

DEAR miss or mrs. Gail Tipton ,
your letter and Poem made me cry ,
Did I make you think I was something ,
That just dropped from the sky -
Now how must I begin ,
To help you realize ,
that I'm just an earthly "critter,"
Not something dropped from the skies .

yes, I was born on an ISLAND
with lots of water all around
water from the great atlantic
and from the Pamlico's great sound
yes I've seen the seas great rhythms
as its waves rolled on the beach ,
And I've seen it in its Temper ,
slashing all within its reach .

And I've seen its generosity ,
giving of its gifts galore .
Thirty tons of fish were heaved ,
To the fishers on the shore .
I've seen that giant breathing ,
swells of frothing fury , to retch .
the unwanted driftings from its belly ,
To dump in piles upon the beach .

I've seen its raging waters cut an Inlet
Thru our road that used to be
And I've watched with amazement
As the sound met with the sea
I've seen the beautiful sea oats
In a swirling twirling mass
And the tourist homes evolving
In a great destructive crash

I've seen one fisher sportsman
Just as happy as could be
He had his swigs , slouch hat , rod , bait , And bucket
And was heading for the sea

I've seen that restive pulsing ocean ,
I've heard its frantic boisterous cry ,
I've seen it reduced in volume ,
Until it sang a lullaby .
Yes , I've searched the ocean's strands ,
For anything I could find ,
To help me tell the story ,
giving birth within my mind .

I've seen the hungry seabirds ,
Seeking something to eat ,
Swoop down and catch the fish ,
Left by the waves retreat .
I've seen the tiny sea birds ,
watch the oceans flow and ebb ,
Scramble for some tasty morsel ,
Left on the sea waves bed .

I've seen the tourists on the banks .
Just beyond the ocean's reach ,
Gazing at the playful antics ,
As the waves splashed on the beach .
I've seen the fishers throw their baited hooks ,
As far as their lines would reach ,
And I've seen them haul in drum and bluish ,
And throw them floundering on the beach .

I've seen the setting sun .
Sink low into the west ,
Throwing its rosy glimmers .
Across the ocean's crest .
But when nature drew its curtain
Veiling every rosy light
Then the darkness , as directed
Reigned supremely thru' the night

His song was Glory , Glory , Hallelujah
Louder than the ocean's roar
And caused many many giggles
From the tourists on the shore

My Darling Please Don't Cry.

It seems I hear John whispering
my Darling Please don't cry
For love will seek and find its love
For true love cannot die
True love is a gift of God
And that is the reason why
It's given to you to bless your heart
And not to make you cry

Yes, I know God gives true love
And that it can never die
But the sad, sad thoughts of suffering
Hurts and makes me cry.
And the thoughts of separation
And the grief of loneliness
seem to crowd out other thoughts
that might bring some happiness

When I see your vacant chair
And your reading glasses near by
And the remote control you used to hold
The thought of these make me cry
The piano too is silent now
For there's no desire to play
Since the one who sang some
has gone away to stay

The beautiful clothes in your closets
And the tie clasp still on your tie
And the watch you wore on your arm
The sight of these make me cry
And the gloves you wore pulling weeds
still are here for me to see
And the hat you wore out in the sun
still hangs on the old hall tree

And the old lawn chair where you used to sit
And watch the cars go by
Bring such hurtful thoughts to me
That I can't help but cry
And the thoughts of your walker, dear
And the thoughts of your wheelchair
And the thoughts of your memories
Bring to me sad memories
that are so hard to bear

And your Bible that you liked to read
You kept it close to you
So you could pick it up and read
when ever you wanted to
And the "guide Posts" with the big print
that Annie Miller gave to you
you kept them too, within your reach
until you read them through

When it seems I hear John whispering
my Darling Please don't cry
I wish that I could answer,
And say my dear I'll try I'll try
I wish I could be brave for John
I truly try and try and try
But sad sad thoughts crush my heart
Then I break down and cry

Every where I look dear heart
Dear things of yours I see
And I hope that fading memory
won't take them away from me
I have your precious pictures, dear
And when your smiling face I see
It seems that a bit of heaven
Has just dropped to me.

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IF

IF I had wings like an Angel,
I would keep flying in the sky.
Until I met with my loved ones,
with whom I've had today Goodbye.
If my Father gave me wings,
And taught me how to fly,
I'm sure He would be with me,
on my journey thru' the sky.

IF I could write like an Angel,
on sheets of shining gold,
you could read a sweet story,
as has ever yet been told.
IF I could think like an Angel,
I would know what to write,
To send forth Heavenly Flickers,
To make our world more bright.

IF I could sing like an Angel,
that sings in the Heavenly Band,
And the tempo is directed,
By an Angel's skillful hand.
Then there'd be an inspiration,
In that Angelic song,
That would tingle thru' the ages,
With a sound that's loud and strong.

IF I could play like an Angel,
On golden harps as Angels do,
There would be the kind of music,
That Angels stop to listen to.
If I could read all that's written,
On God's great spacious scroll,
I would find a wondrous message,
That brings blessings to the soul.

O IF I could touch the hem
of the garments Jesus wore
I think I'd be so happy
that I couldn't ask for more

If our prayers would spring forth,
From a heart sincere and just,
we would find God's answer bounteining,
Thru' the Heavens back to us.
If we would live our lives on earth,
As our Creator wants us to,
there would be much brighter paths,
For His children to walk thru'.

IF I could look into the future,
As my Heavenly Father can,
There would be a lot of changes,
In my daily living plan.
There are many many things,
that I would not say or do,
In these days of preparation,
that I now am passing thru'.

And there are many many things,
that I would do and say,
that might help a lot of others,
To live better lives each day,
If we would all believe,
that God hears us when we call,
and He tells us that he notes,
when the little sparrows fall.

IF we could look into the past,
on that Hill in Calvary,
And see our Saviour dying,
Because of love for you and me.
I think we'd be more grateful,
for His great, great sacrifice,
that His loved ones might inherit,
His great gift of eternal life.

would my Saviour speak to me,
words of comfort to my soul,
such as "Daughter go in peace,
thy faith hath made thee whole."

I've seen a school of drum,
Like I've never seen before,
Looking like a small island,
Drifting in towards the shore.
I've seen surfers on their surfboards,
Uttering loud outbursts of glee,
As the great waves tossed them high,
As they frolicked with the sea.

I've seen the shell collectors,
Seeking treasures of the sea,
And I've heard squeals of delight,
As they echoed back to me.
I've seen youngsters making castles,
From the seas wet golden sands,
And I've seen them fashion turrets,
And pat them hard with skillful hands.

I've seen the swimmers swimming,
That seemed reckless bravery to me,
As I watched their bobbing heads,
Behind the great waves of the sea.

I've seen the happy sun bathers
On their blankets having fun
Waiting for the wanted suntan
To be given by the sun

I've seen that turbulent ocean
And also heard its noisy roar
And I've seen the sailing boats
Floundering helplessly to the shore
I've seen great ships that were caught
With angry water all around
Until it found its helpless self,
Near to the shore aground

I've seen the lassies in bikinis.
Just as cute as they could be,
Playing in the golden sands,
Shed by the splashing sea.
I've seen the lads in colored briefs,
Squinting at the setting sun,
Knowing that when darkness come,
It would end their evening's fun.

I've seen the lovers stroll,
Arm in arm along the beach,
Until they found a sandy knoll,
Just beyond the oceans reach.
And there they looked and loved and wondered,
And bewitched they seemed to be,
For beyond all understanding,
Were the charms of the sea.

I've seen the fishers above their ships,
Thru' the breakers with great care,
And pull their nets behind their boats,
To surround the fish they hoped were there.
I've seen the young men search for driftings,
To make a big campfire at night,
So all their friends could play and sing,
Close by the campfires light.

Now I think I'd better stop,
Telling tales about the sea,
Yet in its many moods,
It's still beautiful to me.
Now it's time to say "Bye Bye,"
Or had I better say "So Long,"
To the lovely lady known as,
Miss or Mrs. Gail Tipton.