

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

**Volume 2**

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# Contents

<b>Childhood .....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Train's Coming .....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Kim Johnson .....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Made To Order .....</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Lacomb '94 .....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Phyllis Porter .....</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Archie.....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>King's Elementary .....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Our Fifty Years.....</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Joy and Rick .....</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Flo's 76th .....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Forgive .....</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Forgot.....</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Sin .....</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>News .....</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>Old Age .....</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Christmas .....</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>New Year .....</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>God's Fountain .....</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>Old Fashioned Meeting .....</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>Jake Pauls .....</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>Sandpaper .....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>Time To Be Born .....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>My New Home .....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>I'm Seventy-Five .....</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>My Mind .....</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>Trust Me.....</b>	<b>29</b>

<b>Our Son Dan .....</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>Wilbur and Paul .....</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>Blessings .....</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>Ardis .....</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>Betty .....</b>	<b>34</b>
<b>Father .....</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>Ardith Smith .....</b>	<b>36</b>
<b>Stewart Smith .....</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>Peace .....</b>	<b>38</b>
<b>Confounded .....</b>	<b>39</b>
<b>Discouraged .....</b>	<b>40</b>
<b>Fifty-One .....</b>	<b>41</b>
<b>At The Station .....</b>	<b>42</b>
<b>Thank You, Jesus .....</b>	<b>43</b>
<b>Church .....</b>	<b>44</b>
<b>Friends .....</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>I'm Seventy-Six .....</b>	<b>46</b>
<b>Lost Lamb .....</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>Blind Bartimaeus .....</b>	<b>50</b>
<b>Retirement .....</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>Cross And Crown .....</b>	<b>52</b>
<b>Bill Brown .....</b>	<b>53</b>
<b>Jesus Is Alive .....</b>	<b>54</b>
<b>Jesus Loves Me .....</b>	<b>55</b>
<b>Mother's Day .....</b>	<b>56</b>
<b>Nuts .....</b>	<b>57</b>
<b>Mother .....</b>	<b>58</b>

## Childhood

I'm thinking back of my childhood days,  
When I needed help in all my ways;  
I tried hard to do things right,  
But felt I'd failed by late at night.

I just figured that I was dumb,  
I'd drive a nail and hit my thumb.  
My eyes were poor, I couldn't see,  
Other kids made fun of me.

I kept on struggling as time went by,  
With some success with things I'd try,  
I made up my mind, I'd do my best,  
I'd do what I could, and others the rest.

God has given my place to fill,  
If I do it, it's His perfect will;  
I'll try not fret in this world of hurry,  
I'll do my best, and try not worry.

Paul R. Turnidge Sept. 1993

## Train's Coming

I hear the train is coming,  
It's coming down the track,  
The place that I am going,  
I never shall come back.

I'm going to a City,  
It's streets are paved with gold;  
'Tis a place called Heaven,  
Where we never shall grow old.

I'll meet my friend called Jesus,  
He's a Friend I've never seen;  
Many years I've known Him,  
On Him I've learned to lean.

I talk daily to Him,  
He guides me with His Word;  
I feel Him speak within my heart;  
That's how His voice is heard.

I'm going to meet my loved ones,  
Who have gone on before,  
We'll sing and shout, "Glory!"  
As we visit from door to door.

When you come to Heaven  
My mansion you shall see;  
My name is on the door,  
Come have a talk with me.

Paul R. Turnidge, Aug. 1993

## Kim Johnson

Happy Birthday! Is what we say  
On this lovely Valentine's day.  
Kim so beautiful and alive  
Has hit the year of twenty-five!

This is the year she's glad to feature,  
Not because as a First Grade Teacher,  
But she'll change her name this year, you see  
To Lopez - And may it ever be.

We wish her the best that life can give,  
May happiness blanket their time to live.  
With a Christian Home and Christ the center,  
It's a happy marriage they're about to enter.

Happy Birthday Kim!

Paul R. Turnidge Feb. 14, 1994

## Made To Order

“Made to order”, that’s for sure,  
That’s how things last and endure.  
God made her like she ought to be,  
All I need and right for me.

That’s my wife, she couldn’t be better,  
Suites to a tee – to the very letter.  
She’s good and kind, wonderful to meet,  
To be in her presence is simply a treat.

To be without her would be such loss,  
The good would be gone, I’d be the dross.  
I thank God each day I have her;  
She’s my rose I have to gather.

God bless you dear in all you do,  
I’ll do my best to be true to you.  
We’re joined together with God’s Love,  
To live our lives like hand in glove.

Paul R. Turnidge Feb. 14, 1994

## Lacomb '94

Dear Lacomber,  
Well what do you know, it's 94,  
Summer is coming, need I say more?  
We're looking ahead to the reunion, you know,  
Where we look for you, and I hope you'll show.  
The day will be great when we all get together,  
Remembering the past, and even the weather.  
We'll think of the good, and maybe the bad,  
And some of the trials that we have had.  
But I know this, to be very true,  
Much will be lacking if we don't see you.  
The tenth of July, we have set the date.  
At the Lacomb school, don't be late.  
At one o'clock the table is set,  
So bring your hungries, they'll all be met.  
Bring your beans, salads and pie,  
Plenty for all, plus you and I.  
Many "old-timers" have never come,  
Think real hard, you'll think of some,  
We want to see them, acquaintance renew,  
Get them to come, it's up to you.  
If you've heard of Lacomb, and grown up near,  
We want to see you, you're welcome here.  
You might come early, and in your search,  
Take time out and go to church.  
Proud to be a Lacomber, Paul.  
P.S. God put me on earth to accomplish a certain number of  
things — Right now I am so far behind I will never die!



## Phyllis Porter

Phyllis Porter, What a gal,  
Best you can get for a cleaning pal,  
Fights the dirt in her cleaning chores,  
Does the woodwork and the doors.  
Washes windows, makes them shine  
The halls are clean; They look divine.  
She does her best with all her might,  
Dirt has no chance if it's in her sight  
But now we altogether say,  
“We wish you the best On your Birthday!”

Paul R. Turnidge May 1994

## Archie

Eighty years is a mighty long time  
On this earth to spend,  
But it helps a lot when good news you have  
Around the world to send.

Archie's the man whose life he's lived,  
His good to share with others,  
Pointing souls to Jesus Christ,  
To make them spiritual brothers.

Until the day that comes to all,  
And we meet on the other shore,  
Archie will keep on doing his best,  
To spread God's Word the more.

## Happy Birthday

Paul R. Turnidge June 1994

## **King's Elementary**

I have had lots of pleasures  
That have filled my heart with cheer,  
Not the least of these, I say,  
Was to work with you this year.

You have been pleasant and happy,  
Put up with my corny jokes,  
Not a snobbish one among you,  
You are just my kind of folks.

I pray God will lead us  
Thru these summer days,  
And we can come next fall rejoicing  
In His Love and Praise.

### **Happy Vacation**

Paul R. Turnidge June 1994

## Our Fifty Years

How can it be she would live with me  
Lo these fifty years?  
'Twas God's hand that led the way  
Thru this life of joy and tears.

He blest us greatly with His love,  
He made our lives as one.  
Praise wells within my heart  
To see what He has done.

Every need He has supplied,  
We never suffered lack;  
The more we gave our lives to Him,  
The more He gave us back.

I'll praise His name for what He's done,  
For how He's blest my life;  
The greatest thing He ever did  
Was give to me my wife.

Paul R. Turnidge June 1994

## Joy and Rick

On July 9, what a day,  
Joy is joining up with Rick,  
They'll say their vows and tie the knot  
And may it ever stick.

Her eyes are all a sparkle,  
Anticipation great,  
He's just the greatest catch,  
He'll make a perfect mate.

We wish the best for you both,  
As down life's road you tread,  
May each step be a happy one,  
As by God's hand you're led.

Paul R. Turnidge June 1994

## Flo's 76th

O happy day! I hear them say,  
Add to the list another birthday.  
For Florence is born, just one other,  
To add to two sisters and a brother.  
It doesn't sound bad  
Right off the bat,  
But four in four years,  
How can we handle that?  
They thought it was O.K.  
And could handle with joy,  
If this new offspring  
Were only a boy.  
They had great hopes,  
This boy, a teacher,  
But better than that,  
He'd be a preacher.  
But it's a girl, Like it or not,  
We'll have to make do with what we got.  
But she grew up, many lives to fix,  
To the ripe old age of seventy six.  
She's spread much love throughout her life;  
And best of all, She became my wife,

Paul R. Turnidge Sept. 1994

## Forgive

On my journey down life's road,  
Each day I have to live,  
The greatest thing that I have found,  
Is a privilege to forgive.

I may have done my very best,  
With the task I had to do,  
But the words that I received,  
Made my heart so sad and blue.

I had a choice, my very own,  
This heavy load to bear,  
Or, I could say that, "I Forgive,"  
And dump it all right there.

Not only is that load so big,  
But it's filled with grief and stress,  
It makes my life so distasteful,  
No one could I ever bless.

So I have made a rule,  
I do my best to keep,  
I forgive what e'er is said to me,  
And not to lose my sleep.

Paul R. Turnidge Sept. 1994

## Forgot

I was never so embarrassed,  
My face turned red and hot,  
When suddenly I remembered  
This day that I forgot.

My wife was very pleasant,  
As sweet as she could be,  
She looked as tho she wondered  
What was ailing me.

I was totally in the dark,  
As innocent as could be,  
But truly I forgot  
Our Anniversary.

I know I'm getting old,  
Been a long time since my birth,  
When God gave me my wife,  
He gave the best one on the earth.

Paul R. Turnidge Oct. 22 1994



## Sin

I got a habit I try to fight,  
It pesters my life both day and night;  
I know I shouldn't, I'm sorry to say,  
But I keep on yielding both night and day.

The Lord can deliver, so I am told,  
But there is no help, I'm out in the cold.  
I prayed this habit that He would take,  
But there's no help that He would make.

Then I read He would cleanse within  
If I'd confess to Him my sin.  
Could my habit have the wrong name  
That was causing all my guilt and shame?

Not for a habit, but for sin Christ died.  
The Devil said, "No!" But I know he lied.  
"Take my sin, O Lord I pray,  
Help me to walk with You today."

What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought  
Since Jesus has cleansed with the pardon I sought;  
Hallelujah!! I am free, I praise His name,  
He took my sin with all its shame.

Paul R. Turnidge Oct 1994

## News

I've been listening to the news,  
It comes from far and near;  
It seems the most is always bad,  
And seldom gives us cheer.

There are wars in every land,  
The world is filled with hate,  
If only we could change the tide,  
And blessings to create.

The World's too big, it's beyond our scope,  
For us to make a change;  
If you and I can show our love,  
Then that's within our range.

So may my words be ever kind  
And help you reach your goal;  
For kindness that we shed abroad  
Are blessings of the soul.

Paul R. Turnidge Nov. 1994

## Old Age

I am getting older,  
My youth has come and fled,  
Seems my recreation  
Is spending more my time in bed.

All my friends and neighbors,  
They are getting older too,  
We're in a huff and puff situation,  
Just to tie our shoe.

When I was a little boy  
And saw some one this age.  
His foot was on a banana peel,  
And reading his final page.

But since I've gotten older,  
The end is not for me,  
Old age is for the other guy,  
I'm good as I can be.

I got to keep on movin',  
'Cause it's for the guy who sits,  
He'll wake up some morning,  
With his name in the obits.

Paul R. Turnidge, Nov 1994

## Christmas

Christmas time has come around  
With sparkling lights and carol sound,  
With all the ads for gifts to get,  
And credit galore, not heard of yet.  
All those letters we have to write,  
We work all day and half the night.  
Hallmark gets rich from the cards we sent,  
Our account's overdrawn and pocket book spent.  
We think of more things that have to be done,  
Like getting big meals and having fun;  
But what have we done with Whom we love,  
The One who was born and sent from above?  
In all our hurry and likely as not,  
The Christ of Christmas is nigh forgot.  
Lord, help me remember and love you I pray,  
And honor your birth on this Christmas day.

Paul R. Turnidge Dec. 1994

## New Year

A new year has come upon the scene,  
With Joy we hope it's filled,  
We know if that should be the case  
Our hearts would be so thrilled.

But the storm will come with all its gloom,  
The sun we'd rather see,  
The winds may blow and rains may come,  
But they are best for me.

Should the sun shine every day,  
No cloud formed in the sky,  
'Twould be the very end of life,  
Everything would die.

So when the trials come my way,  
Though they are hard to bear,  
I have a Friend so very near,  
I go to Him in prayer.

I have a promise from the Book,  
God's Holy Word, you see.  
If I'd put Him first in all my life,  
Then He'd provide for me.

So when the storm clouds come my way,  
I trust I'll thankful be,  
Although it's so very hard to take,  
He knows what's best for me.

Paul R. Turnidge Dec 1994

## God's Fountain

There is a fountain flowing from the throne of God,  
Open to all, who on earth have trod,  
It flows from heaven from sea to sea,  
Praise the Lord, It flows for me.  
I may partake of its flowing stream  
To fulfill my grandest most wonderful dream,  
Not for money or what it can do.  
But my prayer, Dear Lord, is to follow You.  
Your promise is true, it is true indeed,  
“If I put You first, You’ll supply my need.”  
I may have riches, houses and land,  
But without Christ, they are sinking sand.  
So thank You Lord for cleansing my heart,  
For You never will leave me, nor depart,  
And when on earth, this life is through,  
I’ve a mansion in Heaven prepared by You.

Paul R. Turnidge Jan. 1995

## Old Fashioned Meeting

I am longing for a meeting like the ones that I have known,  
Where the love of the Spirit would melt the heart of stone.  
Tears would flow so freely as the Spirit touched my heart,  
I felt so close to Heaven, singing, "Lord, How Great Thou Art."  
The Word came with meaning, new truths I had never seen,  
Like the manna from heaven, it was there for me to glean.  
O the glory of His presence, nothing can with it compare;  
Lord, send another meeting, pour out Your blessing there.  
May I be a witness, reflecting Your life in me,  
For no one can see my Savior, but what in me they see.

Paul R. Turnidge Jan. 1995

## Jake Pauls

O the decisions we have to make,  
They come to us, and now to Jake;  
To make them right, and have them fit –  
Shall I keep on, or shall I quit?  
Thirty-five years is a mighty long time  
To keep things right and make them rhyme,  
But I've tried my best with all this stuff  
To make things nice and not too rough.  
I've fixed the holes and patched the floors,  
I've cut the glass and hung the doors,  
And all those locks I've had to fix,  
And spread the glue so that it sticks;  
Now I think I shall retire,  
Pull up my chair next to the fire,  
Read a book, or what I choose,  
But best of all, I'll take a snooze.

Paul R. Turnidge January 1995



## Sandpaper

As I travel down life's way,  
There are those I chance to meet,  
Some I like so very much,  
But some I hate to greet.

Some, they make me feel so warm,  
Others they give a chill,  
If I say one word to them,  
I have to force my will.

Then I in the mirror look,  
And what there do I see?  
The very thing I hate in those,  
That thing is true in me.

So I go to God in prayer  
And ask Him do a work;  
Whate'er the pressure He applies,  
May I never shirk.

Although the pressure is hard to take,  
The place is His to choose,  
But if my life is in His hands,  
Then I shall never lose.

Paul R. Turnidge Jan 1995

## Time To Be Born

There is a time to be born, and a time to die,  
A time to laugh and a time to cry,  
A time to sow and a time to reap,  
A time to lose and a time to keep.  
A time to hold and a time to share,  
A time to sleep in my rocking chair.

Paul R. Turnidge Jan 1995

## My New Home

I'm going to a city where the streets are paved with gold,  
Where there is no sickness and we never will grow old.  
We'll have no aches or pain, every tooth be in our head,  
We'll get rid of this old body and have a perfect one instead.  
And I have a mansion waiting, built by God Himself,  
With all that I'll be needing, stored on every shelf.  
Do you think I'm crazy, wanting to get out there?  
I'll gladly drop my medication, and leave my rocking chair.

Paul R. Turnidge Jan 1995

## I'm Seventy-Five

Goodness me, sakes alive,  
Here I am, seventy-five.  
The years come, O so slow,  
But when they arrive, how fast they go.  
Seems not so long when but a lad  
I enjoyed the friendship of my Dad.  
He shared with me the things he knew,  
As to manhood I finally grew.  
O the questions I would like to ask,  
When a problem comes in my task.  
But he's not here, he's gone ahead,  
I have to use my brain instead.  
How true the phrase comes to my heart,  
"Too soon old, too late smart."  
But I guess as my years go by,  
I'll do my best and continually try  
To be a friend, and spread some cheer,  
As my final days are drawing near.  
But this one thing, I'll have you know,  
I know my God, and where I'll go.  
If you know Jesus in your heart,  
We'll meet in Heaven, and never part.

Paul R. Turnidge Feb 1995

## My Mind

I miss my mind,  
I am confused,  
Didn't know it was lost,  
'Till it had to be used.

I saw the picture,  
Its name I knew well,  
But from my memory  
It suddenly fell.

I see their face,  
But I bow in shame,  
I know who they are,  
But forget their name.

But worse than that,  
My heart really sank,  
When I saw your face,  
And came up with a blank.

Paul R. Turnidge Apr. 1995

## Trust Me

I was hurting,  
I was really feeling bad.  
I had an awful feeling,  
Worst pain I ever had.  
I had it for a month  
To the very day,  
I asked the Doctor  
Why I felt that way.  
He gave an examination,  
Looked at things both  
                    small and large.  
Nothing could he find,  
But he sure knew how to charge.  
I went home a wondering,  
It was cancer I was sure,  
For it was in the same location  
They operated for the cure.  
One month later,  
On the third of March,  
I was feeling pretty bad,  
I was losing all my starch.  
I prayed to the Lord,  
For an answer, don't you see,  
His words were very simple,  
They were only,  
                    "TRUST IN ME."  
I began feeling better,  
A little bit each day,

As I trusted Jesus,  
He took my pain away.  
I know not what the trials  
In the future I will face,  
But I am assured of the fact,  
That He will give me grace.

Paul R. Turnidge Apr 1995

## Our Son Dan

Forty-four years ago  
Our son Dan was born.  
We were all exited,  
We could really toot our horn.  
He had everything he was supposed to have,  
It really brought us cheers,  
With all his fingers and his toes,  
He really had the ears.  
He was a happy babe till five o'clock at night,  
Then he would begin to howl, it just wasn't right.  
He had a belly ache that lasted five hours or so.  
We did all we could, but the answer we didn't know.  
We took him to the Doc, but no help did we ever get,  
He told us, "Do your best, he's not too dehydrated yet."  
For ten weeks it lasted. Every night the same.  
We prayed, "Lord, You alone can heal him, in Your Holy name."  
After ten weeks we were invited in rural ministry to go,  
We couldn't minister with a baby who was acting so.  
"Lord, You heal our baby, then we'll know it's true,  
You really want us in this work, we'll know the call's from You."  
We left him with our friend to keep him over night  
While we checked into the work to see if it was right.  
When we returned to our home and found how Danny was,  
We found that he was healed, and delivered from his cause.  
We thank you Lord for what You've done to help us raise this boy,  
And now that he is grown, he is our pride and joy.

Paul R. Turnidge Apr 1995

## Wilbur and Paul

I have a brother, Wilbur by name,  
We're in the same family, our last name is the same.  
Our parents were saddened, with the loss of their mate,  
They met with each other and began to date.  
They had a lot of kids, they weren't very free,  
Dad had seven, Mom had three.  
They decided to marry, and agreed hard and fast,  
There would be no more kids, For they had had their last.  
Married November second, Nineteen-nine,  
Just as they planned, Everything went fine.  
But some years later, What a surprise!  
Mom was getting bigger, and increasing in size.  
April Fourteen and Fifteen the year,  
You guessed it right, Wilbur was here!  
Nothing they could do, they might as well smile,  
He was going to be around for a mighty long while.  
They renewed their rule, made it hard and fast,  
But rules can be broken, they don't always last.  
Five years later, in disgust and a whirl,  
Said, "I guess it's O.K. if it's only a girl!"  
But another disappointment, it had to fall,  
It wasn't Pauline, it turned out to be Paul!  
How grateful they were for these unwanted boys,  
They brought them much happiness and abundance of joys.

Paul R. Turnidge Apr 1995

## Blessings

O the blessings I have received,  
Since the time of my birth,  
They are more than I can ever count,  
I am sure they could cover the earth.

For parents and friends, I hold so dear,  
None better could you ever find.  
They were gifts to me from the hand of God.  
I rejoice when they are brought to mind.

Now I am old, I ponder the past,  
What great things God gave in my life,  
The greatest there is, without a doubt,  
Was the day He gave me my wife.

She's a companion so true and lovely,  
I compare her with no other,  
Besides being a wife to me,  
She's our sons' wonderful Mother.

Paul R Turnidge May 1995



## Ardis

Ardis Quick, so beautiful and clean,  
The nicest lady you've ever seen,  
Always sweet and with much poise,  
Her room is quiet with little noise.  
The books on the shelf, always in place,  
She's the Librarian, with shining face.  
Not frustrated, knows what to do,  
Her work is done right when she is through.  
We'll miss her greatly, as it's time to retire,  
She may quit the job, but she'll always have fire.  
We wish her the best in retirement days,  
Following the Lord and living His Praise.

Paul R Turnidge June 1995

## Betty

Betty Tyree, she fits in her notch,  
Perfect precision, just like a watch,  
Always on time without any noise,  
Keeping her smile, maintaining her poise.

She is a small lady, and nobody's fool.  
That brain in her head is a marvelous tool.  
She's a great example for us to follow,  
With fewer words, we'd have less to swallow!

Whatever she does in open or squeeze,  
Her greatest desire is her Lord to please.  
If ever a mansion in Heaven there'll be.  
The name on the door will be, Betty Tyree.

Paul R Turnidge June 15, 1995

## Father

I'm looking back, on this Father's Day,  
To the man I called Dad, who showed me the way.  
He loved his God with all his heart,  
He did his best to do his part.

Times were hard, money was slim,  
He looked to God, He trusted in Him.  
He was perplexed in what to do,  
He depended on God to see him through.

Now I am Dad, may I an example be,  
That my kids will see my God in me.  
With all the mistakes and errors I make,  
May my life tell, for Jesus sake.

He is my Companion, Provider and Guide,  
In His divine love I've learned to abide,  
Oh that my kids will love Jesus too;  
He will not disappoint, He will see them through.

Paul R Turnidge June 1995

## Ardith Smith

Ardith Smith, we are blessed to know,  
With a heart of love, and face aglow;  
Touched by Angels, with tender grace,  
She brings a smile to a weary face.

Many years spent as loving nurse,  
Relieving sores and painful curse,  
Dispensing drugs, and all the while,  
What e'er the test, she had a smile.

With years of duty she chose to retire,  
Her days are busy, she still has her fire.  
She's spreading love and a helping hand  
To all who are weary to help them stand.

What a blessing she's been to all in need,  
She'll cloth the poor, and hungry feed.  
She stands above all that she is with,  
That wonderful lady, Ardith Smith.

Paul R Turnidge June 30, 1995

## Stewart Smith

Stewart Smith, with hair of red,  
With all he does, much can be said;  
Many his talents, more than a few,  
Hardly a thing he cannot do.

Whatever the challenge, large or small,  
He has the tack to do them all;  
May it be camera, horn or bell,  
The job will be done, and done right well.

A time to sleep, he lays out flat,  
With his sleeping companion, Mindy the cat.  
He loves his boat, with two or three,  
To take their turn to try to ski.

But Oh the joy to go out and eat,  
Taking a friend he loves to meet,  
When you know him, before you part,  
You find he's a man with a mighty big heart.

Paul R Turnidge June 30, 1995

## Peace

When the howling storms of life appear,  
With clouds of fear and doubt,  
Then my heart sinks within my breast,  
Trying to find a quick way out.

I know not which way to turn,  
I'm filled with worry and distress;  
My eye is on my problem,  
I don't see the One, Who came to bless.

Then I look into God's Holy Word,  
Isaiah twenty-six, verse three,  
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace  
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

So in my time of troubled storm,  
The waves forget to cease.  
I put my trust in my Blessed Lord,  
And He gives me Perfect Peace.

Paul R Turnidge Aug 1995

## Confounded

I am utterly confounded,  
In this wonderful world I see,  
The beauty God has made,  
And He shares it all with me.  
The wonders of the mountains,  
The expanse of the big blue sky,  
I'm sheltered in this little place,  
Prepared for you and I.

This world is tremendous,  
God's beautiful work of art,  
He made it for man's blessing,  
We all can share a part.  
But, Oh! The greatest blessing,  
God gave me in my life,  
When He gave to me a lady,  
And she became my wife.

### Happy Birthday, Darling

Paul R Turnidge Sep 1995

## Discouraged

When life seems distasteful,  
And there's no other way but down,  
Put a smile upon your face,  
And wipe away the frown.

Remember God still loves you,  
Though it seems it can't be true,  
He'll put His strong arms 'round you,  
And He will see you through.

You will be much stronger,  
Having stood the rugged test,  
By doing the very best you can,  
And leave to Him the rest.

When you have weathered through the storm,  
Though it seemed more than you could bear,  
God can use you as a friend,  
A neighbor's load to share.

Paul R Turnidge Sep 1995



## Fifty-One

I heard of a God of the impossible,  
In my life I found Him true.  
For truly it was impossible,  
To be blessed with a friend like you.

He continually does the impossible,  
He has done it all my life,  
The greatest impossible thing He did,  
Was the day you became my wife.

Fifty-one years together,  
How wonderful to see –  
That God did the impossible,  
To have you put up with me.

Paul R Turnidge Oct 1995

## At The Station

I am waiting at the station  
As ready as I can be,  
My ticket has been purchased,  
And it's waiting there for me.

The train is coming down the track,  
It's just around the bend,  
I heard from the dispatcher  
That this train He would send.

It will take me to a City  
Where the streets are paved with gold,  
I'll have no more heartache  
And I never will grow old.

There's an open invitation  
To anyone who'll call,  
Christ purchased the ticket  
And it's free to one and all.

Paul R Turnidge, Nov. 1995

## Thank You, Jesus

I'm so glad Jesus came to this world of sin,

He brought to me peace and joy and cleansed my heart within.

A new desire on a higher plain than I had ever known before;

He has crowned my life with blessings  
and blesses me more and more.

When I am in sorrow, He gives me comfort,

When I am in pain, He holds my hand.

When I am distressed, He gives me courage,

When I fall, He helps me stand.

I shall ever praise Him for what He means to me,

Not only on this earth, but for Eternity.

Paul R Turnidge Nov. 1995

## Church

I got up this morning,  
With the sun shining bright,  
With a conscience that was troubled,  
It bothered me all night.

I hadn't been to church,  
As often as I could,  
I just stayed at home,  
Instead of going like I should.

When I go to the meeting  
To hear what preachers say,  
I find my head a- nodding,  
I acquiesce that way.

I hope no one thinks I'm sleeping,  
When my head begins to sway,  
I'm saying, "yes" to the preacher,  
And taking time to pray.

I really feel embarrassed,  
When my ribs are poked some more,  
My wife is doing the poking,  
Saying, "Wake up, Your beginning to snore."

Paul R Turnidge Dec 1995

## Friends

Life can be boring,  
Mundane at the least,  
But the joy of having friends,  
Turns life into a feast.

The day may be dark and cloudy,  
Sloppy wet with rain;  
But Oh, the joy of having friends,  
Brings peace to ease the pain.

I am so thankful  
For the friends God has given me.  
May I be a friend  
And bring some love to thee.

Paul R Turnidge Dec 1995

## I'm Seventy-Six

I can't believe I'm in such a fix,  
I've reached the age of seventy-six.  
Of course you know it's all hear-say,  
That I was born on my birthday.  
I was there creating a howl,  
But my memory is short, it's gone afoul.  
For several years I don't rec'lect,  
My beginning time, with due respect.  
But here I am, after all these years,  
A life of joy, and sometimes tears.  
God's been good, He's supplied my need,  
Put clothes on my back and my mouth to feed.  
Gave me a wife that means so much,  
With her tender love and gentle touch.  
And our three sons we've been endowed.  
To say the least, we are very proud.  
But here I am; They say I'm old,  
I must take care or I will fold.  
Not on your life, I'm still in my prime,  
I'm not going to quit before my time!!

Paul R Turnidge Feb 1996

## Lost Lamb

There was one lost lamb of a hundred sheep  
That went astray on the mountain steep.  
The Shepherd called with voice so clear  
For this one sheep He loved so dear.

But the lamb went on and turned a deaf ear,  
As the Shepherd called to bring him near.  
Then the Shepherd said, "I will follow the track  
That I may bring my loved one back."

So He took the ninety and nine that were there  
And bedded them down with tender care,  
That they might lie in comfort and peace,  
And know not His sorrow, not in the least.

Then early in the morning before the sun rose,  
He turned His steps t'ward the mountain and snows,  
Ahead He noticed the cliffs and all,  
Where easily His little lamb could fall.

With hastening speed He went up the track  
That He might bring the little one back.  
He would call and listen for a helpless cry  
Of a weary sheep most ready to die.

Tho oft He called there was no reply,  
“I need not the Shepherd, I’m not going to die.”  
So the lamb went on that rugged way,  
“I’ll find real happiness up here some day.”

I wonder if people are not like this sheep,  
They’re stubborn in mind, refusing the keep  
Of our blessed Lord Who went to be,  
On the cruel cross, for you and me.

Often Christ calls us, His love to bestow,  
But we know best, and answer Him, “No.”  
We weary along with our burden and sin,  
We see no need of His dwelling within.

This tale would be tragic, if we left it here,  
Let’s follow on and see it more clear.  
Night has fallen, the stars shine low,  
The lamb is lost and knows not where to go.

Tired in body, and all worn out,  
The lamb lies down and begins to pout.  
His mind travels back to the nights before,  
When he slept with the sheep in their happy lore.



The bruises and cuts, they're all so sore,  
They hurt him 'till he can stand no more.  
"Oh Shepherd of Love, You truly are right,  
Won't you take me from this awful plight?

A smile came on the Shepherd's face,  
As He heard the lamb cry, away a pace.  
He rushed over to see that awful sight,  
Of that poor lamb lost in the blackest of night.

He picked him up and with tenderest care,  
He noticed the cuts and bruises there.  
He poured in oil and bandaged them well,  
Which showed His love, more than I can tell.

There was much rejoicing as they went their way,  
The Shepherd found the sheep that had gone astray.  
The lamb never knew the hardships and cost  
For the Shepherd to find the sheep that was lost.

Paul R Turnidge 1965

## Blind Bartimaeus

Blind Bartimaeus, by the road with a plea,  
With a cup in his hand, saying, "Please help me."  
But he was ignored, only told to shut up,  
No one would help, not a thing for his cup.

Then he heard a noise of a crowd passing by,  
They told him 'twas Jesus, who was coming nigh.  
Then loud with a shout he cried, "Jesus, Help me!"  
It caused Him to stop and list to his plea.

"What can I do? What do you want of Me?"  
"Oh dear Master, That I might see."  
He knew what he wanted, with all of his soul.  
Jesus said, "Go your way, your faith makes you whole."

Jesus is waiting to hear your call,  
To pardon your sin as you give Him your all.  
He'll carry your burden and set you free,  
As you cry out, "Dear Jesus, help me."

Paul R Turnidge Jan 1996



## Cross And Crown

The cross is so heavy it's weighting me down,  
I'll trade it some day for a beautiful crown;  
A place up in Heaven is waiting for me,  
A mansion in Glory when Jesus I see.

Sickness and sorrow I see every day,  
Money so scarce, the bills hard to pay,  
I look for a City, in Heaven I'm told,  
Where there's no want and the streets are pure gold.

I may bear a cross of sorrow and care,  
But I look for the crown I'll wear over there;  
Oh, what a beautiful day that will be,  
When Jesus my Savior in Heaven I'll see.

But, Oh, the joy I have in my heart,  
The victory in Jesus, that He can impart,  
He gives me a crown with the cross that I bear,  
His presence is with me as I go anywhere.

If you are down hearted with the cross that you bear,  
Look unto Jesus, your burden to share,  
He'll lighten your load from sin and your grief,  
As He shares His blessing and gives you relief.

Paul R Turnidge Feb 1996

## Bill Brown

Fifty years since the day of his birth,  
Quite a long time to be on this earth.  
Over the hill, and gaining speed,  
Doing his best to stay in the lead.

God's call to the Garden laid on his heart,  
To World Concern, to do his part;  
Then King's Garden ran into a hump,  
Comptroller was needed, Bill Brown took the jump.

A good man was needed to head Finance, you see,  
Bill Brown was the man, as good as could be.  
The job has been heavy, he's sweat every mile,  
No matter the problem, he comes through with a smile.

Though you are fifty and getting old,  
You've a long time running before you fold.  
Thank you, Bill Brown, for the place that you fill,  
Honoring God, on your side of the hill.

Paul R Turnidge Mar 19, 1996

## Jesus Is Alive

God looked on Earth, He saw men as me,  
Heavy with burden, a need to be free;  
He said, "I will deliver, something must be done,  
I'll send My bless'd possession, I'll send My only Son."

He came as a baby, Born of lowly birth,  
To grow to a man and share the trials of Earth.  
He was even tempted, the same as you and me,  
He always stood the test, and won the victory.

Many blessed by His presence, Others jealous as could be.  
They nailed Him to a cross, and He died for you and me.  
He shed His precious blood, all our sin to wash away.  
For by that sacrifice, NOW we're free from day to day.

He arose from the grave for the world to see.  
Then He went to Heaven, with His Father to be.  
How can we know all this is true?  
By the Spirit that dwells in me and you.

Paul R Turnidge Mar 1996

## Jesus Loves Me

Oh what a wonder from darkness I'm free,  
Lost in the night, no hope could I see,  
Bruised and torn from the rages of sin,  
But Jesus found and cleansed me within.

O what a wonder that Jesus loves me,  
He cleansed my poor soul and now I'm set free,  
He found me and washed me and made me to see,  
He's a wonderful Savior, He dearly loves me.

I am so glad, from my heart I can shout,  
Lost in the darkness, but He took me out,  
Into His marvelous light now I see,  
Oh, What a wonder, that Jesus loves me.

Now I am happy, in Jesus set free,  
No longer I'm bound by the sin that held me;  
I'm free and rejoicing, no longer I roam,  
He loved me and saved me, I have a new home.

Though you don't know Him, this is my plea,  
Call on the Savior, "Dear Jesus help me."  
Then you will find Him, no matter your plight,  
He'll cleanse you and free you from darkest of night.

Paul R Turnidge Mar 1996

## Mother's Day

*An excellent wife is the crown of her husband. – Proverbs 12:4*

Time is passing by the year,  
The old is passed, the New is here;  
How God has blessed along the way,  
Reminded again, this Mother's Day.

Days would be dismal all my life,  
But God is good, He provided a Wife.  
She's the best, none better I know,  
Her closest friends just call her Flo.

She's the Mother of our three boys,  
They've flooded our hearts with innumerable joys.  
She'll always be the Queen of our lives,  
With her wonderful love, our family thrives.

Paul R Turnidge May 1996



## Nuts

Some folks think I'm crazy,  
Slightly goofy in the head,  
My face is looking blank,  
Can't hear what people said.

People keep on muttering,  
Can't tell what they say,  
If they'd enunciate their words,  
Now that would be the day.

I guess it's their conclusion,  
As they're looking at my head,  
Poor guy has lost his marbles,  
And he's gone nuts instead.

Paul R Turnidge June 1996

## Mother

**M** is for Memory, That's what keeps you young  
Teaching it to others, showing them it's fun.

**O** is for Open, Like you keep your home  
Anyone who needs one, they know where to go.

**T** is for Tea, Like you like to drink  
Have some in the morning, it helps you to think.

**H** is for Helpful, Never seen the like  
When people are in need, you help them with delight.

**E** is for Eating, Daily we would do  
Eating Muskileguttly, or a nice thick stew.

**R** is for Riches, The kind you've given me  
The kind I cannot lose, your wisdom inside me.

Steven Paul Turnidge, May 1996