

## **POETRY**

### **INTRODUCTION**

I have long found myself dabbling in poetry. Much of it is personal or scribbled inside of a long gone birthday card to a family member. But I've also used it in Sacrament Meeting and funeral talks as well as Christmas and Easter programs. Below are some examples.

### **Sacrament Meeting Talk**

I guess you could say  
my parents and wife,  
are the magnetic North  
in my compass of life.

Though I wiggle and wobble  
and point here and there,  
Of that something up North  
I'm always aware.

And I find that my needle  
is guided by this rule,  
The more North it points  
the stronger the pull.

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### **Sacrament Meeting Talk December 18, 1988**

I could make a list  
and number them one, two, three  
of prayers to pray  
and scriptures to read.  
How to Increase Your Faith  
in Ten Easy Steps.  
But I'd leave something out  
that should have been in.  
So I'll sum them all up  
in two words or three.  
The Savior himself said them,  
"Come follow me."

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**Sacramento Meeting Talk on FHE  
(March 19, 1989)**

When Words and Actions are in conflict,  
the battle is over before it has begun.  
With one assault it is ended.  
Words is dead, and Actions has won.

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**Grandpa Waddoup's Funeral  
(August 21, 1997)**

Where is grandpa?  
I've lost him, I fear,  
I've looked everywhere,  
But he just isn't here.

I want to believe,  
That spirits are real.  
That life will continue,  
While the body lay still.

Oh God, Comfort me.  
Help me to know,  
What grandpa is doing,  
And where he will go?

Where is grandpa?  
I must believe,  
He's returned to place,  
He once had to leave.

But he's not really gone,  
While we are still here.  
For as long as we love him,  
He'll always be near.

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**Sacrament Meeting Christmas Program  
(December 25, 1998)**

In a land far away  
And in days that were,  
Brought Wisemen their gifts  
Of gold, frankincense, and myrrh

To a child who lay  
On straw covered earth,  
Among men who both hallowed  
And hated His birth.

But was glittering gold,  
Whose luster long ceased,  
All that we had  
For this envoy of peace?

While His gift to us,  
With worth that is real,  
Of peace and of love,  
In our hearts lingers still.

"My peace I leave.  
My peace I give.  
Trouble not your heart.  
Follow me and live." (John 14:27)

Or what gift is a candle,  
Burning sweet Frankincense,  
Its wafting aroma  
Long turned to stench?

When He brought us truth  
And guided the way,  
Turned our darkness to light  
And night into day.

"My sheep hear my voice  
And they follow me.  
And I give them life  
To grasp eternity." (John 10:27,28)

And will fragrant myrrh,  
Its spice become bland,  
Suffice as a gift  
To Jesus' wee hand?

While He returns hope  
To a world in despair,  
Teaching of heaven  
And life with Him there.

"I am the resurrection,  
And I am the Christ.  
Ye who are dead,  
In me shall have life." (John 11:25 27)

So glittering Gold,  
With its amorous lure,  
Burning Frankincense  
And fragrant myrrh,

What gifts are these  
To God as a lad?  
Is this last widow's mite  
All that we had?

But we HAVE one more thing  
Without ribbons or bells.  
'Tis a worthy gift indeed,  
When we give of ourselves.

So THIS Christmas season  
Seek first to recall  
The birth of baby Jesus,  
The GREATEST gift of all.

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**Sacrament Meeting Talk on Justice and Mercy  
(April 21 2002)**

LUKE 24

On the first day of the week,  
Early in the day,  
Came Mary Magdalene,  
To the place where Jesus lay.

But the stone was rolled away,  
And Jesus' body gone,  
When appeared two heavenly men,  
As the night gave way to dawn.

Then said they to her,  
Of the empty tomb and linen,  
"Why seek ye the living among the  
dead?  
He is not here, but is risen."

ACTS 1

And He showed Himself alive,  
To His Apostles forty days,  
Speaking of God's kingdom,  
And teaching of His ways.

Then Asked they of Him,  
"Lord, wilt thou restore thy kingdom?"  
"It is not for you to know," he said,  
"The Father's times or seasons."

"But the Holy Ghost shall come,  
And witness of my worth,  
In Jerusalem and Judea,  
And unto all the earth."

And when He said these things,  
While yet the men beheld,  
Jesus was taken up,  
Carried away in a cloud.

And while they looked steadfast,  
As He ascended into heaven,  
Two men in white stood near,  
Which also asked of them.

"Ye men of Galilee,  
Why stand ye gazing so?  
This same Jesus shall come again,  
As ye have seen Him go."

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**Jo Ann Schuller's Funeral  
(August 29, 2003)**

Two rival soccer teams,  
Each loved to play the game.  
When they played each other,  
The win went either way.

One chose an easy league,  
Where victories always came.  
The other chose a strong one,  
Where they lost many games.

Now the season's over,  
And the rivals meet again.  
When the final whistle blows,  
Who of them will win?

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**Jo Ann Schuller's Funeral  
(August 29, 2003)**

So what do we do now?

We cry.  
We say goodbye.  
We hug a loved one and ask each other why.  
But when the clouds are gone,  
And a new day dawns,  
We laugh; we love; we move on.

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**David Brown's Funeral  
(September 26, 2003)**

So with God in his heart  
And with a pen in hand,  
David wrote the script,  
That became this man,

Whom we have all loved,  
And who loved us too.  
He authored his prose,  
As only a poet could do.

But it seems to us,  
Now David is gone,  
That his ink well was full,  
Yet his script left undone.

It's a difficult question,  
Why life doesn't stay,  
And one we can't answer  
Before seeing the whole play.

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**Sacrament Meeting Talk  
(February 17, 2008)**

Matthew 26:20,21

Now Jesus sat with the Twelve,  
When the even was come,  
To eat of the Passover Feast,  
And reveal the betraying one.

Matthew 26:26

As Jesus blessed the bread,  
He brake for all to see,  
And gave to his disciples,  
"This is my body," said He.

Matthew 26:27,28

And He took the cup with thanks,  
Saying, "Drink ye all of it.  
For this is the blood of me,  
And of the New Testament."

Matthew 26:29

"Of the fruit of the vine" said He,  
I'll not drink again with you,  
Until in my Father's Kingdom,  
I drink it with you anew.

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