

The Collected Poetry of Paul R. Turnidge

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Paul R. Turnidge 2001 Poems

ALIVE

No matter how I live or strive,
I'll never leave this life alive,
What e'er I do though good or ill,
May I with joy my neighbor fill.
For as I live with that in view,
He'll give me joy when I am blue.
All things don't come on easy street,
We need some help our trials to meet.
When I come to end of day,
I'll fold my hands and humbly pray,
"Thank you, Lord, for your presence sweet,
Your loving care made life complete."

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS

Here we are, the same old thing,
Thinking of gifts, hear the doorbell ring,
Go to the door for a friendly call,
They're selling tickets for the fireman's ball.
What is Christmas? Santa, you say?
Giving presents and a time to play?
Don't mention Christ and the day of His birth,
That will offend and shatter their mirth.
What a change it would be if Christ had His place,
And the whole world was filled with His glory and grace.
But we have to be split on church and state,
And so we are filled with disgust and hate.

AXE HEAD

I went to church one morning,
They started with a song,
It didn't bless my heart,
There must be something wrong.
The song was a chorus,
And they had many more,
They had lots of volume,
But no blessing was in store.
They kept trying new ones,
They were very hard to sing,
I was waiting for the blessing,
But hardly felt a thing.
I'm reminded of the axe head,
Of the one who fell a tree,
As the man was chopping,
The head fell loose and free.
He still had the handle,
And could swing it with a blast,
But it had no value,
Without the head on hard and fast.
Lord bind our hearts together,
As we come to worship Thee.
With the blessing of Your Spirit,
May it flow so rich and free.

DOORKEEPER

Psalm 84:10
I've been born to rule
As keeper of my heart,
I choose what comes through the door,
Or what is let to part.
I choose who the ruler is,
The one who rules the throne,
They are my own selfish ways,
Or God, Who can atone.
Temptations knock at my door,
They want to come within,
When Jesus sets upon the throne,
He keeps my heart from sin.
May I ever stand my post,
To guard my every part,
To keep my life pure and clean,
With Jesus in my heart.

OUR FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS

As I ponder on my life
And pass it in review,
I thank my God for what He's done,
And how He gave me you.
I tremble at the very thought
Of what my life would be,
If God in all His tender love,
Had not given you to me.
Some wait for Heaven after death,
But more than that is true,
You have made it Heaven on earth
Just to live with you.

FLORENCE IS EIGHTY-THREE

That little girl so shy and sweet,
Now a Mother, You love to meet.
Her hair has changed from dark to gray,
She knows her God, and how to pray.
Her heart of love is shared to all,
As many burdened, on her call.
Her answer is true, and to all the same,
There's rest in Jesus as you call His name.
A firm foundation, she'd have you look,
It's found on pages of the Holy Book.
The Bible's her friend, her love and prize,
Joy fills her heart just to memorize.
God has been so good to me,
He's cleansed my heart and made me free.
I'll praise His name through out my life,
He chose you for my loving wife.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY !!

GETTING OLD

When I woke up this morning,
The sun was shining bright,
I had a new development,
A pain showed up at night.
Old age is what I have,
Humongas and prolific,
All other pains were bad enough
But this one was terrific
I went in for my bath,
I'm sure it isn't wrong,
To have your teeth in hand
While bursting out in song.
I looked into the mirror,
To proceed with my task,
I couldn't believe what I saw,
I must have on a mask.
With balding head and wrinkles deep,
And flopping double chin,
I'll act like there is nothing wrong,
And face life with a grin.

GOOD IDEA

Psalm 1

I had a good idea,
It would profit me a lot,
I put the thing in practice,
And the profit, it was not.
Then I cried, "Dear Jesus,
What in the world went wrong?"
"Change your good to God,
And you will have a song."
So I used God's idea,
I should have from the start,
He filled my life with blessing,
And I sing, "How Great Thou Art."

HI AND HELLO

I live in a nameless generation,
I wish it were not so,
I see so many faces,
Their names that I should know.
When we greet each other,
Their name I'd like to call,
I try to think with all my might,
But their name won't come at all.
When we chance to meet,
And your name I do not know,
Let me do my second best
With a "Hi" or heart felt, "Hello."

JERRY AND MARGUERITE TORNGA

Fifty years is a very long time
For each other's love to share,
But they have come through thick and thin,
Their love shows everywhere.
When trials came, no matter what,
They always wore a smile,
As a rose is crushed beneath a load,
Perfume is given all the while.
A lighthouse they have been,
To any and all in need,
They'd give their shirt from off their back,
To help the hungry feed.
If more folks we had like them,
Who showed such love, and pray,
'T would be more of a Heaven on earth,
Than what we see today.

NEWS

I was looking at the paper,
A' rocking in my chair,
I was startled by the message
That I saw written there.
It told me of a friend,
I've known down through the years,
He had lots of money,
And blessed with many cheers.
In the obits his name was listed,
Along with others, very poor,
They were all one value,
Going through Death's open door.
Soon our time is coming,
We too shall leave this earth,
Leaving all our earnings,
Gathered from time of birth.
Daily I face the question,
"What are you doing, for Heaven's sake?"
"I'm living for the Lord of Glory
For a mansion He will make."

PASTURE

(My retirement at Elementary:)

He was a good old horse,
He made many people glad,
He always tried to do his best,
With all the brains he had.
Time went on 'till he was old and gray,
He slowed down at end of day,
They figured he had plowed enough,
Time for pasture and out of the rough.
Now he stands at the pasture gate,
Nothing to do but stand and wait,
Won't be long 'till the truck comes through,
Picking up horses where they make glue.

YEAR 2001

Christmas has come and gone so fast,
Some things permanent, few things last.
'Tis the year of zero one,
Time for work and a little fun.
What lies ahead, we know not what.
Many things happen are soon forgot.
This one thing we know is true,
God still loves and cares for you.
Be it our prayer and great desire,
To be filled with His love and Holy Fire,
That others will note and quick to observe,
The reflection of Christ, the One we serve.

UNBELIEVEABLE 81 YEARS

Time has gone sixty per
And faster every year,
I'm hangin' on with all I got,
Holdin' down the fear.
Seems the days were not too far
When I was but a boy,
I made mistakes, but tried my best
To fill my life with joy.
My Father gave me good advice
With each mistake I'd make.
Profit by the flubs you do,
And wisdom from them take.
I've tried to do what he said,
My wisdom should fill the skies,
"He's done the very best he could,"
That is my winning prize.

GOOD BYE 2001

Good-bye, Two Thousand and One.
You had clouds as well as the sun.
Distress of Nations, you brought our way,
Many looked to God, for hope and stay.
God was shunned 'till the Towers fell,
Little was thought of Heaven or Hell,
But things were changed in a moment and flash,
When Towers crumbled in debris and ash.
Now we welcome Two Thousand and Two,
Dear Lord guide as to how we do,
What ever comes, though good or ill,
May we keep You first and Your Word fulfill.