

Poetry Series

**Mary Duhart**  
**- poems -**

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## Mary Duhart(August 31-1957)

I now reside in Stockton Ca. Married 21 years to Verdell Duhart Jr. I have 4 sons. I began to write poetry as inspired by the Lord during a major storm I was facing with one of my teen-age sons. I have had no former classes in the art of poetry writing. This is just my therapy and I enjoy doing this in my past time.

# Hold On To Your Sister! !

Hold on to your sister  
She is a part of you.  
Hold on to your sister  
You can help each other through.

You say "You have No Sister",  
Then look around you friend.  
Your sister is right beside you  
Waiting to let you in.

Hold on to your sister.  
Please don't push her away.  
One day you will look up,  
And she will be gone the other way.

Hold on to your sister.  
She hasn't reached perfection yet.  
She needs you to help her  
To make it through each painful test.

Hold on to your dear sister.  
There is something you each must do.  
Intercede for one another.  
This is required of you.

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# Sista To Sista

Sista-oh my Sista  
I need a word from you.  
My heart has been so wounded  
And I don't know what to do.

Sista-oh My Sista  
Please give me an ear.  
Life as been such a struggle  
And I am faced with many fears.

Sista-oh my sista-  
Can you plainly see.  
The devil is attacking  
And I need to lean on you.

Sista-Oh My Sista  
I'm trying my best to thrive.  
I'm doing all I can but  
I need you to survive.

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# Where Is Your Sister? ? ?

Where is your sister?  
Where is she at today?  
Why is her seat empty?  
I don't hear her voice in any way.

Where is your sister?  
I heard the spirit say.  
What part in her story,  
Did you have the nerve to play?

Do you have the attitude-  
Like your brother Cain?  
Am I my sister's keeper?  
I will not take the blame?

Did you speak kind words to her?  
To set her mind at ease.  
Or did you speak so harshly?  
You caused her heart to bleed.

Did you put your arms around her,  
And show her that you cared?  
Or did you shrug your shoulders,  
And walk away in despair?

Where is your sister?  
The Spirit wants to know.  
Can you give him an account  
Of why she did not show?

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# Wounded In The House

I stepped into the church one day  
Wounded as I could be  
Battered by the storms of life  
And looking for some relief.

I was told this was a hospital.  
Where I could find medicine for my pain.  
And a shelter from the storms of life-  
Where I could come in and get out of the rain.

Instead I was met with bitter words.  
That caused my heart to bleed.  
Wounded in the house of God-  
Now where can I turn for relief?

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