little butterfly.

But5. Little Butterfly By Amy Farquhar (Adapted For Adult Loss)

I lived my life beside you all
Cocooned within your love
So friends and family please don't cry
I'm still with you; just up above

The sounds of all your heartbeats
Are my sweetest melody
And at all my heavenly bedtime
The angels play it back to me

I know how much you wish I'd stayed
I feel so very blessed
Of all the people to have in my world
I got the very best

You may think of me in your waking hours
And on those sleepless nights
Just look out of the window and you'll find me
That brightest star, that dazzling light

I'm that little breeze in the summer
And I'm that unexpected white feather
I plucked it from my downy wings
So you remember; we are always together

I know how much it hurt your soul
When we had to say goodbye
But I'm not gone, I'm always here
I am your butterfly.

But6. On A Butterfly's Wings By Jim Howard

Where I have gone
I am not so small.
My soul is as wide
As the world is tall.
I have gone to answer
This call, the call
Of the one who takes
Care of us all.
Wherever you look,
You will find me there,
In the heart of a rose,
In the heart of a prayer.
On butterflies' wings,
On wings of my own,
To you, I'm gone,
But I'm never alone.
I'm over the moon
I am home.

But7. The Genesis Of The Butterfly By Victor Hugo

The dawn is smiling on the dew that covers
The tearful roses; lo, the little lovers
That kiss the buds, and all the fluttering's
In jasmine bloom, and privet, of white wings,
That go and come, and fly, and peep and hide,
With muffled music, murmured far and wide.
Ah, the Springtime, when we think of all the lays
That dreamy lovers send to dreamy may,
Of the fond hearts within a billet bound,
Of all the soft silk paper that pens wound,
The messages of love that mortals write
Filled with intoxication of delight,
Written in April and before the May time
Shredded and flown, playthings for the wind's playtime,
We dream that all white butterflies above,
Who seek through clouds or waters souls to love,
And leave their lady mistress in despair,
To flit to flowers, as kinder and more fair,

Are but torn love-letters, that through the skies
Flutter, and float, and change to butterflies

But8. Untitled By Jill Haley

As you release this butterfly in honour of me
Know that I am with you and will always be.
Hold a hand, say a prayer,
Close your eyes and see me there.
Although you may feel a bit torn apart,
Please know that I'll be forever in your heart.
Now fly away, butterfly, as high as you can go.
I'm right there with you more than you know.

But9. While Waiting For Thee – Author Unknown

Don't weep at my grave,
For I am not there.
I've a date with a butterfly
To dance in the air.
I'll be singing in the sunshine,
Wild and free,
Playing tag with the wind
While I'm waiting for thee.

Camping & Caravanning

Cam1. Beauty That Many Of Us Oft Miss By Robert J. Lindley

Skies dancing above Nature's treasures
With birds flying through its rainbow lights
Greatness, man cannot truly measure
After seen, its beautiful delights.

Sunrise, with its bright, radiant dawns
Morn begging, get up to sweet life meet
Mother doe and her new, speckled fawns
Undisturbed as new green grass they eat.

Cam2. Camping By Kaitlyn Dematteo

The stars glisten in the night sky
Shining like diamonds
The fire burns a hot blazing red
Warming even the coldest of nights
Fireflies lighting the dark sky
Like lanterns drifting in the night
The ooey gooey mallows
Chocolate melting in your mouth
Belting campfire songs
Serenading the animals into a blissful sleep

Reciting spooky stories of things that lurk in the dark
Knowing no one will sleep tonight
The simplicity and beauty of the night
Making memories that last forever

Cam3. I Feel You Drifting By Darren White (Adapted)

You can go now my love
I must allow you to.
The world is a vast and beautiful place
So much to explore
Without me

We did so much together
rode in cars
shared our love
near the campfire
With soft and tender arms

Tamed broken pasts
Cried and yelled at the moon
and crushed nightmares
Drank together and helped each other
back to bed

Sweetheart, I love you
But I cannot bind you to me
I see the longing in your eyes
while you are watching these mountains
those sunsets.

I feel you drifting
Like a traveller in time
from my heart, from my love
from my arms
I will still keep you within

Freedom is important
The wild roar of your heart
is not for me anymore
I am allowing you to make your next journey

So go, my love
Climb that mountain in the sunset
I will watch you with a smile
and eternal love
in my heart.

Cam4. Memorial Day By Daniel Turner

Most of us play, our lives like a game
Both ends of our candle, consumed by the flame
Choosing a curtain, buying a vowel
Planning tomorrow, forsaking the now
In days gone by, not so long ago
We were dreaming of spring, through icy windows
Fields of green clover, budding trees and daffodils
Cooling homemade cobblers, on open windowsills
Walking barefoot in the backyard, after warm morning showers
Lost in our daydreams of sweet-smelling flowers

Now June awaits, with anticipating brides
Spring has sprung, as we hear distant tides
Our minds look ahead, to tropical destinations
Free time with loved ones, on family vacations
Camping, hiking, perhaps water skiing
Travelling far away, for some casual sight seeing
While we're relaxing, with minds elsewhere
Spending today, on tomorrow's big dare
In the hot summer sun, we'll think of the snow
Taking for granted, the time that we blow

Cam5. The Waterfall By Charmaine Chircop

I am a waterfall, cascading, descending, trickling down
all over your sun-kissed shoulders, and a hundred bare thoughts.
Smell me, A delicate fragrance like that of drying cotton linen
perched on the line of an early Spring morn.
Hear me. Listen to my swish-swoosh sound
a distant echo of a babbling brook within your silence.
Taste me. Quench your thirst from the smooth outpour of my waters.
Have me. Have all I own, rippled palettes where I stirred
crimson, whites and blues, to give you lilacs.
Moist velvet lilacs that tickle softly along your back,
between your toes, against the arms of your resistance.
Feel me, feel my fresh gushes extinguish embers
which burned too quick your camping hammock
and ripped you off a million candle dreams.
Let me be. Let me become the bed of promise in your lone night.
Let me stay. I'll stay, I sway and play. Like a mandarin's lullaby,
I'll rock you slowly into sleep beneath a canopy of forest trees.
I am the waterfall, where once in yesterday your fingers tossed
the last of coins, with atheistic need.
Here on the edge, I'm waiting for you, to grant your wish and your release.
Till you return I keep on falling, flowing down freely from mountain creeks.

Cam6. This Journey Is Just Beginning By Ju. D.G.

This will be my final journey
I go with no regrets
The days we've had together
Have been the very best

We've travelled miles upon this earth
Without home behind the car
The fun and laughter we have shared
As we travelled long and far

I picture you in every place
Among the trees and waters blue
And every time it comes to mind
I'm grateful I had you

As you bid me farewell this one last time
Spray me with nature's flowers and love
For I will need those memories
As I watched you from above

That our caravanning days together
Have now ended – that is true
But travel on my darling
And think of me – as you do

Cam7. Yellow Moon Above, Our Friendly Lamp By Robert J Lindley

Peaceful scene beneath heavenly skies
Beloved forest retreat and camp
Watching fire burn as day's catch fries
Yellow moon above, our friendly lamp.

Friends and family having great fun
For life doesn't get better than this
This does it, no hustling on the run
Sharing a slice of heavenly bliss.

Memories of life's past joyful cries.
Earth blesses us with Nature's pleasures!

Cards

Carl. Bridge By Patsy Mortimer

I was playing bridge one night
When at the table out of sight
There cried a Blackwood, woebegone,
“Oh where have all the heart cards gone?”
I knew just where those cards might be
For in my hand all I could see
Were Ace, King, Queen, Jack and ten
All top hearts, and so just then,
I told the Blackwood,” never fear
Your hearts are sitting just right here”
He cheered up, for I never kid
He was needed, as a slam I bid.

Car2. Capitulation – Author Unknown

I'm giving up bridge – Tonight's my last night
It's amen to Staymen, I give up the fight.
The insults and muddles are giving me troubles
And I can't sleep at night for thinking of doubles.

My cards are all rotten and I have forgotten
Who's played and what's trumps and what's gone on my right!
So for now it's all over – I'm off to the back wood
I'm bidding good-bye to Gerber and Blackwood

I can't stand the hassle, I can't stand the pain
I'm getting those bad cards again and again.
So I'm giving up bridge – Tonight's a bad night.
Declarer is horrid and nothing's going right.

My partner's a dope and I'm losing all hope.
And when s/he says “double” I know we're in trouble.
My points are not high and I'm wondering why
S/he kept on bidding right up to the sky.

We're in seven spades and all my hope fades
When surprise, surprise, the high bidding pays!
We're winning all tricks, the defenders feel sick,
And I have to admit my partner's a brick

But I'm giving up bridge – Tonight's my last night.!
Farewell to conventions – I give up the fight.
So I leave with few words but some that are true,
Bridge is a game – not for me but for you.

So be kind to your partners and don't mind their cheek.
For it's only a game – Oh! Yes. I'll see you next week

Car3. Love Is Like A Game Of Cards By Titia Geertman

Love is like a game of cards,
you win, you pass, you lose.
Life is like a poker game,
depends which bluff you choose.

And in the game of life and love,
there are the Kings and Queens.
They rule love's game in their own way,
at least that's how it seems

Sometimes Jacks come out to play,
they're a joyful bunch and kind.
It happens they overrule the Kings,
but isn't it true that love is blind?

However they can't live without,
the nine, ten, two or eight.
The 'common' numbers of life's game,
they'll set the balance straight.

Then there are the Joker's,
they've lots of rules, not always fair.
When you let them play your game,
keep watch and take good care.

The lowest of them all is Ace,
but sometimes he's on top above
and that's the moral of this verse:
don't give up the game of love.

Car4. To Bridge Or Not To Bridge

To bid, or not to bid?... That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous partners,
Or to take arms against a sea of doubles,
And by opposing end them?

To bid, to pass?
No more; and by a pass to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural points
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a contract
Devoutly to be wished. To bid, to pass?

To stall, perchance to dream: aye, there's the sub!
For in that sleep of hope what subs may come
When we have discarded off this mortal deck,
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the bids and scorns of time,

The partner's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised bridge, the bid's delay,
The insolence of bidding and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy makes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a rare bidding, who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary lie,
But that the dread of something after play,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bid those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make partners of us all.
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied over with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great bids and moments
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. - Soft you now!
The fair Partner!, in thy 'orisons may
Be all my sins remembered!
You can always see more cards than I alone!

Cooking / Food

Co1. Grandma's Apron By Tina Trivett

The strings were tied, it was freshly washed, and maybe even pressed.
For Grandma, it was every day to choose one when she dressed.
The simple apron that it was, you would never think about.
the things she used it for, that made it look worn out.

She may have used it to hold some wildflowers that she'd found.
Or to hide a crying child's face when a stranger came around.
Imagine all the little tears that were wiped with just that cloth.
Or it became a potholder to serve some chicken broth.

She probably carried kindling to stoke the kitchen fire.
To hold a load of laundry, or to wipe the clothesline wire.
When canning all her vegetables, it was used to wipe her brow.
You never know, she might have used it to shoo flies from the cow.

She might have carried eggs in from the chicken coop outside.
Whatever chore she used it for, she did them all with pride.
When Grandma went to heaven, God said she now could rest.
I'm sure the apron that she chose, was her Sunday best.

Co2. Grandmother – Author Unknown

I feel her blood running through my veins
I see her in my dreams
In my daughter's determination

She often comes to mind when I am baking
I still feel her warm soft hugs
Hear her reassuring words
Letting me know I am loved

I feel her frustrations
Dreams that didn't work out
The power of her love for her family
The lack of love for herself

Her confusion enters my mind
Her craziness stirs my soul
We lost so much when she left us
Yet, she left us with so much

Co3. Grandy's Recipe For Tear Soup

Excerpt from the family storybook - Tear Soup, a recipe for healing after loss
By Pat Schwiebert & Chuck DeKlyen.

Helpful ingredients to consider

- A pot full of tears
- One heart willing to be broken open
- A dash of bitters
- A bunch of good friends
- Many handfuls of comfort food
- A lot of patience
- Buckets of water to replace the tears
- Plenty of exercise
- A variety of helpful reading material
- Enough self-care

- Season with memories

- Optional: one good therapist and/or support group

Directions:

Choose the size pot that fits your loss. It's okay to increase pot size if you miscalculated. Combine ingredients. Set the temperature for a moderate heat. Cooking times will vary depending on the ingredients needed. Strong flavours will mellow over time. Stir often. Cook no longer than you need to.

Suggestions: • Be creative • Trust your instincts • Cry when you want to, laugh when you can • Freeze some soup to use as a starter for next time • Keep your own soup-making journal so you won't forget.
Serves: One

Co4. Love Is Like Food By Kasey Szamatul

Love is like Food

There is a hunger in our hearts that needs it.

There are as many flavours as there are people.

For love is practically everyone's favourite dish.

They put in their own spices and sweets to make it just right.

Yet just like cooking a fine dish, cooking takes time.

Too much heat, too much lust or passion, will leave your love burned.

Mixing the wrong ingredients, mixing up your emotions with others, will have an adverse effect.

Leaving it out for a long time, if you never check up on it, will make it rotten and spoil.

If you take your time, work hard, and keep it fresh, you will have a true masterpiece.

You will have a true love.

Co5. Mother's Apron By Joyce Johnson

Mother wore an ample apron
To cover her clean dress.
She'd tell you that's what it was for
If you asked her, I would guess

But that apron had more uses
Than I could ever count.
It brought in eggs and vegetables
And could hold a large amount.

I've seen her use that apron
To wipe her dripping brow
As she laboured over the big range
That's just an antique now

Her apron could bring giggles
In a game of peek-a-boo
With her newest, sweet grandbaby
As she hid her face from view.

When we kids were hurt or crying
We'd run to find her lap
She'd wipe the falling tears away
With a bit of apron flap

That apron dusted tables
And shooed away the flies
It did just fine as oven mitts
To take out bubbling pies

But the greatest of the treasures
That old apron could ever hold
Was the endless love from Mother
Abiding in each fold

Co6. Riches By Jeanne D. Rhein

They say that times were tough then
That money was very tight
But I remember my childhood
And I know that can't be right

Mum would cook our dinner
Dad came home at five
We were all sitting at the table
Waiting for him to arrive

We wouldn't eat from a microwave
Or a restaurant down the street
We all ate Mum's home cooking
And boy that can't be beat

We didn't eat in front of the TV
Or with a phone in our hand
We weren't plugged into a stereo
bopping to the latest band

We would all sit at the table
Everyone in their place
There were never any surprises
We recognised every face

Brothers to the left of me
Sisters to the right
That's the way we ate dinner
Every single night

We laughed we joked we talked we ate
We were a family don't you see
Though some may have been raised poor
You can see it wasn't me

We ate greens, we ate biscuits
We ate lamb chops and fresh-picked peas
We said yes dad, we said no dad
We said thank you mum and please

So when you talk of family life
Or how it used to be
Though many had more money
None were as rich as me

Cricket

Cri1. A Cricketer's Prayer By Pencil Cricket

Old Father Time, I pray to you
That clouds give it a rest,
And that I get a game today,
And that I play my best.

I pray that my side score quick runs
And our opponents falter,
And if it comes to pass we lose,
I pray the game's a belter.

I pray that once I've donned my pads
And walked out to the square,
That none of my nicks find a palm,
And that I score my share.

I pray the wicket's well-prepared,
And that it doesn't stick,
That all my shots find gaps -
And that the outfield's fairly quick,

I pray the umpire knows his job,
And doesn't lift his finger.
But if he does I pledge to you:
I'll not forlornly linger.

I pray the Captain sets his field
With telepathic skill,
That all his plans work well
And that the catches do not spill.

I pray that if a batsman
Loops a ball into my lap,
I'll pouch it without too much fuss,
And get a well-earned clap.

And if I'm asked to bowl I pray
The ball leaves my hand true,
So whether or not wickets come
I'll know that they're my due.

Above all, Father Time I pray
When all is said and done,
That we can all look back and say
"By 'eck, that game was fun!"

Cri2. Just Like Philip Hughes By Michael Hughes

The batsman was in great form, his strokes both crisp and clean,
He'd battled to his half century – three figures was his dream.
On a wicket he'd grown up on against his mates playing for the Blues,
He was battling for a higher selection – he wasn't going to lose.

For he'd always been a fighter – the next Bradman they dared to say,
He was unorthodox; they would expose his faults... but boy could this kid play!
He'd honed his craft in Macksville – a boy playing amongst the men,
He was surely going to wear the green and gold – it was just a case of when.

He'd cut and hooked and slashed his way to get to sixty-three,
And then a ball sat up and beat his blade.... Surely it could not be!
He must have thought 'how'd I miss that chance to smash another four?'
As eleven white clothed angels cradled him on the green SCG floor.

He's padded up in heaven now – on the best wicket he's ever seen,
Facing up to the world's best bowlers, he desperately wants that Baggy Green.
For he is forever chasing the thirty-seven more runs he needs for that century
And the glory, the mate ship, that chance to shine – sadly it cannot be.

We've lost a gem in [name here] – Test cricketer at the gate,
He was about to step up once again. This time he'd be great.
Twenty-six Tests isn't enough – we wish you'd had some more,
You've left us far too early – our tears wont flow, they'll pour.

So raise your bat [name here] – a champion there is no doubt,
Forever in our hearts you remain – [age in years here] not out

Cri3. The Cricketer's Last Boundary Michael Ashby

Weeping willows formed an honour guard
For the cricket ball writ with a noble name
A team of ten, which had once been eleven
Would never be the same side again

No bails united the forlorn stumps
Since this wicket had fallen some days ago
And as the bowler delivered to the lone batsman
The hushed crowd willed a six to go

The magical sound... of leather on willow
The sweet smell... of freshly cut grass
The cricketer... crossing the last boundary
To a third innings that would forever last

Cri4. The Cricketers' Prayer I – Author Unknown

Lord, grant that when the last over has been bowled,
The final run made,
And the stumps are drawn at the close of play,
May we know for sure that it mattered not most who won, or lost,
But just how the game was played.
And as we turn from the field,
Help us to know we gave of our best,
And with deep peace and great joy
Make our way to our eternal home.
Amen

Cri5. The Cricketer's Prayer By 2 The Players Of East Leeds Cricket Club

Our Leather
Which we hit with willow
Boundaries be thy aim
Thy googly comes
Thy may be out as it is
According to the Umpire's finger
Give us this day our daily innings
And forgive us our LBW's
As we forgive them that stump us
Lead us not back to the pavilion
But deliver us from a duck
For thing is a silly mid off
With a deep backward short leg
And cover point
For over and over
'Owzat!

Cri6. The Rules Of Cricket For Foreigners By Mel Carson

CRICKET: As explained to a foreigner...

You have two sides, one out in the field and one in. Each man that's in the side that's in goes out, and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out. When they are all out, the side that's out comes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in, out. Sometimes you get men still in and not out.

When a man goes out to go in, the men who are out, try to get him out, and when he is out he goes in and the next man in goes out and goes in. There are two men called umpires who stay all out all the time and they decide when the men who are in are out. When both sides have been in and all the men have been out, and both sides have been out twice after all the men have been in, including those who are not out, that is the end of the game!

Cri7. When An Old Cricketer Leaves The Crease – Author Unknown

When the day is done, and the ball has spun, in the umpire's pocket away
And all remains, in the groundsman's pains for the rest of time and a day
There'll be one mad dog and his master, pushing for four with the spin
On a dusty pitch, with two pounds six of willow wood in the sun

When an old cricketer leaves the crease, you never know whether he's gone
If sometimes you're catching a fleeting glimpse of a twelfth man at silly mid-on
And it could be Geoff, and it could be John, with a new ball sting in his tail
And it could be me, and it could be thee, and it could be the sting in the ale
Sting in the ale.

When an old cricketer leaves the crease, well you never know whether he's gone
If sometimes you're catching a fleeting glimpse of a twelfth man at silly mid-on
And it could be Geoff and it could be John, with a new ball sting in his tail
And it could be me and it could be thee, and it could be the sting in the ale
The sting in the ale.

When the moment comes and the gathering stands and the clock turns back to reflect
On the years of grace as those footsteps trace for the last time out of the act
Well this way of life's recollection, the hallowed strip in the haze
The fabled men and the noonday sun are much more than just yarns of their days.

When an old cricketer leaves the crease, well you never know whether he's gone
If sometimes you're catching a fleeting glimpse of a twelfth man at silly mid-on
And it could be Geoff and it could be John with a new ball sting in his tail
And it could be me and it could be thee and it could be the sting in the ale
The sting in the ale.

When an old cricketer leaves the crease, well you never know whether he's gone
If sometimes you're catching a fleeting glimpse of a twelfth man at silly mid-on
And it could be me and it could be thee.

Cycling

Cy1. A Heaven I Could Never Lose – Author Unknown

And yet, I know there is another way:

A tangled net of narrow country lanes
And backroads I know better than myself
And could ride blind-fold, every hill
And hedge, each field and farmhouse, every curve
And corner as familiar as my face.
A constant heaven I can call my own
Where seasons roll yet decades leave no mark
My past and present blurring as I pass.

This road is in my head and heart and legs.
Its every inch is graven in my skin.
I've sweated through its summers, felt its chill
Chew through my clothing, biting at my bones.

And as all other things are lost, this place
Might be all that remains to me, a road
That I can always take on trust, forget
That hellish other beaten out for me.

Where I may live and wander as I choose.
A paradise that I can never lose.

Cy2. Oh! Bury Me In Lycra! – Author Unknown

Oh! Bury Me In Lycra
With a bike-shaped brooch above my heart
Take me not by motor-hearse
But pulled by trike, upon a cart

Give my spare parts so some young buck
May make a start upon the road
Take the pannier of life
And balance carefully his load

Clean your rims, my friend! For you may find
When you clear the hilly top
That the brakes of life may seize
And take you to a messy stop

Oh! Bury me in Lycra!
So when I get to heaven's gate
St. Peter in his wisdom
Can take the mick out of my weight

Take my ash, and let it fly,
O'er the land of Shimano
But save some for Italia fair
And the fields of Campagno(lo)

So take this Cat eye, let it shine
In the dark, where'er 'tis found
And fettle not my bottom bracket
Afore ye lay me in the ground

Cy3. O Magic Wheel By N.P. Tyler (1879)

O Magic wheel of burnished steel
How part of myself thou art.
As we roll along
Mid the hurrying throng
That peoples the busy mart.

Let's haste away
From the heart of the day
To the woods' refreshing shade
Where the babbling brook
In some sheltered nook
Is gurgling a-down the glade

Where the Oriole swells
His throat as he tells
Of his flight through ethereal space
And his music flows
While the earth's repose
Is deeper because of his grace

I can talk as we roll
And I know that a soul
Must lurk in thy wonderful frame
A spiritual essence
Some far hidden presence
Some genius of magical fame

I know well they power
In each trying hour
Thou servant so faithful and true
When the swift rushing wind
Is left muttering behind
As thou sippest the sweet morning dew

Or when Sol dips his crest
'Neath the glorious west
And the sunlight congeals into dark
We will skim by the sea
We will shoot o'er the lea
We will follow the meteor's mark

Thou life giving wheel
Whose sinews are steel
My veins imbibe life from thine own
And I sink to my rest
With true loyal zest
While my dreams are my cycle's alone

Rest there on the moss
Where the soft zephyrs toss
Though circlet of beauty and pride
With thy invisible wings
Attached to thy strings
Are folded in peace at thy side

Cy4. The Cyclist By Joyce Elliot

Wheeling through the beautiful countryside
Far from the city's commotion
Alone, just me, my bike, my thoughts
The joy of quiet motion

The birds and the nearby bubbling brook
Are the only sounds that I hear
The click of the freewheel of course
And the wind whistling by my ear

The beauty and peace it brings my way
Is difficult to describe
For we who bike for pleasure
Belong to a different tribe

Some travel afar, others stay nearby
Some pedal fast, some slow
But in common with the lot of us
Is the desire to just go.

Cy5. The Tour De Universe By Michael Ashby, Sidmouth & Sandra Norburn

I'm under starter's orders
For the Tour de Universe
With the weight of the world
Off my shoulders
I should be quicker
Than a turbo-charged hearse

With no more fear
Of personal injury
Nipple and jock itch
Doesn't matter now
If I corner too fast ...
And end up in the ditch

With dreams of a yellow jersey
Cycling & time trials for evermore
Just cheer me on my way now ...
Do feel free to clap and roar

Dance

Dan1. Angel Dance By Sherrie Bradley-Neal

There is a noise in heaven
A happy joyful sound
Heard as the feet of children
Are set to dancing all around

They are being taught by angels
No time for sadness there
Keeping step with music
As it rises in the air

A new song they hear playing
It banishes all pain
And sets their feet to dancing
None are sick or lame

With new unhindered cadence
Their eyes are shining bright
They are dancing with the angels
In the glory of heaven's light

Dan2. Dance Beneath The Stars By Christy Ann Martine

Dance beneath the stars
As you drink in the night
Let the thunder overtake you
As lightening fills the sky
Feel the force of nature
Penetrate your skin,
Spin with the world
As the magic sinks in.

Dan3. Dancing In The Sky By Elizabeth And Danielle Hyde

Tell me, what does it look like in heaven?
Is it peaceful? Is it free like they say?
Does the sunshine bright forever?
Have your fears and your pain gone away?
Cause here on earth it feels like
Everything good is missing since you left
And here on earth everything's different
There's an emptiness

So tell me, what do you do up in heaven?
Are your days filled with love and light?
Is there music? Is there art and adventure?
Tell me are you happy? Are you more alive?
Cause here on earth it feels like
Everything good is missing since you left
And here on earth everything's different
There's an emptiness

I hope you're dancing in the sky
And I hope you're singing in the angel's choir
And I hope the angels know what they have
I'll bet it's so nice up in heaven since you arrived
I hope you are dancing in the sky

Dan4. Dance Me To The End Of Love By Leonard Cohen

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin
Dance me through the panic 'til I'm gathered safely in
Lift me like an olive branch and be my homeward dove
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love
Oh let me see your beauty when the witnesses are gone
Let me feel you moving like they do in Babylon
Show me slowly what I only know the limits of
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the wedding now, dance me on and on
Dance me very tenderly and dance me very long
We're both of us beneath our love, we're both of us above
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the children who are asking to be born
Dance me through the curtains that our kisses have outworn
Raise a tent of shelter now, though every thread is torn
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin
Dance me through the panic till I'm gathered safely in
Touch me with your naked hand or touch me with your glove
Dance me to the end of love

Dan5. Dance With The Waves By Christy Ann Martine

Dance with the waves
Move with the sea
Let the rhythm of the water
Set your soul free

Dan6. Dancing On Air – Author Unknown

And I'll run
And I'll stay forever young
And I'll chase myself and no one else
If you need me you can find me dancing on air
Everywhere
Without a care

There are no limitations
No barriers to hold me back
I came and I conquered
And I held my head high
Though my fears were as big as the sky
But I'm here now and I can't be moved
I'm where the greats once stood
And if you need me, I'll be dancing on air

Dancing on air
Have you ever pictured what it's like from
Somewhere beyond where you've been?
Somewhere beyond the greatest place you've known
That's where you can go
If you ever need a show
Because I'm there
And I'm dancing on air

I'm dancing on air

Dan7. I Imagine You Dancing By Tanya Lord

I imagine you dancing
Skipping among the clouds
Happily singing with the angels
Looking down upon the crowds

I imagine you laughing
Your heart lovingly set free
You understand my grief
In ways I cannot see

I imagine you greeting
The others that I love
That sadly left this earth
For a home with you above

I imagine you watching
The many things I do
Proudly standing beside me
As I remember and honour you

All these visions give me hope
That death is not the end
That an eternity awaits us
That together we will spend

Dan8. I Will Dance With You Again By Mike Miller

Come gather here,
Be at your ease,
To say this last goodbye.
Not to this shell before you,
But to a life passed by.

I lie wrapped in a tapestry,
Stitched with every memory,
That we have shared together,
Through calm and stormy weather,
By each other's side.

I do not ask you for your tears,
For I am free, my suffering past.
Remember all the times we laughed,
And when you find that happy place,
Let a smile light up your face.

We forged our bond with love, not tears,
Linking arms, we walked as one,
Now is my turn to rest a while,
I have reached the final stile,
But you must carry on.

Goodbye, to you, with whom I've shared,
This wondrous gift of life.
Enjoy the dance, life's sweet refrain,
For love is timeless as the stars,
And I will dance with you again.

Dan9. Slow Dance By David L. Weatherford

Have you ever watched kids on a merry-go-round,
or listened to rain slapping the ground?

Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight,
or gazed at the sun fading into the night?

You better slow down, don't dance so fast,
time is short, the music won't last.

Do you run through each day on the fly,
when you ask, "How are you?", do you hear the reply?

When the day is done, do you lie in your bed,
with the next hundred chores running through your head?

You better slow down, don't dance so fast,
time is short, the music won't last.

Ever told your child, we'll do it tomorrow,
and in your haste, not see his sorrow?

Ever lost touch, let a friendship die,
cause you never had time to call and say hi?

You better slow down, don't dance so fast,
time is short, the music won't last.

When you run so fast to get somewhere,
you miss half the fun of getting there.

When you worry and hurry through your day,
it's like an unopened gift thrown away.

Life isn't a race, so take it slower,
hear the music before your song is over.

Dan10. So Go And Run Free – Author Unknown

So go and run free with the angels
Dance around the golden clouds
For the Lord has chosen you to be with him
And we should feel nothing but proud

Although he has taken you from us
And our pain a lifetime will last
Your memory will never escape us
But make us glad for the time we did have

Your face will always be hidden
Deep inside our hearts
Each precious moment you gave us
Shall never, ever depart

So go and run free with the angels
As they sing so tenderly
And please be sure to tell them
To take good care of you for me.

Diving

Di1. Scuba Diver By Maggie Benefield

Dark depths of the ocean
A world unknown to the human race
Careful of every motion
So as not to disturb this place
Colours you have never seen before
Fish that can fit in the palm of your hand
Plants covering most of the ocean floor
All that is left is sparkling white sand
Staring in awe as an outsider looking in
This world is perfect it seems
Wishing I would never leave this intriguing island
Maybe I will visit it again in my dreams

Di2. Underwater Memory By Divemaster Dennis

Beneath the world of land and sky
Is another world; a world that I
Have visited for a time, but could not stay
As long as I wanted. This world of ray
And shark, of fish and whale, of wonderful creatures
Of strange colours, shapes, and features
Lies beneath the foam and waves of the sea.
Ancient reefs call to me
To come and share in their beauty,

To bathe in their serenity.
This deep blue world of perfection
Massages my soul, and relieves the tension
Of living on the noisy land,
For here no noise disturbs the sand
Or coral or walls or caves,
Nor are they disturbed by waves
Which crash around the land world's rim.
This deep blue world remains calm in dim
Subdued light filtered and made gentle by the depths.
I feel a part, but am only a guest
In this undersea Eden
From which I must depart for a season,
Left to remember, and to anticipate the day
When I may return

Equestrian

Eq1. Don't Cry For The Horses By Brenda Riley-Seymore

Don't cry for the horses that life has set free.
A million white horses forever to be.
Don't cry for the horses now in God's hand.
As they dance and they prance in a heavenly band.
They were ours as a gift, but never to keep.
As they close their eyes forever to sleep.
Their spirits unbound. On silver wings they fly.
A million white horses against the blue sky.
Look up into heaven, you'll see them above.
The horses we lost, the horses we loved.
Manes and tails flowing they gallop through time.
They were never yours – they were never mine.
Don't cry for the horses. They'll be back someday.
When our time is gone, they will show us the way.
Do you hear that soft nicker? Close to your ear?
Don't cry for the horses. Love the ones that are here.

Eq2. Hark! Old Horse – Author Unknown

Hark! Old horse.
Please meet me at the gate.
Hounds are leaving kennels soon,
And we will not be late.
Step up. Old horse.
Carry me to the meet.
Our years together count for much,
Though you're no longer fleet.
Trot on. Old horse.
I know you hear the horn.

The hounds are in the valley now,
The fox is in the corn!
Kick on. Old horse,
My soulmate and my friend.
Our years together hunting are
The best that's ever been.
Leap up. Old horse.
Take the bit and fly!
I still trust you like a brother,
Even though the fence is high.
Walk on. Old horse.
We'll soon be hacking in.
Your nicker rests beside my heart.
Our souls entwine within.
Hark! Old horse.
The years reveal our fate.
If we should part before we wish.
Please meet me at the gate

Eq3. Flame By Amy Ludwig Vanderwater

Flames are horses
Nickering
Flickering
quickly over ash

Sparks in dark
New horses gallop
Manes and tails
A flash

Riding night
So strong
So bright
they canter into coal

Leaving smoky cinders
Leaving hoofprints on my soul

Eq4. When The Riding's Done By J.P. Gorham

You know I'll always ride here
even when my riding's done
In the whisper of the pre-dawn
or the final burst of sun
At the corners of transition
where the changes are obscured
I will ride and if you see me
it's because our love has endured
You know I'll never leave you
even when I'm far away
In the moments when the words stop
and your breath gets in the way
I will softly say I love you
barely louder than the breeze
So I hope you gently listen
to my voice between the trees

You know I'll try to hold you
even when my arms can't grasp
Just to try to bring you comfort
when your voice lets out a gasp
The feelings that we share here
will transcend just what we see
And my horse will still be waiting
right beneath our favourite tree

You know you are forever
but it's easy when we're here
Just a hand away from holding
and a hug away from fear
So you have to make a promise
that your hope will never run
And you know I'll always ride here
even when my riding's done.

Flowers / Floristry

Flo1. Four Roses For You – Author Unknown

The first rose represents our grief.
The pain of losing you is intense.
It reminds us of the depth of our love for you.
This second rose represents our courage.
To confront our sorrow,
To comfort each other,
To change our lives.
This third rose represents your memory.
For the times we laughed,
The times we cried,
The times we were angry with each other,
The silly things you did,
The caring and joy you gave us.
This fourth rose is for our love.
We enjoy beauty and its presence,
Continuing to guide and lead us.
Regardless of the seasons of our lives,
Our love for you will continue.
We cherish the special place in our hearts
that will always be reserved for you.
We thank you for the gift
your living brought to each of us.
We love you.
We remember you.

Flo2. I Place A Rose By Lou Szymkow

I want to say, that I love you,
I feel an emptiness inside
I want to say, I miss you
I just want to hide
I want to say, so much to you
I just don't know how
This wretched pain inside of me
My throat, my heart, my now.
And so I have a gift for you,
My love, in the form of a rose
I'll hold it to my lips
And whisper my loving prose
It's my special message just for you
It's private and from my soul
I want you to remember me,
Though impossible to console,
My words, my love, are meant for you
And reaches from my heart
I just don't know how to live,

Now we are apart
And so I whisper to the petals
The words I want to say
So they will be carried by the angels
From my heart, to you, this day
I breath and place this rose,
gently upon your tomb.
And feel your presence, and your love,
in this very room
I know now you are with me
I feel your caress
I'll go on living for you,
I could do nothing less,
I'll walk, I'll talk,
And go through the motions
But every step will be my love,
for you, my daily devotions

Flo3. The Rose Beyond The Wall By A. L. Frink

Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by the morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.
As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.
Onward it crept with added strength
With never a thought of fear or pride,
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.
The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before,
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.
Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint and fall?
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive—
The rose still grows beyond the wall,
Scattering fragrance far and wide
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forever-more

Flo4. The Rose Beyond The Wall (Abbreviated) By A. L. Frink

A rose once grew where all could see,
sheltered beside a garden wall,
And as the days passed swiftly by,
it spread its branches, straight and tall...
One day, a beam of light shone through
a crevice that had opened wide
The rose bent gently toward its warmth
then passed beyond to the other side
Now, you who deeply feel its loss,
be comforted – the rose blooms there-
its beauty even greater now, nurtured by
loved ones gone before and into their loving care.

Flo5. Time Heals – Author Unknown

White rose petals fall and blossoms fade,
Memories linger yet,
Recollections of happier times,
You never will forget.
Then as time gently passes by,
And comfort soothes your sorrow,
Like flowers you'll find, new memories bloom,
To brighten your tomorrow.

Flo6. Twelve Roses For [Name Here] – Author Unknown

Twelve roses to say that we love you
Twelve roses to say how much we care.
Twelve roses to show how we miss you
Twelve roses tell us that you are no longer there.

Your perfume and your petal softness
Your selfless and supportive ways
Will always be remembered
Through the long and lonely days.

You were the central hub of our family,
The centre from which our spokes took form,
You guided and shaped our beings
And patiently weathered every storm.

One rose to symbolize your dedication
Another to say how you cared.
A third to remind us of your thoughtfulness
A fourth for the love you shared.

A fifth for your fidelity,
Six for your dedication to us all
Seven for your attention to detail
However will we manage without your presence here at all?

Rose eight to say we cherish
The memories of you dear,
Rose nine for us to remember
The giving of your time.

Ten roses lie together
Like your gardens of the years
Another rose joins them,
A symbol of our tears.

The last of twelve yellow roses
Completes the fragrant bouquet
We will love and miss you dear <Name here>,
Your memory will not fade away.

Twelve roses to say that we love you
Twelve roses to say how much we care
Twelve roses to show how we miss you
Twelve roses tell us that you are no longer there.

Twelve roses to sit on your coffin
Twelve roses now say our goodbye
Twelve roses of love and of memories
Twelve roses to help you now fly

Flying (Pilots/Aviation)

Fly1. A Pilot's Prayer By Patrick Phillips

When this life I'm in is done,
and at the gates I stand,
my hope is that I answer all
the questions on command.

I doubt I'll be asked of my fame,
or all the things I knew.
Instead, did I witness the rainbows
on rainy days I flew.

The hours logged, the status reached,
the ratings will not matter.
Did I notice the sun's rays
on the lakes that scattered.

Or what about the droplets clear,
that spread across my screen?
And the twinkling eyes of student pilots keen?
How fast, how far, how much, how high?

I won't be asked these things.
But did I take the time to watch
the moonbeams wash my wings?

And did I see the patchwork fields
the mirrored lakes below?
Or the mountains high and velvet hills?

Of these did I behold?
And when the goals are reached at last.
When all the flying's done.
I'll answer with no regret – Indeed! I had some fun.

So when these things are asked of me,
and I can reach no higher.
My prayer this day with hands extended,
please welcome home this Flyer.

Fly2. Fly Written For Celine Dion
By Jean Goldman, Jean Jacques/Galdston, Philip Edward/Romanelli

Fly, fly little wing
Fly beyond imagining
The softest cloud, the whitest dove
Upon the wind of heaven's love
Past the planets and the stars
Leave this lonely world of ours

Escape the sorrow and the pain
And fly again
Fly, fly precious one
Your endless journey has begun
Take your gentle happiness
Far too beautiful for this
Cross over to the other shore
There is peace forevermore

But hold this mem'ry bittersweet
Until we meet
Fly, fly do not fear
Don't waste a breath, don't shed a tear
Your heart is pure, your soul is free
Be on your way, don't wait for me

Above the universe you'll climb
On beyond the hands of time
The moon will rise, the sun will set
But I won't forget
Fly, fly little wing
Fly where only angels sing

Fly away, the time is right
Go now, find the light

Fly3. Freedom Of Flight – Author Unknown

Silver winged of steel
Buckled up
Cocooned in a cabin
No phones, no emails, no Internet
Racing down the runway
Soaring high above the ground
Distant specks of life
Winged of steel climbs though the skies
Clouds below, clouds above
Seat reclines, put in my earphones, close my eyes
I lose myself, soothed by the motion of the flight
Just a seat, a window, sky, music
Suspended, moving above the earth
Windswept heights
Countries, oceans, mountains, forests
Dawn to dusk
Smooth and turbulent
Dancing through life's path in the skies
My breath of Serenity

Fly4. High Flight By John Gillespie Magee, Jr

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, –and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of –Wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark or even eagle flew —
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

Fly5. Last Flight – Author Unknown

I hope there is a place, way up in the sky,
Where flyers can go when they have to die.

A place where a guy can buy a cold beer
For a friend and a comrade, whose memory is dear,
A place where no doctor or lawyer can tread,
Nor a management clone would ere be caught dead,
Just a quaint little place where a lady could go
And be safe and protected by the men she would know.

There must be a place where old flyers go,
When their paining is finished and their airspeed gets low,
Where the whiskey is old and the women are young,
And songs about flying and dying are sung,
Where you'd see all the fellows who'd flown west before,
And they'd call out your name as you came through the door,
Who would buy you a drink, if your thirst should be bad,
And relate to the others: "He was quite a good lad."

And then through the mist you'd spot an old guy
You had not seen in years though he'd taught you to fly,
He'd nod his old head, and grin ear to ear,
And say, "Welcome, my son. I'm pleased that you're here.
For this is the place where the true flyers come
When their journey is over, and the war has been won.
They've come here at last to be safe and alone,
From the government clerks and the management clone.
Politicians and lawyers, the Feds and the noise,
Where all hours are happy and these good 'ol boys
Can relax with a cool one, and a well-deserved rest,
This is Heaven, my son . . . You've passed your last test."

Fly6. Prayer For A Pilot By Cecil Roberts

Lord of Sea and Earth and Air,
Listen to the Pilot's prayer—
Send him wind that's steady and strong,
Grant that his engine sings the song
Of flawless tone, by which he knows
It shall not fail him where he goes;
Landing, gliding, in curve, half-roll—
Grant him, O Lord, a full control,
That he may learn in heights of Heaven
The rapture altitude has given,
That he shall know the joy they feel
Who ride Thy realms on Birds of Steel.

Fly7. Silver Wings – Author Unknown

I have seen the birth of dawn and the sunset die
And rode my steed, the thunder across the sky.

I have lived among the towering heights
and known a thousand; Nay a million endless,
wondrous delights.

And beyond the swirling mists on high
I have rolled and zoomed far above
enveloped in the golden glory
of my one, my love.

So how do you say, goodbye to a pair of silver wings,
a sunlit sky and oh, so many things?

After all these joys I have known, how do you say adieu?
I know not my friend. Do you?

Fly8. Take Flight By Amitav Radiance

Dreams within you take flight
Embraced with the wingspan
To wander the high skies
And deliver messages of love
Shower from high above
Stars that you have plucked
Glittering with your generosity

Fly9. The Winds Will Carry You By C. Joybell

I have come to accept the feeling of not knowing where I am going.
And I have trained myself to love it.
Because it is only when we are suspended in mid-air with no landing in sight, that we force our wings to unravel and alas begin our flight.
And as we fly, we still may not know where we are going to.
But the miracle is in the unfolding of the wings.
You may not know where you're going,
but you know that so long as you spread your wings,
the winds will carry you.

Football

Fool. The Passing Of A Footballer By Michael Ashby

Football's a match made in heaven
Which is fan-tastic news for me
And heaven's a level playing field
Where anyone can kick off for free

The referee needs no introduction
Or whistle for a foul blow
When God raises his eyebrows
None argue with the penalty or throw

The transfer window never closes
As new players arrive all the time
There's always a top team to play on
As for the kit, I just wish I'd brought mine

We kick off-side by side in a minute
Cheered by old family, teammates and friends
Football's really a blast in heaven
After your first whistle the matches never end

Gardening

Gar1. Dear Old Dad By Patience Strong

We miss him in his garden
Doing odd jobs here and there.
We miss him at the table
When we see the empty chair.
We miss him at the fireside
when we gather round the blaze.
We miss him, – oh, we miss him
In a hundred different ways.
When troubles came the family
Would always turn to him.
He always had a cheery word
When things were looking grim....
And now he's gone we know he wouldn't
Want us to be sad –
But life can never be the same
Without the Dear Old Dad.

Gar2. Finding You In Beauty By Walter Rinder

The rays of light filtered through
The sentinels of trees this morning.
I sat in the garden and contemplated.
The serenity and beauty
Of my feelings and surroundings
Completely captivated me...
I thought of you.
I discovered you tucked
Away in the shadow of the trees.
Then rediscovered you on the smiles of the flowers
As the sun penetrated the petals
In the rhythm of the leaves
Falling in the garden
In the freedom of birds
As they fly searching as you do.
Now, you will never leave me,
For I will always find you
In the beauty of life.

Gar3. God's Garden – Author Unknown

God looked around his garden
And found an empty place,
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face.
He put his arms around you
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.
He knew that you were suffering
He knew you were in pain.
He knew that you would never
Get well on earth again.
He saw the road was getting rough
And the hills were hard to climb.
So he closed your weary eyelids
And whispered, 'Peace be thine'.
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.

Gar4. Meet You At The Gate By Barbara Bailey

A beautiful garden now stands alone,
missing the one who nurtured it,
But now she is gone.
Her flowers still bloom, and the sun it still shines,
But the rain is like tear drops for the ones left behind,
The weeds lay waiting to take the garden's beauty away,
But the beautiful memories of its' keeper are in our hearts to stay.
She loved every flower, even some that were weeds.
So much love she would plant with each little seed,
But just like her flowers, she was part of God's plan.
So when it was her time, he reached down his hand.
He looked through the garden, searching for the best.
That's when he found Robin; it was her time to rest.
It was hard for those who loved her to just let her go,
But God had a spot in his garden that needed a gentle soul,
So when you start missing Robin, remember if you just wait,
When God has a spot in his garden, she'll meet you at the gate

Gar5. Our Father Kept A Garden – Author Unknown

Our father kept a garden.
A garden of the heart
He planted all the good things,
That gave our lives their start.
He turned us to the sunshine,
And encouraged us to dream;
Fostering and nurturing the seeds of self-esteem.
And when the winds and rain came, he protected us enough
But not too much because he knew
We would stand up strong and tough.
His constant good example,
Always taught us right from wrong, markers for our pathway,
to last a life time long.
We are our father's garden,
We are his legacy
We will love our father, for all eternity.

Gar6. Our/My Mother Kept A Garden – Author Unknown

My Mother kept a garden.
A garden of the heart;
She planted all the good things,
That gave my life it's start.
She turned me to the sunshine,
And encouraged me to dream:
Fostering and nurturing
The seeds of self-esteem.
And when the winds and rains came,
She protected me enough;
But not too much, she knew I'd need
To stand up strong and tough.
Her constant good example,
Always taught me right from wrong;
Markers for my pathway
To last my whole life long.
I am my Mother's garden,
I am her legacy.
And I hope today she feels the love,
Reflected back from me

Gar7. The Garden – Author Unknown.

I know where the garden of longing is
I've been there many a time
To see your beautiful smiling face
And hold your hand in mine
We walk the paths where flowers bloom
And watch the butterflies
We share some childhood memories
Of yesterday's gone by
Many tears I've cried since you went away
My life has changed so much
Without you here to share with me
Or feel your gentle touch
I miss your smile, your laughter too
I miss those days gone by
I often sit and wonder
About all the reasons why
I guess your blooms were so beautiful
All covered with glistening mist
That God sent the angels down that day
And checked you off his list.

Gar8. The Gentle Gardener By Edgar Albert Guest

I'd like to leave but daffodils
to mark my little way,
To leave but tulips red and white
behind me as I stray;
I'd like to pass away from earth
and feel I'd left behind
But roses and forget-me-nots
for all who come to find.

I'd like to sow the barren spots
with all the flowers of earth,
To leave a path where those who come
should find but gentle mirth;
And when at last I'm called upon
to join the heavenly throng
I'd like to feel along my way
I'd left no sign of wrong.

And yet the cares are many
and the hours of toil are few;
There is not time enough on earth
for all I'd like to do;
But, having lived and having toiled,
I'd like the world to find
Some little touch of beauty
that my soul had left behind.

Gar9. You Will Always Be There – Author Unknown

The rays of light filtered through
the sentinels of trees this morning.
I sat in the garden and contemplated.
The serenity and beauty
of my feelings and surroundings
completely captivated me...
I thought of you.
I discovered you tucked away
in the shadows of the trees, then rediscovered you
on the smiles of the flowers
as the sun penetrated the petals ...
in the rhythm of the leaves
falling in the garden ...
in the freedom of the birds
flying in the clear blue sky.
I'm very happy to have found you.
Now, you will never leave me,
for I will always find you
in the beauty of life.

Golf

Goll. A Golfer's Dream – Author Unknown

I must be off to the links again,
For the call of the fairways wide
Is a loud call, and a clear call
That cannot be denied.
It fills me with a mad desire to realise
My dreams of tee-shots long,
And irons strong
To the heart of all the greens.

So I'm off for a golfing holiday,
Far away from
The cares of town.
And I'll strive each day
Better golf to play
'till my handicap comes down.

Then all I want is the magic puff,
And the straight and powerful drive
To complete the course,
Using skill and force
In a brilliant 65!

Gol2. Comfortless By Edgar A. Guest

I found him underneath a tree
“And what is wrong,” quoth I,
“That you so solemn seem to be
Under this summer sky?

“All day I've shanked my mashie shot,
My putts rimmed every cup,
I'm doing something I should not;
I think it's looking up.”

“Poor man,” I said, “'tis very sure
No help for you appears,
The woes you bear I tried to cure
Myself for thirty years.
“And still my mashie shots I shank,
And still I slice the drive,
And with the dubs expect to rank
As long as I'm alive.

“Through time all other griefs my cure,
All other hurts may mend,
The miseries of golf endure:
To them there is no end.”

Go3. Golf Tees Lament By Larry Buddin

Golf tees on my dresser
Golf tees in my bed
Golf tees on my pillows
Where they poke me in my head
Golf tees in my closet
Falling from my shirts and pants
Golf tees along the baseboards
Just like army ants
Golf tees in the carpet
And underneath my feet
Golf tees lined up on the mantle
Oh, they look so neat
Golf tees in my couch
And in my back and thighs
When I sit and watch TV
I feel those little guys
Golf tees in the kitchen
In Jurassic coffee mugs
Sometimes when I pass them
They look like prehistoric bugs.
Golf tees in the bathtub
Like sailors on plastic ships
Golf tee in her make up
Like little bald q tips.
Golf tees in the attic
Golf tees in the shed
Golf tees, golf tees everywhere
I wonder where they bred.
Golf tees out the backdoor
Like Hansel and Gretel's trails
Golf tees in the flowerbeds
Among the mulch and snails
Golf tees in my car
And underneath the mats
Golf tees in the backseat
Like little baseball bats
But when I am at the golf course
I ask my partner, like a louse...
“May I borrow some of your tees?”
I left mine at the house!

Gol4. I Really Am A Golfer By Justin Time

I really am a golfer and let me tell you why
Its only when I swing a club I really feel alive
I really am a golfer
And take my driver out
I swing my club and hit the ball
As hard and I have might
I really am a golfer
My ball is in the rough
I swing my metal 3 real hard
To find the grass is tough
I really am a golfer
My ball goes 50 ft.
It's out the rough and in the sand
And buried very deep
I really am a golfer
I take my sand wedge out
I open up the face of it
And swing it with a clout
I really am a golfer
My ball is on the green
I swing the putter in an arc
With boggy on the seam
I really am a Golfer
My put goes 10ft past
I'm looking at a double
But the Green is just too fast
I really am a golfer
The balls beside the cup
I make it in the centre
And my friends they call it luck

Gol5. Life Is Like A Round Of Golf By Criswell Freeman

Life is like a round of golf
With many a turn and twist.
But the game is much too sweet and short
To curse the shots you've missed.

Sometimes you'll hit it straight and far
Sometimes the putts roll true.
But each round has it's errant shots
And troubles to play through.

So always swing with courage
No matter what the lie.
And never let the hazards
Destroy the joy inside.

And keep a song within your heart
Give thanks that you can play.
For the round is much too short and sweet
To let it slip away.

Gol6. Ode To Golf By Allan Berman

In my hand I hold a ball.
White and dimpled, rather small.
Oh, how bland it does appear.
This harmless looking little sphere.
By its size I could not guess,
The awesome strength it does possess.
But since I fell beneath its spell,
I've wandered through the fires of hell.
My life has not been quite the same,
Since i chose to play this stupid game.
It rules my mind for hours on end,
A fortune it has made me spend.
It has made me yell, curse and sigh,
I hate myself and want to cry.
It promises a thing called par,
If i can hit it straight and far.
To master such a tiny ball,
Should not be very hard at all.
But my desires the ball refuses,
And does exactly as it chooses.
It hooks and slices, dribbles and dies,
And even disappears before my eyes.
Often it will have a whim,
To hit a tree or take a swim.
With miles of grass on which to land,
It finds a tiny patch of sand.
Then has me offering up my soul,
If only it would find the hole.
It's made me whimper like a pup,
And swear that I will give it up.
And take to drink to ease my sorrow,
But the ball knows ... I'll be back
Tomorrow.

Gol7. Seaside Golf By Sir John Betjeman

How straight it flew, how long it flew,
It clear'd the rutty track
And soaring, disappeared from view
Beyond the bunker's back –
A glorious, sailing, bounding drive
That made me glad I was alive.

And down the fairway, far along
It glowed a lonely white.
I played an iron sure and strong
And clipp'd it out of sight,
And spite of grassy banks between
I knew I'd find it on the green.

And so I did. It lay content
Two paces from the pin.
A steady putt and then it went
Oh, most securely in.
The very turf rejoiced to see
That quite unprecedented three.

Ah! Seaweed smells from sandy caves
And thyme and mist in whiffs,
In-coming tide, Atlantic waves
Slapping the sunny cliffs,
Lark song and sea sounds in the air
And splendour, splendour everywhere.

Gol8. Seaside Golf By Sir John Betjeman, Adapted By Sir Robin Butler

How low it flew, how left it flew,
It hit the dry-stone wall
And plunging, disappeared from view
A shining brand-new ball
I'd hit the damned thing on the head
It made me wish that I were dead.

And up the fairway, steep and long,
I mourned my gloomy plight.
I played an iron sure and strong,
A fraction to the right
I knew that when I reached my ball
I'd find it underneath the wall.

And so I did. I chipped it low
And thinned it past the pin
And to and fro, and to and fro
I tried to get it in;
Until, intoning oaths obscene
I holed it out in seventeen.

Ah! Seaweed smells from sandy caves
They really get me down;
In-coming tides, Atlantic waves
I wish that I could drown
And Sloane Street voices in the air
And black retrievers everywhere.

Gol9. The Golf Course In The Sky By Michael Ashby

As eighteen flags flew at half mast, and
Glasses were soberly raised high
The latest member was having a ball
At the golf course in the sky

Freed from the gravity of the situation
The first tee shot soared through space
Bringing a wondrous, beaming smile
To a kind, down to earth face

Surrounded by old club friends
Once thought never to be seen again
The infinity course beckoned ahead
Eighteen holes were for mere mortal men

Knitting & Sewing

Knit1. Clickety Clack By Robyn O’Connell

Knit one purl one, knit one purl one
The band was almost done
The soft sound of the needles’ clickety clack
Finish one row, turn around and go back

Finally, it was taking shape,
Like a bird making a home in its nest
We know whatever [name] made
It was sure to be one of the best

Wonderful gifts each stitch made with love
A creative gift that was so easy to see
A jumper for this one, some scarves for them
Or for a new baby a layette of three

A bonnet, a jacket and booties too
Will they need to be made in blue or in pink?
Perhaps lemon is safe, she could do them there and then
Instead of having to guess or even to think

Her knitting needles are now silent
Not a sound more will they make
But what a wonderful lesson [name] has left us
To give always more than you take.

Knit2. A Legacy Of Stitches By Sandra E. Andersen

A Legacy of Stitches is what we leave behind;
the imprint of our very soul that lasts beyond our time.
The heart that quilts knows, oh, so well the peace that can be found,
as needle meets with fabric, for there is no sweeter sound.
Whether quiet piecing done by hand or on our sewing machine,
there’s rhythm to our stitches as we sew along each seam.
Those stitches tell the story of our lives as they unfold
as we think of quilts that Grandma made with stories left untold.
The humdrum of our daily lives grows elegant and grand,
when we start to cut the pieces, then stitch the fabric in our hands.
And whatever is the reason for the quilts we piece and sew,
and whoever is the maker, there is one thing that we know.
Each quilt is full of memories and is a treasured thing.
If quilts could talk, imagine how some quilts would surely sing!
For some quilts are sewn in happy times and others when we’re sad,
and some are sewn in laughter and others when we’re mad.
Some are sewn to warm us, and some sewn just for fun,
and some are “works in progress” that never quite get done!
Some quilts are sewn for beauty, a quilt made just for “show”,
but the heart of the true quilter is the one who really knows –
That no matter how the quilt is stitched, we leave our mark in time.
This Legacy of Stitches is what we leave behind.

Knit3. Prayer Shawl Knitters & Crocheters – Author Unknown

I call nine blessings from above
In the name of God:
the creator, the giver of life, the holder of time
In the name of Jesus: the saviour, the healer, the lifter of pain.
In the name of the Spirit:
the comforter, the consoler, the sustainer of life.
I knit a mantle of caring
I knit a mantle of protection
I knit a mantle of wholeness
I knit a mantle of strength
I knit a mantle of healing
I knit a mantle of patience
I knit a mantle to enfold you
I knit a mantle to encircle you
I knit a mantle to empower you.

Knit4. Rows Of Stitches By Ilene Bauer

I watch the magic happening
As yarn becomes a shawl.
The knitting needles of my aunt
Are at her beck and call.

Her fingers wind the wool around
Without her even thinking
And rows and rows of stitches show
Without her even blinking.

Her expertise is such that
I just really can't compare it,
But best of all is when she's done,
Then I will get to wear it!

Knit5. Seamstress Masters Her Craft By Joanne M. Clarkson

Her life is cloth; it is how she sees.
Draped or fitted, each body seeks its narrow rainbow of texture and motion,
weight and weave.
she learned
From her grandmother who reared her,
who could design a gown, tailor a suit after a single sitting in the same way
a musician can re-create at the keyboard after hearing a melody once.
Her schooling was not at machines,
Although machines have their use,
or in stitches although she knows at least two hundred by heart,
but in museums
On Sundays viewing the masters:
how they arrayed saints, angels, nymphs and virgins,
kings, peasants and gods,
each in his own folds.
She crawled into sleeves, lifted a hem,
turned a queen around.
Back in her workspace, on an upper story,
facing east or west where light is at its most suggestive,
she envisions the scissor's first bite and begins,
working for hours, days a week,
time with no mind, only fingers,
until she knows the pattern so well that each garment sews itself,
a soul worn inside out, sacred to the skin.

Knit6. Together Again – Author Unknown

A wonderful reunion has occurred,
Of the sweetest and most joyful kind,
As <name>'s spirit moved beyond this earth,
Released from her mortal life.

And what a reunion it must have been,
A joy beyond our conceiving,
When [name] met her [name] once again,
Ending years of dignified grieving.

And we are certain <name> is holding <name>'s hand,
While he cherishes each moment by her side,
And they are experiencing the joy
of being together again
Catching up on the years they were denied.

We are confident they are also looking over us
Hoping this happiness will lessen our pain
As we contemplate the joy they finally feel
Now that they are together again.

And though we'll miss them terribly,
And will long for them with deepest grief,
We are reminded that love is more powerful than death,
And this knowledge gives us comfort and peace.

We can still feel their love surrounding us,
Giving us a desire to continue on,
To try our best to live our lives well,
In the ways they would have done.

So although we'll miss [name] profoundly
Our grief is somewhat lessened
For we are comforted knowing that she led a good life
And that she and [name] are now together forever.

Knit7. With Tender Loving Care By Pam Braden

I can't be there to hold your hand
I can't be there to hug you
I can't be there to dry a tear
But there is one thing I can do

I can sit here in my room at night
And dream of you out there
And make a blanket just for you
With tender loving care

When you hold this blanket in your arms
And close your eyes real tight
You can feel the love I tucked inside
When I made this late one night

So dry your tears and smile a smile
You aren't alone, you see
You have this special blanket
It's my love, a part of me

Martial Arts, inc Endurance & Discipline

Mar1. A Thousand To One By Berton Braley

There's a thousand "Can't-be-done-ers"
For the one who say "It can!"
But the whole amount of deeds that count
Is done by the latter clan.
For the "Can't-be-done-ers" grumble,
And hamper, oppose and doubt,
While the daring man who say, "It can!"
Proceeds to work it out.

There isn't a new invention
Beneath the shining sun,
That was ever wrought by the deed or thought
Of the tribe of "Can't-be-done."
For the "Can't-be-done-ers" mutter
While the "Can-be's" cool, sublime,
Make their "notions" work till the others smirk.
"Oh, we knew it all the time!"

"Oh, the "Can-be's" clan is meagre,
Its membership is small,
And it's mighty few who see their dreams come true
Or hear fame's trumpet call.
But it's better to be a "Can-be,"
And labour and dream—and die,
Than one who runs with the "Can't-be-done's"
Who haven't the guts to try.

Mar2. I Am A Martial Artist By Karen Eden

I am a martial artist. I see through different eyes.
I see a bigger picture when others see grey skies.
Though many can't conceive it, I stand facing the wind.
My bravery, not from fighting, but from my strength within.

I am a martial artist. I'll walk the extra mile.
Not because I have to, but because it's worth my while.
I know that I am different, when I stand on a crowded street.
I know the fullness of winning, I've tasted the cup of defeat.

I am a martial artist. They say I walk with ease.
Though trained for bodily harm, my intentions are for peace.
The world may come and go, but a different path I'll choose.
A path I will not stray from, no matter, win or lose.

Mar3. If By Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you'll be a Man, my son!

Mar4. Find A Way By John G. Saxe

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the castle say,
“They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!”
“On! On!” exclaimed the hero,
“I'll find a way or make it!”

Is Fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high.
In vain you seek her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh:
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it,
Who says, with Roman firmness,
“I'll find a way or make it!”

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road.
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode.
Who feels the thirst for knowledge?
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will,
To “find a way or make it!”

Are riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought.
With wishing and with fretting,
The boon cannot be bought.
To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it,
Who says, with Roman courage,
“I'll find a way or make it!”

Mar5. Martial Arts Is So Much More Than Just A Fighting Art By Daya Nandan

Martial arts is so much more than just a fighting art
It strengthens one spiritually by connecting the soul and heart,
Martial arts does more than strengthening the mind, body and soul,
It teaches you discipline, lessons to keep emotions under control,

Anger, hate, sorrow and fear, emotions within meant to be kept at bay,
Courage, patients, persistence within one's mind and soul each day
The art of fighting is so much more than just effective ways to kill,
It sharpens and enriches the human mind with each new learned skill,

The body's anatomy and physiology, the mind's psychology must be known
By a fighter in order for the perfect execution of a technique to be shown
Martial arts is a pursue of knowledge, many things that one must learn,
So the hidden swirling potential within gets drawn out to burn

A flame of great power starts within one's heart and soul and mind,
That pushes every man to a breaking point so that improvement he will find,
Martial arts is more than the art of combat or disarming a gun or knife,
Martial arts is food for the mind body and soul, martial arts is a way of life!

Motorbikes / Motorcycling

Mb1. A Biker Funeral, Dedicated To Tripp By –Ironboltbruce

Sunday morning early comes
This sweltering summer's day.
Chrome and coffee polished off
As bike and rider wake,

And rumble off to clubhouse for
A changing of the brew.
Black vests in formation – fast
and tight – a loud tribute.

Iron horses, hundreds strong,
Come thundering through the gate.
Sleeping souls on notice, fallen
Biker nears his fate.

A mile of gleaming metal lines
The circle and the park.
Out of saddles, boots hit brick
And make for chapel's heart.

Members of the Club stand post,
Proud brothers in the wind.
Shaded eyes the tears disguise,
And loss they feel within.

Friends and family pay respects
To biker and his mate.
Praises made and prayers raised,
Blues legends resonate.

Final words and kisses, then
The pipes' Amazing Grace.
Souls of bike and rider seek
Eternal resting place.

Sunday morning early comes
This sweltering summer's day.
One more rider, Heaven bound,
Roars through the Pearly Gates.

Mb2. Another Biker Who Has Gone Down By Connie Starren

I'm sorry, friends, that I can't be with you here today.
If you're gathered reading this, it means I've passed away.
But if I were there, I'd tell you not to shed a tear or frown.
I'd tell you just to simply say, "Another Biker has gone down."

If I were there, I'd tell you I have no more pain or strife,
That I loved my friends and family, and I had a wonderful life.
If I were there, I'd tell you how I loved the small blue highways,
I loved the curving mountain roads, and I loved to ride the back-road byways.

I loved to be 'in the wind'. I loved when that engine rumbled,
And the biker friends who rode with me, would help me when I stumbled.
You are amongst my dearest friends, brothers and sisters of the road,
We've travelled many miles together, shared many heavy loads.

If I could be there with you, we'd laugh and share memories from our past,
And this gathering would be just one more tale, another story, not our last.
But today I can't be with you, except in heart and memory stores.
So, you'll have to laugh, remember the past,
and then let your engines roar! Please smile and do not shed a tear,
wipe away that silly frown,
I'm off upon that final ride,
another Biker who has gone down.

Mb3. Can You Feel The Wind In Heaven Attributed To Dr Bar

Can you feel the wind in Heaven?
Can you hear me call your name?
Can you see the tears that fall?
This world won't ever be the same

Can you feel the wind in Heaven?
When we gather in our group
Can you hear the sound of silence?
When we look where you once stood.

Can you feel the wind in Heaven?
Can you hear the ladies cry?
Can you feel our broken hearts?
When we have to say goodbye

Can you feel the wind in Heaven?
While the men hold back the tears
Leather clad and watery eyes
And know we'd rather have you here

I hope there is a Biker Heaven
And we will meet again someday
I hope to feel the wind in Heaven
And shake your hand again that day

Mb4. Funeral Poem For A Biker By Dick Underwood

Biking oil was in their blood,
Petrol flowing through their heart.
Throttle revving but the flood,
Meant their engine Wouldn't start.
The exhaust sounding rather rough,
Its noise as cutting as a knife.
The gallant spark not quite enough,
To fire their engine into life.
The key was turned, the button pushed,
Expecting now a biking roar,
But the engine ... knackered ... bushed,
Wouldn't function anymore.
The biker (name) has died but still,
Their soul rides onward to the west.
Their wheels role onward, vale and hill,
They soon will find eternal rest.
So we'll mount up and onward ride,
Remembering well the one who died.
Towards the sunset on our road,
Our biker friend who's gone before.

Mb5. His Journey Goes On By Joe Eliston

It's all about the journey
It's the part that counts
Even when he gets there
He may just turn around.

He rides like an eagle, flying
All along the stars
It's all about the journey
Safe now from any harm.

Too soon he left to travel
Beyond where we can see
But it's all about the journey
Forever riding free.

Mb6. My Last Ride – Author Unknown

My hands are clenched around chrome bars
the engine's rumble sounds so sweet.
I twist the throttle with my palm
and roar off down the street.

The slapping of my leathers
and raging winds on either side,
drum a beat of sweet contentment
as I ride this.....my last ride.

Alone on my tin pony,
to the heavens I've been called,
but fret not my dear loved ones,
I'm not lonely here at all.

The speedometer is just a blur
as tears blow from my eyes,
the bike and I roll forward
off into the calling skies.

I hope I touched your lives one day,
and left a treasured mark,
now I'll ride on to FOREVER,
with your memory in my heart.

Mb7. The Big Plan By Gunnar Hassenplug Aka Gundawg

I doubt I'll get to heaven with an invite from the man,
so I parked my bike grabbed a beer and built myself this plan!
I'm building myself a ramp as tall as ever seen,
I'll supercharge my bike and add a couple wings!
Timing will be critical, Speed will factor in,
angle and approach and I'll whistle me a tune!
Then one day when my journey is coming to its end,
Open up them pearly gates cause this biker's jumping' in!

Mb8. The Harley Ride By Terry Scott Presgrove

The wind is blowing a glorious gale,
Goose bumps are dancing and drinking strong ale,
Happiness is smiling an awesome mile wide,
The heart is pole vaulting with ecstatic pride,
Laughter is echoing from deep down inside.
The reflection of a friend, securely, nearby,
And always the roaring of the engine's reply.
Bouquets of flowers, become a treasure trove
Of puppy breath mornings, inhaled through the nose.
Hours of riding make an aching butt scold,
But – soft sensual pillowing never gets old,

As sweet thing, inclining, takes a tight hold,
And heart pounding accelerating,
Declares the adventurous soul bold!
Mother nature is boasting exhilarating forces.
Cavalry prances in formation as warrior horses,
Snorting in preparation for the colossal attack;
Absolutely no contemplation of a fall back;
The senses amplified in an adrenalin flood,
Envisioning 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'
On this magnificent, mighty-lunging, stud!

Music & Singing

Mus1. A Singer By William Allingham

That which he did not feel, he would not sing.
What most he felt, religion it was to hide
In a dumb darkling grotto, where the spring
Of tremulous tears, arising un-espied,
Became a holy well that durst not glide
Into the day with moil or murmuring.
Whereto, as if to some unlawful thing,
He stole, musing or praying at its side.

But in the sun he sang with cheerful heart,
Of coloured season and the whirling sphere,
Warm household habitude and human mirth,
The whole faith-blooded mystery of earth.
And I, who had his secret, still could hear
The grotto's whisper low through every part.

Mus2. Funeralissimo By Michael Ashby

The musical notes stood in lines
Discordant in their grief
Before regaining their composure
As black tears in embossed relief

The instruments played this salutation
To a musician of note and much more
At the end, everyone stamped their feet
Encore, Encore, Encore

Mus3. My Trumpet Is Silent – Author Unknown

My trumpet is silent
As it is with my life too
No more shall I play for you
There is nothing left to do

Don't be sad for me today
For me please do not weep
Call upon your memories
They are yours to keep

The band upstairs is striking up
For me they now await
To play again I now can do
As I pass through heaven's gate

The audience is waiting
Familiar faces all around
Once again the baton strikes
And I hear that familiar sound.

It's grand to be reunited
With band members both old and new
We start to play it sounds so good
Just perfect like I expected it would

Mus5. Songbird By Georgia Lound

Every songbird has its own unique song
And yours is my favourite.
Would my first steps be as hasty if not for its tempo?
Would my spirits be as high if not for its key?
Your song walked with me as I grew up
Like an underscore, lifting me.
And I have always listened, and I always will.
For no matter how quiet your tune gets,
As the years go on and time passes,
Even if it fades out to a gentle hum,
The echo of your melody will continue to guide me
And shape me into the woman that I will become.
So, although you aren't here to sing it,
The beat of your song will continue in our hearts.
Its steady rhythm will keep us on track.
And now every time I hear a songbird's song,
I will think of you, and I will sing back.

Mus6. The Gift To Sing By James Weldon Johnson

Sometimes the mist overhangs my path,
And blackening clouds about me cling.
But, oh, I have a magic way
To turn the gloom to cheerful day—
I softly sing.

And if the way grows darker still,
Shadowed by Sorrow's sombre wing,
With glad defiance in my throat,
I pierce the darkness with a note,
And sing, and sing.

I brood not over the broken past,
Nor dread whatever time may bring;
No nights are dark, no days are long,
While in my heart there swells a song,
And I can sing.

Mus7. The Musicians By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The strings of my heart were strung by Pleasure,
And I laughed when the music fell on my ear,
For he and Mirth played a joyful measure,
And they played so loud that I could not hear
The wailing and mourning of souls a-weary –
The strains of sorrow that floated around,
For my heart's notes rang out loud and cheery,
And I heard no other sound.

Mirth and Pleasure, the music brothers,
Played louder and louder in joyful glee;
But sometimes a discord was heard by others –
Though only the rhythm was heard by me.
Louder and louder, faster and faster
The hands of the brothers played strain on strain,
When all of a sudden a Mighty Master
Swept them aside, and Pain,

Pain, the musician, the soul-refiner,
Restrung the strings of my quivering heart,
And the air that he played was a plaintive minor,
So sad that the teardrops were forced to start;
Each note was an echo of awful anguish,
As shrill as solemn, as sharp as slow,
And my soul for a reason seemed to languish
And faint with its weight of woe.

With skilful hands that were never weary,
This Master of Music played strain on strain,
And between the bars of the miserere,
He drew up the strings of my heart again,
And I was filled with a vague, strange wonder,
To see that they did not snap in two.
'They are drawn so tight, they will break asunder, '
I thought, but instead, they grew,

In the hands of the Master, firmer and stronger.
And I could hear on the stilly air –
Now my ears were deafened by Mirth no longer –
The sound of sorrow, and grief, and despair.
And my soul grew kinder and tender to others,
My nature grew sweeter, my mind grew broad,
And I held all men to be my brothers,
Linked by the chastening rod.

My soul was lifted to God and heaven,
And when on my heartstrings fell again
The hands of Mirth, and Pleasure, even,
There was never a discord to mar the strain.
For Pain, the musician, and soul-refiner,
Attuned the strings with a master hand,
And whether the music be major or minor,
It is always sweet and grand.

Mus8. Where Words Fail, Music Speaks By Lucy Rudman

Where words fail,
music speaks.
It speaks of the pain,
of the sorrow,
of the lost,
of the life we live.
It shares emotions.
It's a way to connect,
to understand
what others feel.
Where words fail,
music speaks.
It tells the truth
whether you want it to or not.
Music shares the souls
of those we're around,
of those in the world
that we're living.
I wish to share
my music with you
So you can understand
the pain I feel,
so I can share my soul with you,
so you can understand
What I'm going through.

Rugby

Rug1. Life Is Like A Rugby Game By Samantha Wallace

You must play it as a team.
It's not about who's got the ball,
But how you win your dream.

We all have our special talents,
That contributes our part.
So to score a try or drop-kick,
We must play our best to start.

We can't get weary or give up,
Don't lose sight of the ball,
Play your best to win that Cup,
And let the lineouts make you tall.

God is our Head Referee,
But never makes mistakes.
He alerts us of our penalties,
And lets us do retakes.

So play by His Book of rules,
Even if they're hard to fathom.
They are in fact, the treasured jewels,
That gives the game its rhythm.

Our Church leaders at the sides,
Help us see our many faults.
All our fouls we try to hide,
And the opponents we insult.

Let your Church be your medic,
To help heal you of your hurts.
They can fix your many problems,
And give you water when you thirst.

So engage your tackles and your scrums,
With truth and dignity.
Protect your weaknesses and gums,
And obey your Referee.

Your family and your friends,
Should cheer you from the side.
Showering you with praises,
But disappointments they must hide.

And when you've got the ball,
You must see if there's a gap.
And if there's not, just pass it on,
Don't let selfishness be your trap.

Don't let distractions obstruct your view,
From playing to the end.
Watch your every blind-side,
And be there to defend.

There's no such thing as luck,
The game's been set in stone,
But you decide which team to ruck,
For you don't play the game alone!

Rug2. The Rugby Player's Last Try By Michael Ashby

The rugby ball inside the coffin
Rather gave the game away
As a diehard rugby warrior
Determined to play on in future days

Believing there was more than one H in heaven
At the ends of astral turf grounds
And that the rugby universe cup
Was still in its early rounds

After a lifetime that had seemed eighty minutes
With a body clock now in the red
The gladiator scored his last mortal try
Touching his head down on mother earth's bed

Rug3. The Rugby Prayer – Author Unknown

Our ball which art oval
Gilbert be thy name
Thy will be kicked
They will be passed
On this pitch as it is at Twickenham
Give us this day our many tries
And forgive us our fouls
As we forgive the ref who notices them
Lead us not into touch
But deliver us from penalties
For thine is the try line
The goal kick and the glory
Ruck over and over
Amen

Rug4. What's The Crack With Rugby By Gail For Dad

So what's the crack with rugby?
My father used to play
He'd come home with an injury
Every other day

My mother used to worry
He was quite deaf to her fears
Her futile protestations fell
On cauliflower ears

Oh so many broken bones
As trophies he would wear
Those would be the only times
I heard my mother swear

My father didn't drink much
He didn't do the pub
But he'd sink some with the other lads
In the rugby club

He had a book of rugby songs
Some of them were crude
Dinah, Dinah show us yer leg
And other ones more rude

Oh how they thunder up the pitch
And grunt and sweat and shout
Got to love testosterone
It's what it's all about

Never mind the odd shaped ball
Shape doesn't make me frown
It's how they chuck the thing that counts
And how they smack it down

And then there's the line dancing
And shouting things in code
Like massive noisy warriors
With faces streaked with woe

Not partial to the gumshields
I suppose they save the grief
Of ruining a toothpaste smile
And choking on the teeth

The thing I don't quite understand
Is how they pass the ball
What's the crack with backwards?
I don't get that at all

I have memories of autumn
Fields all churned up with mud
The one I love, loved played rugby
There is rugby in my blood

Rug5. When The Battle Scars Have Faded By Rupert McCall

When the battle scars have faded
And the truth becomes a lie
And the weekend smell of liniment
Could almost make you cry.

When the last rucks well behind you
And the man that ran now walks
It doesn't matter who you are
The mirror sometimes talks

Have a good hard look old son!
The melons not that great
The snoz that takes a sharp turn sideways
Used to be dead straight

You're an advert for arthritis
You're a thoroughbred gone lame
Then you ask yourself the question
Why the hell you played the game?

Was there logic in the head knocks?
In the corks and in the cuts?
Did common sense get pushed aside?
By manliness and guts?

Do you sometimes sit and wonder
Why your time would often pass
In a tangled mess of bodies
With your head up someone's?

With a thumb hooked up your nostril
Scratching gently on your brain
And an overgrown Neanderthal
Rejoicing in your pain!

Mate – you must recall the jersey
That was shredded into rags
Then the soothing sting of Dettol
On a back engraved with tags!

It's almost worth admitting
Though with some degree of shame
That your wife was right in asking
Why the hell you played the game?

Why you'd always rock home legless
Like a cow on roller skates
After drinking at the clubhouse
With your low-down drunken mates (censor kicked in!)

Then you'd wake up – check your wallet
Not a solitary coin
Drink bitter by the bucket
Throw an ice pack on your groin

Copping Sunday morning sermons
About boozers being losers
While you limped like Quasimodo
With a half a thousand bruises!

Yes – an urge to hug the porcelain
And curse Tetley's name
Would always pose the question
Why the hell you played the game!

And yet with every wound re-opened
As you grimly reminisce it
Comes the most compelling feeling yet
God, you bloody miss it!

From the first time that you laced a boot
And tightened every stud
That virus known as rugby
Has been living in your blood

When you dreamt it when you played it
All the rest took second fiddle
Now you're standing on the side-line
But your hearts still in the middle

And no matter where you travel
You can take it as expected
There will always be a breed of people
Hopelessly infected

If there's a teammate, then you'll find him
Like a gravitating force
With a common understanding
And a beer or three, of course

And as you stand there telling lies
Like it was yesterday old friend
You'll know that if you had the chance
You'd do it all again

You see – that's the thing with rugby
It will always be the same
And that, I guarantee
Is why the hell you played the game!

Running

Run1. Run – Author Unknown

Sometimes you need to run
To grab your trainers, your vest
To leave emails and texts
What's been before
What's happening next
Sometimes you need the pavement
The park, the drizzle, the rain
The sweat, the mud, the wind and the pain

Sometimes you need to run
Not for a purpose of a goal
But for the sound of your steps
Recharging your soul

Run2. Runner's Moans And Groans By Clive Cooksey

Head cold, chest cold, too young, too old
Calf strain, weight gain
Blood pressure high, blood pressure low
Heartbeat too fast, heartbeat too slow

Back pain, groin strain
Under train, over train
No pain, no gain

Newbies, Old B's, Honeybees, Bumble Bees
Bees-Knees, knock knees

Got an itch, got a stitch, ended up in a ditch
Too fat, too thin
New trainers break them in, old trainers in the bin

Building up, slowing down
Lost your Mojo? Try lost and found
Fast feet, flat feet
Smelt feet, athletes feet,
Not forgetting, two left feet!

Fat tummy, nose runny
Flatulation, constipation
Varicose veins, growing pains
Bad head – too much tippie
Don't forget, Jogger's nipple!

Last but not least, because this is a beast
Plantar fasciitis, now that's a bugger
Takes so long to recover

This running lark is such fun
So go enjoy it everyone
Sorry for this awful pun
But I'm off out now for my run.

Run3. The Final Race By Allison Chambers Coxsey

Cry your tears of sorrow,
Then lay your tears aside.
Don't weep for me forever,
Nor in your sorrow hide.

For I am more alive today,
Than I ever was before;
I am just one heartbeat from you,
On the other side of the door.

To a new life full and free;
Because of Christ,
I've run the race,
And now have victory.

So don't stand there and weep for me,
My battle now is won.
Pick up your helmet, sword and shield,
You have a race to run.

Run4. The Race By Ann M Johnson

Sometimes there are obstacles in this race called life
that I need to overcome
Sometimes the journey is just beginning even when I feel like the race is done
Sometimes the road seems lonely
Sometimes the hills seem too steep
Sometimes I long to quit running and just want to sleep

The race is like a marathon
It is best taken one step at a time
It is best to go at my own pace
and not by comparing myself with the other runners along the way
If I take my eyes off of the goal
I will quickly lose my place
It is good to seek encouragement displayed on the faces of friends along the way
It drives me to press forward on otherwise darkened days
I need to persevere even when the path is rough, and the goal seems way too far away
This seemingly uphill battle builds strength and endurance for this long-distance race
I don't have to be the best runner that there ever was
I just need to do my best to run and keep the prize in sight
when I finally cross the finish line
I hope to hear I'm glad you made it
If I'm fortunate I might even hear "Well Done"
For now, I will keep running taking it one step at a time

Run5. The Runners' Mile – Author Unknown

As I laced up my shoes
For my morning run
I suddenly felt his presence
Envelop me...
Something like the sun.

"Hi God, I know it's been a while..."
"Hey friend, I know you've been busy,
Can I join you for a mile?"

We set off down the track
Talked about this, talked about that
After a while, as I picked up my pace
I felt that he was hanging back

"Hey God, you mind if I run ahead?"
I wanted to maintain my record
For me it's better your best
Or just stay in bed

He said “Go ahead, hope you don’t mind.
But I lightened up your load”
And as I looked back, he was picking up
My sins, troubles and burdens from the road

I was so touched that I began to cry
I felt his warm embrace and all the fear in me died
“You keep running, I’ll take care of you.
And remember in all things, to thine own self be true”

Now I always run with him
And through thick and thin
He always carried my load
And I always win

Run6. To An Athlete Dying Young By A.E. Housman

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the marketplace.
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears.

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find un-withered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl’s.

Run7. Twas The Night Before The Race By ‘Goneforarun’

’Twas the night before the race and all through the place
Runners were carb loading hoping for a great pace
Their race day clothes were hung with great care
Along with gels, watches and bib. All there!

The many weeks of training was not much fun
Hill repeats, FARTLEKs and long runs were done
Hydration intake has all been perfected
And thankfully no major pains were detected

When race day arrives runners all fill the streets
And into their corrals they eagerly retreat
Setting their watches as they run through the start
We bid them all a good race admiring their dedication and heart

As the miles pass by they run with all of their might
Water and fuel stations are a very welcome sight
The crowds are all cheering and having a good time
Giving the runners high fives all down the line

When what to their wondering eyes should appear?
But the finish line gleaming with medals, so near.
Endorphins are dancing all around in their heads
It’s time for celebrations and then straight to bed

May your running always be such a wonderful delight
Happy running to all and to you all a good night.

Snooker

Sn1. Snooker By Phil Soar

Each frame an adventure of consummate skill,
Lining the balls up, whilst they are quite still,
And stroking them home to amass the best score,
To better the break that they’d potted before.

Some players may wait for a place at the table,
No reflection of status, or that they’re not able,
Perhaps their opponent has plotted his time,
And has potted the balls in a way that’s sublime.

At the end of the game, there’s a feeling of joy,
That he’s had the ability to plan and destroy,
To visit the baize, and perform to his best,
And then lift the trophy above his proud chest.

Snowsports

Sno1. Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening By Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.
My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.
He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.
The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Sno2. White Noise – Author Unknown

In all the world
There's nothing like
The sound of falling snow

The only noise
I've ever known
That makes the clocks move slow

The only sound
That sweeps away
The din of city streets

And wraps around
In soft embrace
Most everyone it meets

A sound that's not
A sound at all
A quiet, soft and dear

That comfort all
the sleepy souls
Who sit and watch and hear

Sno3. White Stars By Lenore Hetrick (Adapted)

The small white stars that fall to earth
When winter snows come down
Are envied by the bright gold stars
That shine above the town

We wish that we could fall from the sky
And visit our loved ones they said
How lovely our shining gold light would look
Upon their faces with smiles spread

Don't envy us the white stars said
We're only snowflakes you see
And your place far up in heaven
Is the safest place to be

Would you like to know what happens to us?
The white stars asked the gold
We melt away and disappear
Before we are one minute old

The gold stars, shocked to hear this news
Settled back in their heavenly sky
Content for the white stars to pass icy kisses
On their loved one's face from up high

Swimming

Swil. Swimming With Quiet Spirit – Author Unknown

It's time now I said
For the deepening and quieting of the spirit
Among the flux of happenings
Something had pestered me so much
That I thought my heart would break
I mean, the mechanical part

I went down in the afternoon
To the sea
Which held me, until I grew easy

About tomorrow; who knows anything?
Except that it will be time again
For the deepening and quieting of the spirit

Surfing

Surf1. The Surfer By Tara Bliss

I'm perched, inspired in my nest
My skin golden, kissed by rays
I am whispering
With the whitewash.

It is hypnotic;
This tug of war between the depths
And the sands.
Only the few on surfboards
Seem to understand.
Patience is precious.

Spirit's breath: the breeze, welcomes me
As does the mischief of a bird's song,
The glowing orange planet
And Mother Ocean's crashing rhythm.

This; just one more cycle of morning-
A fraction of eternity
Has me knowing:
I am the Sun
The breeze
The waves
The song of the birds.
I am the surfer.

Teams / Team Sport / Teamwork

Team1. Compensation By Edgar Albert Guest

I'd like to think when life is done
That I had filled a needed post.
That here and there I'd paid my fare
With more than idle talk and boast;
That I had taken gifts divine.
The breath of life and manhood fine,
And tried to use them now and then
In service for my fellow men.

I'd hate to think when life is through
That I had lived my round of years
A useless kind, that leaves behind
No record in this vale of tears;
That I had wasted all my days
By treading only selfish ways,
And that this world would be the same
If it had never known my name.

I'd like to think that here and there,
When I am gone, there shall remain
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I toiled for gain;
That someone's cheery voice and smile
Shall prove that I had been worthwhile;
That I had paid with something fine
My debt to God for life divine.

Team2. Don't Quit By John Greenleaf Whittier

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low, and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is strange with its twists and turns
As every one of us sometimes learns
And many a failure comes about
When he might have won had he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.
Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell just how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

Team3. For Every Hill I've Had To Climb By L. E. Thayer

For every hill I've had to climb,
For every stone that bruised my feet,
For all the blood and sweat and grime,
For blinding storms and burning heat
My heart sings but a grateful song—
These were the things that made me strong!

For all the heartaches and the tears,
For all the anguish and the pain,
For gloomy days and fruitless years,
And for the hopes that lived in vain,
I do give thanks, for now I know
These were the things that helped me grow!

'Tis not the softer things of life
Which stimulate man's will to strive;
But bleak adversity and strife
Do most to keep man's will alive.
O'er rose-strewn paths the weaklings creep,
But brave hearts dare to climb the steep.

Team4. It's Not The Critic Who Counts By Theodore Roosevelt

"It's not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or when the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions and spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory or defeat."

Team5. Plain Old Oyster – Author Unknown

There once was an oyster, whose story I'll tell
Who found that some sand, had gotten into his shell
It was only a grain, but gave him great pain
For oysters have feelings, although they are plain

Now, did he berate the harsh workings of fate
That had brought him to such a deplorable state?
"No", he said to himself, "Since I cannot remove it",
I'll lie in my shell, and think how to improve it",

The years rolled around, as the years always do,
And he came to his ultimate destiny stew.
Now the small grain of sand that had bothered him so,
Was a beautiful pearl all richly aglow,

This tale has a moral, for isn't it grand,
What an oyster can do with a morsel of sand?
Think... what could we do, if we'd only begin,
With some of the things that get under our skin.

Team6. Success By Ralph Waldo Emerson

To laugh often and much;
to win the respect of the intelligent people
and the affection of children;
to earn the appreciation of honest critics
and endure the betrayal of false friends;
to appreciate beauty;
to find the best in others;
to leave the world a bit better
whether by a healthy child, a garden patch,
or a redeemed social condition;
to know that one life has breathed easier
because you lived here.
This is to have succeeded.

Team7. The Victor By C.W. Longenecker

"If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost.
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will.
It's all in the state of the mind.
If you are outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win the prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man.
But sooner or later, the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can."

Tennis

Ten1. The Tennis Players' Prayer By Brian Bilston

Our Federer, which art in Henman
Lew Hoad be thy name
Billie Jean Kingdom come
Thy Wimbledon
On Earth as it is in Henman
Give us this day our Perry, Fred
And forgive us our Samprasses
As we forgive them that Samprass against us
And Lloyd us not into tense tie-breaks.
But Rod Laver us from Ivanisevic
For Billie Jean is the Kingdom
Evonne Goolagong and the Cawley
For Evert and Evert
Amen

Ten2. May The Net By Daniel Mark

May the net always be friendly
May your serve always be true
May your strokes always be quicker
Than the shots hit back to you

May your feet always be moving
May your muscles not get sore
May you play this game you love
For now and evermore

Ten3. Wimbledon Prayer – Author Unknown

Dear Lord
Each time I play on life's LOVE-ly court
I thank you for the freedom to serve and slice
With racket in hand. Your fault-less resort
Game points, no deuce and advantage is nice
When my score is set, and my earthly match is done
I'll meet you at the champions net in Heaven's Wimbledon

Trains and Train Journeys

Tra1. I Am Standing Upon The Platform (taken from 'That is Dying' by Rev Luther Beecher)

I am standing upon the platform.
A long and shiny steam train at my side blows its whistle
And chuffs along the track in the morning breeze
As it starts for the rails outstretched ahead.

It is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch it until at length
The train's cloud of steam hangs like a speck of white cloud
just where the land and the sky meet at the horizon
to mingle with each other.

Then, someone at my side says,
"There, he/she is gone!"

"Gone where?"
Gone from my sight. That is all.
He/She is just as fire, cylinder and piston
as he/she was when he/she left my side
and he/she is just as able to bear his/her
load of living freight to its' destination station.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone
at my side says, "There, she is gone!"
There are other eyes watching her coming,
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout;
"Here she comes!"
And that is dying.

Tra2. Last Journey by Timothy Coote

There is a train at the station
With a seat reserved just for me
I'm excited about its destination
As I've heard it sets you free

The trials and tribulations
The pain and stress we breathe
Don't exist were I am going
Only happiness I believe

I hope that you will be there
To wish me on my way
It's not a journey you can join in
It's not your time today

There'll be many destinations
Some are happy, some are sad
Each one a brief reminder
Of the great times that we've had

Many friends I know are waiting
Who took an earlier train
To greet and reassure me
That nothing has really changed

We'll take the time together
To catch up on the past
To build a new beginning
One that will always last

One day you'll take your journey
On the train just like me
And I promise that I'll be there
At the station and you will see

That Life is just a journey
Enriched by those you meet
No one can take that from you
It's always yours to keep

But now as no seat is vacant
You will have to muddle through
Make sure you fulfil your ambitions
As you know I'll be watching you

And if there's an occasion
To mention who you knew
Speak kindly of that person
As one day it will be you

Now I can't except this ending
And as it's time for me to leave
Please make haste to the reception
To enjoy my drinks, they're free!

Tra3. Takin' the Train To Heaven – Author Unknown

Heaven's train has come 'a callin'
The conductor tells me, "time to go"
I hadn't seen it comin'
I wish that I'd 'a known

Soft smoke is billowin', billowin' up
The train whistles a fluted sound
And up eternity's track we go
Leavin' this earthly ground

I'd like to have known my passage was booked
The fare paid...my departure planned
'Cause I was just as surprised as you
[Alt. Verse: For I was still battling courageously
When from life-to-death I spanned]

So here I stand on the departure docks
And into eternity I'll go
But I'll leave part of my heart with you
So you will always know...

Tra4. That I Love You – Author Unknown

I've found my seat now on the train
It's feelin' more like home
As for baggage...we all have none
'Cept for love 'n' memories we've known

My ticket's punched and handed back
After searchin' my heart and face
I find it reads: "FIRST CLASS TO HEAVEN"
"THROUGH CHRIST'S ATONING GRACE"

And suddenly I'm feelin' so much calm
'Bout where I've been and where I'm goin'
And I can trust you all to God's sweet grace
For his mercies you'll be knowin'

I can see you all so clearly
As the train chugs 'n' we depart
You're all remainin' so close to me
Where does life end 'n' heaven start?

I still can reach out 'n' touch you
So I'll be sendin' my love each day
Your sorrow's gonna ease with time
Yet my deep love'll always stay

The train begins to slow down now...
We're arrivin' at eternity
As heav'nly mansions come into view...
Glorious as they can be!

So don't be filled with sadness...
For I'm here in peaceful abode
The train simply brought me back to my God
And the joys of my heav'nly home

Tra5. The Train Of Life – Author Unknown

At birth, we board the train and meet our parents, and we believe they will always travel your side.

As time goes by, other people will board the train; and they will be significant i.e. our siblings, friends, children, and even the love of your life.

However, at some station our parents will step down from the train, leaving us on this journey alone.

Others will step down over time and leave a permanent vacuum. Some, however, will go so unnoticed that we don't realise they vacated their seats.

This train ride will be full of joy, sorrow, fantasy, expectations, hellos, goodbyes, and farewells. Success consists of having a good relationship with all passengers requiring that we give the best of ourselves.

The mystery to everyone is: We do not know at which station we ourselves will step down. So, we must live in the best way, love, forgive, and offer the best of who we are.

It is important to do this because when the time comes for us to step down and leave our seat empty we should leave behind beautiful memories for those who will continue to travel on the train of life. I wish you all a joyful journey.

Resources List

BrainyQuote: www.brainyquote.com

Favorite Poets and Poems: www.famouspoetsandpoems.com

Great-Quotes.com: www.great-quotes.com

<http://alegacyofstitches.blogspot.com/p/my-legacy-of-stitches-poem.html>

<http://www.poemfarm.amylv.com>

http://www.poetry-archive.com/b/byron_george_gordon.html

<http://www.rolling-maul.com/>

<https://gonecyclingagain.wordpress.com>

<https://scubadiverlife.com>

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poems#subjects=38&page=1&occasions=95>

Linda's Lyrics, LLC: www.thedashpoem.com

PoemHunter.com: www.poemhunter.com

Poetry Soup: www.poetrysoup.com

Poems and Reflections LLC

The Quotations Page: www.quotationspage.com

The Quote Garden: www.quotegarden.com

www.familyfriendpoems.com/

Celebrants' corner – Facebook

Celebrants' Collective – Facebook



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