

Poetry Series

**William J. (Skip)
Henderson Jr.
- poems -**

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William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.()

A Friend

Pass this on to the friends you have.
Help them understand the meaning of friendship as you know.
To live, exist in harmony and enjoy all that is good and right
It takes a friend to share it with; to enjoy it for all it is worth.
When our existence takes a wrong turn,
We turn to a friend when our spirits need a lift.
For a friend is someone to treasure: for friendship is a gift.
He fills our lives with beauty, joy and grace
Makes the world we live in a better place.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

All That I Can Say

This may not be a bouquet of roses or a beautiful Hallmark Card.
No gift or actions can transcend their meaning or show their sincerity.
They are just a simple, sincere way to say what you mean to me!
In just three words that means more than all others....
I LOVE YOU!

You are my world, my purpose, I try so hard each day
To show and want you to understand that all I am going through
is putting me through the tribulation of my life.

If it weren't for you I believe I could not long endure.
Your loving and caring just keeps me going,
gives me purpose and keeps my path sure.

I try harder than you know to not do those things
That may cause you to doubt and shorten your patience.
I bear the pain and do my best to show how much I care.
I LOVE YOU!

So forgive my slips and what seem like rude reactions.
It is only my way of bearing the pain.
It's the best that I can do and has nothing to do with you.

So never forget what I have said of what you mean to me.
You are my love, my life and beautiful wife.
I LOVE YOU!

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

An Emotional Black Hole

To hear and not understand, stare and not see, talk yet unable to commune,
Feeling helpless to express, taste and not consume; the conundrums faced,
Leaving you trapped in an emotional black hole.

Guilt from mistakes made long ago leave my heart with voids,
Unable to fathom neither depths of youthful love nor the breadth of our joys,
Such is state of one's heart caught in the gravity of an emotional black hole.

Like the child in that candy store, who can see but cannot touch,
Smell the sweetness not savor the taste, salivate but not satiate.
Through the hell of the moment, no control over his actions,
Reaches out past the scent, reaps a taste from memory, recalling his heart
Before being caught in the quicksand of an emotional black hole.

Memories battle back, gravity overcome, the mind regains
Knowledge of what was, what could have and should have been.
The game of what if begins. No winner, no loser,
Just left gazing back into the depths of an emotional black hole.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Big Bang! Big Collapse!

Science teaches the universe started with the Big Bang
Religion teaches us that the universe was created by God.
Though science of physics and astronomy we learned
That the universe is still expanding.

We learn of dark matter that makes up the main volume of the universe
It is not just galaxies, nebulae and gas clouds,
At some time in the future the universe will stop expanding
Then what? Shrink! Of course!

Consider this: The big bang started our universe as we know it,
But that big bang came of what?
Could a previous universe collapse into a singularity that went bang?
Hmmm, ...a previous universe? How many universes were there before,
How many big bangs and big collapses?

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Compassion

Feeling another's pain
Understanding his sorrow
Indulgent of his whines
Understanding his loss
Tolerant of his self pity
Caring for his feelings
Knowing his disappointments
Sharing his fears
Wiping his tears

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Courtesy Vs Meanness

Courtesy: The best of all human attributes,
Without it, all others are difficult to maintain or even enact.
Attributes work best when used one on top of the other
Like interlocking building blocks and Courtesy is the cornerstone.

Would you believe someone to be honest, trustworthy, kind,
Caring if they were rude or mean toward you? Of course not!
So, courtesy is the first and most important and sets up all future exchanges.
Cares not the culture or the circumstance in which it is used.

You only have one chance to make a good first impression,
One chance to establish that you are a good person to deal with.
If an introduction is made and begun with a discourteous attitude,
It will be difficult for the relationship to grow or blossom.

Anger, condescension, resentment are stated expressions of being.
They are a waste of energy; rudeness is their tool of choice.
Meanness is the method of their delivery and continual lack of courtesy
Will ruin even the best of intentions, plague and wreck a relationship.

People will fail and let rudeness prevail but Courtesy can mend
The most damaged of fences if used sincerely.
But it must be used with the utmost of sincerity and regularity
Without which, courtesy is doomed to fail.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Déjà Vu

Have I been here before or is it just my imagination
Seems so real, this feeling of the familiar but cannot be.
There is no rhyme or reason for this to occur
For it is not even related to what is going on.

Trying to understand the state of this before me
I persist in an attempt to comprehend how
This is so real but yet has no connection
To the past or present of anything I have experienced.

So compelling in its reality that I have seen or been here before.
Skepticism pervades my belief system as I guard my sanity.
Time passes, I must realize I have been touched by the mystical
Or lived through a mystery of life a Déjà vu

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Despair

Hopeless feeling of personal abandonment of your emotions
While living in a perpetual battle for the goodness of ones being.
Despondency from the weight of frivolous obstacles that steal your focus,
Rob you of emotional ties to that which is important in life.

A hopeless feeling of unfulfilled expectations lays waste ones desires.
Riding up an escalator toward a floor of disdain for the positive,
Accentuating the negative, while walking down the dark side of life.

Apathy pervades all conscious thought; an I don't care attitude prevails.
The challenging seems mundane and you cast off things as not important.
Physically you become ill, unsettled, simple pleasures are just out of reach.

Sensing your mood and state of presence, caring ones all around
Fear broaching your space not knowing your state of mind
They are defensive not understanding the circumstances you cope with.

This defensive state causes them to withdraw and that sends you into a deeper
spiral.
Sense of humor escapes you and only the absurd brings about any laughter.
All that does stimulate you become actions fraught with temerity.

A helpless feeling prevents you from getting involved
Motivation evades while understanding exactly what is happening around you.
While knowing that that is just what you need to do; ambition wanes!

Absent ambition a foundering numbness takes over your rationale
That leaves with you no reason and emptiness until you can find
The only remedy for the eventual demolition of your being.
Purpose! Purpose begets all that is lost in the battle with despair.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Destiny

Destiny: a predetermining power that seems to control our future.
But is it the end all of what our existence is meant to be?
Is there more than destiny at the end of what we call life?
Or is destiny only a fantasy of glory or fame gained on life's journey?

We are all destined to pass over to the ethereal other side.
Only that which stays with our eternal spirit can cross over.
We cannot take anything with us except the memories of this existence.
Destiny then is only the story of the existence we leave behind.

Passing the zenith of my existence and approaching the down slope of life,
I find my life is blessed with more happiness than I could ever tell.
My experiences good and bad, both frivolous and profound
Have fallen short of what I thought my destiny would bring.

I have come to realize that it is not what destiny
Has in store for me that is important
But rather how I have spent my life;
What meaning and legacy I will leave behind.

Experience I can say is the best teacher
But the lessons are lost if not learned.
Lessons that guide as well as teach
Keep all that is needed well with in reach.

Of all I have experienced I learned that hatred begets all that is evil,
Anger is a waste of energy, meanness is its tool of choice.
Courtesy is its opposite and can repair damaged relationships.
Love is the universal elixir of life the soul needs on its eternal journey.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Existential Memory

Are we, as eternal souls, like a pasture with a stream that runs through it?
Collecting the silt and nourishment from the upper banks of its headwaters
Or are we as the stream that runs through many pastures
To become part of an ocean capturing the puddles of our memories
That binds us to everywhere and all we have been.

In life are we that which emulates the stream, the pasture or arboreal forest
Where rain and mulch become nourishment for the web of life that resides there?

Or perhaps the desert with its meager supply of water that supports a plethora
Of inhabitants that exist no place other.

What binds us to life if not the memories of our existence?
Memories are the substance of what we are whether horrendous or placid.
In later years our memories become a source of knowledge and understanding.
The lessons that become the parables for teaching our young.

Our physical being is a repository of the memories that are made up from our
existence
It is the eternal soul which retains them
With access through our consciousness in this lifetime
Our memories belonging to our eternal soul are the only thing that passes with
us.

In life, our existence is dealt out with vastly different experiences
From loveless to loving, good to bad, ugly to beautiful and pious to profane.
A collection of memories in this existence becomes only a sentence in the book of
life
And leaves no footprint on the beach of eternity.

Of all we have learned in this life, are these lessons learned if not filed in our
memory?
If these lessons are in our memory, are they learned?
Our memories are there for us to draw upon during life's journey
To give us perspective of the learning we have accomplished.
We can only describe that which we learned and accomplished
So we may teach what we have learned, from a memory.

Skip Henderson

11/06

revised 12/09

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Fate Vs Destiny

To find your true happiness tempt fate to discover your destiny.
You must hearken back to when real happiness was known
Remember its impact on your life
Opportunity knocks, open the door, you will see it coming.
You may be surprised to discover fate can mask your destiny.

Your fate and your destiny are not one in the same.
Your fate is what you settle for in life.
What you take as your life marches on day by day, an obligation to life.
Destiny is the gate you find at the end of the path you blaze
As you strive to attain life's goal open the gate and find love,
Happiness and contentment; true peace of heart and mind.

Fate may leave you at destiny's gate at the end of life.
Knowing only the travails of your battles to achieve life's goal
Knowing not the sweetness of your victories.
The gate may not be open, leaving you empty
At the end of life's journey.

The path to your destiny is yours and yours alone
Ask yourself whether you wish to settle for your fate or...
Tempt your fate and discover the path.
The dark side of life; fear and self doubt can blur and cover the path.
Not always seen in the clear; hidden in your memory
Or on the full plate before you the path is always there.

Those who have known the depth of their love, the strength of their spirit,
Will find a guiding light illuminates their path.
In these qualities of character you will discover your true self
And the key to unlock the gate.
You will recognize the guide of your light.
The choice is yours, settle for fate or follow the light,
Find the key, unlock the gate ... discover your destiny.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Hate

Most vile emotion or attribute man can have is the foundation of evil.
Raises angst and anger and increases the profane within you
Makes you want to violate your own sense of right
And will drive you to do counterproductive irrational things.

Will consume every bit of goodness you have and turn you into
A worse person than those who are the objects of your hate.
Obsession with your hatred will alter the essence of your being
Others will disdain the person you have turned into
As you become as one with object of your hate.

The only defense is forgiveness but when that fails
Ignoring confrontation helps; makes the object of your
Vilest emotions look absurd and senseless.
How do the vile prevail when there is no response to confrontation?

Confrontation is the battlefield the where the vile wage war upon us.
To prevail over the vile do not do battle on their ground
Turn your back and maintain your righteousness.
Gather strength from his hatred and use that strength with just cause.
Give goodness a chance to prevail and it will! ! !

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Heartache From Heartbreak

Heartache from heartbreak will sober your soul.
Burns through my conscience like smoldering coals
Slow and constant, little joy to be had
I cannot deal with the good or the bad.

Reflections on memories get frozen in time,
Emptiness and pain rule the reason and rhyme.
It'll humble your spirit and weigh on your heart.
Making me wonder why we ever did part.

The heartache from heartbreak will temper your soul
No passion or beauty, it is so hard to see
What really went wrong between you and me?

Help me stop blaming myself for mistakes that we made.
Why didn't we fight for the love that we had or
For one another when we were so young?
So tell me my darling what could have been done!

The heartache from heartbreak will temper your soul
No passion or beauty, it is so hard to see
What really went wrong between you and me?

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Honor

The early years of the twenty first century
Have brought us terms not of endearment
But political correctness that blurs the lines
Between fact and truth in order to not offend.

Sadly this way of describing common everyday facts
Dresses them up so they are less offensive; more difficult
To comprehend, hence misleading and odious.
This way of communicating leads one to compromise his honor.

Honor is an attribute that is bandied about as one that
Raises one above reproach but is also the most abused.
We expound our virtues in a veil of honor
That distorts and misleads in a guise meant to deceive.

Honor is demonstrated with consistency in what one stands for;
Integrity in his beliefs and fairness in his actions.
Somehow honor, today, means something else that has
Come to be less than is expected and an item for barter.

When our honor becomes a commodity
It inherently has a price, our honor is for sale.
To the highest bidder goes the primary guage
By which we measure ourselves and others.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

I Served!

In my service days I did not see real battle,
I did not come in to harms way.
For the wars fortune, the friends I lost.
I feel that I should have had to pay
Penance for what they went through:
But I served!

The wounds my buddies suffered,
The mind trauma that they still live through
Is more than most anyone could have beared.
I feel their pain every day,
But I served!

For all the ridicule and all the mental anguish
They had to go through. I know my duty will always
Look light to them but I know I have their good will
Because they know ... I did my part! I served!
For that I am forever grateful.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

If I Knew What I Didn'T Know!

I did what I did `cause I didn't know what else to do
Not standing up for me and you!
Didn't leave when I left because I didn't love you
I just didn't know what I could do.

Didn't know how, don't know now what could be done
So I did what I did as an obedient son.
Didn't know that I could but know that I would
If I knew, if I knew just what to do.

Too naive, too young to know
Where my life would have me go
It was not just you I left behind:
Home, family, friends and that kind.

My heart is scarred, my soul is marred
With the guilt that leaves my conscience barred
For ever leaving you, for leaving you,
What would I have done if I knew, if I knew!

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Karma

The universal law of life and living.

A principle by which each Soul is rewarded or punished in one lifetime

According to its bad or good deeds in a previous incarnation.

It is God's code of enforcement bound by time immemorial.

This law is definite and only those who believe in the immortal soul,

Who have a comprehension that reincarnation exists will understand.

Your immortal soul does not live just one lifetime to learn and live

According to Gods laws and cannot be learned in one lifetime.

It takes many lifetimes to learn, to experience each of life's lessons.

Those lessons are recorded on the Akashic Record or Book of Life.

Every sin, every good deed and every action we take is recorded.

It is from this record that Karma is meted out accordingly.

No good or bad deed is overlooked, as it is a balance for your soul

That is necessary for each individual soul ever created.

When our eternal soul achieves this balance it will have attained

Its ultimate goal of becoming one with God.

As our souls progress on their journey through eternity

The knowledge we gain will be recorded in the Book of Life.

Once we learn all that is needed according to God's will

The throne of God in all its glory will lay before you, forever.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Life's Pace

Life has a way of accelerating as we get older.
The days get shorter, our list of dreams gets longer.
All we have to show for it is a litany of I'm going to, I plan on,
Someday when things are settled down a bit.'

Because we cram so much into our lives,
We tend to even schedule our headaches.
We live on a diet of promises to ourselves
When all the conditions are perfect, tell ourselves lies

Have you ever watched kids playing on a merry-go-round
Or listened to the rain lapping on the ground?
Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight
Or gazed at the sun into the fading night?

Do you run through each day on the fly?
When you ask 'How are you?' Do you hear the reply?
When the day is done, do you lie in your bed
With the next hundred chores running through your head?

Ever told your child, 'We'll do it tomorrow.'
And in your haste, not see his sorrow?
Ever lost touch? Let a good friendship die?
Because you didn't just write or call to say 'Hi?'

Life is like an unopened gift....Thrown away
When you worry and hurry through your day,
Life is not a race to live at such a frantic pace
Take it slower, hear the music before the song is over.

Listen to the words that make you're your heart quiver
SEE the snow in the mountains, in the cold you shiver
Watch a toddler learn in a moment of discovery
See their joy and emulate what you see.

In the school of life each day is a classroom of
Experiences we need to develop our selves.
Stop, slow down and love, make the world
Around you a better place to live and be lived in.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Love Devine

Rays of light shining from behind a cloud
Remind me of love shouting out loud.
Beauty of the light that shimmers so bright
Can be none other than God's light;
A covenant to love us as we love him and each other.

For to love is the lesson each soul must learn
From life to life to life, love we must earn.
Our souls fill our being with love's essence.
To fulfill the promise of eternity in His presence.

We must love today as if there were no tomorrow
Yet more than we did the day before.
Memory of love yesterday we must borrow
To guide us to the love today we need that much more.

To love another unconditionally is to fulfill
Our devine duty to bring joy and happiness
To those whom we give it.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Love Is Selfish

It is said that God is love, And if time is relative
Then love is timeless,
Infinite in its beauty, Fulfilling with its contentment
And selfish in its focus.
Only satisfied by its self for its own sake.
Shall be intended only for one true and will not tarry with folly
Knowing no boundaries or rules it will lay waste the naïve,
Punish the innocent and suffer the fool to realize his ignorance in agony.
Love is the most selfish emotion of all, it will allow no respite....
Until fulfilled by those who share it.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Motherhood

When we consider love and caring for one another
We rarely take into account the sacrifice that is given
By those who've had the greatest impact on our lives;
Our mothers.

Our father's contribution to our existence is merely a donation.
Nature's way of fulfilling a deep unconscious desire within our mothers.
It is our mother's body that is the instrument of God's creation
Her body creates physical vessel that houses our soul.

She undergoes many changes over the nine months of our creation.
Physical changes are obvious but the mental and spiritual changes
Take place on a plane of consciousness that is not understood.
Men observe and marvel, may understand but cannot comprehend.

Women honored by creation are transformed by their instincts
Into caregivers with abilities for which they do not give themselves credit.
Her senses become heightened, her perceptions become revelations
Of what is happening with her offspring in a near psychic manner.

She has an innate ability to comprehend all that affects her child
Good or bad; understands its sounds, body language and expressions.
Little goes unnoticed by a mother who is in tune with her offspring.
Her love makes it flourish in her care and touch.

Growth is relentless from the moment of conception.
During infancy, adulthood, to our earthly demise, we acquire knowledge.
We learn the good and bad human attributes our existence requires
To become the people we were meant to be.

If none of these things occurred, I would not be me!

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

My Cup Overflows

I've not got lots of riches, and sometimes the road's been tough
But I've got loved ones all around me, and that makes me rich enough.
Though I've never made a fortune, and it's probably too late now.
But I don't worry about that much, I'm happy anyhow.
As I go along life's way, I'm reaping better than I sowed and
Thank God for his blessings and the mercies He's bestowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer, 'Cause my cup has overflowed

I remember times when things went wrong, my faith wore somewhat thin.
But all at once the dark clouds broke and the sun peeped through again.
If God gives me strength and courage when the way grows steep and rough
I'll not ask for other blessings, I'm already blessed enough.
So Lord, help me not to gripe, about the tough rows I have hoed.
I'm drinking from my saucer, 'Cause my cup has overflowed.

Not having the career in life that I most desired
I cannot find fault with all that has transpired.
The luckiest man on this earth I have come to be,
I have you as my wife Lorene to stand right next to me.
Our kids have doubled up that luck and made us proud as we can be.
You all have filled my life with love and gave me more than I owed
That now I drink from my saucer, 'Caused my cup has overflowed!

Note:

This Poem is adapted by me from a few rhyming sentences in an email I received. The author of those sentences is unknown but I wish I could attribute this to the author because it has proven to be a writing that I treasure! If anyone knows the original author please let me know so that I can give the proper attribution and get his/her permission to use/adapt it and know who it is. I tried to contact the person referred to below but I could not find or make contact. I did see a poem very much like this but it was submitted well after my writing.
So far my research has uncovered 3 possible authors of the original of this poem. I cannot figure who the original author is! It is either Jimmy Dean, Michael Combs or Paul Moore.
The WWW seems to point to those three as the author though there is a bit of difference in each, like mine. My instinct tells me it is Jimmy Dean. Time and

inquiries will only tell.

I have attempted to reach one author to no avail and I am attempting to contact the others. I am only interested in the author of the original of this main body of this poem so I may give the proper attribution.

While I have adapted it and penned my additions I cannot in reality claim originality.

Thank you. William

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

My Ideal Someone

I'm looking for some to love live and die for
Someone I can trust to the very end
Someone who'll be much more than a life long friend
Someone who will give as well as receive
Someone who is not so apt to deceive
Someone who is loving, warm and kind
Someone who is crazy but sound of mind
Someone who is healthy, not so wealthy but wise
Someone who is witty but wears no disguise
Someone who enjoys good clean fun in the mid of night or hot noon sun,
Someone who is attractive not only to me, but to others as well for the sake of
envy
Someone who has personality and poise
Someone who loves four year old boys
Someone who is not just along for the ride, but
Someone who'll forever be by my side.

Authors Note: This is the first poem I ever wrote, in Sept 1968 and was a description of the woman I would be married to for 38 years... so far so good!

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

My Psalm For You, My Love

Let my love be your guiding light and
Let me try to fulfill your wants.
I'll give you respite in green pastures
Allow my caring to help restore your soul.
I'll walk with you beside still waters,
And fill your heart with joy and laughter.
Yet though you walk in shadows in a valley of darkness,
Let not fear and self doubt steer you off your path.
I'll be your guide for I'll be with you.
I will prepare a table for you and fill your plate
with blessings and love and fill your cup with affection.
Open your heart to goodness and love and
They will follow you the rest of your life.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Mystery Of Love

Love is the most mystifying part of life, it defines who and why we are.
It befuddles, brings ecstasy to ones consciousness, satisfaction to the spirit
Transcends all else we are taught since our earliest years
Fills your being with a joy that cannot be matched by any other feeling.

It is the one thing that is absolutely necessary for human life to thrive
Newborns left untouched except for basic clean care will not survive.
Love is absolutely necessary for the development of the human spirit.
It is the elixir of life, but is also the greatest mystery of all.

How it is given and how to give it, how to receive it, how to believe it
It can raise you and praise you, can paralyze you, send your spirit on high,
Lay waste your heart while wanting to give it to your one and only.
Love will lower you to the depths of despair and torment your soul
With an agony that that can drive one to the edge of life itself.

So important it is in our lives we would have it grow as a garden in our hearts
With care and understanding we give it to our family and others we love.
But like a load a bit too heavy we leave love not at the top of the stairs
But halfway up not willing to take the extra effort to carry it.

Love is so ubiquitous that it is often taken for granted
We forget that it costs nothing and cares not to whom we give it.
We mislabel it as carnal desire and spread it with empty baskets
With an expectation it is being received without question.

Love must be given from the heart and soul of the giver
Accepted by the receiver with knowledge of the intentions with which it is given.
Spread in such a manner love will make our souls soar like eagles
Conquering the malevolence of life, enduring its indifference.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Never So Far

Carried in my heart you are never so far
Only a vision away from my sight
A dream away from my presence
A fantasy away from an embrace
A thought away from our last kiss
You are with me always!

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Poet Within

The poet that's within me is one I can't evict
Continued verse, rhyme and time seems to always interdict.
Sometimes my thoughts are not my own, it is from my heart they do pour out
Like rainfall on a rooftop, flowing from a gutter's spout.

I have so many thoughts cascading through my mind
The words just start flowing out in some verse or rhyme.
Thank God I do not talk aloud the way that my mind works
Some might think I'm crazy or maybe even worse.

When I do write of these things I ponder,
My thoughts are so vivid that it makes me wonder.
What is the source of these rhymes, they are so numerous
They keep running through my psyche that I find it humorous.

I catch me laughing at myself for the rhymes and verse that come
Sometimes they make no sense until I write them down.
Then the words commence to make some sense of these feelings deep within
I hope that I can write them down and serve them with a grin.

The verse is served in simple words wanting to be understood
By anyone who reads them and feels my passion from inside,
And will know that behind them is a place I will not hide.
Always on my shirtsleeve is where I hold my heart I serve up my true emotions
a-la-carte.

So I keep on listening to my mind race on
And try to write of these things and try to carry on.
While I endeavor to maintain my sanity
And just keep writing on and on, just for you and me.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Reunion '66

How magic the days when we were young
with friends that we have come to cherish.
The times we shared, the things we did
bring memories that will not perish.
Dances and Balls, Walking through High School Halls
our sweethearts close by our side,
Friday night games, french fries at drive-ins
getting stuffed on Pizza pie.

Those were the days my friend
we thought would never end
'fore we lost our innocence
In a far off land called Viet Nam
where many paid so grave a price.
From Camelot to Anarchy in just eight years,
we had not a clue of what to do,
'cept duck our heads, get on with life
make the best out of what we knew.
That done, we educated ourselves
and marched toward our destiny.
Built careers, married, raised kids
and passed on a promise of life
each generation is destined to do.

On the road to our future
something was lost,
at so great a cost, that many would forget.
The fellowship, the brotherhood,
the feeling we belonged to something
bigger than our ourselves.
Dispersed and lost to each other
'tis easy to forget
the love we shared with
those we cared so much about.
But we must not forget
just look back with regret
on what we left behind
and know there was a purpose
for what we all went through.

So my friends let us restore
more memories of each other
and remember our past,
for it was like no other.
So, let us meet just one more time
before this life has past
and make more pleasant memories
that in this life shall last.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Self

We know who we are and who we are not;
Children of God, He never forgot
Who we are and what we do,
To honor him, to thine own self be true.

The greatest gift to us is not life, but freewill.
The ability to choose our path, determine our destiny.
Life's environment certainly has an affect on it's outcomes
But is not an overriding factor in our development.

It is our obedience to the laws he gave us,
How we apply ourselves to those tenets, how we treat our fellowman.
Knowing we are not perfect he leaves lots of room for error.
Forgives us our trespasses and misdemeanors.

Since the Garden of Eden, mankind has had that freewill
Become a burden that is expressed in such base manners that it
Decries what we do to each other in his name!

Since time immemorial mankind has killed more of his fellowman in
The name of God than all the territorial wars combined.
It continues today at a greater pace and fraught with more danger
Than at any time in recorded history of mankind.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Tenderness

A universal language that has no words, no sound
Like the wind, can be felt but not seen
Has no taste to titillate the expectations of the senses
But with a tactile tingling lets the body know love is present

The first language a newborn understands from loving hands
Of the mother that cares caresses and gives it love.
After the first few days it knows that it is being loved
With responses each instinctively understands.

As language develops in our lives tenderness wanes,
Used when needed to soothe bumps, bruises and pains
Scrapes and scratches or ease an ego from cracks in the heart
Tenderness having the power to heal is present in the hands of the giver.

Caring and affection are the pillars that bolster its strength
Most fundamental way in which love is communicated
It can speak louder than words can ever say
No falsehoods or derisions can get in its way.

Love is delivered through a tactile touch.
When words or deeds don't mean much
If a kiss is a physical display of love, tenderness is more so
Born of a need to express an emotional desire of ones heart

Tenderness is a language that cannot be misunderstood
How can you love another without touching gently, tenderly
Expressing true deep feelings toward the object of your affection
Its tactile reaction stimulated, arouses other senses

The most evocative physical contact that can stir one's heart
By itself, is enough to cause the body to quicken and
Send pleasure throughout the consciousness of the receiver.
Tenderness is a sharing, caring; delivered through a simple loving touch.
A simple non verbal communication that says 'I Love you! '

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

The Green Flash

Every day when the sun passes by
The edge of the earth or ocean and sky.
Once on each horizon can be seen once a day
When there are no clouds to get in the way.
The sky must be clear through no haze will it show
It's made by the sky through its prismatic glow.
It happens so quickly a blink blocks its sight
That you must be looking when created by light.

The edge of the earth must be straight and flat
So the sunlight will change as it passes through
The thickest of air that its possible to.
The purest in color of emerald green,
Intense is its aura when it is seen.

Sailors trust it a promise that fair weather will come,
A sign from above for a safe passage home.
For privileged lovers who see it together
It promises good fortune and good luck forever.

One morning a clear sky your way will come,
Be sure to get out early that day,
And see if a green flash will come your way.
I hope you are blessed with the sight you may see,
And marvel at nature in all its glory.

When I was young man I saw it once
Atop my board waiting a good wave to come.
Of its existence I did not know,
But the green flash showed me its elegant glow.
It gave me a blessing I shall not forget;
Of love and good fortune that abides with me yet.
It's such a beautiful wonderous sight
That I keep on searching the horizon to see
The green flash just once more 'for I cease to be.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

The Heart Never Forgets

The fondest of our memories
Are those experienced through emotion
Of endearing thoughts and incidents
Timeless as the ocean.

Of family things, wedding rings and long lost loves
Our mind stirs with happiness.
We remember those things that brought us joy
When we were a young girl or boy.

The mind files all things we cherish
With random access that takes only a stimulus to recall.
The mind ages, plays tricks... may not remember,
But the heart never forgets!

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

The Wordsmith

Language, the frame work for most all communication
Among humankind; words are its construct.
Words convey that communication
Giving it body and definition.

We use a dictionary to define words and give them meaning
But words are used to mean other than how they are defined;
Used to denote opposites or describe sundry emotions
To suit the purpose of the speaker or writer.

The wordsmith uses his skill to expand
Upon the meaning of words formed in phrases.
The job of the wordsmith is to make sure the message
Is delivered with maximum impact and brevity
Giving the broadest meaning to the words used.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Time

Time... the only thing we really have
Material things are only temporary possessions.
Time is what you make of it;
We can give it, sell it, trade it or invest it.
Has no shape, form, or volume: it just is.

It passes on as do we when it is our time.
Time is on our side, we can make it if we try
When with the right person.
Nothing is as certain as time,
Not even love or hate happiness or sorrow.

We can increase its value by investing in education
So it can be sold for wages at a higher rate.
Once passed it is gone and cannot be reproduced
All we have to show for it is a paycheck stub,
A gold watch, a plaque, a handshake or thank you note.

How we spend it is reflective of character.
It can be put to its best use by giving it to teach our young.
We can give it to benefit others or we can use it to
To develop ourselves and our own attributes.

We can make good use of it or we can squander it
It gets used and wasted and all things wear out because of it
We try to get to a place in time so we can waste it or
We can get there on time so we won't be late.
Everything is just a matter of time!

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

What Is Love

It is commonly said that God is Love,
To Love is to honor Him, but what is Love?
To define it is to define the almighty.
Defies one true definition as does God.

Only loves captives, philosophers, writers, poets and lovers
Can describe its impact on ones being.
It elevates one to heights of joy and happiness
In the physical and emotional state.

All that brings us true joy and happiness brings us love
Activities, family, friends, hobbies and career
In all we do, all those we know, love abounds
When exemplified through marriage and family.

In modern parlance it evokes carnal intentions.
But does not attain the feelings we mention.
Love stands above all emotions when we
Are surrounded by joy and happiness
Brought about by the truest love we can experience.

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.

Writing

Writing of my feelings and emotions is one thing I have found
That helps me understand what I am going through
At any given time or circumstance from flighty to profound.

By defining my feelings in a raw and honest manner
Makes me laugh and test myself, broadcast it with a banner.
In it I have found my salvation and dug up my sanity
By writing these things in easy terms that all can plainly see.

By putting them in a simple sense that I can understand
Writing is a therapy for coping with all that's troubling me.
Lets me define them in terms that seem quite bland.

Started by writing phrases and sayings that describe exactly how you feel
In no discernible order, till you have enough to start combining
All you listed into an order that makes your words sublime.
You may want your words to be stated in some verse or rhyme
Then you have writing that will convey what you want revealed.

I tell you this so you may learn how this writing style can help you
In such a way that I have found that brings sincere meaning to me
Helps me solve life's problems in a way all will understand!

William J. (Skip) Henderson Jr.