

# **The Collected Poetry of Paul R. Turnidge**

**Volume 1**

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## Homesick:

I'm not homesick, or anything like that,  
But it'd sure be grand to just get back  
With my old friends and neighbors.  
Always looking ahead to when I get out,  
I'll head home with nary a pout.  
A strange world this old place is,  
All in a turmoil and always in a fizz.  
Gee, I wish I's home again.  
I never thought so much about the old home place,  
Where Ma and Pa kept up the race,  
But it's all different now;  
I'd like to go back to my old home town,  
And see my friends and neighbors again.  
I guess it's true, 'there's no place like home;'  
You'll find that out when you get out to roam  
in this old world of ours,  
You'll think of home just like I did.  
Well I guess the time will soon roll around  
When I can get back to my old home town.

October 2, 1937

## Jesus Has Not Forgotten You

Does it seem that you've been left alone on your way?  
Jesus has not forgotten you —  
Tho' temptations may come till you can bear no more,  
Jesus has not forgotten you.

When down life's dark road, you seem left alone,  
Jesus has not forgotten you —  
Just look to the savior, He'll guide you home,  
Jesus has not forgotten you.

Jesus has not forgotten you,  
Jesus has not forgotten you,  
Tho' the road may seem dim,  
You can still look to Him,  
For Jesus has not forgotten you.

Oh glory hallelujah, His hand is clasped with mine,  
Oh glory hallelujah, Praise His Name divine;  
He'll take me Home to glory, where nothing can alarm,  
I know I'm safe in Jesus, with His hand clasped with mine.

## Family Reunion With God

On that bright and cloudless day  
When the Saints shall gather home,  
And we shall be with Jesus – by and by;  
All our labours will be o'er  
And sickness be no more,  
In our Family reunion with God.

When sadness has come to some here below  
With the parting of someone we love  
Let us think of Home above  
Where all is joy and love  
In our Family Reunion with God.

Tho' Satan's hosts prevail  
On this earth here below,  
And discouragements come night and day,  
Let us Hope, Trust, and Pray  
That we'll be ready that day,  
For our Family Reunion with God.

— — —

If a task is once begun  
Never leave it till it's done;  
Be the labor great or small,  
Do it well, or not at all.

## Give and Take:

Lord, make me a vessel, wholly thine,  
To hold the water, or the wine,  
That passers by, who may but sneer,  
Will know that Christ is dwelling here.

May all my friends, I love so dear,  
Put I on the altar, now, right here;  
My home, my all, my dearest thing,  
I humbly to Thy altar bring.

I give to Thee my life and joy  
For You to make without alloy;  
A servant of Thine I wish to be,  
That others may know You live in me.

Now Lord, I bring my every care  
Casting them on Thee to bear;  
And let me take my cross, I pray,  
And shine for You from day to day.

The Word is mine, the promise too,  
That what I ask, Thou wilt do,  
To heal the sick, the maim, the blind.  
And show that thou art all sublime.

November 5, 1937



## For Cora Turnidge On Valentines Day

This is the day of your downfall  
but if I hadn't come along  
I wouldn't have known what  
a wonderful Mom you have been and are.

Across the land  
both far and near  
None so Precious  
As My Mother dear

Her Hair is white  
as the clouds above  
Her heart is filled  
with wondrous love

In all my travels  
around this land  
a better mother  
could ever stand

So I say,  
dear mother of mine  
I choose you for  
my valentine.

Love, Paul

## **You May Feast at Jesus' Table all the Time**

Friend, there's love and joy and peace  
And much more to say the least,  
When we walk and talk with Jesus all the time;  
Every need He does supply, and a Home up in the sky,  
You may feast at Jesus' table all the time.

You may feast at Jesus' table all the time,  
When the storms of life are howling down the line,  
When your heart is sore distressed,  
Come to Jesus' there is rest,  
You may feast at Jesus' table all the time.

Jesus loves your broken heart,  
He has loved you from the start,  
And He waits with arms outstretched to welcome home,  
Come to him with ev'ry need,  
He'll supply it, yes indeed,  
You may feast at Jesus' table all the time.

If you've strayed from out the fold,  
And you're hungry, worn and cold,  
And you're longing to get back before you die,  
Just remember Jesus said, that He had a table spread,  
You may feast at Jesus' table all the time.

He is pleading for you now  
To come back and make your vow  
That you'll love and never stray from Him again,  
For the promises divine are still yours, line on line,  
You may feast at Jesus' table all the time.

## Never Say No

Never say no to the master,  
When service He bids you do;  
Glory and grace is a waiting  
When our Lord has called upon you.

Chorus:

Never say no!  
Never say no when Jesus asks something of you;  
Grace He will give, and in vict'ry you'll live,  
If you never say no to Him.

What'er the task He is asking,  
No matter how hard to do,  
Quickly obey at His bidding –  
He always will carry you through.

Chorus

Things in His sight that aren't pleasing,  
He asks us to lay aside;  
Ne'er shall we know fullest blessing  
Til in His love we abide.

Chorus

## Hi Flo, How do you go?

Hi Flo, how do you go?  
I love you, dear, I want you to know.

About this trip, I think it's best  
You be with your folks and all the rest.  
I know those friends you're glad to see,  
And where you're happy is where you should be.

The trip on the train is mighty rough,  
Hard on the head and all that stuff.  
'Taint funny McGee and that's no joke —  
Can't go by plane if you're nearly broke.  
So you ramble and jiggle and swing and sway  
'Till you're dizzy as a coon all the live long day.  
Your joints are stiff, your ribs ache, too,  
Your feet so swelled, won't fit in your shoe.  
Try to sleep, your head on your knees —  
The conductor comes through with "Tickets, please!"  
So you stir yourself and out the window look,  
'Cause you're too dizzy and sick to read a book.  
Take out your knitting and drop a stitch,  
And wonder why you weren't born rich.  
After three days and three nights, so they say,  
You land in the station at close of the day.  
You go to the hospital — though you're nearly dead —

To see your dad lying in bed.  
Your bones are aching, you begin to sneeze —  
All you can think is “Move over, please!”

I love my wife, that’s true and right.  
She is my joy both day and night.  
I try to please and help her, too,  
Her chores are many both small and great,  
Like sweepin’ floors and frying steak,  
And raisin’ kids — and that’s no joke!  
Keeps you poor and generally broke.  
Keeps you schemin’ and scratchin’ to  
Make ends meet the way they should do.  
And O the joy my good wife brings  
With cookin’ of goodies and other things.  
O what a change comes to our home  
When my darling wife goes off to roam!  
To be with her parents and other kin —  
’Tis nothing wrong, and it ain’t no sin,  
But boy! she’s missed, I’ll tell you now,  
In the raisin’ of kids and preparing chow,  
And washin’ and ironing and mending, too,  
Are kind of hard for a man to do.  
Now I’m waiting for that day and time  
When I can see that wife of mine.

The time goes slow to that future date  
But that dear girl I appreciate!  
O yes, one thing I meant to say.  
You took the train when you went away.  
That's awful rough and goes so slow  
My mind's made up, I think I'm sane —  
You must come back by aeroplane!  
March 1963.

## For Dr. Virgil Anderson, On His Birthday.

I met a man we've learned to know  
To him we love and would like to show  
How we feel in some little way  
On this his thirty-first birthday  
He's always kind and shows respect  
Although some test his intellect  
Now, doc, you listen and I'll tell thee  
The very thing that's wrong with me.  
The thing that's tying me in knots  
Is that I'm needin' liver shots  
Now, doc, I'll tell you for my needs I insist  
You take a look at this long list.  
My needs are great as this list will show  
For I've lived with myself and I ought to know  
Yes... the needs are many amongst our guests  
Hardly gives doc a time to rest.  
A temp goes up or they have a fall  
Best thing's to give the doc a call  
Now it ain't easy I'm here to say  
To answer the phone at break of day  
When you're sleepin' sound in the midst of a snore  
And get a call from Nightingale floor.  
This one thing I hope doc knows  
Our appreciation of him continually grows  
April 3rd, 1963.



## How The Time Passes By

How the time passes by  
From day of birth until we die  
As we look back to the things that are past,  
'Tis what's done for others brings joys that last.

If we have helped some passer by,  
To lighten his load and heed his cry,  
Those are the things we're glad to remember  
Whether it's in June, May, or November

Whether it be cold as the snows whirl by,  
Or the sweltering heat in mid-July.  
If I can hear some man say,  
"I'm glad God sent you down my way"  
The saying is true, may we sow its seed  
"A friend in need is a friend indeed"

## My Choice

When day is done, and shadows fall,  
And I have heard my Savior's call,  
Will I be glad I made this choice —  
Or blush in shame to hear His voice?

The question comes as I walk this way,  
“Is this the path He's prepared today?  
Am I taking the things He'd have me choose?  
Or grasping the things He knows I'll lose.”

There are the gold and silver and precious stone,  
They're hard to find, and few places known:  
But God has made a way for me  
To gather treasure for eternity.

Wood, Hay, stubble on every hand,  
So easy to choose — but will never stand.  
Lord help me to gain by Thy wonderful grace  
Those things that reward when I see Thy face.

1 John 2:28

June, 1964

## As We Walk Along Life's Road

As we walk along Life's road,  
Tho' harassed by cruel goad,  
Still we feel His presence there  
As we lift our hearts in prayer.

Jesus said, Seek me first,  
I'll provide, you'll never thirst,  
For food and clothes I have in store  
For those who love me more and more.

I'll never leave or forsake my own,  
Is the promise from His throne;  
I need not fear, it's ever true  
What He says, I know He'll do.  
May 25, 1969

## To My Dear Wife On Our Twenty-Eighth Anniversary, October 21, 1972

*I Thank my God upon every remembrance of you. Phil. 1:3*

My Darling Love, I want you to know  
My life began twenty-eight years ago.  
My dream was fulfilled complete and true  
When together we stood and said, "I do."

God had promised a wife for me,  
Where and how I could not see;  
But when you stood and spoke a word or two,  
My God said, "There's the one I chose for you."

As I look back, I marvel and praise  
That God gave me you my family to raise.  
Indebted to God I'll ever be  
That He gave me you to live with me.

And now Dear One, I want you to know  
With all my heart I love you so;  
The more I'm with you I want to show  
My love continues to grow and grow.

This poem is poor and almost grotesque,  
But I love you dear, and I've done my best.  
This world would be great, I'll have you know,  
If each man loved his wife like Paul loves Flo.

## Twenty-Nine Years

I'm alone tonite as I think about you,  
How God bro't us together with His love so true.  
You were the one God planned for me,  
I am so glad He caused it to be.

If He had tried different, He couldn't do better,  
You fit my liking to the very last letter.  
We've lived together for these twenty-nine years  
With a lot of happiness, and just a few tears.

It wouldn't be true, fact's I'd be a cheater,  
If I didn't tell the truth that you've become  
sweeter and sweeter.  
What is ahead? It is true we can't see;  
I'm glad I have you to share it with me.

October 21, 1973

## The Maintenance Crew

I've been thinkin', what a crew!  
Show me a job that they can't do;  
There's mendin' and fixin' of every sort,  
They'll do the job without retort.

There's Blankinship with a name that won't rhyme,  
You can call him for help most any time,  
He'll stay with it till the job's done right  
No matter if it takes both day and night.

And Richins — what a guy —  
He'll play with sparks until he die;  
He pulls the wire and tightens the screw,  
Makes the blame thing run, and light up too.

And Jake Pauls, that little squirt,  
Got a lot of muscle inside that shirt.  
Drives a nail and saws a board,  
Could make a castle fit for a lord.

Your motor sputts? Your brakes are poor?  
Ask our mechanic, his name's Ray Moore.  
No matter the trouble or whatever sticks,  
There's nothin', no nothin' that man can't fix.

Then look at the grounds, we can do without shame,  
They're kept by that man, Quenzer by name.  
He mows the grass and fertilizes too,  
Does the best job of gardenin' any man can do.

The boilers workin', the water's hot,  
To Judd's credit likely as not,  
Oiling the pumps and packing them too,  
Mending the cracks from firebox to flue.

Jim Butler's the man that heads this crew,  
He tells each one just what to do.  
With great respect and high esteem  
We're glad he's the man that heads our team.

Jean's his wife and secretary true,  
They work together like a couple ought to.  
She's the mother of a pretty big brood,  
Always see her happy and in a cheerful mood.

My name's Turnidge, put her there  
A part in this crew I'm glad to share.  
I thank and praise our God above  
We're united together in His wonderful love.

February 14, 1974

## Life's Big Sea

Life is such a big sea  
And I have such a small boat;  
Dear Lord I need your help  
If I'm to stay afloat.

The waves of temptation,  
The billows of doubt and fear,  
Dear Lord they press upon me,  
I need your voice of cheer.

The shoals of desperation,  
The reefs of financial care,  
Without Your hand to guide me,  
Dear Lord, I could shipwreck there.

I'm so glad you gave your Word  
That You would care for me;  
If I put my faith and trust in You,  
You'd guide me thro' this stormy sea.

September 26, 1974



## Just Thinkin'

As we look back in this wonderful year,  
Filled with joy and an occasional tear,  
We think of the things and time that was spent,  
Of friends and fellowship and what it has meant.

I think as I've labored with a wonderful crew,  
Of mendin' and fixin' and what else there is to do;  
How we've worked together and helped one another  
Doing our job and aiding our brother.

Not always easy and mistakes were made,  
Wouldn't been hard to 'llow our nerves to be frayed,  
But thank God in Heaven for His wonderful love,  
For the oil of His Spirit which flowed from above.

We've an excellent crew and a wonderful boss,  
May we know much blessing and little loss.  
My hope and prayer for each coming day,  
We can ease some burden along the way.  
May you have a Merry Christmas and a Blessed New Year.

1974

## To Paul Quenzer, In The Hospital,

What a time, during the Holiday Rush,  
To be in the dry and out of the slush  
With a beautiful bed and mattress thick,  
Trompin' the halls with a walkin' stick,  
With pretty girls all dressed in white,  
At your beck and call both day and nite.

You have a menu with your choice of food;  
To tell the truth, you never had it so good.  
'Taint no time to droop and pout  
And tell everyone you want to get out,  
Just clap your hands and ring a bell  
And tell the world, "I'm getting well!!"

January 5, 1975

## Wafers Of Love

Of all the things  
In this life we do  
May they be honest  
Pure and true;

Then we will know  
The joys from above  
Of feasting on God's  
Wafers of love

January 1, 1976

## **A Cure for Plugged Drains, Dirty Walls, and Lost Pliers**

### **Plugged Drains**

You beautiful girls, you're wonderful too —  
You keep us guessing to know what to do!  
We're faced with the problem of plugged-up sewers  
Due to the days that are exclusively yours.

So when it is time for you to dispose  
Don't drop in the toilet and say "There she goes"  
But put in the basket that's made for such things  
And we'll all be happier with fewer plugged drains

### **Dirty Walls**

This message is for you  
Who have grown so tall  
You place your hands high  
And mess up the wall  
If you are so wobbly  
And not sure on your feet  
Don't mess the wall up  
Just set on the seat  
You will feel better  
After your little rest  
And it will help to keep  
This place at its best

## Lost Pliers

Where are the pliers?  
It's plain to see  
They're not in the drawer  
Where they should be.

But might as well laugh  
As well as to cry  
There'll be plenty of groans  
Before we die.

But wouldn't it be nice  
To save a few  
By putting tools back  
The way we should do?

## I Love Kings Garden

I've been here many years  
And have seen a lot of things;  
What great improvement has been made,  
And the beauty that it brings.

New buildings have been erected,  
They are beautiful to behold.  
The grounds with flowers are blooming  
With reds and blues and gold.

Many plans are for the future,  
More buildings — and likely as not —  
They'll improve the playing fields  
And pave the parking lot.

King's Garden is God's property,  
Let's keep it neat and trim,  
For what we do upon these grounds  
Shows what we think of Him.

## Am I Richer Than You?

How oft I've thought of the man with cash —  
And me with my little, he'd call trash.  
If he's without God, though he's covered with gold,  
My treasure is greater — and it doesn't grow old!

He may have lands and possessions so great —  
(What I have you could shove in a crate!).  
If he doesn't have Jesus, with all that he's got,  
I'm richer than he by a whale of a lot...  
As I see it from here, and I know it is true —  
If you don't have Jesus, I'm richer than you!

Luke 12:21  
April, 1976

## To My Dear Wife: Mothers Day

As days go by into months and years,  
Filled with joys and occasional tears,  
I praise my God for His gifts I see,  
The greatest of all that He gave you me.

And now my dear, this Mother's Day  
From my heart I truly say,  
"What e'er the future, no matter what comes,  
I'm thrilled you're the mother of my three sons."

1976

## My Darling Wife,

I just sat down to write a line  
To that lovely wife of mine,  
Who's filled my life with joy and cheer,  
I feel so good to have her near.

There is no time of night or day  
But what I'm grateful for the way  
God chose to bring you in my life  
And make you mine, My Darling Wife.

September, 1976



## My God,

How oft I ponder the ways of God —  
How He can still a storming sea,  
How He rules the universe  
And still has time for me.

He forms the clouds and makes the rain,  
He's made the sun and stars to shine,  
I look in wonder at all He's done  
And then He says they all are mine.

I am amazed, to say the least  
Of God's great marvelous plan;  
Of how He's formed the universe  
Just for the joys of man.

And then to think how great He is,  
And what He's done for me,  
A prayer whelms up within my heart:  
“Help me dear God to honor Thee.”

September 5, 1976

## God's Wonderful Blessing

I praise the Lord both day and night  
For things He's done for me;  
He's taken care of every need,  
In ways I cannot see.

For food and raiment I have no lack,  
Or a place to sleep at night;  
I have the joys of a beautiful home,  
And the temperature is always right.

He said to seek his will to do,  
And put him first in life,  
Then He'd supply my every need,  
Even a perfect wife.

Tho' I've failed Him many times,  
His word is ever true;  
He gave that perfect wife to me—  
Our years are *thirty-two*.

October 21, 1976

## The Maintenance Crew

Butler's our boss and a leader true,  
He 'signs the chores we're 'sposed to do;  
God is good to us in this place  
For giving this man filled with His grace.

Jean's his wife, and what a dear:  
She fills the office with joy and cheer,  
Seldom you see, tho' dreary the while,  
But what on her face she carries a smile.

Jake Pauls is the man with hammer in hand,  
He nails the boards and makes them stand,  
And when he's done, I'm here to tell,  
You know the job's done, and it's done well.

Winkist you say? O, he's new on the job,  
Has lots of experience with lumber and hod;  
You may think he's aged, but you surely can bet  
There's lots of work in the old man yet.

Richins you see with a gleam in his eye,  
Handles the wires and makes sparks fly,  
Fixes the motors and wiring too,  
Shocking to see what this man will do.

Ray Moore's the man with wrench in hand.  
Motor's your problem? He'll understand,  
May be points or plugs, no matter what,  
Get the thing to him before it gets shot.

Berny Sellers, he's a new man too,  
Ray's showing him the things he should do;  
Mechanic's the thing he likes to try,  
Don't let him fool you, He'd rather fly.

Paul Quenzer's the man in charge of the grounds,  
Keeping grass clipped and flowers on the mounds;  
A member of the crew, we're glad he's a part,  
We tho't we lost him with that pain in his heart.

Jake Weber's a man we're happy to know,  
Who came to help Paul with the flowers to grow;  
Doing his best in planting the seeds,  
Freeing the ground of those dirty old weeds.

Les Judd's the man with boiler and steam,  
Renews the packing and mends the seam,  
Does lots of work others don't see,  
Like cleaning the soot and make fires burn free.

Mark Williamson is young and new on the staff,  
Blessed with great talent in various craft;  
Welding and plumbing seems his main chore,  
Tho' he is called on for a whole lot more.

Larry Jennnings is handy and has a big heart,  
Ever ready to help and carry his part,  
Whatever he's asked, it's without complaint,  
Digging a ditch or putting on paint.

My name's Turnidge, the last of the crew,  
I work on the boiler and other things too;  
Bro't here to labor for God my Father,  
Doing my best to keep Kings in hot water.

September 21, 1976

## Why???

Sometimes in life we wonder  
Why did this happen to me?  
This thing boggles my mind,  
No help in the darkness I see:

I've tried to do my very best,  
To none have I done wrong,  
Lord, what in the world's the matter?  
I'm robbed, dear Lord, of my song!

Then I hear in the distance  
a wee small voice to me,  
“Fret not, my child in turmoil,  
I have not forgotten thee.

To me you are most precious  
a stone of beauty rare  
In all your ways acknowledge me  
for you are in my care

Polishing is for a season  
Seems 'twill never end  
But this brings forth the beauty  
I have for your life to send”

January , 1977

## A Poem to Dan Turnidge...

Hi Dan:

I thought I'd write a little line,  
Tho' I guess there's nothin' to tell.  
I only hope you're doing fine  
And everything's goin' well

I guess by now you have found  
The noise a sarge can make.  
No matter what he dishes out,  
I know that you can take.

S'prisin' how time passes by  
And what it will do.  
You'll wake up one morning  
And find that you are through.

When you get out of Basic,  
And likely as not,  
You'll appreciate old Seattle,  
Where it isn't quite so hot.

June 2, 1977

## Thirty-Three Years Together

Tho' our hair has turned to silver,  
Our eyes are growing dim;  
Life continues sweeter  
As we put our trust in Him.

He has made the path before us,  
He's provided day by day,  
He has promised not to leave us  
As we follow in His way.

He has showered our lives with blessings,  
By the millions, it must be,  
But the greatest gift I know  
Was when He gave you to me.

You have made me happy,  
Brought contentment in my life;  
There's not a day that passes,  
But I'm thankful you're my wife.

October 21, 1977



## Thank You, Dear Lord

I thank you, Dear Lord, for your love for me,  
You loved me from the very start,  
You gave me parents that loved each other,  
And loved you with all their heart.

They taught me the things of God  
and the way that I should go;  
To put you first in all I did, and your love to others show.  
They said You'd supply my every need  
and share my every care,  
And listen to my every plea  
when I raised my voice in prayer.

I thank you, Blessed Lord, That what they said was true;  
For when you make a promise, that promise you will do.  
You've blessed my life with good things,  
no need did you withhold;  
Never a lack for food or clothes or shelter from the cold.

In your book you told me, "Man should not live alone."  
So you gave me a perfect wife that I could call my own.  
Three sons you gave us, they filled our family tree.  
Thank you again, Dear Jesus, for giving my wife to me.

May 11, 1978

## M & R Get Together

How good it is, once a year,  
To join together in love and cheer;  
To spend an eve of joy and mirth;  
To celebrate our Savior's birth;  
So you're invited, you and your spouse,  
To spend some time at the Turnidge house.  
Each one will bring something to eat;  
Around six o'clock we all shall meet.  
Eighteenth of December will be the day  
We've chosen to eat and sing and play.

## My Mother-In-Law

If I had the choice of women,  
The nearest without flaw,  
That choice would be easy,  
I'd choose my Mother-in-law.

She is very unselfish  
And does all that she can,  
Always does her very best  
To help her fellow man.

Not only for the daily needs,  
Down thro' life's path all trod,  
She directs them to eternal things  
And points them unto God.

And now dear Mother,  
From my heart I truly say,  
I wish you God's greatest blessing  
And a wonderful birthday.

February 24th, 1979

## April 20, 1982: Lacombe reunion letter

Dear Lacombite,

Who'd a thought, when we were kids,  
That we'd be aged and on the skids;  
But time has changed from our younger day,  
'cause now we stumble and our hair is gray.  
Don't care to play baseball and such,  
Our air is short, don't 'mount to much.  
But this we like, and would hate to miss,  
When Lacombers gather and reminisce.  
On July 11, at one o'clock stark,  
We'll get together at River Park.  
Bring some food: I'll eat yours, you eat mine,  
We're going to have one whale of a time.  
Spread the news, any way you've got'  
That all are welcome, schoolmate or not.  
Bring pictures and artifacts we'd all like to see.  
We'll have a wonderful time, just you and me.

Proud to be a Lacomber, Paul

## 1983 Lacombe reunion letter

Dear Lacomber,  
(and any who would like to join with us)

Another year has come,  
How thankful we should be,  
To get ourselves together,  
This year of '83.  
To remember things forgotten,  
Of deeds and faces too;  
There have been many changes  
That have come to me and you.  
On July 10, at one o'clock,  
At River Park we meet;  
You bring yourself a chair,  
And you're sure to have a seat.  
Bring some food that'll feed a dude,  
Potluck it's going to be.  
If things go well, and the world still stands,  
I hope to meet with thee.  
So spread the word—  
For all we want to see,  
The changes that have come to them,  
As well as you and me.

Glad to be a Lacomber, Paul

## 1984 Lacombe Reunion Letter

Here it is the spring of '84,  
We wonder what is yet in store;  
The World is writhing in turmoil and strife,  
Finding new ways to take your life.

But we have something better in mind,  
July the 5th, I'm sure you'll find,  
Will cheer your heart, as together we meet,  
Renewing acquaintance, it can't be beat!

At River Park, one o'clock it will be,  
When I see you, and you see me.  
What would be better? I sure don't know,  
So make plans now, and get ready to go.

Bring a chair and food for a good potluck;  
To diet there, you'll run amuck.  
We'll reminisce of our days at home  
When we were kids at ol' Lacombe.

So tell the others that may not know —  
Twist their arms, and get them to go.  
It is interesting to see the change that takes place  
By absence of hair and wrinkles on face.

Still Proud to be a Lacomber, Paul

## 1985 Lacombe Reunion Letter

Well what do you know, we're in '85,  
Who'd a tho't that we'd still be alive,  
When I was a kid and saw someone this old,  
I know he was half dead and almost cold.

But now that I'm here on this side of the fence,  
I'm still kickin', tho' maybe a mite dense.  
My kids are growin' in age, I can see,  
'Twont be long 'til they're as old as me.

I don't feel old when I'm with those kidss of mine,  
I'm one of the boys and feelin' fine.  
When they talk computers and things of that kind,  
I'm all in a whirl and might lose my mind.

I'm stuck with a horse and a model A Ford,  
Thinkin' how we kept busy, no time to get bored.

Enough of that before we ride in a hearse,  
We Lacombers are gathering on July 21st.  
At River Park with all of our pluck,  
At one o'clock for a good potluck.

With plenty of food and a lot of gab,  
Renewing acquaintance, 'twill make you glad.  
Spread the news to a Lacomber or two,  
Bring a chair, we'll be looking for you.

Hoping to see you all! Paul

## 1986 Lacombe Reunion Letter

Dear Lacomber,

O my goodness, what do you know about that?  
Some have got skinny and some have got fat.

How will we know unless we are seen?  
Let's make a date for July 13.

Does that hit your mind and raise a spark?  
It's Sunday at one at Lebanon's River Park.

We'll eat together, as we usually do,  
Bring your beans, salad or stew,  
Anything will be good, whatever you make,  
But don't forget the pie and cake.

Bring a bench, a stool or chair  
If you want to sit while we talk and share.

If you're an old timer, we 'specially want you;  
If you're not that old, you can come too.

Spread the word, get others to come.  
There are many in the past we've never heard from

Still mighty proud to be a Lacomber, Paul



## May 1, 1987: Lacombe Reunion Letter

Dear Lacomber,

The fruit is gettin' ripe on the ol' family tree,  
The next apples to fall may include you and me;  
The Question in mind is to know where we're goin',  
We pretty well know by the seed we been sowin'.

I wasn't figurin' a sermon to write  
When I sat down to make this invite;  
I wanted to remind you of our Lacombe blast,  
When we renew acquaintance we had in the past.

On July 19th, at Lebanon River Park,  
We start our program at 1 o'clock stark!  
Bring some victuals, we'll all sit and eat,  
Remembrin' the past, it'll sure be neat.

Spread the news to those who've not come;  
Try real hard, you'll think of some.  
Along with the food, you'll need a chair,  
If you want to sit when you get there.

Proud to be a Lacomber, Paul

## 1988 Lacombe Reunion Letter

Dear Lacomber,

What do you know? Another year has gone by.  
Keep gittin' older, someday we will die.  
Let's give it our best, while we're still on the beam.  
"Gittin'" together on July 17.

Lacombe is the place at the old grade school,  
Where we all got smart and occasionally a fool.  
They took some of your taxes and built a play shelter,  
Where we can be in the shade and not have to swelter.  
We'll bring all our food and all eat together.  
Enjoying ourselves there out of the weather.

What a joy it will be as together we meet,  
But remember a chair or you won't have a seat.  
The time is at one, and you won't have to search,  
So startle the neighbors by going to church.

Scratch your thinker and dig up some news,  
We're anxious to listen to whatever you choose.

Glad to be a Lacomber! Paul

## April 1, 1989: Lacombe reunion letter

Dear Lacomber,

Here it is, the year of '89;  
I'm still goin' strong, everything is doin' fine.  
My hearing is on the blink, my eyes can't see;  
My joints are achin' some, but pretty good for me.

I find I'm gettin' slow, a bit "teched" in the head,  
Remembering a lot less and forgetting instead.  
But a wonderful thing keeps comin' to mind,  
When we'll all get together and we're one of a kind.

Remembering the days when we were kids  
Before we got old and on the skids.  
At Lacombe grade school, there under the shelter,  
No matter the temp, we won't have to swelter.

July 16, at one o'clock is the day;  
Mark on the calander you're going that way.  
Where we all bring our food and eat to the fill,  
We talk between bites 'cause we can't keep still.

Spread the news to those of the past;  
We want to see them, it may be our last.

Glad I'm a Lacomber, Paul

## April 1990: Lacombe Reunion Letter

Dear Lacomber,

'Tis a new decade, how time has passed by.  
Are we going to keep living, or are we going to die?  
No matter our fate, whatever we do,  
Let's give it our best as we go through.

We're not too old to make a change  
For greener grass on our life's range.  
Lacombe Reunion fits in the scheme  
It's going to be Saturday, July Fourteen.

At Lacombe School where we got our start,  
Be sure and come and be a part.  
Bring your food so at "one" we can eat  
Talking to each other in our happy meet.

Bring old memorabilia we can share  
As we gawk and reminice about them there.  
There are other old timers we haven't seen  
Persuade them to come — just don't be mean.

Remember the date and it's Saturday too,  
Don't get mixed up 'cause we want to see you.

Your Fellow Lacomber, Paul

## April 1991: Lacombe Reunion Letter

Would you believe it, we're in '91?  
This century is on the way out;  
We've had reunions for the past 10 years,  
Making new friends, without a doubt.  
But the years have brought changes,  
As in the register I see,  
Many of our friends are no longer to be.

We miss their faces and a chance to talk  
About what's happened through our life's walk.

But we have a hope,  
According to the "Book", that I see,  
Of a happy reunion, waiting for you and me.

On Saturday July, 20, at the school in Lacombe,  
We'll visit together, as when it was home.  
Tell all Lacombers we want them back;  
Bring your victuals, we'll have no lack.  
Plenty of food to go to the waist,  
It stretches the belt in the greatest of haste.  
At one o'clock we'll see you there  
Bring some remembrances you'd like to share.  
Don't forget your money for expenses to pay.  
What's left over goes the Cemetery way.

## 1992 Lacombe Reunion Letter

Dear Lacomber,

Praise the Lord.  
I'm able to write,  
I've got my hearing  
I've got my sight;  
I've got two feet  
To walk a mile,  
I've got enough joy  
To make me smile.  
I've got my friends  
Who are faithful and true,  
I'm blest so much  
To think one is you.

We're having a reunion  
In old Lacombe,  
Where we were kids  
And we called home;  
We'll be together  
At the Lacombe school,  
In the shelter  
Where we can stay cool.

It will be Saturday  
July Eighteen,  
With more food  
Than you've ever seen;

At Twelve o'clock  
We'll all be there  
Plenty of time  
to eat and share.

Be sure to come  
I want to see you  
In this year  
Of '92.

## Lacomb '92 Revised

Dear Lacomber,

Here we are in 92 Still trying to figure what to do,  
Lots of changes, left and right,  
Almost wonder if its day or night.  
Lacomb Reunion, this date we'll try,  
'Twill be Sunday, the twelfth of July.  
At the Lacomb school in that nice play shelter,  
Where we all stay cool and not have to swelter  
But praise the Lord, I'm able to write,  
I've got my hearing, I've got my sight;  
I've got two feet to walk a mile,  
I have enough joy to make me smile;  
I have my friends who are faithful and true,  
I'm blest so much to think one is you.  
Remember it will be Sunday, July twelfth,  
With more food than you could set on a shelf.  
At one o'clock We'll all be there,  
Plenty of time to eat and share.  
Be sure to come, I want to see you,  
In this year of '92.

Still a Lacomber,  
Paul R. Turnidge

## Lacomb '93

Dear Lacomber,

Goodness gracious, mercy me!!  
Here we are in '93,  
Time for me to write to you  
To let you know what we're going to do.  
On July 18, if all goes well,  
We'll meet at Lacomb, ain't that swell?  
We're going to be in the school play shelter,  
Where it's nice and cool, we won't have to swelter.  
We're meeting at one to set up the table,  
We want you to come while you are able.  
Plenty of grub to make us fat,  
A chance to talk about this and that;  
Reacquainted with some we haven't seen  
Since we were young and in our teen.  
At our age, we're thinkin' slow,  
I'm writin' early, so you will know.  
Mark it on the calendar, plan the day ahead,  
No matter what, come to Lacomb instead.  
You know where it is, you won't have to search;  
If you start out early, you could even come to church.

An old Lacomber,  
Paul R. Turnidge



## Dorothy

One more year you've stashed away,  
To make you thirty-nine.  
And what I see, since you've been here,  
You're doing mighty fine.

It's nice to see your smiling face,  
And full of wit you be,  
It lifts our hearts and takes the place  
Of the wit we've lost, you see.

You notice Jim with a smile on his face,  
and Roy is on the ball;  
There is a reason, and I'm sure it's true,  
You're a blessing to us all.

Happy Birthday!  
February 13, 1983

## Friends We Have

Friends we have near and far,  
They're spread from here to there.  
Friends that care, they're everywhere,  
In need they always share.  
At the top of the list, of our friends, that's true,  
We find a name that belongs to you.

August 16, 1983

## Life's Highway

As we travel down Life's Highway,  
The mileposts whizzing by,  
Some fill our hearts with happiness,  
and others make us cry.

We seek a life of sunshine,  
And shun the trials and scorn,  
But trees are made the stronger  
By the wind and rain and storm.

As the hardships cross my pathway,  
May my heart yet thankful be,  
For Jesus is my pilot  
And he knows what's best for me.

## To My Wife

God has made us promises,  
He's fulfilled them to a T.  
The one He gave to me, in Person —  
When He promised a wife to me.

He told me when I'd have her —  
In the fall of '44.  
You have been His fulfillment,  
All I could ask and more.

I love you with all my heart,  
I thank Him day by day  
That you're the one He chose for me  
To walk down Life's Pathway.  
Your ever Lovin' Husband, Paul.

September 4, 1985

## How Did I Get Old So Fast?

Seems but yesterday,  
Those days of the past;  
I don't understand  
How I got old so fast.

I ran and jumped,  
Life was a blast;  
I just can't figure  
How I got old so fast.

I'm going to start over,  
I think I should,  
I'm going to enjoy  
My second childhood.

November 8, 1985

## Thank You At Christmas

Christmas is the time for giving,  
— Started many years ago,  
When God gave to us the Christ Child,  
That we His love should know.

It's all beyond my comprehension,  
What God has done for me,  
Every need He has supplied,  
From sin has set me free.

I am amazed at the blessings  
He has given me day by day;  
The greatest, my wife and companion,  
To share along life's way.

I'll never cease to thank Him  
For giving her to me;  
I think I'll still be thanking Him  
Throughout Eternity.

1985

## To My Dear Wife

As the days go by into months and years,  
With many joys and occasional tears,  
I praise my God for His gifts I see,  
The greatest if all, that He gave you me.  
And now, my dear, this Mother's day,  
From my heart I truly say,  
"What e're the future, no matter what comes,  
I'm glad you're the Mother of my three sons."

Mothers Day, 1986

## Over The Hill

"He's over the hill. He's too old."  
You talk like that, you need to be told.  
I may have wrinkles, a kink in the neck,  
My joints are stiff, they hurt like heck;  
I've quit that runnin', I've slowed to a walk,  
I get mixed up when I'm tryin' to talk.  
My fingers are thumbs when I pick up a thing,  
My voice seems to crack when I get up to sing.  
My mind won't recall to think of a name,  
I walk with a hobble, I am a might lame;  
But over the hill? I should say, "No."  
I'm all gassed up and rarin' to go.

May 11, 1987

## His Faithfulness

God has been so good to me,  
The half cannot be told;  
How He's guided and directed  
Since He brought me to His fold.

He's far beyond my understanding;  
All His ways I'll never know.  
But He walks along beside me,  
Leading in the way that I should go.

The way's not always easy  
down the paths that I have chose;  
Seems the thorns I'm always choosing,  
But He guides me to the Rose.

For family and friends I'm ever grateful;  
He's given to me the best.  
I'll never know why He's so good to me,  
Till in Heaven I am blest.

November 7, 1987

## That's My Boy

As I ponder what to say,  
About that great eventful day,  
When David Bruce, our first was born  
On that January morn.

'Twas 4 a.m., a knock at the door  
Woke me up, I hit the floor,  
“What's going on this unearthly hour?”  
As I stumbled along, with little power.

Jim Woodly was there, with no other one,  
To give me the news, I had a son!  
The morning was shot, no more sleep,  
I got dressed, with a hurried creep.

Down to Swedish I went with delight,  
To see my wife, where she'd spent the night.  
I had to wait for a time to see  
That little babe they brought to me.



He was bundled tight, with his face a showin',  
Looking around like he was all knowin'.  
When people would look thro' the nursery glass,  
They'd pick him out, whether boy or lass,  
  
"What a beautiful baby," I'd hear them say;  
Of all the proud pappa's, I was one that day.  
Tho' that boy grew up, and put on years,  
I'm proud I'm his pappy, and show it with cheers.

Proud Pappy  
January 14, 1988

## The First Family

In the beginning  
God had a plan  
He mixed a little dust  
And out came a man.

God was the first  
To believe in women's lib  
So he put Adam to sleep  
And made one from his rib.

This handsome couple  
Had a family over which they'd reign  
By the time Eve had Abel  
She was already raising Cain.

This family disputed  
Over this and that  
Cain got mad at Abel  
With a club he  
knocked him flat.

God didn't like it  
To see Abel dead  
So he drove Cain to the wilderness  
With a curse upon his head.

If you have a family  
I wish you a better start  
Don't use dust and get dirty  
But love each other from the heart.

May 8, 1988

## Nancy's Dilemma!!

Life is getting crucial,  
I'm past thirty six;  
Would you believe I'm forty?  
I'm really in a fix.

Hair is turning white,  
I have to keep it dyed;  
Old age is going to get me,  
No matter how I've tried.

Even tho' I'm sweet  
And lovely as pure spices;  
I have to face the fact,  
I've hit the mid life crisis.

We love you  
March 23, 1988

## Herman's Dilemma

Who's that walking with feeble step  
Seems he's weak and lost his pep  
All drooped over, you could call him shorty  
Oh the tragedy of becoming forty.

In the mirror you see him stare  
What makes that white within my hair?  
Things like that just make you cry  
I got to get some Grecian dye.

This is more than I can take  
Forty candles on my cake  
Might as well eat and take my fill  
I'm shot, I'm pooped, I'm over the hill!

1989

## Hi, Ray

So, you want to retire,  
I think you blew it.  
To have a heart attack  
Is no way to do it.

You've got to get well  
Don't set on the shelf  
Take plenty of time  
To be good to yourself.

You'll be here a long time,  
Keep your head shiny and sharp,  
You're too good looking  
To be playing a harp.

September 8, 1988

## Forty-Four Years

Forty-four years  
How can it be,  
That you would put up  
With the likes of me?

Thru sunshine and rain,  
In all kinds of weather,  
God has blessed our lives  
As we have lived together.

You have been  
A wonderful friend and wife,  
Thank you so much  
For sharing my life.

I thank our God,  
Who has been so true,  
For the wonderful day  
He gave me you.

I love you!  
October 21, 1988

## Our House

We have built our house  
As beautiful as can be,  
We're proud to have friends  
Come to look and see.

The paint is outstanding,  
The finish is bright and clear,  
The structure is the best,  
We're proud to be in here.

We haven't stinted  
In one little square;  
If there was a need,  
We were sure to put it there.

With all our work and toil,  
It would all be in vain;  
If God wasn't present  
To heal our hurt and pain.

But God is here—  
The most important part—  
Not only in our house,  
But He dwells within our heart.

April 23, 1989

## My Wonderful Gift

God has blessed us  
day by day,  
To bring us joy  
along life's way;

The birds, the trees,  
The big blue sky,  
The things we enjoy  
that money can't buy.

To me the greatest  
of all God's joys,  
Was the wonderful Mother  
of our three boys.

Happy Mothers Day.  
May 14, 1989:



## Mike Johnson

Mike Johnson, now there's a man  
That faces a job and says, "I can."  
He cuts the grass with that big mower,  
And when he's done, he runs the blower.  
Ev'ry job is nice and clean,  
Makes the grounds lovely to be seen.  
But with the girls, he's not so hot,  
Up to now, he still ain't got;  
It's better to be single at 36,  
Than wish you were, and in a fix.  
Yes Mike's the man, we all insist,  
When you are gone, you're really missed.  
Keep up the good work on Crista ground,  
You're a mighty good man to have around.

October, 1989

## Anniversary 45

As we live and breathe, we're still alive,  
We've reached the year of 45;  
A lot of good, a little bad,  
But a better life just couldn't be had.

I thank my God, Who is ever true,  
For the wonderful day He gave me you;  
You've blessed my life, like no other,  
To our three sons, you're a wonderful mother.

You've filled our lives with joy so free,  
Thank God again for giving you t'me.  
We're getting old, that's to be understood,  
But watch us enjoying our second childhood.

I love you, Paul  
October 21, 1989

## To My Wife Flo

Great are my blessings,  
So many have I;  
The greatest I have  
Started in P.E.I.

A baby was born  
Sixty-nine years ago;  
The mother's name was Addie,  
And the babe's name was Flo.

The baby grew up,  
Into the world she was sent.  
To preach the gospel  
Where ever she went.

Many are in Heaven,  
And many more are going too,  
All because Flo  
Did what God led her to do.

Why all the blessings?  
Why the joys of my life?  
Only one reason,  
God made you my wife.

Your husband, Paul  
September 4, 1987

## Life's Span

Great are the memories of childhood,  
Of parents and friends about,  
Of spending the days in school,  
Admiring teacher's wisdom and clout.

The friendship of kids in our class,  
As we studied to learn and strive,  
Has carried down through our ages,  
As we have kept that friendship alive.

We have married and had our families,  
Of most which we are proud,  
We're glad to tell each other about them,  
And to point them out in the crowd.

Our hair has whitened,  
The furrows are on our face,  
Our hand is not so steady,  
Our writing has lost its grace.

But we still have our memories,  
Of our dear friends so true,  
And wonder day by day,  
Just how they're gettin' through.

If this was all the time we had,  
We might be getting blue,  
But we know a better place is waiting,  
That we are going to.

And now Velma and Ken,  
You've had fifty years together,  
When the time comes to go to Heaven,  
You'll share your joys forever.

Paul R. Turnidge, November 1989

## Hi Eldon

I was thinkin' about your operation,  
As the day was drawing near  
I tho't I'd go and buy a card  
To bring you a little cheer.

But here I was, stuck at home,  
My wife took off with the car,  
And when it comes to walkin'  
I'm too lazy to walk very far.

With pen in hand,  
I tho't of your ordeal,  
Tho't I'd write a little verse,  
Thinkin' how you'd feel.

By the time this gets to you,  
The job will be over,  
You'll start feeling better,  
Like a Bull in a bed of clover.

If there is anything that I can do,  
Just dial the telephone,  
I'll break my neck to get it done  
If you will make it known.

February 26, 1990

## Us Old Folks

When we get old and on the blink  
We wonder what went wrong;  
Our joints are stiff, our muscles are sore,  
We can hardly get along.

We can look around for nuts and bolts  
That we can tighten in our fra',  
But nary a one can we find,  
We lost them on our way.

Some call us dingie,  
A screw loose in the head;  
I'm sure it's those nuts and bolts  
That we have lost instead.

I have never seen them,  
But I'm sure that they were there,  
I kept them in a little bag,  
And handled them with care.

Nope, they're gone! I'm falling apart you see,  
Without those nuts and bolts,  
I'm not the man I used to be.  
Get well quick.

February 26, 1990

## Mothers Day, 1990

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
That's not the reason  
I love you.

You are loving,  
Compassionate, kind,  
Always having others  
On your mind

When others are down,  
With trial or curse,  
You pick them up  
By quoting a verse.

They come to the door,  
No matter how you feel,  
You ask them right in  
and give them a meal.

When all this time  
You've shared with another,  
You've never let down  
Being a wonderful mother.

We've much to be proud  
How our kids have turned out  
They join me in giving one glorious shout!  
*Happy Mothers Day!*



## Janet Davis, July 1990

The Davis House was all in a hum,  
The arrival of Janet had finally come.  
Excitement was great, expectation high,  
Waiting the moment for Janet's first cry.

She was born December 29, 1955, but there was no song,  
For the doctor informed them that something was wrong.  
She'll never make it, there's not a chance within her,  
But this family's determined, Janet's a winner!

They all worked hard, flooded Janet with love,  
Receiving compassion and strength from above.  
The doctors were amazed, wondered how it could be,  
That Janet was winning, 'cause she's a winner, you see.

Years have gone by with many a test,  
But Janet's a winner, she's doing her best.  
She's doing the things that doctors said she couldn't.  
Others with battles, they probably wouldn't.

But Janet's a winner, she stands out in the crowd.  
Three cheers for Janet, of you we are proud.

Thank you Janet, you made me happy that day  
When you won the picture and gave it my way.  
I have it hanging in a prominent place  
It brings joy to my heart and a smile to my face.

## Jim and Jean Butler

Jim and Jean that's a couple we love,  
They were meant for each other like hand and glove.  
Happily married, that's what they were,  
When all of a sudden they heard a great whrrr.  
'Twas the big stork carrying a bundle so lite  
A little girl, Linda, was delivered that night.  
Time went by, tho' not very long,  
That same old stork just couldn't stay still,  
He swooped by the house with a boy named Bill.  
"That's enough," this couple said,  
But that old stork brought David instead.  
That old stork chuckled and sat on a limb,  
and with great surprise he brought little Jim.  
"I'll kill that bird," Jim said with a yawn,  
The stork wasn't scared so he brought little John.  
The stork was getting slow and weak on the wing,  
but he brought little Cathy and made Jean sing.  
Poor old stork, tho' still not a slob,  
weary and worn, he brought little Bob.

That poor old stork decided his day was thru  
That's enough work for any bird to do.  
Jim and Jean they feel mighty proud  
as they look around at their merry crowd.  
It ain't small, it's swelling fast  
The storks don't quit, they last and last.  
Jim and Jean we're proud of you  
And we're proud of your family too.  
You've made God your permanent Guest  
He has given His love and you are blest.

Paul R. Turnidge, 1990

## Our Nancy

My, oh, my! What's this I hear,  
Beautiful Nancy with birthday cheer?  
Yep, she's got it, 42 to be exact,  
She's headin' down that one way track.  
Sure she's beautiful, that's what I said,  
She'd turn most any feller's head.  
But did you notice that wrinkle on her cheek?  
And those grey hairs playin' hide and seek?  
Is she getting stooped and ready to fold?  
Or is the trouble that she is getting old?  
She's slowin' down, tho she's quite sane,  
Do you think it would help if she used a cane?  
Have you noticed that occasional stare?  
Do you think she's thinkin' of a rocking chair?  
No she's determined, it's understood,  
She'll revive her youth in her second childhood.

Happy Birthday!

Paul R. Turnidge, March 1990

## My Wife

As we reminisce of things gone by  
Some make us laugh, some make us cry.  
What e'er they be either here or there  
It's wonderful to have a friend to share.

God gave me a friend I love more than any other  
She is my wife, we call her "Mother."  
We have three boys of which we're proud  
At times they're quiet and other times loud.

They've flown the coop and on their own  
God has given them wisdom, it is easily shown.  
They too have wives that they enjoy,  
Fulfillment of a dream since each was a boy.

They are wonderful and sweet, but I'll tell you brother,  
No one can compare with your lovely Mother.  
No one is perfect, we know it's true,  
But God came mighty close when He gave me you.

Mothers Day, 1991

## **Eldon Ray & Paul Turnidge**

Eldon & I were pals you know  
When we were young and on the go.  
We'd travel the roads both night and day,  
Singing songs in his Model A.

We met two gals, we thought them great.  
We got married, they were a wonderful mate.  
Bull of the woods you could call us then,  
We were two happy married men.

Now the years have taken their toll.  
Those manly organs began to roll.  
Bull of the woods no one hears,  
Now we're known as two bum steers.

Paul R. Turnidge, June 1991

## **Once A Man, Twice A Child**

Once a man, twice a child  
We've often heard it said.  
At either end, it is true,  
We spend most our time in bed!  
The baby cries when his diaper is wet  
The old man drips where he has set  
The baby grows to manhood for better or worse  
The old man is cured with his ride in a hearse.

Paul R. Turnidge, June 1991

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## My Hospital Stay

We don't appreciate what we got,  
Till all of a sudden we have it not.  
Why that pain or peculiar feel,  
Or we have something that will not heal.

To the Doc we go to have it looked at,  
He says it has to come out and that is that.  
All the tests and things we go through,  
To do the thing he has to do.

In the hospital we wind up there,  
Getting shots and shaving hair.  
They give gas to do what they said,  
Then you're amazed to not wake up dead.

Your strength is gone you don't know where to,  
But its mighty nice to have it come back to you,  
You try to burp but that won't do,  
They say that gas has to go on thru.

Makes no difference who's standing around,  
It sure is nice to hear that swishing sound.  
But how much time or days do you wait –  
To get these Bowels to Eliminate?

Paul R Turnidge, July 1991

## My Friend, Jesus

What a Friend I have in Jesus,  
He's closer than a brother.  
No matter what the weather,  
He never leaves me for another.

I feel His hand of comfort,  
When sorrows come my way;  
My eye cannot see Him,  
But I feel Him as I pray.

Upholding strength He gives me,  
Without it I would fall.  
I'm so glad He hears me  
When in prayer I make my call.

A well of joy within me  
Springs up within my heart;  
As I feel His unseen presence  
My lips sing, "How Great Thou Art!"

My friends may forsake me,  
They don't know what to do;  
But Jesus still is with me,  
And He can be the same to you.

Paul R. Turnidge July 17, 1991



## A Friend

I hear from friends  
Both far and near,  
To lift my load  
With a word of cheer.

An operation is coming my way,  
That kind of news can ruin your day.

“Hurry, Get Well”  
“We’re praying for you”  
It’s amazing what those words can do.

So thank you folks,  
Now I’m on the mend.  
It helps a lot  
To have a friend!

Paul R. Turnidge, July 20, 1991

## My Wife Flo

Great are the women in our world today,  
Some are spectacular in work and play;  
Others perform in one way or another,  
I have a wife that is a wonderful Mother.

She is a friend to all in contact,  
She lifts the fallen to bring them back;  
She helps the one who is caught in fear,  
Always ready to dry a tear.

They call her Grandma, 'cause she's getting older,  
She's not too old to share her shoulder.  
She has a remedy, it's in the "BOOK,"  
She encourages all to have a look.

The Bible is her footing to kill a curse,  
It helps a lot to learn a verse.  
Now on your birthday, it is true  
We want you to know, We all love you.

September 4, 1991

## To My Sweetheart

Forty-seven years,  
How can it be?  
Since God was so good  
To give you to me?

The blessings are mine,  
Because of that day;  
When we started together  
To walk life's way.

You've cheered my heart,  
And lightened my load;  
When things got rough  
On our life's road.

God knew what He was doing,  
When He gave you to me;  
We worked together,  
In Him we are free.

He's provided our needs,  
Filled our hearts full of joys;  
And along with other blessings  
He gave us three boys!

I Love You! October 1991

## Poem to Mike on his Graduation

Congratulations! is the right word, I'm sure,  
For all the work you've had to endure.  
For all the hours of study and all it may imply,  
To let you graduate from old Blaine High.

Now the next step, what will it be?  
Time will tell, have to wait and see.  
The best way can be made, it's tried and sure,  
To have a clear conscience and keep yourself pure.

We wish you the best, what ever you do,  
Trust in God, He'll help you through.  
Blunders and mistakes, they are had by all,  
Get up and be a winner each time you fall.

We love you! From Grandma and Grandad Turnidge

## The Nolans

Stella and Ralph of the Nolan clan  
A hard working couple, you'd call grand;  
Had four daughters big-hearted and sweet,  
Finer girls you could never meet.

Hilda, the oldest, became Denver's bride,  
Her love for him, She could never hide.  
Martha took off to fill in the gap,  
By graduating with a nurse's cap.

Ann the next, with ambition so great,  
Worked on her own, her destiny to make.  
Eunice the younger, to California came,  
Raising two daughters with the Kortje name.

'Twould take volumes to tell of these girls' love.  
Can only be measured in Heaven above.

We love you all! Paul

## The Mirror of Life

As I look in the mirror of life,  
And see the things in the past  
I see the things God did for me  
And many last and last.

He's given His love I share each day,  
In ways I do not see.  
As I look in the mirror I am amazed  
At what He's done for me.

Every need He has met  
I'm lacking not one thing.  
He's been so very good to me,  
You'd think I were a King.

To name the things He's given me  
'Twould take me all my life.  
The greatest thing that I received,  
Was when I got my wife.

## The Word On The Tip Of My Tongue

I have a problem, I don't know what to do;  
It almost drives me crazy when I want to talk to you.  
I have the picture in my mind of what I want to say;  
But it hangs on my tongue, and won't come any way.

I think my tongue has started growing, and getting very long;  
'Cause its getting hard to speak, and say in word or song.  
So if you think I'm funny, you might take a look,  
To see if my tongue is growing, and ending with a hook.

Paul R. Turnidge April 1992

## Changes

We live in a world of change,  
And may it ever be,  
For without changes,  
It would be a weary world, you see.

Some changes are for good,  
Others we hate to see;  
If God is at the helm,  
He'll work it best for me.

It may mean that I suffer,  
The pain is hard to take,  
But God is working out His purpose,  
For my life a blessing make.

I may never see the final end  
That my life is called to choose,  
But with God and me together,  
Then We shall never lose.

Paul R. Turnidge Feb. '92



## Dave's Forty-Fifth

The years have come and gone,  
We don't know where they went;  
The things that lift our heart,  
Is to know how they were spent.

There has been the good and bad,  
The down and days of joy,  
But God has been our guide  
Since we were but a boy.

Old age keeps creeping on us,  
It never slacks a bit;  
Birthdays come a whizzin',  
Pretty soon you're it.

Don't fret about the future,  
Just be thankful you're alive;  
Your half way to the station  
When you've reached forty-five.

Paul R. Turnidge Jan. '92

## I'm Seventy-Two

I can't believe it,  
It can't be true.  
But that's what they tell me,  
I'm seventy-two.

They say I'm old,  
But I feel spry as a kitten;  
My brain works good  
'Cept what it's forgittin.

I still walk fast ,  
Climb two steps at a time;  
Put on the brakes,  
And stop on a dime.

But that won't do,  
"You're too old," they say.  
"It's time to quit,  
You've had your day."

Why should I worry?  
Life is sublime;  
I'm gonna keep goin'  
One day at a time.

God Said He'd Be With Me  
If His way I would choose;  
With a promise like that  
Then how could I lose?

Heaven's been promised  
Since the day of my birth,  
But 'til God calls me home  
I'll make Heaven on Earth.

Paul R. Turnidge, February 1992

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## My Finals

I'm getting ready for my finals,  
Arthritis is settin' in,  
Pains run up and down my back,  
And slobbers on my chin.

I seem to stumble when I walk,  
My mind gets in a screw,  
I'm standin' in a corner  
Not knowing what to do.

'Bout ready for my diploma;  
I know it's coming through;  
Don't stand there and laugh,  
'Cause yours is comin' too.

Paul R. Turnidge Feb. '92

## Homesick '92

Why should I be homesick for a place I've never seen?  
Is it for reality, or just another dream?  
Seems I have a longing for something bright and new,  
A place without pain, and everything is true.

Seems I've heard of such a place, I've read it in a book;  
It is very interesting, I must have another look.  
Yes, it is there, in the Bible it is found;  
Where all is joy and peace, and love is all around.

'Tis a place called Heaven, prepared for you and me,  
The price has been paid, for it's a gift, don't you see?  
Jesus was nailed to a cross, suffered death and hell,  
That we might enjoy heaven and there forever dwell.

Yes, I find this place is promised, and we can call it Home;  
If we take Jesus in our heart and in sin no longer roam.  
'Tis a great decision, the best from time of birth,  
Gives a little touch of Heaven to enjoy while here on earth.

Paul R. Turnidge April, 1992

## Trying

I've been thinking about what I've done,  
The things I've lost and the things I've won.  
I've tried my best to do things right,  
Then found it wrong, spent a sleepless night.  
I tossed and turned, I prayed and sweat,  
Wondering how my need could be met.  
I promised God if He would see me through,  
I would do what He had asked me to.  
'Twasn't easy what I had to do,  
But thank God, He saw me through.  
Now I look back on that sleepless night  
When I prayed to God and made things right,  
It changed my life and I found it true,  
If I honored God, He would see me through.

Paul R. Turnidge August 1992

## Muffins

“I got to have my muffins,” I heard that Paul had said;  
If he didn’t have his muffins, I’m sure he’d wake up dead.  
Got to have that roughage, And that’s for sure you know;  
It does great things for one,  
And you know where it makes him go.  
Puts the rose upon his cheeks, And gives him vigor too,  
Puts the spring in his step, He runs the whole day through.  
Now if you want to stay in the pink, And have energy galore,  
You just try Paul’s muffins, You have a treat in store.

Paul R. Turnidge Aug. 92

## Paul's Bran Muffins

6 cups fishers bran  
5 cups whole wheat flour  
1\2 cup oil  
1 1\2 to 2 cups sugar  
4 eggs , 3\4 tbs salt  
3\4 tbs soda  
2 1\2 cups water  
1 quart milk, or buttermilk, raisins, nuts or any thing you might want to add.

Set oven at 400. Measure bran into large mixing pan. Put water in another mixing pan. Add oil to water and bring to rolling boil. Dump water into bran and mix, then set aside. In water pan, put in eggs, sugar, salt, soda, flour, milk, and anything else you wish to add. Mix. Scrape contents into bran pan and mix. Grease muffin tins, and fill with mixture. Bake for 20 minutes. Makes 36 or more muffins.

## Fifty-Fifth

As I recall Old Lebanon High  
Where we all went to school;  
'Twas the place where we all got smart,  
And sometimes played the fool.  
There was Blinkhorn, He taught Ag and Shop;  
A few things I learned, And hope they'll never stop.  
There was Pengra, the principal, He taught me Civics too;  
He was mighty good to me,  
With a four minus, he pulled me through.  
Clairalee Cheedle, She couldn't lose,  
With gentle voice she would break my snooze.  
Larry Bennett taught speech and English too;  
He gave no hope, said I'd never make it through.  
Kee Buchanan, teacher of Spelling, English and Lit.  
She gave me a five, "that's what you deserve,"  
And emphasized that that was it.



Coach Clark, taught Math as well as sports,  
He tried his best with me.  
The grade was better than I deserved,  
But scribbled out a three.  
I know there were better, who got grades so high,  
Far greater than I could achieve.  
But I'm blest with the thought together we went  
When it was time to leave.  
Now we've lived our lives, for better or worse.  
Not many years have we more;  
May be the next reunion we'll have,  
Could be on the other shore.

Paul R. Turnidge August 1992

## Crossing

The years are passing by, the hair has turned to gray;  
Life's road is sometimes smooth, with potholes along the way.  
Storm clouds blocked the sun so we could not see it shine,  
But down within my heart, Faith was always mine.  
I had a promise from the Book, I believed that it was true,  
God said He'd never leave me, He would see me through.  
Many were the errors I made along the way,  
But the Lord never left me, He was with me every day.  
Now I've gotten older, the years are piling high;  
It can't be much longer, before my time to die.  
But I have a promise, from the Book, you see,  
God's prepared a place, in Heaven, just for me.  
Isn't it wonderful to have a promise so true?  
I'm glad it's not only mine, it also belongs to you.

Paul R Turnidge October 1992

## Why?

Why should I worry and tremble and fret  
For things not seen or heard of yet?  
They'll pull me down and make me a mess,  
And all I'll have is a mountain of stress.  
I have a promise and I've found it true;  
Hold on a minute, and I'll share it with you,  
It's found in a BOOK I've learned to love;  
The ones who wrote it were inspired from above.  
"Put God first in all your ways,  
And He will supply for all your days."  
True we'll have heartache, trouble and care,  
But through them all, He's always there.  
So when hard times come and knock on my door,  
I rely on God and His wonderful store.  
"I'll never forsake," is His promise true,  
It's not only mine, It belongs to you.

Paul R Turnidge   October 1992

## My Angel

God gave me an angel, It's plain to see; I don't know why,  
But He was mighty good to me.  
I asked God for a wife, He gave me a promise so true.  
"I have her picked out, and I'll give her to you."  
Not many months hence, Only two or three,  
A lady was preaching; God said, she was the one for me.  
Why God was so good, It is hard to believe;  
But what He hands out, I'm happy to receive.  
Truly she's a gift From God's right hand,  
A wonderful marriage, Life has been grand.  
Our years together Have simply been great;  
October twenty-one, Will make forty-eight.

Paul R Turnidge    October 1992

## I'm Richer Than You

I'm richer than you,  
I'm richer than you  
Without Jesus in your life  
to help you in this world of strife,  
Then my friend,  
I'm richer than you.

I'm richer than you,  
I'm richer than you,  
Then my friend I tell you  
what you ought to do;  
Just take Jesus in your life  
to help you in this world of strife,  
Then you'll rejoice  
What Jesus can do.

Paul R. Turnidge February 1992