



MAN IN THE MIST

God's Words — Slim's Pen

Poems by
Slim DeWitt



About the Author

Slim was born on August 29, 1951, in Denver, Colorado. He spent a lot of his years in Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska. Truly he feels his core values were born and nurtured in the Midwest and he learned so much about life from his grandfather. He now lives in Clarkston, Washington.

Slim has been proudly married to his lovely wife, Candy, for over four decades. He has two children: Tracy (husband Dag) and Lance (wife Misty). He has five grandchildren: Hogan, Presley, Lydia, Olivia, and Bodie.

How he started writing poetry: While home sick one day, when Slim was in elementary school, he was watching Hollywood Squares on TV and was inspired by Nipsey Russell's wit and gift for off-the-cuff poetry.

Slim says, "The real trick is to write with your heart and not with your hand!"

As always, Slim says about his poems, "God Writes Um, I merely hold the pen." Slim says, "If not for God, neither I, nor my poetry would have any meaning at all."

Forward

Slim has used the pen name, “Tallfellow” especially during his early years, but it really does describe him well. He’s a 6-4” tall guy, slender (Slim), good-lookin’, with a western hat, and a sexy grin. His legal name is actually Slim. It stands for: **Still Lives In Me** to honor his father who went to Heaven at 41 years of age when Slim had just turned 14 years old.

With Slim, “What you see is what you get.” He owns the room when he walks into it, yet he is a very kind and gentle soul, a perfect husband, a loving father and grandfather, a fierce friend (the kind you call at 3:00 a.m. with a problem and he will be right there to help you). He wears his heart on his sleeve. Slim is the kinda guy who will buy a toy for a child that looks like they really could use one to brighten their day, or buy lunch for the homeless man on the corner. He is generous with his time and his money.

Slim is a very hard-working Christian man with strong morals and has a deep love for God. He is humble enough to collect and cut free pallets to heat our home to save money, but most of all, Slim is a very experienced professional poet that writes with so much emotion and passion that you feel like you are actually in the poems with him living the stories. Thank you, God, for giving Slim the gift of poetry.

Although Slim has written a ton of poetry for family and friends, most of those are of a very personal nature and are not included in this book.

Get ready for the experience of a lifetime. Slim will make you laugh, cry, and not be afraid to die. (Your ticket to Heaven is John 3:16). Although he is a great Christian poet, I have to confess, I love the “Story Tellin” section the most. Slim can really spin a tall tale. His unique imagination and sense of humor will take you on wonderful journeys, and if you pay attention, you will learn things along the way: Love God, pray often, respect others, helping others helps you, be generous with your time and compassion, don’t judge others – you may have to walk a mile in their shoes someday. Never be afraid to admit you were wrong, or to say, “I’m sorry.” Be forgiving so God will forgive you, forgive yourself – you cannot get a better past, God loves you just as you are, etc. We are all imperfect except for Jesus. Don’t be a bully! As a famous song goes, “Say ‘Please’ say, ‘Thank You’ . . . and always be humble and kind.”

Now it's time to find a quiet spot, maybe with a cup of coffee, and enjoy the experience. Be warned, you will need a hankey or two for sure. His poems will make you feel all the emotions you could possibly feel, he is the real deal. To know him is to love him. As Slim always says, "God Writes Um, I merely hold the pen."

His loving wife forever,

Candy DeWitt

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A Prayer for A Friend

This, loved one, is a prayer written for you.
Sittin' here @ the table it seemed the thing to do.

With lots of yesterdays behind me I'm @ a time in my life.
That I find God whispering to me as I dose off to sleep to pray for you & I ask
often for Him to show you His favor & keep you free from strife.

You are one of the many blessings God has lovingly gifted to me.
And when I close my eyes, you are behind them, for me to see.

I truly thank almighty God for my friends & loved ones, the ability to walk &
talk, & indeed for the blessing of health.
None of which can be purchased, they are all His gifts, none acquired with
money or wealth.

I thank Him for the food before us as we sit @ the dinner table.
And countless other things like the Bible, remembering you & all the things
He alone makes able.

So often I think we all ask why our prayers aren't answered sooner, like right
there on the spot.
And then I remember through faith that we are the ones in a hurry & God is
not.

Even as I sit here pen in hand working on this prayer & only with His help it
is rhyming.
I realize I need to be more grateful & let the Lord do things in His timing.

As it mentions in Mathew, chapter six, verse twenty-seven.
Worrying won't add a day to our life & I'm bettin' it will all make sense
when we get to Heaven.

As you danced into my heart & across my mind today.
The thought was like a rainbow, there for only a short time, but it's memory
never fades away.

And I pray that you & I can both be a rainbow in someone else's cloud often.
Taking away some of their fears, make them smile & help their frown to
soften.

I pray, loved one, that in life you have all the things you need & that you want for nothing @ all.

I pray also that when God puts you in someone's day to help, you are able to answer the call.

Although this prayer is winding toward its end.

Remember always, one of the things I am most grateful for; IS YOU, MY FRIEND.

God is love & God is great, I sincerely know in my heart that this is true.

I know also that I needed to remind you today, that indeed one of my finest blessings EVER IS YOU!

I thank you Lord yet again for as always, Your words my pen.

Slim DeWitt

12-22-2020

Because He Calls Me His Loving Son

On my 1st day in Heaven, I'm gonna say hello to God & ask Him if we can talk.

We'll wonder through His wondrous gardens, over bridges, above crystal-clear waters as through Heaven we walk.

I wish not to complain about my life's journey, as I have no reason.
For You, dear Lord, guided & directed me through each & every season.

I bet You laughed often as I told You of the plans, I had for me.
All the while in Your infinite wisdom protected me from my stupid, as a cleared path was laid out before me.

In life we often hear that the Complaint Department is on the top floor.
However, I'll be way above that having walked through Heaven's door.

And besides, even if I added up all my mistakes with all my what ifs & my ain'ts,
My time on Earth was blessed beyond measure & I truly have no complaints.

There were times, many of them, that were to say the least bewildren.
But, oh the blessings You granted me like my health, my loving wife, my children, & grandchildren.

You blessed me Lord with a heart & a love for poetry.
That I could read & write & through my written words & my voice they heard
Your inspiration, not mine, you see.

Your Heaven Lord is a place of warmth & beauty beyond measure.
Thanks for what Jesus did on that cross; grace & forgiveness are a Christian's treasure.

I'll see people in Heaven that I didn't think I would, truth to tell.
I suppose some are shocked to see me too, without Your forgiveness we'd all be roasting in hell.

As I sat on that bench over there waiting to walk & visit with You, a fella who arrived last week said, "Wait till you see your condensed life's video." It will explain why things happened in life like red lights, delays, closed doors, open doors, lost friends, & many other things you know.

I was blessed early in life to realize that a statement from a bank has nothing to do with wealth!

Precious things to be treasured are a son's, "I love you Dad," or a daughter's "Thanks Dad for the talk," a grandchild on your knee, & good health.

I owe You & You alone Lord for all these gifts & so many more. And God said, "You are welcome my son" & assured me that we would visit many times more. Then said, "He was so proud when I walked through Heaven's door."

Jesus is here also in this incredible & beautiful place. You'll find true warmth & light too when you first touch His face.

He too said, I was ever so welcome & that I was finally home. I thanked Him that even in my darkest hours on Earth I knew I was never alone.

Oh wow! There's my grandfather, my dad, & my mother. I have missed them so, they look so different healed & restored & there near the path; that's my brother!

As I look down on all the loved ones, I left behind I can smile & haven't a single tear. For I know beyond a doubt that because of Jesus, the Son of God, we'll meet again when they too arrive here.

This poem is coming to an end my words for now are done. But my life will last through eternity because He calls me His loving son.

IN HIS GRIP

Slim DeWitt
2-6-2018

Communion

Jesus Will Return to Dry our Tears and to Banish Our Fears

I've been asked to put some words down about communion for the folks here @ church & then show 'em.

So, with God's blessing & a prayer for His guidance He & I came up with this poem.

A Christian ceremony where wine is drank & bread is eaten as a way of showing devotion to Jesus Christ per the Webster dictionary.

Eating of His body & drinking of His blood sounds a little barbaric & unnecessary.

Please don't panic newcomers, we're not really gonna do that here today. But, we'll acknowledge the symbolism with crackers & grape juice so don't run off please stay.

We as Christians are all a part of the body of Christ & are indeed so very blessed.

We all eat from the same loaf & by His loving hands are individually caressed.

As we partake in communion, we do this in remembrance of our savior Lord Jesus.

The very one who welcomes us with open arms, through loving eyes He sees us.

In Corinthians He says do this in remembrance of Me.

He spilled His blood & gave His life so we as Christians could be free.

And when we as Christians take the Lord Jesus into our hearts.

Guilt can then finally vacate our minds & genuine love permanently starts.

As we share communion please look back & cherish what Jesus did for us there on that cross bloodied & beaten.

And realize He first came as a suffering servant & when He returns will be a conquering king to honor that this drink will be drank & this cracker will be eaten.

Know loved ones that this ritual (if you will) is one to complete with a pure heart & a pure mind.

When we partake, it is to honor Him & we must first leave bitterness & unforgiveness behind.

It is a time to reflect on forgiveness & to apply it wherever the need lies. Forgive those who have sinned against you & make things right with God as you bow your heads & close your eyes.

We love you, sweet Jesus, thanks for your forgiveness & also for your grace. Heaven awaits us all oh to hear the sound of Your voice & to see Your face!

So loved ones let's honor our Lord Jesus today with this symbolic communion.

And as Christians long for Heaven as Jesus returns for His amazing & final reunion.

When from the clouds with trumpets sounding our loving Lord re-appears. Until then friends lean on each other, know His love, share His love & dry your tears.

Your brother in Christ,

Slim DeWitt
5-25-2016

Giving the Glory to God in All We Do

They are the people praying with you @ 3 A.M. with reassurance all will be fine.

They are the people who try to help without crossing the line.

They are the family down the street who make a little extra effort to welcome their new neighbors.

They stand by what they say, show up when they said they would, & don't expect any return favors.

They get & give more hugs on Sunday morning than many do in three or four weeks.

When a new believer needs encouragement, they remind them Jesus is there for anyone who seeks.

They try to be good examples & admit they are by no means perfect & still slip up.

They make efforts to comfort those who are hurting if they have lost a job, a loved one or a loyal pup.

These Christians read & believe in the word & strive to be kind & loving people.

They are everywhere, the guy who fixed your phone line or perhaps the clerk @ Home Depot.

The one @ the café who paid for the breakfast of a total stranger.

They are bathed in the grace & mercy of our loving savior. Born over two thousand years ago there in that manger.

They know their true Father is the Creator of all in life that is good.

Even sacrificed His loving Son there on that hill on a cross of wood.

We don't strive to be better than others but rather be better than ourselves.

We watch what we do & say, which movies we watch & read fulfilling, uplifting books from the library shelves.

Some of us seek to be subtle about it & gather new believers by example as we go through our days.

Some are much bolder, on the pulpit, helping @ the local shelter or in any number of different ways.

At any rate, there are those of us who watch for the folks who need some extra love.

And then remind them that we were sent to do so by our loving God above.

Help us Lord to wear our integrity like a badge of courage in all we say & in what we do.

If others ask why we do business honestly & treat others fairly we simply tell them, "It is to bring honor to You."

Christians dearly love their children & realize they are gifts of love we are sending to a time we'll never see.

Knowing full well that if they are raised with guidance, kind words, forgiveness, & compassion, the future will be a much better place to be.

Christians realize that through us Jesus often times is allowed to love others. Using patience & love to guide them when dealing with total strangers, co-workers, or our Christian sisters & brothers.

Thank you, Dear Lord, for all that we are allowed & encouraged to do in Your loving name.

Knowing full well that to Your glory we can be the reason others change & Jesus will free them of their guilt & shame.

Christians realize that a living is made by what we get & lives are made by what we give.

And though not perfect they try to pattern their ways after Jesus the finest man ever to live.

Help us dear Lord in the presence of conflict to be a kinder & more loving man.

To ignore rudeness, be the peacemaker answering anger with soft words whenever we can.

Help us to guard our temper so as never to lose it.

Your love is there to help & heal we need only choose it.

Because of Your undying devotion dear God & with the death of Your son Jesus.

We can share Your everlasting love & be examples to anyone who sees us.

Thank you, Lord, for the light that shines on Christians from heaven above.
Let all who follow you, by example show that Jesus is love.

Thanks for being there always & for guiding our way.
Let us strive to bring others to You; for Your glory on this & every day.

My pen His words as always.

Your servant,

Slim DeWitt
5-10-2017

God Has a Path for You Enjoy the Journey!

Imagine my fellow Christians if you will.

A relaxing walk along a garden path over a bridge above a pond crystal & still.

And your task as you walk this path of life each & every day.

Is to water the beautiful flowers you see along the way.

As it is with life worry not about the things behind you for those you cannot change.

However, with anticipation seek to water & nourish things in front of you, in your future, for with His guidance you can affect change.

With you my friend you are carrying never ending buckets of Living Water. Available to believers, every father's son, every mother's daughter.

Waste not your time & attention on the weeds along your life's path, if unnourished they will not grow.

Bad habits, bad company, addictions, & hate need to be weeded out of your life along with anger, don't even allow these things to show.

As mentioned before, no need during your journey down life's path to look behind.

Regardless how you try to improve your past life it can't be changed you can't hit erase or rewind.

Mistakes will be made by all of us we are mere mortals & those mistakes will surely happen.

If any of these mistakes are a result of sin don't get caught napping.

Simply stand up, dust off, tell God you're sorry & ask to be forgiven.

Accept our Lord Jesus as your Savior, become a new creation, & thank Him for the blessed life you've been given.

Many believers find Christ in their youth be it @ age three or perhaps age eleven.

Others for various reasons come to know Him much later along their journey but they too hold the keys to Heaven.

It's true because Jesus died, we who believe are given life.
We will not die & will be welcomed to a wondrous heaven free of pain,
sickness & strife.

Christianity, such an amazing gift & God's only requirement, confess your
sins, know & believe in the life of His Son.
Know & believe in your heart that Jesus is God's only begotten Son & His
time here on earth was real & your life in Heaven is eternal when your life
here is done.

Lean on Jesus always He will straighten your path & lovingly be your crutch.
Share your love for Him with others often, freely give of your time &
treasures, bless others with kind words & their hearts you will touch.

Be His arms when someone needs a hug, help strangers, subdue your anger,
never lose it.
Be sure to share His ways & His words & speak often of your belief in Jesus
so others might choose it.

Be an example of His love as you journey down the path of your life.
Harness your tongue, use words of love, for the others can cut like a knife.

Remember Him in your heart & help others to know God doesn't give you
what you can't handle.
God helps you handle what you've been given, both the blessings & the
challenges, so shine for Him in the darkness; be someone's candle.

These buckets of Living Water that Jesus continually re-fills for us be your
name Candy, Lance, Tracy, or a poet named Slim,
Are a powerful gift for all of us from everlasting to everlasting, boundless &
eternal, just one of the many gifts freely given by Him.

As you journey down your life's path, continue to water the flowers & pull
the weeds.
Rest on His love & He will fulfill all your needs.

Bless others & worry not about the past for you cannot change it.
And if your path becomes too much for you simply ask God to re-arrange it.

Be strong in your faith, share His love often with many others, for some you have yet to meet, are counting on you.
Watch for His directions & enjoy your path & we'll meet in Heaven when one day distant when this part of our journey is finally through.

As always, His words, my pen.

Slim DeWitt
3-4-2019

God's Love

It's something you really can't touch, but it touches you.
It's a gift you'll share your whole life through.

Those around you will know he's in your heart by the things you do and say,
By the way you handle your life and your love in a special way.

God's love is in your heart and in your mind,
A peace like no other you'll ever find.

It's a gift that will truly last through eternity,
Jesus died just to give it to you and me.

It's the only way we can truly be forgiven for our sin,
With your help the gift can be passed on again and again.

This precious gift is God and Jesus Christ, his son.
Through him all righteous things can be done.

Minds clear that have long been in hazes,
When they accept him into their hearts and sing his praises.

I thank you Lord for all the great things I have in this life:
My health, my friends, my beautiful children, and my loving wife.

Throughout life friends may come and they may also go,
But you Lord are my constant, my rock, and I love you so.

Help me Lord to live in your image and for your forgiveness when I don't,
Even if friends abandon me, I know you won't.

In this poem and in my heart, time after time, I have confessed,
That because of you Lord and your son, Jesus, I am truly blessed.

And unlike this poem, which will now reach its end,
God's love is everlasting; I know in Jesus I'll never have a more loving friend.

Slim DeWitt, 11-27-2002

Have You Taken the Time Lately?

To say thanks to God, is what I mean.
For your countless blessings & all the wonders that you've seen.

Have you really told Him thanks for the loved ones in your life?
Those @ the top of my list are children, grandchildren, & not the least my wife.

You had @ least one good meal yesterday, more than likely two or three.
Have you been blessed with the gift of sight; did you say thanks for the things you see.

The sky, a good friend, one of His amazing creatures, or someone's smile.
Have you been to the wedding of one of your children or a friend & watched them say their vows & walk down the aisle.

Recently did someone hold open a door for you?
Better yet do you have the ability to hold one while someone else passes through?

Are you blessed with an automobile in which to travel to & from.
It may not be new or shiny but it's much nicer than some.

Tell Him, "Thanks for our country & the freedom to whenever you want start prayin'."
In many countries you would face persecution, & even death, that's all I'm sayin'.

Have you thanked Him for the many that have died to protect our freedom?
I'm talkin' not only about our soldiers, but also our police & fire fighters we will always need em'.

Or how about the fact that you can read these words as they appear.
Or that you slept in a warm bed last night & that when you awoke your loved ones were safe & near.

Has God been thanked for the fact that you can walk?
Are you using kind & uplifting words when you talk?

Have you been blessed enough that you in turn can bless others?
Can you help someone with a meal or solve a problem, in the grand scheme
we're all sisters & brothers.

Without doubt as we walk down the pathway of life things don't always go as
we plan.

It's nice Lord to know I'll get through this 'cause You told me I can.

When minor problems grow & want to overwhelm us.
Will they matter in two years, or even two days, pray don't cuss.

Are there younger people that you influence around you @ times?
Be patient, they have a lot to learn a blessing is a child on your knee & the
sound of nursery rhymes.

Have you spoken lately to a friend or loved one who right now misses you or
is alone?

On the list of your blessings, I bet one of them is access to a phone.

Call them, call them today, you don't really need a reason why.
Don't leave things unsaid especially the loving ones, for tomorrow you, or
they could die.

Thanks, Lord indeed for my very life & for every breath I take.
Thanks for watchin' over my loved ones for goodness sake.

Thanks for lovin' me & for Your Son.
And that He has prepared a place for me when my time here is done.

Thanks for the little girl with her smile that waved @ me yesterday.
Bless her & her parents Lord in each & every way.

Thanks also that you chose me as your son & for all your love.
And for the fact that I know there is a Heaven up above.

I'll truly try to be more thankful till we talk again.
And in closing thanks Lord for guiding my pen.

I'm blessed with your grace, for all you do & for all you've done.
I'm in total awe of you Lord, with all my love; your grateful son.
Slim DeWitt, 1-20-2017

He Dwells in Heaven

He dwells in Heaven, up where the mountains touch the sky,
And yet touches everyone on Earth, including you and I.

He is strength to the weary, when tired and weak,
He is the Prince of Peace, bold, yet meek.

With his guidance, abundance will be ours,
He, the Creator, of roaring rivers and scented flowers.

He is guidance when all seems lost,
Loyalty and faith are our only cost.

Reach out with heart and hand to a friend who is always true,
Walk always in peace and may God Bless you!

Slim DeWitt

His Loving Plan

Life it seems actually starts when two people find love and start sharing.
Plans and thoughts grow from this love and new life begins, born of caring.

The father gives of his seed and she accepts with a great sigh,
And in a short nine months the stork will fly.

And with the amazing experience we call “birth”,
God shows even the non-believers he lives and loves here on Earth.

He continues His plan in the pleasantness of youth,
Asking parents to respect and appreciate life and to speak and teach His truth.

He shows youth that all is not warm and tender, life also houses pain.
We must suffer to grow; we must love to live and learn with patience to refrain.

Hopefully as a child’s life progresses and proceeds,
Loved one and friends will be there, to answer his or her needs.

Times occur also when no aid is in sight & we must “go it” alone,
These times serve to build character and give the heart its tone.

Life passes so rapidly, the years fly as if they were mere hours,
Often people stand amidst a spacious garden and yet never smell of the flowers,
They anger at the rain and miss all that is born of Spring showers.

Life flows on with its bitterness as well as its good,
We mustn’t forget that knots exist even in the finest grains of wood.

We must bathe in the good, prosper and learn from all that is bad.
If indeed a peaceful life is ever to be had.

Some people never halter life’s numerous opportunities to share,
And live in an unfulfilled world – bleak and bare.

Reach out in life whenever it’s possible, whenever you can,
Help to avoid hurting others for they are His gift – our fellow man.

Life can end so untimely, as fast as it occurred,
Seek the remembrances of beauty, don't allow misfortune to leave your life
blurred.

For as the wonderous sun rises with each crimson dawn,
The sun must also set on life, leaving our loved ones to continue on.

Death, odd as it seems, is our reward for life,
For in the Heaven above, all is peace and there comes a total end to all strife.

I pray that you can enjoy your life here on Earth, to feel & touch all that you
can,
And remember Heaven awaits you, it is all a part of His loving plan.

I offer my poetry as a gift to you and hope you've enjoyed it.
However, the gift is from God, I merely employed it.

Slim DeWitt

How Amazing is our God!

In a vivid dream late one night.
I was talkin' to God about Jesus & how to make my life right.

I asked Him, "How on earth can you forgive me of all my wrongs just because?"
And I proceeded to mention I'm so far from perfect, He said, "Don't worry I've sent someone who was."

He was, of course, referrin' to Jesus His only begotten Son.
Sent here by God to undo all the unrighteous things mankind has done.

The reason God allows forgiveness, is purely out of love.
For He & His Son are the true essence of forgiveness as they watch from above.

Jesus walked among mankind & experienced the full gamut of human feelings & emotions.
He taught us, face to face, how to be righteous as He healed the lepers, gave sight to the blind, & calmed the oceans.

For 33 years God was here in person in the form of our Savior Jesus.
Then left The Holy Spirit to guide our ways & our hearts, indeed through the eyes of God, the Spirit sees us.

For love everlasting & forgiveness forever, God tells us you need only believe in what I have done.
Man on his own can't conquer sin, however, it can be laid @ the foot of the cross & washed clean in the love of my Son.

The Father, The Son, & The Holy Spirit will help us to live as loving examples of Their very real existence.
Sins are forgiven past, present, & future. This love of Theirs is forever & comes with genuine persistence.

For the God above who loves mankind so.
Is there when we reach for Him & will never let us go.

He is there so we can fulfill our purpose indeed complete our destiny, before our birth even, He was the author of our life's story.
He wants our happiness & joy to be examples for all to see of His crowning glory.

If we, as Christians, triumphantly live our lives as He would have us to,
We will be blessed & rewarded with a love that is everlasting & true.

So, as I write these words, I thank you dear Lord.
That in spite of who I am, I'll never be ignored.

You are the loving God that brought light to an otherwise dark world.
Put sparkle in the night skies as the stars you hurled.

Created our digestive system & our amazing solar system.
Blessed me with children & grandchildren, filled me with pride each time I've hugged & kissed em'.

You, dear loving God, saw fit to bless me with an incredible wife.
Thank you for her integrity & morals, she is one of the finest blessings in my life.

I could not thank you enough, dear God, if I were to live 500 years.
For all the laughter & smiles I've heard & seen, & for taking away my fears.

And for the healing of both my body & my heart & the blessing of friendship & love of my Christian sisters & brothers.
Help me Lord in the days & years to come to remember Your love as I seek to help others.

Thank you, Lord, for the gift of poetry & for helping me write yet another poem to bring honor & attention to You.
Thank You also for sunshine, smiles, friends, the Bible, family, & the awestruck wonder of a sky so blue.

Thank you, Lord, for blessing our homes as we rest tonight & off to sleep, we nod.
As I sleep tonight may I be blessed enough to have another amazing talk with my loving God.

In His grip.
Slim DeWitt, 7-14-2017

I Want to Tell You About My Friend

I've got a really good friend & he's tougher than nails.
A really good friend whose love never fails.

I've known Him for about thirty-six years, maybe thirty-seven.
He loves me so much he died for me & is, as we speak, building me a cozy log cabin up in Heaven.

He has a wealth of knowledge; His father wrote 66 books for me, plumb full of advice.
Taught me empathy, sympathy, to be a good friend, & that it's not so hard just to be nice.

He had to leave about 1,981 years ago; about His love I often boast.
He couldn't stay so he set me up with a loving Ghost.

No, he's not Casper, this Ghost I speak of is much friendlier yet.
He reminds me often that regardless of my past I don't need to carry around sorrow & regret.

This Ghost often gently points out to me,
That love of your fellow man is the way a Christian's life is meant to be.

Often times if I'm pondering a decision, wondering should I, should I not,
He's the one that guides me by touching my heart in that special spot.

He's the one that leads me in the way to help others.
And reminds me with God as our father we're all sisters & brothers.

Verna Kelly once said, "Snowflakes are one of life's most fragile things.
But just look @ what they can do when they stick together, it's like a strong marriage & the strength of those 2 rings."

Thank you, Holy Spirit, for being ever-present in my life.
For protecting, encouraging, & guiding my children & wife.

It's kinda funny isn't it when we are born, we cry & our loved ones rejoice.
But when we die as Christians loved one's cry & we rejoice!

Thank you, Dear God & Jesus too, for sending the Holy Spirit to protect us here on Earth.

And for preparing Heaven for us it's only then that we will really know God's true worth.

Help me always to remember that a good example is the best sermon beyond a doubt.

And as a friend, help me to see a friend's first tear, catch the second, one & help the third one to never fall out.

Help us Lord to know that if we resist the devil, he will flee from us as it says in James 4:7.

Also, to handle life's trials & know that Jesus died so we could know Heaven.

This poem written with words of love & praise will now come to an end.

But as Christians our lives never will, for Jesus is tougher than nails; always is & always was our loving Savior & Friend.

I love you LORD!

Slim DeWitt

If You Want to Get Rich Quick, Just Count Your Blessings

I was runnin' some errands just the other day.
And happened to read a neat saying on a signboard near that church over on Southway.

Clever, very clever I thought, it simply read if you want to get rich quick just count your blessings!
Indeed, so very true I found myself confessing.

But where to start.
How about, "Thank You Jesus for sharing the love that fills your heart."

Thanks for Your grace & forgiveness: what amazing gifts they are.
Thanks for the incredibly great results with my back surgery years ago, the pain is gone, all that remains is a little 3-inch scar.

Thank You Lord God Almighty for the wondrous gift of sight.
Thanks for rain, for rainbows, & appearing like diamonds on a black velvet cloth, your wondrous stars @ night.

Thanks, Lord so very much for my kind & loving wife.
We've been together 41 years, seems as if she's been here all my life.

Thanks for my children & my grandchildren too.
They are gifts of love we send to the future, when our lives here are through.

Thanks also, Papa God, that I can stand, I can hear, & I can walk.
Thanks also Lord for being such a good listener when I need to talk.

Thanks for tending to my needs, wants, & cares.
Thanks for answering my big, as well as my small, prayers.

Thanks Lord my family & I slept last night in a warm & safe place.
Thanks for the sweet & innocent smiles on a child's face.

Thanks, Lord, for I had 3 nourishing meals yesterday.
Thanks for providing so we could help those homeless people, bless & show them favor we pray.

And to be able to worship You in a country that's free.
It is a blessing to all Americans, not just me.

Thanks for those who sacrifice daily so we as Americans can thrive:
Firefighters, policemen & woman & our soldiers too: risking it all so we can
be alive.

Thanks for my loyal & loving dog & for the ones in the past, alive only in my
memory.
Four legs, wagging tails, & great big hearts, each one still a part of me.

Thanks for my sometimes very busy life & also for my quiet time.
When I can just relax, read Your word, or put together words that rhyme.

For my friends I also thank You Lord, ones in the past, the ones in the
present, & the ones I have yet to meet.
Help me to honor their friendship, reciprocate their love & their smiles, their
laughter is hard to beat.

Thanks for being such an awesome provider, all the things I want or need,
indeed the many things large & small.
For always answering & being there, regardless what time it is, or what day it
is when I call.

For being able to hear that bright yellow finch that shows up on our bird bath
& for the melodious way he sings.
For blessing & guiding our marriage & for the meaning behind our wedding
rings.

What a sight Lord & thanks for the 2 new colts out in the neighbor's pasture.
They might even be cuter than the ones from last year.

For our toasty warm home, the wood stove, & the firewood.
Couldn't do it without You Lord on a cold morning it sure feels good.

I suppose this list of thanks (indeed our riches) could go on for days.
Thanks for them all Lord tis You I praise.

And on some distant day yet unknown to me, I'll be with you Lord in Heaven,
it's no doubt true.

And when that day arrives Lord may the words, I last whisper be Lord thank
You for all my blessings I am truly rich & dear Lord, I so love You.

His words, I only held the pen.

Slim DeWitt

5-19-2022

It's Me Again

Hello Lord it's me again, Your ever-grateful son.
As I sit here @ this desk, I'm thinkin' of the countless things for me that
You've done.

I wasn't sleepin'.
For whatever reason.

And so, @ 2:30 in the A.M. I laid there pondering & wide awake.
Realizing very clearly, that my blessed life isn't just happenstance, it's
because You love me, it's not merely fate.

Probably seems Lord, that often when I'm thinkin' of or talkin' to you,
It's about a list of blessings I'm asking of You.

This early morning poetic prayer Lord is gonna be one of just thanks!
I'm blessed to live in America with no enemy warships are off our coast, nor
do I hear the rumbling of tanks.

Often Lord it seems I'm asking You to keep me & the Mrs. safe in our to &
froms as we travel.
And You, amazing Lord, always do. Thank You for all the firewood out there
by the fence neatly stacked there in the gravel.

That wood allows us to keep our home toasty and warm.
Your blessings never fail Lord in the sunshine or in the storm.

And all the smiles I get to see, thanks to Your incredible gift of sight.
Thanks also dear God for keepin' our children & grandchildren safe as the
sleep tonight.

They are gifts of love we lovingly send to a time we'll never see.
Thoughts of them always create a smile for me.

They are such blessings to me Lord and with Your guidance & care they will
do great & loving things in days & years yet to come.
I have been so blessed being a father & grandfather. Blessed way more than a
little, way more than some.

A really cool part, as You know Lord, of my daily mornin' routine,
Are my walks @ the river with my awesome dog & all the nice people I've
seen.

I get to see Your creations there, the birds, the squirrels, people's smiles & the
flowing water.

Thanks Lord that when she was sick recently that You brought health &
smiles back to my granddaughter.

Thanks Lord that for 41 love-filled years You have blessed me with a most
kind & caring wife.

I couldn't imagine a world without her & all the caring, sharing, & love she
has placed into my life.

If for some reason blessings stopped coming my way, I'd honestly have no
room for complaint.

For I have more than my share already in life & I haven't exactly always been
a saint!

But because of Your sacrifice there on that cross Jesus, my sins are forgiven.
You are ever-present, ever loving, and truly the reason I'm livin'.

Thanks Lord that I can walk & talk & hold this pen.

Thanks for my family & my next new friend.

And the lady we helped last week to pay for repairs to her broke down car.
She thanked us, but we said, "No, she needs to thank You Lord, for the
money came from You that's just who You are!"

And it always seems no matter how long our list of wants & needs is Lord
You always have the answer.

Oh, & thanks Lord for our loving friend, Teresa, & for freeing her of cancer.

And thanks, Lord also for our loving friend, Jeff, who passed away years back
& for the assurance that we'll see him again.

He decorated our lives with his friendship & laughter while he was here, we
were truly blessed by this incredible friend.

As I glance to my left there lays one of my Bibles atop my desk & I thank you for the love You poured into it, I truly do.
Throughout its pages there is wisdom, guidance, & love, without question one of our greatest gifts from You.

I'm going to try Lord, because You are so worthy, to be more thankful & grateful because I am so abundantly blessed.
For I have a life, a wife, and a family that daily without fail You tenderly caress.

In closing Lord, I am thankful to You, way beyond measure.
Your love & guidance are not taken for granted; they are blessings I'll always & forever treasure.

As these words started their journey onto this paper it was early, around 2:30 AM & now it's 5:07!
Thank You for Your love, Your forgiveness, Your scars, & Your amazing promise of Heaven.

Thanks also Lord for listening years ago when I first asked You to take me in.
For this beautiful pre-dawn time with You & for your attention as always, I thank You that's all for now till It's Me Again.

In Your grip.

Your son,

Slim DeWitt
11-18-2022

Love Others Through Me Lord

Good if left undone,
Warms the heart of no one.

May His healing rain fall not to water our garden,
But instead to bathe our hearts so they won't harden.

Did you recently pass a stranger on the street,
That could perhaps have used your help, you know God put them there for
you to meet.

Strive to be a rainbow in someone's cloud.
Share love & patience as God, through His son Jesus, has allowed.

It is said, "That to whom much is given, much is expected."
So please guard a stranger's heart, God through you, wants lost souls
protected.

Help us Lord to spread love & always be a shining beacon for you.
To love family & strangers alike in all we say, as well as in all we do.

From the bottom of our hearts may we always be grateful for what you have
done.
In sending us grace & redemption through the sacrifices of Your loving Son.

Help us Lord to be strength when someone hurting sees us.
Let them see & feel the love of our Savior Jesus.

Thanks, Lord, for Your love & for always listening when we come to you in
prayer.
Help us to never leave good undone, & through us, many will be reminded
how much You care.

And on that day, yet unknown to us, when our lives are all but through,
May the words we last whisper be, "Dear Lord thanks for letting us model,
that loving others is a gift from you."

In closing, Dear God, we are so grateful for your loving Son.
And that He lived His life leaving no good deed undone.

Slim DeWitt, 6-4-2015

Such Love

He counts the hairs on our heads and in a bottle keeps all the tears that are ours.

He created the stars above the Earth and adorned our world with flowers.

Once He walked among us and, in the Holy Spirit, He still does.

He has left gifts, miracles, and His Word to remind us where He was.

He has always been there and will always be.

His Amazing Grace protects us and sets us free.

Thank you, Lord, for the Bible – all those Books written with love to help us learn.

A place for us to read and share your wisdom until You return.

And I thank you, Dear God, for loving me.

And for sending Your Son to solidify our destiny.

I can hardly wait Lord for that day and to see Your face,

For I know eternity will be a warm and loving place.

Thanks, Dear God, for all of Your blessings and for all the good You've done.

Thanks also for Your grace and forgiveness in the sacrifice freely given by Your loving Son.

Help us as mortals to lose our super sensitivity,

So, we can learn to love like Jesus that way it was meant to be.

For helping me write this poem Lord and I say, "Thanks for now I'm done."

And for Your grace and love everlasting, I'll always be your grateful son.

As the words to this poem appeared on this page the pen was held by Slim,

But rest-assured, loved ones, this poem was both inspired & written by Him.

Slim DeWitt

10-20-2012

Thank You Jesus

Shepard of the Hills, Messiah, Son of God,
The keeper of Heaven and Earth, where all Christians trod.

Of love, of peace, of understanding, and caring,
Such a blessing is Jesus and the love He is sharing.

His guidance, life, and an outstretched hand,
The giver of all that comes from our bountiful land.

He is strength when we might otherwise weaken.
He is the inner peace we've all been seeking.

He is warmth to both our hands and our hearts when they are cold,
Creator of the morning dawn – scarlet and gold.

The maker of flowers and of the majestic oak trees.
An answer to those with bowed heads and bended knees.

Give Him your faith and He'll move your mountain.
His love bursts forth as if from a royal fountain.

So profoundly men seek Him and yet He is right there.
To share His love, as we speak with Him through prayer.

You are within easy reach Jesus, this I know.
Thanks for claiming me as your child, in & with deep adoration, my love for
You will forever grow.

Amen

Slim DeWitt (Tallfellow)
6-2-1981

Thank You Lord!

It seems I haven't taken much time lately, Lord,
To say thanks for your gifts, they are not ignored.

I'll thank you first Lord for this very day,
Thank you for two good hands to close as I pray.

I thank you Lord for the beauty that accompanies your gift of sight,
Thank you for watching over my loved ones as they slept last night.

Thank you, Lord, for feathered song that is a bird as he sings,
Thank you too Lord for the bee's honey and for learning from their stings.

Thank you, Lord, for so abundantly granting the gift of good health,
Thank you, Lord, for family and friends and for their "inner" wealth.

Thank you for a good job, Lord and for the satisfaction that hard work can
give,
Thank you for my family and for your guidance as we live.

I thank you too for quite moments and friendly times,
Thank you for my children and for their nursery rhymes.

I'll say, "Amen" now Lord and thanks again for this day and for blessing me,
My day will be better now Lord, thanks for prayers, and a bended knee.

Slim DeWitt
5-11-1981

To a Time, We'll Never See

You know it's been said, "That children are a gift of love we send to a time we'll never see."

So, what they take along with them, loved ones, is really up to you & me.

Will we give them understanding; more importantly model it so their future families & loved ones can also share it?

Will we give them faith in God for the hard times ahead, otherwise how will they bare it?

Will they have patience as a tool to deal with others?

These little ones watch us, how we handle strangers, that guy in traffic, our sisters & our brothers.

Will they learn from us how to really laugh & that it's OK to cry?

We must teach them folks now, for I guarantee you time really does fly by.

Can we teach them Yahweh?

In place of our way.

Let's let them know by our example that God can handle the steering wheel & not just the emergency brake.

Please let them nod off each night & awake each morning knowing that Jesus died for their sake.

We must fill them with the Word before we send them along life's way.

They must know beyond any doubt that God loves them always, not just on Sunday!

Please bless each of these precious children & any others that you might touch the lives of.

By letting them know that God is good, they are unique & precious & Jesus is love.

Generations everlasting can benefit by how we tend to these amazing gifts: our children, I know that's how God wants it to be.

Cause we took the time, did it right & sent blessings in the form of our children To a Time We'll Never See.

Slim DeWitt, 4-24-13

We Are the Church

I firmly believe that a church is far more than just a building with a tall white steeple.

But, rather it is the folks that hold it together, I feel it's really the people.

We can gather as Christians in a large elaborate cathedral, or in a small-town Grange Hall.

Indeed, it can be in a small men's group, or a handful of women who gather in His name to answer His call.

It can be a group of thousands listening to Joel Osteen or a dozen cowboys & their kin listening to the teachings of Pastor Dave.

The ever-important common thread is knowing that Jesus died for us, & three days later, conquered the grave.

Truly it is these fine everyday people from all walks of life,
Who share the Holy Spirit that lives in them with their friends, their family, & their wife.

And whether you call the flowing water that runs over the rocks & down through the trees a creek or a crick,
The sermons we show others by example are real & engrained not just some magic trick.

Regardless if your favorite thing to ride is a 4-wheeler, a motorcycle, or a horse.

Stay on the path Jesus has laid out for you & you are on the right course.

We are all learning as we travel through life that our tempers are something we should strive never to lose.

And when asked by a troubled friend who is at a crossroads in their life perhaps, we can help them decide (relying on the Lord's wisdom) which path to choose.

Thanking God for our blessings has become second nature for us & He has certainly sent many blessings our way.

We can thank Him while mowing the lawn or washing the car any time we feel it & not just on Sunday.

We as the church have learned that Jesus is a constant & that we can ALWAYS rely on Him.
Indeed, in our triumphs & our troubles we know we can not only smile, but we can also cry on Him.

Help us Lord to notice those that are hurting for whatever reason & that in His name we care.

And in our dealings with others be kind, be patient, peaceful, & fair.

A person who's hurting can be in a three-piece suit or wearin' a Stetson & Wrangler jeans.

We the church are God's eyes & hands & will often be called upon for His means.

It would be easier to hide a tumbleweed in a rusted tin can,
Then it would be not to realize we're here for a reason & that folks, it is all a part of God's plan.

I pray that when conflict resolution is needed, or a prayer is in need of an answer & someone sees us,
That we handle things with integrity & kindness in the name of our Savior Jesus.

Thanks, Lord, for your grace & mercy & leading by Your life's example to be peaceful on purpose.

And when we ourselves are in need of prayer or guidance a fellow Christian is there to nurse us.

Whether you live in walking distance of the cherry blossoms in Washington, D.C.,

Or you grew up in a small farming town in Idaho called Genesee.

Remember as a church our purpose is to serve others, & in doing so, serve our Lord.

And when others need help or prayer, see to it that they are not ignored.

Help us Lord to model forgiveness, grace, & to be as loving as we can possibly be.

For in these troubling & stressful times we as Christians may well be the only Bible others ever see!

A very wise Pastor we all know as brother Dave,
Recently passed on some country wisdom that we in our memory can save.

It goes somethin' like this my friend.
Oh, & by the way, a couple more lines & this poem will reach its end.

Here goes: Christ didn't die so we could go to church.
He died so we indeed could become the church!

As always,

His words I merely held the pen!

Slim DeWitt
5-6-2022

When Two Christians Meet, It's Never for the Last Time
(A tribute to the nurses at the Veteran's Home in Lewiston, Idaho.)

This man passed listening to waves, for it was his dying wish to see the ocean one more time, and with your help Lord, a poet named Slim was able to help this tribute rhyme:

A brave soldier was shown love & compassion, as on Earth his time ended.
Through an amazing show of respect, from amazing nurses, it's truly grace transcended.

Know sweet ladies that as you placed those ocean sounds gently onto his ears.
That the angels waiting to welcome him did so while shedding happy tears!

For that soldier was wrapped in peace as he heard those waves roll across the sand.

He took his last breath here & his next breath there, as he reached to touch Jesus' outstretched hand.

Dear God, please bless nurses & bless everything they do.
For through their actions, we are allowed a glimpse of you.

Return their smiles to them Lord @ least ten-fold.
For they truly are angels we can see truth be told!

That valiant & honorable soldier protected all of us, much like loving nurses protected him, with their attention & love.
Now he rests in the most wonderful of places in Heaven with our Lord above.

That soldier thanks you ladies please take great comfort as you read the next line.

And one day in Heaven, he'll hug you; for when two Christians meet it's never for the last time.

Slim DeWitt

Women with Wings

Because He is our Lord and Savior, we'll forever bathe in His Living Waters.
Heaven bound, having accepted Jesus we are now forever called his daughters.

And when our time and efforts are through here on Earth,
Only then will we be guests in Heaven because God's Son, after death,
experienced an amazing re-birth.

It's our just reward because of God's grace.
Oh, what a wonder it will be to see the Prince of Peace and touch His face.

As girls and women, we are blessed to serve, share, and love with our lives.
Some of us sisters, some of us mothers, and many of us wives.

Such a gift Heaven will be.
Surrounded in love for all eternity.

No deeds, thoughts, or gestures on our parts,
Qualify us no matter how pure our hearts.

In acceptance of His life & that He died for our sins, we in accordance change
the way we are living.
Find far more peace & contentment & our time, treasures, & talents are things
we are more often giving.

His love is forgiveness, we can in no way earn.
Christian women through the Bible & with fellowship for Heaven will yearn.

One day as Christian women, we'll walk through Heaven's door.
Into a new world where pain, illness, and bitterness will be gone forever
more.

For now, it is our job to share His word and share His love.
'Till the trumpet sounds and all his daughters rise to His Heaven above.

Please use us Lord as your hands & as your voice.
Help us, your Christian daughters to help others make the right choice.

Thank you, Dear Jesus, for all you have done.
Allowing God's daughters to be with God's Son.

Slim DeWitt
2-19-2018

Two Big Angels Went for a Walk (a True Story)

The poem you are about to hear is a true story.
And a tribute to what God can do AND to his amazing glory!

I pray that as these words appear on this page, as God guides my pen,
That I can help you realize He is always caring for us, not just every now & then.

And also, that we needn't worry about tomorrow, 'cause He is already there.
To know our loving God & His loving son, Jesus, better each day is my prayer.

One day in late August of 2016 a young troubled lady parked out in the country on a gravel road.
Contemplating very seriously taking her own life; for it seemed her heart was carrying a very heavy load.

This young woman I am told was around horses often in her younger years.
There she sat on that lonely road, her heart & her eyes filled with tears.

Please understand in our world far too many God-given lives in this day & time meet their tragic ends.
God had to show up in a big way & did with not one but two of His equine friends.

Imagine, if you will please, this lost soul takes one last look as she's parked there into her rear-view mirror.
Pauses in amazement that God so loved her He sent two giant four legged angels to erase her fear.

1,800-pound draft horses, Percherons to be exact!
God had given her a love of horses & that's a fact.

She stepped out of her car crying & thanking the good Lord above.
She so needed a sign to know her life still has meaning, so God sent her His love!

There they found her, tears in her eyes.
Hugging the necks of the angels that God decided to super-size!

God, as we all know, loves us in ways that to some may seem strange.
Let me fill you in on the sequence of events & all the things God chose to arrange.

These beautiful gentle giants had grazed their own pasture down & fresh grass was all but gone.

Then a neighbor a few miles away said, "Bring the girls over, I have an unused pasture of nice grass for them to graze on."

So this is how these horses got from point A to point B.
How the next situation occurs in this miracle, just wait & see.

The VERY day this lady made her almost tragic decision,
God steps up again as the neighbor checks on them, but accidentally leaves the gate undone, another part of God's precision.

Leaving a pasture gate undone is something this neighbor friend just doesn't normally do.

The two horses pushed on the gate, it opened, & Polly & Peg just walk on through.

They then decide to go for a walk-about, all set up in God's good time.
Please realize the horses could have stayed nearby, or went the other way,
think how this all unfolds as you read this rhyme!

After not locking the gate, the neighbor & his wife leave for quite a while on a trip to town.

And almost two tons of horses picked that road on that day, @ that time, to go down.

Hours later they return, the neighbor and his Mrs.,
Find the troubled lady, her head in the horse's manes & given' them kisses.

You see the neighbor drove along the gravel following their tracks after gathering halters & leads.

Not knowing where they might have wondered to; these gentle steeds.

But they were there @ exactly the right time.
Can you believe all the details in this miracle as you read this rhyme?

Marlene is the kind-spirited & loving lady who owns these two mares.
They were a favorite of her late husband, Jack, & though in Heaven now he is
still in his wife & children's daily prayers.

I just bet Jack was in on this with God & helped to arrange it down to the last
detail.

For in life Jack was always there for others & was there also helping a
stranger without fail.

These horses were used in this miracle as were lots of details & expert timing.
Hope you can all realize how awesome & loving our God is while reading
these words I'm rhyming.

I am so very blessed, beyond measure really, in my life.
I have loving children & grandchildren & so far 35 years with my loving
wife.

Our children & grandchildren are gifts of love we send to a time we'll never
see.

Please know beyond doubt that He wrote this poem, the person He allowed to
hold the pen just happened to be me.

I pray that this true story lifts your heart & helps you also to realize.
That God uses people, timing, happenstance, & angels who very greatly in
size.

He also uses flat tires, wrong turns, as well as friends both old & new.
Even the changing of the seasons & a stranger's smile can be used to protect
you.

He truly & lovingly cares for us & on that distant day when our lives are
through,
He'll be standing there, hands outstretched, @ the gates of Heaven to
welcome you.

Thanks for reading this rhyme. I hope in doing so you realize just how much
we are loved by Him.
For he gave me these words on this day & said, "Help them to love me as I
love you Slim."

Slim De Witt
11-15-2016

“57”

The story I have here is fictional, and yet it isn't, for the things I'm thinking about could easily happen. Knowing the courage and beauty that exists in canines, and knowing two beautiful children of my own, these events to follow could "really" happen.

I'll call my poetic story "57." Please listen to my thoughts and if this story tugs at your heart a bit, it was intended to, simply because over many years, many beautiful dogs have, in many ways, tugged at my heart.

Meet my Friend, “57.”

You know, when this funny looking little pup came into the family's life, I felt he would become nothing but a burden to me and the wife.

He was an odd-looking little rascal; his heredity was varied, his parents unknown,
And yet this little “Heinz 57” was to become a very important addition to our country home.

In his early life, he had been underfed and apparently treated awfully cruel,
And at that, my six-year-old boy traded his cowboy hat for this little mutt from someone up near his school.

My first reaction was, “No! Absolutely not! Take him back!”
But his waggin' tail and sad brown eyes earned him some slack.

Right away my boy found an old towel and placed it in a cardboard box,
He even gave the pup his two most favorite rocks.

For a day and a half, the pup slept there between the rounded, golf ball sized stones,
He wouldn't eat nor drink, and even refused steak bones.

He's real ill, son, “I told my boy, with sorrow and regret.”
“If he isn't better by tomorrow, we'll go and see the vet.”

But the next morning my son came crying with a smile as wide as his head,
He reported "57" ate a bowl of cereal and a cookie, and I smiled there lying-in bed.

I got up right away, and no doubt the pup was feelin' better,
And my son covered him again, this time with his brand-new sweater.

"Leave him sleep some more, son, he needs love and lots of rest,"
And my son ate his breakfast with a new-born zest.

For months on end, we felt "57" would never cease to grow,
He was either part Great Dane or Clydesdale, this I know.

The boy and the dog became inseparable friends,
Their mutual love had no bounds -- it had no ends.

Summer break finally came for Tommy -- three long months away from
school.
They romped and they played in the creek to stay cool.

I'm not sure as yet how my little boy could possibly teach that dog so darn
many tricks,
But he was always rewarded with a wagging tail and long wet licks.

"57" became not only a family member, but quite a watchdog for Mommy,
I knew there was nothing he wouldn't do for his beloved Tommy.

Tommy continued to grow as did he,
"I sure love 57," Tommy often told me.

We all do son,
And with that he and "57" would go off to run.

When fall came Tommy started second grade,
And he told all the kids about the new four-legged friend that he had made

In the mornings Tommy and "57" would walk off to school, and alone the dog
would return,
"57" would wait and keep mom company while Tommy was off to learn.

After school they would wander to a nearby creek together,
They always brought us back something pretty, a rock, or perhaps a long
white feather.

And when Tommy met Sally, who he called an extra "perty" girl,
"57" accepted and protected her, each and every blonde curl.

"57" often pulled her little pink baby carriage,
And was the "best dog" at their pretend childhood marriage.

"57" grew to be massive and powerful and yet as delicate with the kids as a mouse,
Often, he would lie on his side in the shade as they climbed in and out of their tree house.

As I watched out the window one day standing next to the wife,
I mentioned to her that "57" would sacrifice anything for Tommy, including his life.

Ironically, later that very day, "57" proved just how much he loved Tommy and his girlfriend, Sally,
As they played in an old abandoned barn down the road owned by Mr. Kally.

The kids were playin' and as usual were accompanied by "57" and the little girl's dog, Sweetheart.
And to this day neither the firemen, nor the sheriff can tell us how the awful fire got its start.

They say it was either a spark near some old welding tanks,
Or quite possibly the bully that lived west of our place pulling another of his destructive pranks.

At any rate, the fire burned ugly and black and the old heavy beams started to fall,
The children and dogs were out of harm's reach when the firemen got their first call

Shortly after the large red trucks started to appear,
Little Sally's eyes filled with fear.

Tommy held her little trembling hands and she shook all the more,
As she cried out to Tommy, "My new dolly is still inside laying on the barn floor."

Tommy loved this little girl in his own very special way,
"Don't worry, I'll get your dolly," he was heard to say.

He climbed through a broken window with the help of an old wooden barrel,
All for a damn \$20 doll, that little Sally always called baby Carol.

No sooner had my Tommy jumped inside and began looking around,
When just as I arrived, I heard a horrible sound.

A big rafter cracked and then it broke,
Pinning Tommy by his arm, as he started to choke.

I heard that big ol' dog bark and growl as he ran from the crowd,
"57" leaped through a glass window into the fiery red cloud.

I heard my Tommy cry out, "Pull 57, you can do it."
"57" was saving his beloved Tommy, no doubt, we all knew it.

He tugged and growled as he pulled on Tommy's belt,
And all through the air, burning fur could be smelt.

"57" couldn't free the boy by pulling, so under the rafter he crawled,
His every muscle flexed as his powerful legs strained. "You've done it!"
Tommy called.

Tommy made it back out the window, but "57" never did,
For through his side a large piece of glass had slid.

He bled and he burned just before he left us and went to Heaven,
And to this day I thank God for the ugly ole' dog we called "57."

In the weeks to come Tommy never spoke and seldom ate,
And often he screamed as he slept and relived "57's" horrible fate.

I began to wonder if any miracle existed that could ever cheer him up,
And then one day Sally knocked on our door and held out her dog
Sweetheart's new-born pup.

The number of puppies in Sweetheart's litter totalled only one,
No doubt a blessing as Tommy's bright eyes stared at "57's" only son.

All through my life, in all my years
Never before has this cowboy cried so many happy tears.

Little Tommy smiled as he looked up to the sky and said,
"Thanks, Mr. God, way up there in Heaven."

And thinking of a name for the new pup, he turned and asked Pa,
"How much is half of 57?"

Slim DeWitt
3-27-1981

A Child's Love Sent from Above

I didn't come home from school that day,
But I want you to know I'm really OK.

Thank you, Mommy and Daddy, for our many talks about God.
Sometimes in the car on the way to school, sometimes in bed as off to sleep
I'd nod.

You always told me, both of you, how pretty Heaven would be,
And that Jesus, God's Son, died for you and for me.

I remember you told me that when you died, both of you would wait here.
And that we'd be together again and not to fear.

Things happened different and I got here before you.
Boy all the wonderful things you told me sure are true.

I asked God as I saw you both crying if I could please just for a minute talk to
you,
And God smiled and gave me a hug and said, "I'll tell you what we will do."

The way I get to talk to you will be in your dreams.
So, as you sleep, I'm sending down my love guided by moonbeams.

You both always told me that Grandma would be here.
She smiled that loving smile of hers and said, "Welcome to Heaven dear."

And you know what, Grandma is not in her wheelchair and her body is like
new.
Her hair was not gray, her mind is clear, and her eyes are a pretty greenish-
blue.

And remember the old man who lived alone down the street and passed
away? He's no longer sad.
He was really just missing his wife. You should see them together it makes
my heart feel glad.

Oh! Remember Daddy when you knelt down and talked about Jesus with that man just before he died after wrecking his motorcycle?
It's because of you Daddy that he accepted Jesus into his heart, he's here too.
His name is Michael.

And because of Jesus, Mom and Dad, we'll all be together and we can hug again.
I've met all the other 19 kids. There's no bullying here, or better-thans, each one is now my friend.

Mom and Dad, you did a great job loving me.
I just want you to know that and I'm all right and when you get here, you'll see.

Thanks also for loving my little brother and if his room gets messy, it's really OK.
Please go to the park, or ride the bikes, he can clean his room some other day!

Mommy and Daddy, I know this has been so hard for you, but it's important that you go on with life.
I'm sure proud Daddy that you love Mommy and picked her to be your wife.

Lean Mom and Dad on each other.
Oh! If it thunders at night, please sleep with my little brother.

Keep being nice to people and telling them about Jesus.
Look at all the beauty and love He's given to us.

Remember I love you Mommy and Daddy and that I'm waiting for you in this most beautiful place.
I've seen Jesus, I'm safe, He's so kind and loving, He even let me touch His Face.

Remember to be happy; I'll come to you many times in your dreams.
God will send them to you as they float past His stars on silver moonbeams.

I watched as you both awoke and across your cheeks flowed happy tears.
Thanks, Mommy and Daddy, for loving me for all these years.

If you wonder when you wake up about last night's dream, "Yes, it really was me."

And worry not, for we'll all be together again here, in this beautiful place called Heaven for all eternity.

I thanked God and I'll send my love in dreams again many times for you to touch.

I also asked Jesus how much he loved all three of you and He stretched out His hands, I saw His scars, and He softly said, "I love them all this much!"

As this poem was written the pen was held by a fella named Slim,
But please, make no mistake, both the words and the love came from Him.

Slim DeWitt

12-31-2012

A Glimpse of Heaven

I slipped into my new Nike running shoes thinking I should wait a bit to run.
It's raining and still dark.
I shook off the feeling said to my dog, "Let's run down the block and then
once around the park."

Then I vividly remember screaming and yet I heard no sound,
As I jogged that morning and that drunk driver's car knocked me and my dog
down.

It was really odd as I laid there, I felt absolutely no pain.
My poor dog Rex sat next to me barking as my face was pelted with rain.

I couldn't seem, for some reason, to move until I was touched on the shoulder
by a stranger I saw.
He calmed my dog instantly with just a glance as he gently touched his paw.

The dog was running with me, but out front a bit.
I found out later he was just scared and hadn't actually been hit.

This kind and caring stranger really stood out.
He was dressed like a hippy, from the 60's, no doubt.

Only this man was clean and dressed in a solid white robe.
Wearing rugged sandals worn as if he had walked around the globe.

His eyes sky blue, his hair and beard long, and yet clean.
He spoke softly, probably didn't have a bone in his body that was mean.

He knelt there patiently to comfort me.
The drunk driver was crying and praying that I'd be OK on bended knee.

I tried to tell him it will be all right and I'll be fine.
Again, no sound from my lips. His car smelled like wine.

I had actually been knocked by his car into a tree and hit the bottom limb.
I tried to ask the peaceful stranger about my dog and he calmly assured me
your wife and son will take good care of him.

The ambulance arrived with flashing lights and yet I heard no sound.
Two guys jumped out and ran to me as I lay on the ground.

Shortly after the chubby one said, "It's just too bad."
He went to our church he was a husband and a dad.

The intersection where I was hit was really busy now police & confusion; the place all abuzz.
In my mind I'm replaying the ambulance guy's words wondering what he meant by "was?"

And then the strangest thing happened – I was slowly floating toward the sky.
As I looked around, I realized I was being lifted by the hippy-looking guy.

In a slow, soft voice he spoke the words, "It's time to go home."
I remember passing through clouds that resembled white foam.

Although I was high above the Earth now, I was pleasantly warm.
The one who was carrying me was Jesus. I realized I'd weathered life's storm.

"Are you sure, my Lord? Could this be some sort of mistake?
Could this simply be a dream and will I soon awake?"

"No, my son, the father awaits you and for you we have prepared an amazing place."
I was so blessed, so fortunate years ago, on that day of my salvation to receive God's grace.

I have never felt so rested and peaceful as during this flight.
I soon realized death is not extinguishing the light.

It is putting out the lamp because a new dawn has come.
For our loving God loves us unconditionally and completely, not just some.

"Worry, my son (he spoke) not about your family.
I will care for them until again you meet thanks to Christianity."

Heaven, I learned is an amazing place and death you need not fear.
Then I felt pressure and pain again as the E.M.T. from the ambulance kept saying, "Clear!"

My body was again wet and cold, but I could see my wife and son hugging each other and thanking God.

“He’ll be OK mam. You’re lucky.” One of the policemen said as he gave me a thumbs up and a nod.

They had heard the commotion and sirens from our house just down the block.

My wife could, in the distance, hear Rex barking and the reality of this a horrible shock.

Frantically running and praying aloud they had run down the block to be with me.

Fearing the worst and then seeing God’s mercy as life once again flowed through me.

The E.M.T.s and my family all saw a miracle unfold on this day.

They all thought I’d left this world and gone away.

As they helped me up, I could see the love and relief on my family’s face.

The wife said, “Did you learn anything on your morning run?” I said, “Yes, Heaven awaits us all and it is a beautiful place.”

I looked at the crowd of bystanders that had gathered and as I headed toward home with my son and wife.

I said, “Come on Rex, let’s go home.” And said to the crowd, **“Through Jesus we all have eternal life.”**

Slim DeWitt

11-11-2010

The Heart of a Lion

He was a young fella, 17 maybe 18 I expect.
Just watching him led me to believe he was raised to know and show respect.

He was with his date, one he obviously adored.
His manners were perfect, no detail ignored.

He had brought this little beauty to this nice restaurant to show her a good time.
That's my intro in a nutshell so right about here I'll start putting my story to rhyme.

The Mrs. and I were in a booth just within earshot.
I mentioned to her they were high school sweethearts, likely as not.

He was a clean-cut kid, calloused hands, well groomed, and built like a horse.
Seemed so gentle and kind, until three drunken bullies showed up at his table, of course.

Three young bucks out on the town, no question they'd already had too much beer.
I could tell they were disrespectful hell raisers out for trouble soon as they were near.

Mouthing off and carrying on they were all focused on this young fella's date.
My wife Sandy spoke up, "Chance don't get involved." I said, "I already am, it's too late."

I scooted my chair back and cocked it toward the aisle.
I knew the feathers were gonna fly in just awhile.

The young man cleared his throat and addressed one of the bullies straight away.
We're only here to have a bite could you kindly let us be and just walk way?

The young fella's date we later learned was named Jennifer.
Beyond a doubt and to say the least this boy was proud of her.

I had noticed earlier that here with the fancy long stemmed glasses and table linen they seemed out of place.

He didn't care he'd bathed twice today, got a haircut, and even waxed his truck. He just talked with a big grin on his face.

All three of the bullies stood steadfast, one of them even told her she had pretty hair.

Then with a smirk he said, "I bet you look good just in your underwear."

That statement was the straw that broke the camel's back.

The young man was fixin' to deal with this then and there, guts he did not lack!

This was the final blow and a direct insult to the young man's pride.

His anger burned as his fists clenched. I spoke up and said, "You're out numbered, and I'll help you, but let's take it outside."

Having known me almost all my life,

This sort of thing was all but expected by my wife.

Our fun evening, not by choice, had quickly gone south and come all undone.

I still remember my wife lookin' at the three bullies and sayin, "Don't worry to help you I've already called 9-1-1."

That shocked the stocky quiet one by the look in his eyes.

He stared at me a second as I said, "You three boys are in for a surprise!"

As we all went outside, down the stairs, and into the well-lit parking lot,

I spoke up saying, "Two or three of you fellas are going to the hospital tonight, more likely than not."

The mouthiest of the bullies yelled, "Well grandpa you can step in we don't care.

At your age you might be better off to step aside and just stand over there."

I reached over and handed them to my wife, after I took of my glasses.

She put them in her purse and as they stood there mouthing off, she said, "Not long ago this grandpa by himself would have kicked all your asses."

I said slowly and with purpose, “You three need, before we start, to think, do you have a suit to be buried in?”

Or at the very least when you arrive at the hospital will you be able to walk, or will you have to be carried in?

Words were done and it was time to get after it.
And at my age the plan was simply not to get hit!

So, I sent my size 11-boot hard and quick to the closest bully’s crotch.
By God it took the wind from his sails and knocked the troublemaker down a notch.

Eyes bulging and holding his privates he just screamed like a schoolgirl and rolled around.
I stepped back a bit and told him, “If you know what’s best son you’ll just stay down.”

I was particular proud of the young man I came out here to help, like a jungle cat he was on the biggest bully of them all.
He’d bit off quite a bit though and wasn’t doing so well after his second or third fall.

He was young and a few short years ago those falls would have sent him to his mama cryin’
But he grew up tough, strong, proud, and he had the heart of a lion.

I hollered, “Boy he’s left-handed so move to your right.
Spread your legs a bit and you’ll kick his ass tonight.”

He was a quick study and soon landed a nice right cross and the bully’s jaw suffered a nasty crack.
I said keep workin’ him and don’t worry about dummy number 2 here, I got your back.

Number 2 came at me half drunk and head down like a bull fixin’ I guess to tackle me.
I stepped aside, chuckled a bit, and give him my left knee.

Number 2 won’t bother us, his ribs are broke, and he’s good no more.
By then a few more customers had come to watch from the restaurant’s door.

The biggest of the bullies was really hurtin' and his beating was almost done. I told the young boy now bring one up hard under his chin, down the bully went, this fight was won.

The young man, whom I learned later was named Eli, Came over later to shake my hand holding his kerchief and some ice to his black eye.

I don't know what would have happened tonight mister if you wouldn't have been here.

If there's ever anyway, I can repay you, you have my word I will and my word is dear.

I said, "Neither of the ladies got hurt and I'm real glad for that." I finished shaking his hand and reached down to pick up my cowboy hat.

You, young man, truly have the heart of a lion. You remind me of a fine young man I once knew his name was Ryan.

Months later thinking back on that night at the restaurant and the fight after, My eyes filled with tears and at the same time my lungs filled with laughter.

As I sat in my recliner pondering things, my wife came in from the kitchen and said, "What's got into you?" I said, "Remember when the police showed up and that fine young man stood there proud and yet black and blue?"

Remember honey how that young boy's shirt was ripped and torn apart? Did you notice that big ugly scar up and down his chest near his heart?

She said, "Yes, as a matter of fact, I do." You know you saved that young man's pride and I'm so proud of you.

I just had to help, he reminded me of the fine grandson we'd lost. A drunk driver had taken his life while he jogged and the entire family has paid the cost.

This was an ugly dark time in our lives. His name was Ryan. I was so proud as the family together decided to donate his heart to save another boy from dying.

The night he died another fine young man in the same hospital was the recipient of his heart.

For this young boy a new healthy lease on life could get its start.

He was born with a defective valve in his heart and destined not to make it. Then God stepped in and said, "Here's another heart and he should take it."

I said, "My God, this is a miracle our grandson Ryan is gone, but still, we are not alone.

Now I know why I couldn't ignore things that night and leave Eli all on his own."

We had exchanged phone numbers and talked a few times after our dinner out and that exciting night.

Grateful both of us that we took it outside, neither of us were hurt, and things worked out all right.

He told me a week ago he'd asked Jennifer to do him the honor of becoming his wife.

And that this had given him what he called his second new lease on life.

The first was when a stranger who had died's loving family donated his heart and as he spoke, he was almost crying.

"Oh, My God," I told my wife, "In his chest beats the heart of our grandson Ryan!"

We were invited to attend the young couple's wedding & it was a glorious day.

I stood there amazed at God's timing with tears in my eyes as her father gave her away.

I'll remember that faithful night and that wedding also, until the day I die. Our grandson's heart lives on forever, things happen in life, and only God knows why.

As I've said before Eli is proud and strong and guts he will never lack. It's truly a miracle 'cause in a way God has given us our grandson back.

Eli is a fine and brave young man he'll make a great husband and father
there's absolutely no denying.
After all, in the midst of another family's loss and with God's blessing they
gave this young stranger **The Heart of a Lion.**

Slim DeWitt
10-25-2010

A Loving Game of Darts **(Lovingly designed to tug at our hearts)**

A college teacher named Mr. Williams on the last day of the semester taught us a precious life lesson.

One that every student in the room could benefit from I'm guessin'.

It's funny I've often thought of all the varied & different ways,
God speaks to us in that small still voice through acquaintances we've met in
past days.

Upon entering his classroom, the students were shuffling around.
Messing with their books and cell phones till all were finally sitting down.

As we settled in, I glanced at a friend, she nodded toward the front of the
class with an excited grin.
I soon noticed a large target on the wall and a coffee cup nearby, darts within.

This very warm and compassionate teacher,
I felt often perhaps missed his calling and could have been a preacher.

He said, "Today I have an unusual request.
I'm asking that on a piece of paper you draw a picture of someone who brings
out your anger the best."

He pointed afterwards at the cup and said, "Then we are gonna throw some
darts."

The classmates soon were drawing pictures of people who had hurt their
hearts.

One man drew his younger spoiled brother, who from his father often
demanded "dad time" that he was now desperately needing.
A young woman in the class focused her anger on a rude police officer who
had recently given her a ticket for speeding.

Lots of hurting hearts in this room and these we're college students still
young in life.
Thinking of those they hated one drew a witch on a broomstick he said, "It
was his ex-wife."

Another drew a gargoyle type face of his uncle Jim.
In his young innocent life, he had been molested by him.

Another drew an elementary school bully named Rick.
Thoughts of him even 13 years later still made him sick.

One girl at first was at a bit of a loss.
Soon she chose her relentlessly condescending boss.

One drawing was drawn with much pain and was even stained where tears
had dropped.

It was of the man's father who had given him undeserved beatings in his
youth. The bruises were gone, but the pain hadn't stopped.

Surprisingly, it didn't take long till each student had a picture in their hand of
someone who had done them wrong.

The teacher then gathered the pictures and tacked them atop the large target,
the darts flew focused and strong!

Time flew as did the darts.
Anger and unforgiveness filled many hearts.

He then softly spoke and said, "Let's stop with today's lesson that will be
enough."

For I need now to unveil something; paused a moment and said, "This will be
tough."

He slowly removed the tacks from the pictures, then also tore the large target
down.

Only to reveal a large picture of Jesus our Savior, complete with His thorned
crown.

Rips and punctured holes all over his face!
There wasn't a dry eye in the place!

After the shock and commotion passed, he simply said "Loved ones there is
something with all my heart I hope each one of you can do,
FORGIVE as you go through life for it will cleanse you."

And remember in another time and place these could be pictures of you. With loving kindness, please build the hearts of people you meet and love those who have done you wrong.

As sand sifts through the hourglass of time, remember forgiveness doesn't weaken us, it makes us strong.

In life be kinder than necessary for everyone you meet is fighting some kind of battle, one you may not see.

Then with outstretched hands he asked that we remember what Jesus did at Calvary.

In spite of all the sins and wrongs we've done in the lives we've been livin', Don't forget Jesus died so ALL could be forgiven.

This applies to all of us and too many others.

Co-workers, neighbors, sisters, and brothers.

Mr. Williams then gathered all the pictures, wadded them into a big ball and dropped them into a nearby trash can.

He then said, "As you journey through life and you wonder if forgiveness is even possible, just remember Jesus gave us his life and his love, so we as Christians, could complete His loving plan!

We can all use this loving advice as we travel together through time.

And thank you dear God for putting it on my heart to write this rhyme.

Your brother in Christ.

Slim DeWitt

10-13-2013

A Sermon Watched
(The Best Sermon Isn't One You'll Hear, It's One You Will See)

Here goes folks, this is a poem about two young boys sittin' on a corral fence outside the local livestock sales barn.

It's a story God helped me write about a son's love of his father, please listen as I spin my yarn.

Although these two youngin's were pretty close in age, they were about as different as night & day.

Indeed, they were about as different as peanut butter & gravy one could say.

One had a fancy \$20.00 haircut, a \$60.00 cowboy hat, & a store-bought shirt. The other's hair was cut by his mom, he had no hat, & wore boots that from doin' chores that mornin' was covered in dust & dirt.

Yep, the one boy had a shiny belt buckle looked kinda like a paint by number license plate.

And although he was only ten or eleven, he had soft hands & was well on the way to being overweight.

The other boy spoke much less & if anyone asked if he had somethin' on his mind, he'd say, "God is great!"

The boy called Reginald (after his dad) pointed to his pa's shiny red truck with big tires in the center of the parking lot.

While young Bodie said, "Sometimes my pa sits me in his lap & lets me steer that old Ford with the rusty spot."

Reginald said, "My father's here today to buy that long tall stallion, intends to outbid everyone, says he's just gotta own that bay."

Bodie said, "We're here hopin' to afford a few chickens 'cause my mom loves given the eggs away."

The boy with the shiny buckle said, "We eat out all the time 'cause my dad sells TV s, guitars, & stuff, he gets from somewhere, for lots of money."

You should have seen the other day @ the diner, my dad smacked the waitress on the backside, & called her honey.

My mom walked out on him a year ago after he yelled @ her again & even struck her with a backhand.

My mom was cryin' & told my dad, "I once loved you & that's something your girlfriend will never understand!"

Little Bodie said, "My pa says my ma is his, not only his wife, but also his girlfriend."

Tells her often she's a gift from God & his love for her will never end.

Bout then Bodi's pa showed up with a wooden crate full of plump chickens. A big ole smile on his face like he'd won the lottery sayin' "Your ma will be as pleased as the dickens."

That moment in time was soon interrupted by hollerin', flyin' fists & Reginald's dad pointing his middle finger @ someone. Seems the bidding on the bay stallion didn't go his way & someone else owned that fancy horse when the biddin' was done.

Little Bodie's pa & two other fellas went over & proceeded to break up the fight.

I member hearing Bodie's pa sayin' what's done is done & that foul language you're a spewin' ain't right.

Soon the Sheriff showed up red lights a flashin' & very unhappy to say the least.

Seems this call had interrupted his lunch; he lives out of town to the east.

Soon Reginald's dad had handcuffs on & the sheriff put him in the back seat sayin' "Watch your head."

The sheriff also said, "Wouldn't be surprised if they find you in a jail cell one day beat up & dead."

Young Reginald just trembled sayin' this sorta stuff happens a lot, once @ a gas station & once over a parking spot uptown @ the grocery store.

Sheriff also said to his pa, "Wait till the judge hears of this, because you're drinkin' & fightin' again, you're probably goin' away for a long time that's for sure."

There he sat; this young boy so embarrassed & unhappy though dressed the best.

Young Bodie quietly thanked God that his dad was a patient & loving father & closed with a quick prayer saying, "I am so blessed."

The young rich kid hopped down of his perch on that old wooden fence. And said, "Mom says dad's temper will end him one day & he has no common sense."

Bodie's pa said, "Well boys let's all three load these chickens up & hop in the truck."

On the way home we're stoppin' for a root beer float, you're both in luck.

Bout half way home my pa shared some of his loving wisdom when he said, "A man's temper is very valuable & he should never lose it. Peace can always find a way, boys, we just need to choose it."

My mom called his mom later that day.
And the sheriff was right, his dad got sent away.

My pa started calling Reginald, Reggie & the name just stuck.
Reggie & Bodie became the best of buddies & my dad in his life was a stroke of good luck.

Our moms got to be the best of friends after spending just a short time together.

Pa, Reggie, & I did too. Pa taught the boy, in years to follow, how to ride a horse & even how to tan leather.

Pa taught us how to hold the door for others, smile, & to the ladies we'd all tip our hat.

How to change a flat tire, bait a hook, & swing a baseball bat.

Pa would take us with him so we could feel good about helpin' the widow Jenkins by delivering firewood that we had all three chopped.

And mentioned many times aren't you boys glad we helped after we saw someone with a flat tire on the highway it's good that we stopped.

No matter what, we three were doing chores, bass fishin', or working on the truck all day.

Pa always spoke of his love of God & His Son, Jesus, & encouraged Reggie to pray.

And I can still remember long ago after that day on the fence @ the sales barn @ the edge of town.

And I shudder to think of how his life may have went if my father weren't around.

That horrible look of what now, where's my mom, & again he is without his father!

But Reggie pulled through, learned love & respect, & as pa said, "Helpin' others should never be a bother."

My pa's name was Roger, but one day Reggie out of the clear blue just started calling him Dad.

He said to him, "You're like a real father, hope you don't mind, it made my pa glad."

Reggie @ the age of 13 took Jesus as his Lord & Savior after going to church with us often.

His respect for others grew, he was more grateful, & indeed his heart did soften.

Fast forward now to about ten or twelve years later.

With a firm grasp of life & frequent prayers to someone far greater.

On our wooden front porch, he stood before my father with an outstretched right hand.

Boldly askin' to marry my sister, something he'd long ago planned.

My pa stood there a calloused hand on his, with an iron grip, a very firm grasp.

A hint of a tear in his eye his voice crackin' & sounding a little rasp.

My pa collected his thoughts & calmly spoke to Reggie, "Will you honor my daughter if you take her for your wife?"

Reggie said, "Yes, thanks to you sir I've met Jesus & the best sermon ever has been just watchin' how you live your life."

Two years after Reggie stood there in that little white church & took my sister for his wife,
They had a son & named him Roger, when asked why, Reggie said, “Cause Roger is the finest man I’ve ever met in my life.”

Folks are we livin’ right & bein’ good examples by doin’ what we say?
And are we good friends & listeners along life’s way?

Do we bring peace & honor to those we love?
For our health & abundant blessings, are we givin’ thanks to our Lord above?

Are we good examples to total strangers, friends, & indeed anyone who see us?
We can encourage, rebuild, mentor, & love thanks to the example of Jesus.

Smile @ someone every chance you get, bless others, & give thanks before off to sleep you nod.
Cherish your life & your loved ones, for like Jesus, they are all a gift from a loving & forgiving God.

I hope you enjoyed this poem & that there is peace in your heart & that your life is going fine.
Thanks for listening, when this poem was written I held the pen, but rest assured the words
ARE GOD’S NOT MINE.

Slim DeWitt
9-17-2017

A Son's Love of His Father

As the dust rolled across the road the blacksmith's young son first saw him riding in.

He sat his horse tall and ominous wearing not a smile, more an evil grin.

In shiny black holsters he wore a matched pair of 6-guns low on each hip. He smiled like a snarling dog, a little curl on the left side of his upper lip.

He seemed one with his horse; his look was unshaven and mean. His eyes bloodshot from trail dust, his build long and lean.

The townsfolk were warned two days ago he was more likely than not headed here.

Telegraphs from the territorial marshal let us know he was near.

My pa was the sheriff in these parts and he didn't believe in fear, as God was his constant friend.

As he walked out to meet the gunslinger, he silently prayed that on this day no lives would end.

This tall dusty outlaw's name was Caleb Stone and his very presence created fear.

"You best turn that big stallion around Caleb; you're not welcome here."

Pa had long been the sheriff of this friendly little Nebraska town.

He could always be counted on, was known and respected for miles around.

Pa made no efforts at all to hide his sawed-off double barrel shot gun.

The shells he used were hand loaded with double-ott buck and both triggers were cocked as he stared into the sun.

Men like this caused nothing but trouble wherever they're headed and wherever they've been.

Ice is in their blood; they feel no remorse, and they probably couldn't buy a friend.

The town folks set aside their fear that day in an obvious show of support for their sheriff as he had many times for them.

The town doctor leaned against a hitching post with his Winchester 30-30, the butcher not far away, meat cleaver in hand, as he cleared his throat of phlegm.

Their presence didn't seem to faze Caleb, they say with pistols he was the best ever to be.

I was worried for my Pa and at the same time proud protecting friends was his destiny.

Caleb finally spoke as he glanced around a bit.

Simply stated, "If these colts break leather, you'll be the first one I hit."

And that's something Mr. Small Town Sheriff you can do nothing to stop. The lead slug I put in your heart will have you dead before you drop.

I'll turn and ride out of here having made a widow of your wife.

I'm betting no one here is fast enough to take my life.

"That's where you're wrong Mr. Stone and that's a promise." The outlaw heard from the crowd.

The voice was young and shaky, but it was resolute and very loud.

Caleb turned towards the young boy, the sheriff's son, whose name was Cord.

He said, "You best listen it would pay you well for I'll not be ignored!"

"I'll kill you myself someday, somewhere, hell you'll be easy to find."

"If you shoot my father, you best ride forever with your eyes staring over your horses behind."

You see as I age, I'll only get faster.

You are nothing but a bully on the downhill side of life headed for disaster.

Maybe not next month, or even next year, but rest assured I will hit you with all I've got. Your death will be fast and hard.

I will personally make you a non-breather and drag you with your own horse to the bone yard.

All to you that matters will matter no more.

I'll see to it myself you go through hell's fiery door.

A little advice, leave your pistols untouched, don't stop for a whiskey, just ride on through.

If not, it will be my life's goal and heartfelt promise to personally be the death of you.

God's will would never take me, where His grace won't protect me.
I may be only 16, but if it takes 10 good horses and a lifetime just before you
breathe your last breath you will respect me!

The boy stepped off the wooden sidewalk and said, "Look me over good Mr.
Stone and see the promise in my eye."
Mark my word, "If you do this to my Pa, one day it will be the reason you
die."

Still walking the boy said, "You probably wouldn't understand a son's love
for his father, but mine is honest and real.
He's cared for me and protected me since I crapped yellow and let out my
first squeal."

He's raised me with a love for God and family,
And you see, Mr. Stone, he means the world to me.

This sheriff, my Pa, loves his family and worships his wife.
And it would be a mortal sin to take his life.

The choice to be made here today is yours and I can't change that.
With steel blue eyes Caleb stared at the boy and tipped his hat.

He looked then at the sheriff and his shotgun and spoke low and slow. He
said simply, "Your son is the toughest man I've ever had to face."
I reckon I'll ride on through he's right I'm headed for disaster, but I'll die
some other place.

Sheriff you ought to be proud there's a hell of a man inside your boy this
gunfight he won.
And with a click of his teeth and a tug on the big stallion's reins he turned and
rode into the sun.

Pa, you always taught me to listen and God will speak, and to believe and he
will provide.
Let's head home, mom has probably got fried chicken and biscuits on the
table; let's you and I ride.

We're a couple miles out son, but I swear that's Mom's peach pie I smell.
Where you reckon Caleb's headed Pa? More than likely to the gates of hell.

The ride home was quiet for a bit, you could hear the saddles squeak, and then the sheriff said, "I've never been prouder of you son. You did well, you saved my life, 'cause after I cleaned it last night hell; I plum forgot to load my gun!"

Slim DeWitt

3-24-2010

A Very Special Ride with my Beautiful Grand-daughters

I want you to float away with me girls, to the place where shooting stars land.
As with all my poems, God wrote this one, I simply held the pen in my hand.

You know girls, in life God has blessed me in countless ways.
Please know my sweet grand-daughters that you are often in grandpa's heart
when he prays.

And girls, if I were lying on a tall mountain top looking up on a warm July
night,
All those stars winking @ me wouldn't come close to the sparkle I see in your
eyes, try as they might.

I so need you girls to know how amazing each of you are.
Your love for others & your tender hearts will take you far.

You have the rest of your lives to complete that journey & it will be grand!
However, on this day, & in the next precious moments, grandpa wants to take
you to the place where shooting stars land.

But how you might ask, can we as little girls possibly get to that place?
We're going to do it together young ladies in a beautiful hot air balloon as we
smile & float toward space.

Imagine girls, if you will, floating in our balloon & we'll take off from a huge
flower garden early in the morning, right after light pushes away the dark.
As the birds are waking up and the roosters are crowing, we'll float away &
we're headed toward an amazing place, the very center of a rainbow's arc.

And right @ the center of that rainbow, in that stunning masterpiece of colors
that's where we'll stop.
It will be prettier than a Christmas tree, or a thousand electric crayons, out of
your chest your heart might just hop.

And we'll hang there my dear grand-daughters as if the rainbow were a giant,
bright, multi-colored umbrella.
A soft voice will say, "We've been waiting for you girls we heard you were
coming from some tall cowboy looking fella."

This soft voice that floats, as if on a bird's wings into our ears.
Is the voice from good dreams, the ones that are happy & fun, the ones
without fears.

The one who over sees good dreams is named Adeline.
You see I've known her for years, she is a good friend of mine.

And one morning after an amazing dream I had about hugging my 3 grand-
daughters,
She spoke to me & her voice sounded like a flowing stream over small
waterfalls & calm crystal waters.

She whispered to me, "Slim because you are so proud & love your grand-
daughters so very, very much,
I want to take you all 4 on a magical ride. When we get there the girls will
see unicorns & there will be white fluffy clouds they can gently touch."

So, get ready girls, giggle & smile, let's hold hands & if you have a question,
please ask it.
In our mind let's all four climb into the beautiful hot air balloon's basket.

I asked Adeline if she herself made the basket & she said, "Yes, but I asked
for help & got some.
For you see it's made of children's Easter baskets we collected them, she
smiled & started to hum."

So, the soft silk ropes holding the balloon to the ground were untied as we
gently started to float.
Adeline smiled & winked @ us & in a voice that sounded like an angel,
hummed another note.

As we began floating the girls were L.O.L. & with wide eyes looked up inside
the brightly colored hot air balloon.
They saw butterflies of all colors, humming birds, & soft yellow beams of
light Adeline had gathered from the moon.

Grandpa Slim said, "Not quite sure girls just how high we're gonna go.
But I bet the views will be breathtaking from way up here don't you know."

A basket of girls & just good feelings, absolutely nothing allowed that's sad. Then Presley leaned over the basket's side & pointed down saying, "This is awesome! I see my mom, oh & look, there's my dad."

Then Liv in the middle of a long giggle & smiling like the dickens, Said, "Look guys I see my house & there's all three of my chickens."

Lydia beautiful as ever was enjoying this ride like you wouldn't believe & said to the other girls, "Just how cool is this?" Spotted her folks also & touched her outstretched fingers to her soft lips & blew them a big kiss.

Little Liv said, "Thanks grandpa Slim, I love it up here." He was smiling a big grandpa kinda smile from ear to ear.

Adeline stopped humming for a moment & said, "Girls get ready for a wonderful surprise." Lydia hugged the other 2 girls & said, "You mean there's more," a big smile in her eyes.

Then young beautiful Presley pointed while she screamed & jumped up & down. Pulled her wind-blown hair onto her shoulder as she excitedly pointed with both hands toward the ground.

Liv's eyes sparkling like diamonds said, "This is my best day ever grandpa & thanks for being there to welcome us all into the world the day we were each born." And then arrived 3 horses of pastel colors and jeweled horns above their faces. Lydia, pretty as a princess, said, "O.M.G. it's a unicorn!"

Grandpa looked @ Adeline tipped his hat & said, "I can, no how, no way, ever thank you enough. For making my incredible grand-daughters so happy & for all of this stuff."

She smiled the warmest smile, made a heart shape with her hands, & gently touched my shoulder. This is your thanks Slim for having your children Lance & Tracy, so your grand-daughters could be born & make the world a far better place as they each grow older.

I said, “You think I don’t know that they are all 3 answers to many a prayer.” With happy tears in his eyes, he hugged all 3 girls thanking God, totally in awe as he stood there.

Liv asked grandpa Slim, “What makes the rainbow so pretty & bright?” Adeline answered for him, “It’s powered by the shooting stars you see @ night.”

A little breeze floated by the color of ice cream sprinkles blended together. Then grandpa Slim’s hat flew off floating gently toward the earth like a feather.

With big grins on their faces Presley & Lydia got an idea @ exactly the same time.

You’ll soon see it was pretty cool as you continue to hear my rhyme.

Those 2 wonderfully brave girls stood there on that basket’s edge saying, “Don’t worry grandpa, we’ll be right back.” Jumped off landing in the pillowy soft saddles of the unicorns, Lydia laughing so hard I thought her face was gonna crack.

Liv said, “If you girls are going for a ride then I am too.” Presley’s unicorn was purple, Liv’s was pink, and Lydia’s was blue.

If anyone could catch my hat it would be my brave granddaughters, for them nothing is an impossible task.

Those unicorns flew away in a blur as the girls grabbed onto their manes, while the unicorn’s long tails streamed in the wind such graceful animals, so pretty & so fast.

There I was just a few minutes later &, thanks to the girls, I had my hat back on.

Presley said, “Grandpa we’re going for another ride.” Giggling & laughing then with a woosh all 3 of the girls were gone.

Well next thing I know that balloon gently floated back to that garden as I watched baby bunnies hopping all over the ground. Grandpa Slim was starting to worry, asked Adeline, “Where could they be?” as he looked around.

Angelic Adeline said, "I told them they could stop & rest on any cloud ,& I made a special pink & yellow one, it's close by & real handy."
You see as we speak the girls are laughing & smiling, the unicorns are being fed marshmallows, & the girls are eating from a blue & pink cloud made entirely of cotton candy.

Grandpa Slim said, "They are so precious to me & always give my heart a reason to smile."
She said, "Simply think of them & they'll be in your heart in a very short while."

You know girls I think of each of you a hundred times a day,
And ask God often to protect you as I pray.

If it's a while before I see you again, or even if it's real soon,
I so hope you enjoyed your ride in Grandpa's magical hot air balloon.

Know always, Presley, grandpa loves you so very, very, much.
I so enjoy your smile & the comfort of your touch.

And Lydia, you beautiful & amazing girl,
Thanks for who you are, your loving words, & for being in my world.

Liv, dear thanks for your smile & your awesome hugs & for helping Lydia & Presley bring back my hat.
You know girls, grandpa loves you & thinks of you often, no matter where I'm at.

Please know now & always that I love you & did before you were even born,
& that's true.
Happy tears often fall from my eyes 'cause you occupy a special place in my heart. Remember girls, I dearly love each of you.

As I was writing this poem for you three, I was thinking to myself, if I could give the best gift to my grand-daughters what would I give?
It would, no doubt & without question, be my love. May God bless you Presley, Lydia & yes, you too Liv.

I cherish all 3 of you girls each of you has a unique style.
The thing I cherish most about you girls is how each of you makes my heart smile.

Thank you for loving me girls, for if not for each of you three,
A big, big, part would be missing that rests deep in the heart of me.

Presley, Lydia, & Olivia I hope that you can always laugh as you go through
life, be happy, & also dance.

For that's the way it's meant to be for the loving children of Tracy & Lance.

Thanks, girls, for going for this ride with me hope you enjoyed it too.
You'll each be in my prayers tonight as I thank God for the blessings, I have
in each of you.

And girls, the next time you look up & see a shooting star, think of it as a kiss
from grandpa for it really is you know.

Hope you enjoyed our ride, I sure did, I hope also that you think of me next
time you eat cotton candy or see a rainbow.

With total love, always, & forever,

Grandpa Slim
10-2-2015

A Well-Trained Hero

That little boy stood there next to his pa.
And as he looked @ him & loved him, he did so in awe.

You see next to his father indeed, in his shadow there he stood.
Had his little pudgy arm wrapped around his daddy's leg after they finished
stacking some firewood.

For after his morning breakfast of eggs & hot cinnamon oatmeal,
His pa took him with him to do chores you see they'd made a deal.

If you'll help me son & we'll do the best we can,
To cut & split wood to keep mom & sis warm, I'll be so proud of you little
man.

Always that little boy of 5 years old, maybe six
Loved bein' in his dad's shadow as he picked up some kindling & a few small
sticks.

This bright-eyed little guy while near his pa had no doubts, not even so much
as a maybe.
That whatever happens today my pa would give his life, if he had to, just to
save me.

Even at this young & tender stage of this little boy's life,
He was learning by example lessons for the future includin' always to love &
respect your future wife.

As the birthdays kept on coming, life's lessons did too.
Like: Son love your sister and make sure she knows there's absolutely
nothing you wouldn't do,

To protect her & her mom & always be loyal to trusted friends,
Do this son, each & every day, till the distant day your life here on Earth
ends.

He watched once, his little face missin' a front tooth, as he pushed his lips
against the window in his dad's car.
As his father in the super market parking lot hit the brakes & said, "Son, I
need you to stay right here where you are."

There were a couple of misfits intent on stealing a little old lady's automobile. They had knocked her down, groceries rolling, the lady hollered, "HELP" with a panicked squeal.

The little boy watched & as if in slow motion the father popped the trunk lid while on the way to rescue her.

Swooped her up off the ground, tire iron in the other hand, confronted the biggest one first, said, "This ain't happenin' sir!"

After the police came, handcuffed, & hauled those two fellas away. This little boy said to his pa, "You were a hero today!"

Son, he said softly, when you get big, if ever there comes an opportunity, Always help hurtin' folks & stop bad people from bein' bullies you see.

Countless times through the years as that fine young boy grew older He learned countless ways to help strangers, sometimes by just offering a smile & a pat on the shoulder.

Tell the truth always, little man, give no one the right to call you a liar. Even if it's snowin' & blowin', stop on the highway to help someone with their flat tire.

And tell folks that have helped you, even if it's in a small way Thanks, for your smile might be really important to them havin' a nice day.

Tell God often you appreciate all that you've been blessed with & for His loving care. If a friend, or even a stranger, needs your help it's a good person's job to share.

Children don't always pay attention to what we say, but they intently watch everything we do. This father made it his life's mission to model kindness & compassion his whole life through.

And if that little fella's pa did something wrong, or made a mistake, He stepped up with an apology, like the time he slipped on a wet rock & cussed when he fell into the lake.

Bad words like I just used son, are words that have no place in a good person's life.

As he shook water off & picked up his hat he went straight away & apologized for his language to his daughter & his wife.

The father made sure his son knew that no man stands taller than a Christian on his knees.

Do a good day's work, for an honest day's pay, & put your face in your elbow if you're fixin' to sneeze.

Time has a way of just flyin' by.

Still the life lessons kept comin', "Like it's OK for a man to cry."

Work hard young man & you'll accomplish your dreams.

Things can always be worse no matter how bad it seems.

If an apology is owed, give it today son, don't wait till tomorrow.

A handshake & a hug can go a long way in lessening someone's sorrow.

Well, that young man grew in time to be tall standing there in his pa's shadow.

And when he became a father, he shared with his own son the values & morals he'd come to know.

At 21 years old he took a job driving 18 wheelers for a large factory in our small town.

And while headed north during a blizzard, watched as a car in front of him slid & crashed through the guard rail with a horrible crunching sound.

He brought his rig to a stop, set the flashers, & said "Remember how I taught you to dial 911?"

His son though shaking & scared said, "Yes I can do it." His pa then said, "Then stay here right where you are son."

This brave young father running as he prayed aloud for God to help him on this day, please.

Tumbled while running & tripping down the snowy slope to the river's edge just past the trees.

Without hesitation jumped into that frigid rushing river.
Knocked pieces of ice out of his way, there on its top was a smashed car a
man inside all a shiver.

As if in slow motion & as if rehearsed a thousand times he unsheathed &
opened his buck knife.
Knowing full well he was destined, despite the odds here, on this day to save
this man's life.

With the handled end of the knife & a back-fisted movement, he broke
through the driver's side glass.
Then reversing his hand using the bladed end, he sliced the seat belt as the
water gushed in so incredibly fast.

Muscles cold & cramping, with an amazing effort, he pulled the motorist
from the underwater death trap that was his car.
Gasping for air & spitting water out, the fella told the young man, "A true
hero is what you are!"

Never in this young man's life were sirens a more welcome sound.
Thanks to his little boy's directions in only minutes there @ the river's edge,
the two cold & wet men were found.

When the E.M.T.s finally loaded the motorist on the gurney, the hero began
praising God for his help & guidance there in the snow on his knees.
For you see it wasn't till THAT moment he realized he'd saved his own
father's life there @ the river's edge just past the trees.

An hour later in the hospital the motorist was finally getting warm all the
while thanking God.
His own son came into the room, a Bible in his hand, for dad to read & tipped
his hat with a nod.

The dad was holding hands with his daughter & his loving wife
And was heard to say this could have been different if a week ago I hadn't
given our son that Buck knife.

Just then the nurse came in to check the patient's vitals & asked the man's
son, "How did you learn, @ such a young age, to be so caring to have such a
love for your fellow man?"

He smiled & told her, “It’s all stuff I learned while in my father’s shadow, all the while remembering God always has a plan.”

He then said, “My father has made it his life’s mission to model kindness & compassion his whole life through.

I simply asked myself, “How would my father handle this?” & because of his amazing love for me, I knew just how to act & just what to do.

As always Lord, I thank you yet again.
For your guidance as I held this pen.

Slim DeWitt
1-8-2016

AGE Kinda Sneaks Up on a Fella

Sittin' @ the house the other day I realized there's somethin' strange goin' on round here!

You see there's this ole guy who steps in front of me every time I try to look in the mirror.

He's old like I mentioned but he's incredibly fast.

No matter which mirror I choose, he steps up first, & I'm there last.

He's a handsome cuss, wrinkles & thinnin' hair, he makes me feel kinda sad.

Matter of fact, he kinda reminds me of how I remember my granddad.

It has been puzzlin' he even dresses like me.

Not sometimes, but always, it's confusin' as can be.

I mean, seriously, I can go into stealth mode & be as quiet as a mouse.

Still, he gets there quicker it's like there's an older look-alike ninja warrior in the house.

Into the bedroom he'll even creep.

Crowdin' in front of me @ the mirror as I get ready for sleep.

Now you younger folks can't understand this phenomenon as of yet.

But later in life it will happen to you also I would bet.

I've nick-named this guy in front of me @ the mirror I call him AGE.

I wish it was different if I could I'd catch him I'd put him in a cage.

It's truly buggin' me & gotten deep inside my thinkin'.

The ole guy sent me over the edge, hell he drove me to drinkin'.

The last straw was when I realized, as I stared into the mirror, his voice & mine are identical anytime I was a talker.

He even has a mason jar like mine, ice cubes, & all, he's even started drinkin' my Johnny Walker!

Well finally as my story winds down I must tell you reality finally settled in.

That's only me in the mirror with my wrinkles & my ever-sexy grin.

Yep, AGE really snuck up on me I must confess.
And the good Lord has loved me & chose me as one he would truly bless.

He's given me the promise of eternity as I get closer to the hereafter.
He's granted me so many reasons to smile & filled my life with laughter.

When I leave this world AGE will follow me,
But he has many relatives to visit, generations to come you see.

So, I guess I'll just smile, if I can, when I see him in the mirror.
And thank God for my children & grandchildren as long as I'm here.

In closing, thanks to our loving God each day, I can enjoy my life.
With the many blessings he has sent me like sunrises, rainbows, & a truly
amazing wife.

Thanks, in closing Lord, for once again guiding the thoughts & the pen of
your servant, a poet named Slim.
I gotta go shave now & look @ AGE, & to tell the truth, I still think I'm
better lookin' than him!

Slim DeWitt
11-7-2015

An Angel with Purple Wings

I don't know this beautiful young girl's name Lord, but I know You do.
And thanks to your sacrifice on the cross dear Jesus, she's now in Heaven with you.

To so very many an inspiration & friend, & to her amazing parents, a loving daughter.
Please, dear Lord, bathe this ANGEL WITH PURPLE WINGS in Your living water.

Children are supposed to be a blessing & a gift we send to a time we'll never see.
This one however left before us, perhaps when we get to Heaven, we can ask why that had to be.

Likely, as not, because of Your loving grace we'll forget that question & just be so very glad to see her.
Again, hug her, remind her how we missed her, look around in awe & realize no one else could ever be her.

For she was a hero on earth, so very many were honored just to know her.
Until we are with her again, Lord, wrap her in your arms of love & please show her.

How truly much she'll be missed & yet how blessed we were to know her love.
Thank you Lord, for the Bible, your mercy, & the love that is her just reward in her eternity up above.

Here in this life for the time being often we may cry.
As we ponder the unanswerable question of why.

But where You are Lord an amazing choir with welcoming arms lovingly sings.
To announce the arrival of AN ANGEL WITH PURPLE WINGS.

Thoughts of love & devotion will follow her to Heaven as upward all of our prayers float.
For you see deep in our soles & indeed on our hearts "I LOVE YOU" she wrote.

Thank you for sharing this incredible blessing with us, you are truly a loving God.

She'll be remembered forever & often be in our prayers as off to sleep we nod.

So, we'll hang onto memories that she'll trigger in us, & always, we'll remember that smile that so often adorned her face.

Though it was not anyone's plan to see her go so fast AN ANGEL WITH PURPLE WINGS now rests in a loving place.

To her many friends & to her family from a fellow Christian, though a stranger, I ask of God all of you to bless.

And as she waits for us in Your loving arms, sweet Jesus, touch her please with a constant caress.

For now, this angel is not in our presence & we can't wrap our earthly arms around her.

And yet is so heartwarming & comforting to know that Jesus has found her.

Those who were blessed enough to know her could prosper in life, have money, jewels, & even diamond rings.

But no one will ever prosper more than those who knew AN ANGEL WITH PURPLE WINGS.

God wrote this poem for you sweetheart, while a stranger named Slim merely held on to the pen.

Enjoy Heaven, sweet girl, & know all who love you will in due time, with God's grace, SEE YOU AGAIN.

Slim DeWitt

Blue Eyes and Silver Conchos

Just from the looks of this young fella I could tell his life was spent lookin' for trouble.

As he swaggered up to bar swatting trail dust off his hat, he bellered, "Barkeep, I'll have a double."

So, there he stood bruised and unkept leaning' agin the bar. I noticed as he glanced my way, above his right eye was a crescent-shaped scar.

A pearl handled Scofield 45 hung at arm's length on his right hip. Four or five notches carved into the grip.

Generally, those notches on a man's side arm meant that he has killed before, As the newly appointed Sheriff, I found myself wishing he'd just walk back out that still swinging door.

I soon figured, no such luck, as he flipped a silver dollar onto the bar and said, "I'll have another."

The bartender obliged and poured the man a drink and the hard case then said, "I'm lookin' for my brother."

The bartender said, "What's his name?"

As soon as his raspy voice uttered the words, "Art Jenkins," I knew, as the Sheriff, my life would not be the same.

The hard case then added, "We're both headed for Wichita and he's 2 or 3 days ahead of me on this ride."

The bartender glanced my way and then back, "Don't think I've seen him; for me he lied."

For you see 2 or 3 days ago this fella, indeed, stopped here at the Lone Pine Bar too,

But he never left town. After a big ruckus over a card game, he drew on me and I gut-shot him clean thru.

He's 6-feet under in a cheap wooden box,
On the bluff just west of town in a fresh grave covered with rocks.

Although I don't think the coyotes or wolves would dig him up – out of professional courtesy.
Had he not had been drinking all night, things might have been different, he coulda killed me.

As I stared at the ruffian pondering the best way to go about given him the news,
As happenstance would have it, just then through the swinging door busted a blonde-haired beauty named Clara Hughes.

-1-

We all knew Clara; well, she was a country girl thru and thru.
Just about anything a man could do she could do too.

She was a strong Christian girl and ran the livery stable out east of town.
She sells and shoes horses, folks know her for miles around.

In her classic “What the hell” style she hollered, “Who owns the sorrel tied out front to the post”?
That horse has been rode way too hard, he's thirsty, and when's the last time he's been fed? He looks like a ghost.”

I glanced at Clara and pointed toward the hard case at the bar and said, “Just this once, let it go.”
“The hell I will” she said back as she walked up to him stern and slow.

She stared right through him, her blue eyes like fine crystal-cut glass.
And then boldly said, “Aren't' you quite the horse's ass!”

And then she said, “I've got another scrawny brown and white paint at the livery so spent he has to lean against his stall.
Some trouble makin' card cheat blazed into town 2 or 3 days ago pudgy fella about 6-foot tall.”

The drifter then asked, “Were those silver Conchos on his saddle bags?”
“Matter-of-fact they were. Are you guys in some kinda club that turns fine horse flesh into worn out nags?”

Clara said, “Like it or not, I'm takin' your horse to my livery to rest for a least 3 or 4 days.
Maybe by then you'll find some respect for horse flesh and maybe even change your ways.”

“Hate to rain on your parade young lady, but no you ain’t. My horse is just that – mine!”

“I’m tryin’, like I said, to find my brother. We have a job to do in Wichita and I’m already 3 days behind.”

“Tell you what mister” Clara with both hands on her hips said.

“How about you and I compete for your horse’s health, for if not, you keep it up, in 3 days he’ll be dead!”

“Whatcha got in mind,” the cowboy asked?

“She said how about some shootin’ if you’re up for the task.”

“30-30s or your choice of any 6-gun.

We’ll have beer-bottle targets starting at 30 paces out until I’ve won.”

Out onto the street they went the entire bar crowd and soon the rest of the town following along.

The hard case warned Clara, “This will be over quick my shootin’ skills are very strong.”

“Put your horse where your mouth is then. I’ve got five 20-dollar gold pieces” she handed them to the Sheriff for safe keepin’.

“I’ll put this money up against your horse and soon you’ll be afoot and weepin’.”

30 Paces out they both shattered the bottles all center mass.

The man mentioned he was impressed with the shootin’ of such a pretty lass.

“But let’s get this over quick and clean, here and now.”

Clara said, “And you propose this how?”

“6-Guns for the weapons” the hard case said. “10-feet apart at 50 yards, with 6 shots only – all 5 bottles must be dead.”

The town folk had all seen Clara shoot at many a contest; smiles on every person’s face were there to be read.

The hard case went 1st and missed his 1st shot, smiled and spit tobacco, then busted all 5 with the next 5 shots likely as not.

Clara’s turn now and she excelled with a pistol. 5 shots and 5 busted bottles on the spot.

The Sheriff said looks as if this shootin' contest is done.
It appears also that Clara, clean away has won.

The drifter tipped his hat and asked, "About how far to the next town?"
The Sheriff said "18 miles you better start pickin' up them boots & puttin' em down."

It'll be a long walk with your tail tucked between your legs & all.
Hope you find you brother soon, the pudgy one about 6-foot tall.

As he walked out of town past the livery his brother's paint horse was standing there – and there was manure to smell.
He glanced back and said, "Did my brother lose a shootin" match too?" "Yea, I reckon he's waitin' for you at the gates of hell."

The Sheriff, after a bit, hollered through a cupped hand, "What's your brother's name again, in the wind he heard Art?"
It appears that a 3-day lead let your brother get to hell sooner 'cause he did have a head start.

Two days later came a telegraph to the Sheriff of Lone Pine.
What was inevitable with hard cases like this revealed itself as he read the last line.

You see the drifter was shot & killed tryin' to steal some light sleepin' farmer's horse.
Those gates to hell can slam shut now that the Jenkins brothers have ran their course.

Bout a week later just after sun up, Clara saddled 2 horses & headed out of town.
One horse, a well-rested sorrel, the other a now healthy paint white & brown.

The Sheriff stood on the wooden walk outside his office & with a flat hand shielded his eyes from the morning sun.
Clara smiled with those baby blue eyes of hers as she rode by & said, "I'll be back around noon there's something that must be done."

You see when the farmer dropped the hard case tryin' to steal his only horse.
In the excitement & all, squeezed both triggers of his double-barreled 12
gauge, his horse was also killed much to his remorse.

Clara rode back into town bout half past noon or so.
I asked her, "Where'd the sorrel horse go?"

She had heard that a hard-workin' farmer tryin' to tend to his fields and his
family,
Needed a horse, he promised he'd care for him well, sides that sorrel didn't
really belong to me.

"And don't go spreadin' rumors that I'm some kinda angel or saint.
I came out OK in the deal, the hard case is dead and gone, and I still get to
keep his pudgy brother's paint."

"You're a great lady Clara," the Sheriff said and everybody knows.
And your blue eyes even out sparkle those silver Conchos.

"How bout some company Sheriff for supper later over at Mabel's diner, does
that sound like a winner?"

"Yea!" the Sheriff said back, "Long as we don't have to shoot bottles to see
who pays for your dinner."

Slim DeWitt
4-20-2013

Cowboys Are Welcome in Heaven Every Day

Over in Ireland I'd reckon they'd call it blarney but here in the North West plain & simple this story is called B.S.

And anyone who knows me knows I can spread a little manure now & again it's true I must confess.

So, I came up with an Irish story to tell.

It's about a cowboy@ the pearly gate & thanks to some country smarts & Jesus he was saved from a trip to hell.

The catch to this story is the cowboy arrived in heaven there in front of the pearly gate.

But he arrived on Irish Folks Only Day, it seems they let them in only on a certain date.

The tall handsome cowboy stood there in his boots & a 10-gallon hat.

Askin' St. Peter what do you mean it's Irish day only what's up with that?

So St. Peter said I'll tell you what my friend.

If you can answer 3 questions & prove you have Irish in you, the rules we'll bend.

1st Question & by the way you can sit a spell & think about all three.

But here goes: How many days in the week start with T?

2nd Question: How many seconds are there in a year? This question it seemed a little tougher.

3rd Question: What's God's 1st name? Could this question be any rougher?

This bow-legged cowboy sat down for only a short spell.

Stood up with a smile & said I'll give you all the answers 'cause I 'm wanting to stay here not go to hell.

How many days in the week start with T?

Simple enough, 2 of them, today & tomorrow, that answer came awful easy to me.

And as for the # of seconds in a year?

There's but one answer & it's very clear.

12 he said with great intuition & backed up by common sense.
Jan. 2nd, Feb. 2nd, March 2nd & on & on the answer came quick, he wasn't in
the least tense.

And lastly, thanks to my momma always singing hymns when I was young
she gave me the knowledge for Question 3 it was handy.

God's 1st name Mr. St. Peters is plain & simple, the answer is Andy.
She always sang, "Andy he walks with me Andy he talks with me."

And lastly if you wonder if there's Irish in me, well the answer is yup!
He held his coffee mug out & said I fill it ½ way up with coffee & then use
Irish Whiskey to fill it the rest of the way up.

St. Peters bowed his head he knew that he'd been beat & said come on in
cowboy we always have room for one more.
Cowboys are the salt of the Earth, grab a seat on that nice soft cloud & you
won't have to ride OR SPREAD the bull any more.

One last thing, seein' as how this is Irish day you are gonna kinda stand out if
you know what I mean.
You would sure be less noticeable if you had with you at least something that
was green.

That ole cowboy said over the years while riding in those mountains a lot of
time was spent.
Often as not without my tooth brush or my Pepsodent.

So, my hat isn't green, nor is my T-shirt or socks or anything I'm wearing
beneath.
But Mr. St. Peter, I got you covered he smiled, opened wide & showed him
his teeth.

Well, my story's over & yes, I fed you some B.S., or should I say blarney
today.
But it just goes to show you that Heaven's gate swings wide open & Cowboys
Are Welcome in Heaven Every Day!

Thank you, Lord, for the gift of poetry.

Slim DeWitt
3-3-2015

Destiny

The young freckle-faced boy, 8 maybe 9 years old.
Was the 1st to see the tall stranger so the story is told.

The little boy had just come out of the general store & stepped off the wooden walkway.

When he heard a deep voice askin', "How ya doin' little man, how's your day?"

As he looked up toward the tall stranger his hand held flat near his eyebrows to block the morning sun.

The boy looked up so high he almost fell backwards, sure like your horse Mr. he's a pretty one.

Had him since he was a colt, a cougar killed his mom and asides me no other man has ever even been on his back.

The little fella said he's down right handsome as he pulled a lemon drop from a small white sack.

You want one Mr. as he opened the drawstring, I just bought 5 of them & they're really good.

As his little pudgy hand held out the bag & walked closer to where the slender stranger stood.

You're respectful, the stranger said & I like that in a man.

Lookin' for the livery stable, point me in the direction if you can.

The stranger then dumped from the white cloth bag a lemon drop into his huge right hand.

Pulling the string closed he said thanks this will help to clear my throat of trail dust & sand.

I call my horse Boaz it's a name from the good book.

Wanna sit in the saddle while I walk, the boy's eyes screamed yes, he was so excited his little legs just shook.

The muscular stranger using only his left hand picked the boy up by his denim overall straps placed him in the saddle & said, "Up you go then."

I reckon it's about time I had a warm sit-down meal & besides me & Boaz could always use a new friend.

What's your name Mr. if you don't mind?
He said I'm John as he draped the reins over his broad shoulder as the gentle giant Boaz, followed from behind.

John's from the Bible too I remember my momma readin' his words to me.
If I member right John 3:16 let's a fella know if you believe; someday
Heaven is where you'll be.

And that's where my Pa's at and thanks to Jesus, I'll see him again one day.
My ma owns the hotel down on the right if you need some home cookin' & a
place to stay.

She's prettier than any flower that ever bloomed my Pa always used to say.
So, you best stop by & see her for a good meal or two before you're on your
way.

Boaz was a big horse as the boy rode his legs stuck almost straight out.
As he sat in that saddle he smiled, more than in a long time no doubt.

As they walked past the hotel the boy's momma was sweepin' the dusty
walkway a straw broom in her hand.
Said son you look pretty growed up & awful happy from where I stand.

How many times though have we talked about you talkin' to a stranger?
Heck he ain't one his name is John & God kinda made me feel as if there was
no danger.

She then asked, & just where little man do you think you're headed anyhow?
You need to hop down from there & wash up for lunch, you best do it now.

John then tipped his hat toward her & said I surely didn't mean to cause a
fuss.
If you'll let him take me to the livery stable we'll soon be back & you can
feed the both of us.

Can I momma' can I please he said with pleading eyes?
She said O K I guess if you hurry, he smiled a front tooth missing as he
slapped his thighs.

John got his horse all settled in paid a little extra for some grain & put him in a stall.

Asked the blacksmith to give him a rub down too we'll be stayin' for a week or so is all.

The young boy held out his hand & said I'm Micah by the way now let's go have some of momma's cookin' it's really good food.

Momma's meat loaf, taters & apple pie will put even a happy fella in a better mood.

A few minutes later they arrived @ the café inside the hotel.

A blind man coulda found the door by following his nose to that home-cooked smell.

John stepped back outside & with his hat slapped a lot of trail dust off.

So much matter of fact it made a passerby wave her hand & cough.

Cat got your tongue little Micah said as his mom met them @ the door saying welcome kind sir.

John was @ a total loss of words standing there in front of this woman jaw a gasp as he took in all the beauty that was her.

She had combed her long beautiful hair & put blush & a smile on.

All done in a hurry in the short time her son & the stranger were gone.

"See; she is prettier than any flower that ever bloomed" little Micah said.

John was nigh speechless staring into her green eyes & flowing hair of blondish red.

The boy & John talked & laughed there @ that wooden table till they both had their fill.

Little Micah wiped his face with a checkered napkin & asked John do you believe in destiny, you know God's will?

Spose so he said' pullin a toothpick from the band on his dusty black hat.

I know if God lands me here permanent this great cookin' would make me fat.

Having heard what he just said, Micah's mom passin' by said, "I reckon not." Sheepishly flirting she said that every muscle in the west settled on you & landed in just the right spot!

Then Micah's mom brought John fresh coffee & busily hurried away. I think ma likes you little Micah was heard to say.

Well little fella, the feeling's mutual & in my long journey for a place to settle down maybe it's time I stopped lookin'. Besides I could sure get used to your mamma's smile, your friendship & I truly enjoy this cookin'.

John said I've been searchin' I have for a nice, quiet, friendly little town. Where I could buy 50 acres, or so, raise some cattle till they're fat & settle down.

I got an idea Micah said let's go for a ride after bit, I know just the place. The boy smiled & glanced @ his mom & that little match-maker sure had a grin on his face.

Just then the crack of a 45-pistol split the noontime air from just down the street! Like a cougar John swept little Micah from his chair & placed him aneath the table @ his feet.

Looked for his mamma & said please tell me you have a smoke stick somewhere nearby. Already on her way to a corner closet she grabbed a Winchester 44-40 & said it was my late husband's give it a try.

Crouching as he moved John caught the well tossed rifle on the run. As if they'd rehearsed for this day, looked over his shoulder & hollered to Micah stay put son.

He slowed ever so slightly near the oak door jam of the hotel's open door. Listened intently for more gunfire but heard no more.

Just then he heard the banker as he yelled & pointed the man on that sorrel just robbed the bank & shot the teller. Dust flyin' & head low the outlaw buried his spurs in his horse's side indeed a desperate feller.

Little Micah was prayin' from the bottom of his heart & that little boy was prayin' plenty loud.

"Please Lord protect my friend John" as John took aim @ the fleeing bank robber all but hidden in a dusty cloud.

Leveling that octagonal barrel he took aim allowing for wind & the movement of a rider on a horse & held it longer than most shooters would. But when he brought his breathing to a calm spot & squeezed off that round, he had made a shot that not just anyone could.

For there in a heap a good 400 yards away down near the stable. Laid the outlaw, one bullet lodged between his shoulder blades' robbing folks never again would he be able.

The sheriff, a short heavy-set fella ran up to him hand outstretched saying I'd never have thought that shot could be made.

A strong handshake acknowledged by John as they breathed a sigh of relief as they both stood there in the shade.

Mr. the sheriff spoke don't know where you're headed, seen your horse @ the livery stable but I hope here in our town you'll see fit to stay.

Little Micah scrambled from underneath the table wrapped his arms around John's waste & said God always listens when we pray.

John patted Micah on the top of his head & pushed his hair back & forth. Let's go saddle Boaz for a ride, is that piece of land you talked about South or North?

He then turned back toward Micah's mother & spoke low & quiet by the way what's your name?

Folks round here call me Miss Walker but I'd be obliged if you'd call me Eve just the same.

You know John bought that place @ the edge of town, fixed broken windows even built & painted a white picket fence.

Fixed it up and hung window box planters & with little Micah's help it ain't been the same since.

Eve made a habit of riding out every day @ noon give or take.

With a picnic basket of food & fresh pie, good Lord she could bake.

That little homestead shaped right up & John for Micah bought a merle-colored cow dog pup.

One day John secretly revealed his plan & asked Micah if he'd like to live here & he said yup.

Well then let's you & I head back to town on a very important ride. You see little fella if it's O K with you I'm gonna ask your mom to be my bride.

All the way back to town riding there with John on Boaz Micah never spoke not a single word.

For you see little Micah was askin' God for his mom to say yes hopin' though his prayer was quiet, it would still be heard.

"Kinda quiet ain't ya?" John said as they arrived & he wrapped the reins round the hitchin' post a time or two.

I reckon' I'm just near bustin' with happy to one day hear you & my momma @ the church sayin' I do.

Well, when he asked Eve, she instantly hugged him, smiled & screamed a real big "YES!"

They were married a week later Micah was the best man & Eve wore a pale blue hand sewed wedding dress.

Settled in @ the homestead one evening after saying grace & a tasty meal. Young Micah smilin' from ear to ear, told Eve & John, truly blessed is how I feel.

Well about a year later Micah had a brand-new little sister he got to choose her name & he picked the most fitting handle for her, it was Destiny.

One night while on his knees @ his bedside he told them it's a good name on account of God no doubt, arranged our family.

Soon the morning sun was kissing the fields & as the rooster crowed little Micah awoke to a snortin' sound near his bedroom window pane.

Sleepy eyed he pushed the curtains made of flour sacks open to find a dark brown pony standin' there eatin' grain.

He ran to the door in his PJs with the flap in the back, like a jack rabbit with his tail on fire & stepped outside.

John said he's yours & if you put some britches on you & I will go for a ride.

Micah named that pony Happy on accounta that's how he made him feel & he sat in the saddle proud & tall; reins tight in his hand.

Beaming from ear to ear he finally said it ain't my birthday or Christmas so why such a great gift I don't understand?

John said son if you wouldn't have encouraged me to eat lunch @ the hotel that day.

That bank robber with a bounty on his head would probably have gotten away.

And I spent the reward money & bought us some cattle 2 towns over @ the feed lot.

Asked the auctioneer to throw in the pony with the deal & he did right there on the spot.

And as this little story winds to an end.

John told him I owe you little man; after all you're not only my son now but you're also, my best friend.

It's still so unbelievable, it's like I'm dreamin' something so good it's such a blessing & so hard for me to believe.

How can I pay you back Pa, John simply said you already did for I have 3 blessings you, little Destiny & your momma Eve.

God wrote this poem while I merely held onto the pen.

Slim DeWitt
On 1-27-2015

Elizabeth & James

The weather forecasters called it a super vortex, blizzard conditions over several states, I called it one hell of a storm.

There for two days I sat in that Chicago airport frustrated with delays, but at least I was warm.

People came & went frantically altering their travel plans.
Trying to correct something that was totally in Mother Nature's hands.

But in the second day of my airport stay.
I witnessed God redirecting happenstance in an amazing way.

Across from me for the better part of two days sat an elderly fella on those hard plastic chairs.

He had the patience of Job, his eyes met with mothers & others with repeated smiles & calm stares.

Not far from us was an escalator like a reverse waterfall carrying folks to the upper level.

As one couple passed by me, luggage in hand, the irritated husband said,
"This storm must be the work of the devil."

Anguish & boredom filled the faces of most of the folks.

A tall guy with a western hat told anyone who would listen an endless stream of jokes.

Laughter amid this chaos was a really welcome sound to hear.
He made the best of things while we were all stuck here.

My eyes wandered back to the older gentleman that patiently sat across from me.

Every now & again he'd open his Bible; he called it his inner power for his outer strength you see.

Then what I can only call a miracle happened as I saw a look of total amazement appear on the older gentleman's face.

I swear the wrinkles near his eyes disappeared & his face glowed as a stream of tears left its trace.

I soon looked toward the other end of his stare.
And coming down the escalator appeared a petite grey-haired lady, skin ever so fare.

Dearest Elizabeth he softly & lovingly spoke as he walked toward her & held out his hand.
Still even after 63 years you are still the fairest princess in the land!

At first, I thought perhaps this was his wife of many years.
Then I saw the same awestruck look on her face & a gushing of tears.

He looked up then & there & said, "Thank you my loving God."
He feebly grabbed her luggage, come sit with me beautiful lady, & headed toward his empty seat with a nod.

As I listened to this couple reminisce & smile, I too shed some tears.
God had arranged this destined meeting after all these years.

Her name I found out was Elizabeth & his was James.
Although you would swear "beautiful lady" & "my hero" were their real names.

As the minutes & hours after this happenstance meeting began to unfold.
I felt I was blessed & privileged to hear of a love as strong as any pair of hearts could ever hold.

You see six decades ago they went to the same high school.
In another state far away & the odds of this meeting broke every rule.

He was drafted at the young age of eighteen.
And since the day he left, this is the first time the other had been seen.
I soon wondered with a love this incredibly strong.
Why did their getting back together take so long?

James I soon found out had become a fighter pilot & over Vietnam was shot down.
After years of hoping, waiting, & praying Elizabeth faced reality with a frown.

All those years she patiently waited & prayed to one day be his wife.
Finally, after nine years of waiting the officials told her it was obvious, he had lost his life.

She grieved for a long while.
Desperately searching for a reason to smile.

James had been captured by the Viet Kong & was for many years a P.O.W.
He faced torture, starvation, & infections but kept his faith focusing on Elizabeth & asking God to see him through.

Elizabeth went on to become a high school teacher.
Praying against the odds that James would again reach her.

Then one day in the school cafeteria a fellow teacher asked her please for me will you smile?
She had to move on they dated, found love, & married after a while.

Finally, against the odds, James was rescued & came home after almost nine years.
The rescue plane dropped him at a U. S. military base & for 30 minutes he saluted the American flag as his eyes filled with tears.

After two months in the Army hospital, he returned to life in his small town.
Looked up Elizabeth through mutual friends & that is when he found.

That Elizabeth had waited & waited, but had to move on with her life.
James, out of love, kept things as they were & moved to another state never to take a wife.

Per his wishes Elizabeth never even knew he had returned.
And although she had married another, her flame for James forever burned.

Then as fate would have it in the blink of an eye her husband was taken away.
A drunk driver crashed into him head on & the angels took her first husband that very day.

She cried & she wondered even questioned God & asked him to tell her why.
She later retired from teaching & often sat on her porch a tear in her eye.

And then fast forward to the day when to Chicago she took a flight.
To spend a week with her sister in the “Windy City,” as she arrived that cold night.

She thought if that didn’t cheer her up, she was so sad & lonely she would soon take her own life.

James with his weathered & bent hands caressed her face dropped to his knees saying, “It’s not too late to be my wife!”

The folks in that airport cheered & laughed, & for few minutes, forgot their problems & strife.

It’s not every day you hear an eighty something year old gentleman ask his long-lost friend to be his wife!

Happy tears streamed down Elizabeth’s face as she said. “Yes, I will marry you, my love.”

James lifted his hands up & hollered as loud as he could after all these years my prayers are answered thanks to the Lord above.

Then I saw on CNN a few mornings later.

A news story about this couple they called it “No Love Greater!”

I had given James my business card when we first met in that crowded airport as we both sat there.

After he had asked what I did for a living, it was nice of him to care.

The weather finally cleared the next day & flights resumed.

It was so wonderful to see there in that storm a flower had bloomed.

A couple weeks later as I pulled junk mail & letters from my mail box.

I found an invitation to their wedding & in closing he said, Thanks for the talks.”

We had talked about God & how he was always there.

This invitation to me was precious he asked if I’d be his best man, I was glad to share.

I called him that night & said, “Yes, I will be there, wouldn’t miss it for my life.

James I am so happy for you, Elizabeth will make an amazing wife.”

They got married in their high school gymnasium where they first met.

He told her I have loved you forever beautiful lady, on that you can bet.

Words haven’t been invented yet that can describe how happy those two looked on their wedding day.

He was in his military uniform, the medal of honor pinned on his chest, with an “I do” to say.

She was in a beautiful blue dress with matching shoes.

I was honored to be there; they were on CNN again on the next morning’s news.

Sadly, James passed about nine years after their wedding & Elizabeth joined him in Heaven not long after that.

I think of them so often as I look toward Heaven, I know that’s where they’re at.

A hero & his beautiful lady that just met by happenstance during that awful storm.

Thoughts of their undying love just make my heart warm.

One day not long after their passing, a FedEx driver knocked on our front door.

As I opened the package my wife entered the room & said, “What are all those tears for?”

I held up James’s medal of honor, for it was in his Will, & he wanted me to share it.

My heart filled with pride as my hands shook, such a show of love I could hardly bare it.

He wrote a little note that said, “Elizabeth & I never had a son,

But if we could have adopted, you would be the one!”

Also in the box, as I read on, was from 9 years prior, their wedding invitation. Addressed to me from a true friend he was a hero of our great nation.

On the back he wrote, “My friend God is in control & NEVER give up on your dreams as you go through life.”

I guess it was God’s destiny for me to be there in that airport when after all those years he finally got to propose to Elizabeth, his loving wife.

A few years later on vacation & headed back East my family’s flight was delayed due to an awful winter storm.

My wife of five years smiled & said, “I think my idea was better to vacation somewhere warm.”

Just then a soldier in uniform sat down across from us & said, “Cute children what are their names?”

I smiled there sitting in that airport & proudly said, “This is my daughter Elizabeth & her little brother James.”

Slim DeWitt
2-27-2014

God Put Him Here for Both of Us

It's funny in life how little things done for others can do so much.
A favor, a smile, a kind word, or a gentle & loving touch.

My grandfather always taught many times by example to be this way.
He told me, often times, the best thing we can do for others is simply to
remember them as we pray.

One Saturday my wife & I had some shopping to do in town.
While doing so, my grandfather's words came back to me as I saw a little boy
with a big frown.

He & his mother happened to be shopping @ the local, "We sell most
anything store."
We were able to bless this little boy & I know that's what God brought us to
town for.

He was a cute little fella missing a front tooth or two.
Said, "Momma if we could get a new tire for my bike, I'd be happy & that's
true."

There was a sadness in her eyes as she said, "Sorry maybe next time we just
don't have the extra money now."
With your dad being gone, momma has to stretch every dollar. We can't do it
— no way, no how.

I shot a grin over to the Mrs. "You are such a softie," said the wife.
I then & there grabbed the opportunity to put some happy into a little boy's
life.

I mentioned to the boy's momma, "We lost a son his age a short while ago".
It would do our hearts a world of good if we could help out, don't you know."

I gave her my business card & told her to call me when she got home & I'll
show your son how to fix his bike.
I'd enjoy that, I've nothing planned this afternoon, & he's a cute little tike.

I reached into my wallet & handed her a 20-dollar bill.
My son's name is Ricky, by the way, & her look of thanks was worth far more than \$20.00, I remember it still.

As me & the wife left from 2 aisles away.
"Thank you, God," & "I love you momma," we heard that little boy say.

My wife said your son up in Heaven is really proud.
What a reward, the excitement & joy in that boy's voice, so innocent & loud.

As that little boy's happiness echoed in my ear, I felt really good in a really good way.
For you see today would have been our son Brandon's 8th birthday.

Brandon one sunny Tuesday went to be with our loving Savior Jesus.
He died shortly after a drunk driver hit him as he stepped from the school bus.

That man was sentenced to 25 years in prison & this was his 4th D.U. I.
Still his long sentence didn't ease the pain of me having to let my son go as I held him till his final sigh.

We've had a lot of love & support from friends, as well as total strangers.
I now speak often @ A.A. meetings telling our story to alcoholics to remind them of the dangers.

A couple houses down the block live 3 of the sweetest little girls in the world.
They stop by to give us a hug every now & again, lots of giggles & cute little curls.

One of the little girls is named Olivia Grace & she always brings a smile to us.
They saw it all happen – that horrible accident there at the bus.

One of the other little girls is named Lydia & what a blessing she is to me.
She always reminds my wife how nice our son was, they are a joy to see.

Then there's the oldest of the three. A bubbly little princess named Presley.
She always brings us a smile that just lights up our day.
Bless these loving children, I often pray.

Ricky's mom was a waitress, we discovered later by accident.
As for breakfast one day @ Betty's Diner we went.

Learned her name was Tina, we went back often & always tipped her well.
Each time we asked about little Ricky she'd have a cute story to tell.

One day in a raffle @ work I won 2 tickets to attend a major league baseball game.
I asked the wife if she wanted to go & she said, "No, but thanks just the same."

I said OK if you're sure, I'm gonna invite a close friend.
So, I asked Tina, Ricky's mom, if she thought her son might like to attend.

Are you kidding, he loves baseball the boy dropped the phone out of excitement when I called him that night.
He said I've been savin' up my allowance, so I'll buy the hot dogs if that's all right.

Ricky had broken his arm after a fall from his bike.
This would take his mind off of it & it's something I knew he'd like.

The game was awesome & in extra innings our team won @ last.
My heart felt so good after the short stop from our team climbed up into the bleachers just to sign Ricky's cast.

I sincerely feel that God put this little boy into our life.
So, we could be a blessing & be blessed, this sentiment was shared by my wife.

In coming years, we went to the fairs & to the movies often, me & this loving little boy.
The years passed so quickly, holidays with him & his mother brought us all mutual joy.

Over the years I had worked restoring a classic car in a garage out behind our home.
I told Rick, one day, restoring cars is more fun if you are not alone.

He said, "You mean I can help?" He learned fast & was great with a wrench.

He became quite a mechanic, & even a carpenter, as later on he helped me build a deck & a wooden fence.

On occasion I'd see on his face a look that was far away & very sad. I asked are things OK & he said, "Mom won't even talk about him & I miss my dad."

I asked, "Did he die or do you know?" His mom just told him, "You'll probably never see him again & I'm sorry that's so."

Sands pass, or should I say, rush through the hour glass of time. And as the years past he helped to fill the void of having lost a son of mine.

Rick grew into a fine man over the years. Learned all about mechanicin', from tune ups to transmissions & gears.

He met & later married his high school sweetheart. He asked if I'd be his best man, proudly I was there the day his marriage got its start.

God's still small voice sorta asked me to give a special gift & I did that day. For his wedding gift, tin cans attached, he drove my fully restored 67 Mustang away.

My wife said, "That had to have been hard as I know you wanted to pass that on to your kid." With tears in my eyes I simply replied, "He's kinda like our son, so I guess I did."

About a year & a half later Rick & his wife, Amy, had a little bundle of joy. God blessed them with a happy, healthy 6-½ pound boy.

We were @ the hospital the very next day. And could hardly believe the words Rick & Amy had to say.

He looked me straight in the eye while shaking my hand.
And said, "In your honor, we've done something we hope it's OK, & that you'll understand.

Tears streamed from my eyes as they told me what they had done.
You see out of love & respect for me they named their little boy after my son.

I can again with this blessing from God.
Hold onto a little boy named Brandon as off to sleep he'll nod.

One day I arranged to be @ Betty's Diner as they closed to talk with Tina the mother of Rick.

Said to her, "There's something real important I want to ask, how I can make this point stick?"

"What can I say, or do, so Rick won't be so sad.
Over the mystery & disappearance of his dad?"

She told me, "Rick's father & her weren't married, although Rick was his.
I'll tell you I am so ashamed & here is why that is:

"Rick's father, Richard, told me he felt I would be ridiculed & harassed if I became his wife.
You see after committing a horrible crime he was sentenced 25 years to life."

Do you mind if I ask what it was & she said, "After they had argued he drove away, gas pedal to the floor."

Crying, now profusely, she said, "He was drunk, driving, & killed a little boy as he stepped out of a school bus door."

Reality came crashing in on me, I could hardly catch my next breath.
You see Rick's father was the one responsible for my son, Brandon's, death!

He's actually due to be released from prison soon for good behavior.
While in prison he has been a model prisoner & even took Jesus as his Lord & Savior.

I then asked, “Tina are your plans to tell Rick?”
As I gained my composure, which wasn’t an easy trick.

I knew this time would one day come, its time, & the truth he should know.
I’m so afraid of how he’ll take this & how it will go.

“His father, Richard, has written him many letters over the years.
I have them unopened in a box” she said still in tears.

My cell phone rang just then, it was my wife.
She called to tell me her sister Anna’s battle with cancer was over she had lost her life.

She told me I know you can’t get away from work now, but I will need to go.
It’s a bit of a drive, but I’ll be safe & call when I get there, this you know.

Two days later I carried her suitcase out to the car.
She kissed me & drove away saying don’t worry it’s not that far.

About 4 hours later the state patrol called, seemed there had been a horrible accident on the turnpike.
My wife’s car went over a 30-foot drop as she swerved to avoid hitting a stalled motor bike.

She laid @ the bottom of that ravine trapped & hurt, as the car became engulfed in fire.
Gas tank ruptured, fuel everywhere, burned with heat so intense it even burned the spare tire.

A hitch hiker standing on the highway saw it all happen I thank God he was there.
He kicked in the windshield, pulled my wife from the flames, what a blessing some people still care.

Tina said, “I am going with you & we sped off to the hospital almost 200 miles away.”
When we arrived, I was witness to an amazing miracle, I must say.

After a follow up visit with my wife, a state patrolman asked, “If I’d like to meet the fella that saved my wife?”

I said, “I certainly do thank God he was there I owe him my life.”

Tina & I walked into the waiting room to meet & thank this man.

God gave me a lesson in destiny & showed me He always has a plan.

For there on that bench sat a man I considered truly to be a saint.

As Tina’s eyes met his she said, “Oh my God & fell sideways in a faint.”

I caught her before she hit the floor.

She said, “This is my son’s father, Richard, I recognized him as soon as I entered the door.”

I, over the last couple of decades, helped his son Rick cope with life.

And he has more than repaid my kindness by saving my wife.

Had the accident all those years ago @ the bus not have occurred with its tragic loss of life,

Richard would not have been there on that highway to save my wife.

We all hugged, cried, held each other, & prayed.

And the next morning, met for breakfast in the hotel where we stayed.

Tina & I talked awhile & decided it best.

To take Richard back with us. He was truly a new man & had passed the test.

We returned a father to his son, a hero for what he had done, & yet a very humble dad.

I had found a way to complete Rick’s life & take away that look of sad.

Just how does God in all his wonder, times things to happen, it’s truly amazing.

Had Rick’s father not found Jesus & been released early, my wife would have perished in a ravine in a car blazing.

All is forgiven, there are no more words to say.

Tina married Richard; Rick was the best man on their wedding day.

A man I hoped I'd never meet 'cause he's the only man I ever wanted to kill,
Saved my wife, restored his life, & his family, an incredible example of
God's will.

I shook his hand after his wedding & with God's grace forgave him for what
happened so many years ago that day @ the bus.

With tears in his eyes, he thanked me for my forgiveness & said, "Rick is a
blessing and it's quite obvious our loving GOD PUT HIM HERE FOR BOTH
OF US."

Slim DeWitt

8-8-2014

Helping Others Blesses You

I first saw this homeless fella & his dog over on the corner near the Wal-Mart store.

He was holding a cardboard sign that said, “We’re hungry.” It was something I just couldn’t ignore.

So, I went down the street a block or two, turned around, & went back.

I gave him the Subway sandwich I’d just bought & poured some dog food into a smaller sack.

I held out my hand to him & told him, “God told me we should meet. For you & the dog here’s something for both of you to eat.”

Around the puppy’s neck, in the place of a collar & leash, was an old extension cord.

This fella’s eyes just lit up & the pup wagged his tail when I stepped out of my old Ford.

I said, “Cute pup, I bet he’s a great friend” & he said, “Two mornings ago I found it,

As I rummaged through a dumpster, he was in a small cardboard box with trash all around it.”

The fella stared @ me through bloodshot & tear-stained eyes.

He said, “You know I’ve done some things I’m not proud of, but how could a decent human being throw away such a prize?”

I noticed after our first meeting that this fella & his dog sat often in a nearby park.

I’d stop & visit them with a sandwich & some Alpo, and the pup always greeted me with a cute bark

They always seemed thankful for my smile & something to eat.

He said, “I keep him on this leash so he won’t run into the street.”

When I'd drive by that park, if in a hurry, I'd wave if I saw them or sometimes holler.
One afternoon on a low branch I stopped & left a leather leash & a brand new collar.

A few days later in passing, I spotted them again.
I gave them some cold water & said, "I see you finally got a leash & collar for your little friend."

He said, "Yeah I'm not sure why,"
"But someone just left them for us." He said with a thankful sigh.

I remember, as a gesture, telling him in passing one day.
If the pup becomes too much of a burden, I'll take him off your hands, what do you say?

He stared @ me for a minute you could tell he was pondering the thought.
After a bit he said, "Give away the best friend I have, I think not!"

So, I mentioned, as I left, that if you change your mind or caring for him becomes too hard,
I'll give him a great home, he would be loved by my family, here's my business card.

He told me that the 2 other guys that sleep under the bridge with us,
Think that you helping us is a blessing, I think you were sent by Jesus.

I said, "I guess you are right I try to wonder in life what would Jesus have me to do."

So, you see helping you & your four-legged friend out seemed a good thing for both of you.

Over the next few months this gentleman & my paths would meet.
He was always thankful when I'd give him & the pup something to eat.

Many, many, times over I'd see him & the pup in the park sitting on a log.
You could tell this man truly loved that cute little black & white dog.

He told me that he had named him Shadow 'cause he was always @ his side.
Shared with me all the new tricks he'd taught him, his eyes filled with pride.

I made the offer often for this fella & his dog to come to our house & spend some time with us.
But he would say, "No we're OK & we don't want to be a burden or cause a fuss."

He hadn't shared his name with me & then one day out of the clear blue said, "By the way my name's Jed."
But he liked when I called him friend instead.

He didn't share much of his past in our visits, so I didn't pry.
He did tell me he drank way too much, but said, "One day I'll quit I've just got to try."

I dropped by the park one day with some food for him & the dog.
They weren't around so I enjoyed the warm sun & just sat on a log.

One of the guys from under the bridge wondered over & joined me.
He told me two years ago Jed's wife & daughter perished in a fire caused by bad lights on their Christmas tree.

I can't imagine anything worse; I was thinking.
He also told me, "Jed blames himself & that's why he can't stop drinking."

But you know because of that little dog he's finally ready to quit the booze.
I told this fella named George from under the bridge, "Thank God, what good news."

George told me Jed has been a great friend to him & he'd never met a better man.
Jed because, of that little dog, has something to live for & wants never again to pick up a beer can.

A couple nights later, tragically George rolled off the concrete ledge beneath the bridge, & drowned in the swift running water.
Jed died trying to save his friend & is now in Heaven with his beloved wife & daughter.

The coroner called me that next morning to say there were only two things in Jed's jacket pocket:
My wrinkled-up business card & a picture of his wife & daughter in an old heart shaped locket.

I told the coroner just before hanging up, "Thanks for letting me know."
He said, "There by the river's edge under the bridge was a black & white dog on his collar was carved the word "SHADOW."

He said, "He wouldn't leave the waters side & for this little dog this must be so hard.

The coroner then told me he found the words if I die, please give my Shadow to the guy on this business card.

So now this little black & white dog is our Shadow & what a blessing he is to have around.

Such a precious gift & I placed that gold locket on his collar so he has lots of love to carry around.

That following winter on a cold & snowy Christmas eve,
A true miracle happened to my family I do believe.

The wife & my daughter Carol while making cookies for Santa, burnt a few.
So, they opened the kitchen window a bit so the smoke could pass through.

Shortly after I told my daughter before bed, "Santa's coming so sleep tight."
As luck would have it the draft from the open window blew out the stove's pilot light.

An hour or two later, Shadow began barking & just would not quit.
I awoke choking to a bad fire in the kitchen from leaking propane & a candle left lit.

You see that silly little black & white dog that Jed lovingly rescued from a dumpster saved our lives during that night of peril.
Funny isn't it a business card handed to a homeless guy & some kindness saved my precious wife & daughter Carol.

Thank you, Lord, for the chain of events that saved our lives & kept us from danger.

Because of a gentle nudge from Jesus asking me to please help that stranger.

I heard once that helping others also helps you.

Each time I stare @ Shadow I am reminded that saying is true.

I shudder to think what would have happened if I hadn't responded to that tattered cardboard sign.

Jed told me once I was a blessing to his life, but it's nowhere near the blessing HE WAS TO MINE!

Slim DeWitt

12-12-2013

Kid Scratches Car God's Grace Came to Him Through His Little Boy!

It was a shiny classic, a true muscle car.
Something this 40 something Dad considered his finest treasure by far.

It was truly his pride and joy.
It helped him step back in time when he was a 17-year-old boy.

Amazing power so fast, indeed so unbelievably quick,
Washed and waxed often and to the touch it was slick.

One of these bad boys, a late 60's model, when cared for grew in value by the day.
In a quarter mile race, it would blow any of the new modern production cars clean away!

A fella can't really put it into words, but cars like this are cherished, and to say the least, mean a lot.
Deep in their heart and soul they occupy a special spot.

This fella got a horrible and grim reminder of how much he idolized this car, as he waxed it one day.
His son, a cute little tot, was playing not far away.

The little guy was playing in the small river rocks next to the drive.
Boys plus rocks and dirt, it makes them thrive.

The father knelt down on the opposite side of the car to put that shiny stuff on his wide rear tires,
Thinking and dreaming he'd cruise in this car down the California coast after he retires.

He then waxed the rear bumper and stood back in adoration; this beauty was worth all of its cost.
He loved even the sound of this beast with its glass pack mufflers and dual exhaust.

Then in horror out of the corner of his eye,
He saw a sight that almost made him cry.

His son was there a rock in his pudgy little hand scratching the deep black paint on Dad's classic car!

My God, he felt no one can do this to me, no matter who they are.

His following actions were sheer anger and dismay mixed with rage.
It was as if a rabid wolf had been released from its cage.

He grabbed the young boy and threw him back,
Smacking his little hand over & over – what an enraged attack!

He wanted the scratches gone from his \$4,000 paint job somehow trying,
And in his angered trance could not hear his young boy screaming and crying.

The Dad was over the top in his fit – there were cuss words galore,
As the little boy screamed, “I did it for you Daddy!” please don't hit me anymore.

A neighbor ran from across the street and grabbed the dad and shook him,
“Stop it man he's your son!”
He doesn't deserve this no matter what he has done.

His boy's tender little hand was bleeding and broken. His actions hit the father like a brick.
He knelt praying and saying he was sorry to his son and thanking his neighbor Rick.

The muscle car's speed was then and there put to the test.
He seat-belted his son and hollered out to Rick, “Which hospital is the very best?”

The next morning the dad with a cup of coffee stepped out onto this front porch.
Turned toward the classic car, a thing that was his prized possession, and flowing tears his eyes did scorch.

For you see there on the side of his classic car.
Were the words that on his heart would forever leave a scar.

Scratched faintly into the lacquered and polished paint were the words, “I love you, Dad!”
It was the best wakeup call his anger ever had.

He pulled his car keys out of his Levi's and fired up that awesome classic and took it for its last ride.

In his recent fit of anger over a "thing" his son's devoted love almost died.

He drove to a big field a few miles outside of town,
And with a 2-gallon gas can he soaked that car down.

His plans were to cruise the tires off this baby after he was able to retire.
Instead, he lit it up, stood back, and with tears watched the black smoke and leaping red fire!

These, believe it or not, weren't tears of anger or even of dismay,
But tears of joy, for still in spite of his actions, he continued to have his son's love each day.

In days to come he apologized to God and to the boy with tears rolling from his eyes.

Things are just things, people and love are a far better prize.

Do not love things like cars, houses, or diamond rings.
For in the end, it is who we love not what we love that will give our heart wings.

This man grew and prospered in these 2 or 3 days,
In glorious and immeasurable ways!

God's grace in so many ways has given him lasting joy.
Indeed, God sent him this message in the never-ending love and forgiveness of his little boy.

Slim DeWitt
7-24-2009

No Man Stands Taller Than a Christian on His Knees

I first spotted him, or should I say my merle-colored cow dog did.
As I sat next to my morning campfire, trying to cool my thumb after burning it on the coffee pot lid.

As I followed my dog Chance's gaze there he was, what a horse; solid black with 4 white socks.
I balanced my black cast iron skillet there next to the fire atop 2 rocks.

I was downwind of this magnificent beast, but soon smoke rising from the fire gave me away.
And I hoped as I sipped some coffee that I'd be lucky enough to see him again one day.

About a half dozen mares with mustang bloodlines followed him after a toss of his mane let them know it was clear.
The entire group moved so quietly if it weren't for my dog Chance, I'd never even known they were near.

Dark was just disapattin'. It would be morning soon.
Still winking at me was but a sliver of a silver moon.

I had found while riding through some switch grass yesterday late.
A small nest with 5 prairie chicken eggs, figured for breakfast they'd be great!

I scrambled them then sat them atop 3 or 4 biscuits and warmed them up.
I ate about half & gave the rest to my loyal pup.

I scrubbed the skillet with some sand, then rinsed it along with my blue speckled coffee pot.
I saddled my horse, the pack mule, & told the dog to lead the way & on rested legs off he shot.

It was mid-March and I was on a 3-day trip mending fence and seeing how many new calves had dropped.

A few hours later we came upon a crystal-clear mountain stream, great place to water, so we stopped.

The dog was plenty happy; his little legs work a lot harder than my horse's do.

He splashed in about chest deep and laid there in the rippling water – seemed like the thing to do.

I was riding a big strawberry roan I called Red.

He took in a couple gallons of that cold water then finally came up for air and shook his head.

Don't know if horses get ice cream headaches, but this mountain spring water could probably do it.

I got back in the saddle after fillin' my canteen and we crossed the stream – nothin' to it!

My horse was good looking, 16 hands high, and an impressive looking stud.

He tensed up a bit as we went up the bank it was about then I saw a fresh wolf track there in the mud.

I also saw a tuft of grey hair as we came upon a dead fallen log.

Up went the hair on Chance's back, pound for pound, he is one hell of a dog!

He peed wherever the wolf had, so as to say Chance owns this place.

By day's end the big drink from the stream had dropped its last trace.

We camped that evening in a stand of white aspens. The night's first stars were hangin' in the air.

I strung out about 10-feet of rope chest high between two trees while taking in the sites with a peaceful stare.

Tied the horse to the rope, laid down on my bedroll, and next thing I knew it was dawn.

Figured I'd eat a bite, before long we'd be moving on.

I filled my kerchief with some blackberries from a bush about 20-feet away. Me and the dog had some jerky, saddled up the horse and pack mule, and we were soon on our way.

Most of the barbed wire fence we were working had held up to the winter snow OK.

A rock slide has taken some out, but I had it spliced and stretched by mid-day.

We came up on a meadow of daisies and dandelions, and sure as hell, more than 1 rabbit.

Chance with lightening in his legs overtook 2 cottontails as was that powerful dog's habit.

I told him about time you earned your keep. Let's have us some lunch. With my Buck knife I skinned em', went looking' for firewood, and gathered a small bunch.

I ran a willow branch the long way through,
Roasted em' like a big hot dog great lunch I told Chance, "I'm much obliged to you."

All of a sudden, I heard growling and fighting, rocks rolling, and something damn near dead.

The noise and ruckus were coming from a steep dead-end canyon about 2 miles ahead.

Two or 3 strides from me stood Red, Roy Rogers style I put 2 palms on his rump, leaped up, and landed square on his back.

Reached down for the reins put my heels in his ribs; speed this big fella did not lack.

I figured wolves had come upon a cow and her new born calf.
By now the distance between us was cut in half.

Red ate the distance up like a fat kid on a cupcake.
I was real sure if it was a calf, he'd be dead soon for Heaven's sake!

Hooves pounding we leaned into the last bend in the canyon's walls.
Chance shot by me like a bullet – that dog has balls!

No calf in sight. Hell, no cow either.
Only a very bloody sorrel mare, a wolf lunging beneath her.

She was one of the big black stallion's mares.
Coming to her rescue that stallion came down the steep hill like a drunk
slippin' on stairs.

He slipped, even tumbled once, but soon made it to his mare's side.
Hell had come with him and he would not be denied.

He reared up and my God he was mad, as his front hooves hammering that
wolf's head and shoulders.
Soon thereafter the wolf lay dead: busted jaw, broken legs, and his blood all
over the nearby boulders.

I pulled my Winchester from its scabbard and put the mare down; she had put
up a hell of a fight.
That wolf had her cornered and hurting, but that stallion by God had sure set
things right.

I'd checked in on the stallion the next morning after first light and I found
him leaning against a rock outcrop.
The shale hillside and the wolf had taken a toll, but his heart just wouldn't
stop.

Hurting like he was he wasn't hard to rope so I did just that.
Led him outa the death trap of a canyon and poured some water into my hat.

He drank it all and I gave him yet some more.
Fed him a couple handfuls of grass, put Utter Butter on his cuts, my God he
looked sore.

You know I strongly feel that no man stands taller than a Christian on his
knees.
After a day of patchin' and tendin' to that horse I said a heartfelt prayer askin'
God to help him please!

His eyes seemed so tired and hazed.
And for 2 or 3 days next to my pack mule in tall spring grass he'd graze.

His mares stayed about half mile away during the day.
At night a little closer, as if they had some thanks to say.

I spent a lot of time in prayer in the hours & days to follow for this beautiful horse; indeed, praying many times over.
Asking God to spare him & strengthen him as he seemed to draw strength from that fresh mountain water & Spring clover.

It was a beautiful valley, tall grass and 2 or 3 snow-fed brooks.
As I sat on a stump, I remember what my Pa used to tell me about the 4 Blessed Looks.

Look back and **Thank God** and I did just that, for if not for happenstance the stallion would have died.

Look forward and **Trust God** for he helped me tend to the stallion's wounds & gain his trust, and I'm sure glad I tried.

Look around and **Serve God** his blessings are many, some slow to happen, some swift.

This 3-day fencing ride took much longer, but what an incredible gift!

Look within and **Find God** in these mountains, and through this stallion, I saw mercy and indeed felt God's grace.

This stallion for generations to come will leave a living path to trace.

About a week later one morning the stallion walked across the meadow and rubbed necks with his mares.

For a couple or three more days they hung around and I thanked God for their distant stares.

Then at last he faded into the trees and awhile later appeared on a distant ridge.

A cowboy and his dog, with God's help, had built between man and beast an amazing bridge.

I saw him, off and on, over the next 20 years or so.

Even brought my son many times hoping the stallion and his ladies would show.

The stallion and his harem would stop every now and again for a few fleeting minutes, at us they'd just stare.
It's nice to know when the stallion and I are both gone, his sons and my son will have a bond to share.

As I think back on the many sightings of the stallion, my thanks are many and the memories fond.

Here in these mountains, with God's blessing, that black stallion with white socks and I have a forever bond.

My family and my time on a horse's back feed my memories as the sand sifts through the hour glass of time.
These old bones now in my 60's don't sit a saddle so well so from the shady porch I write words that rhyme.

I stay much closer to the ranch and my son took over my ways.
He's the one now out ridin' fence for 2 or 3 days.

Three years back I bred my strawberry roan to a golden palomino mare.
She gave birth to a tall stocky roan with gold flecks in his hair.

My son named him Nugget and together they ride fence.
He's had the pleasure of seeing that wild stallion's offspring, many with white socks, often times since.

My son's become a fine man, loves God, and has a son of his own too.
Taught him that **GRACE** means God's Riches At Christ's Expense and reminds him that's always true.

And regardless if his son is home, in his bunk bed, or out under the stars, as off to sleep he will nod.
My son has taught his son: to a cowboy this really ain't work it's just being horseback and spendin' time with God.

For all the blessed moments my son and I shared seeing that stallion there in the high mountains out past the trees.
Rest assured we are grateful and he has taught his son also, that" No Man Stands Taller Than a Christian on His Knees."

To God be the Glory!
Slim DeWitt, 7-23-13

Nuff Sed

If it's not yours, don't take it, if it's not true, don't say it, if it's not right, don't do it.

If a friend, loved one, or total stranger is knee deep in a problem then help em' through it.

If you see someone & their eyes look like a Chihuahua @ a fireworks display, Put your hand on their shoulder & help them somehow to find the way.

Is there someone you know who is so confused they are not sure if they are afoot or horseback?

It's time to step up; many times, others have done it for you & helped you get your train back on track.

Are there little people in your life who look up to you?

When the wheels fall off your wagon how will you react; guess what, they are watchin' you.

Your temper is very valuable so don't lose it.

The best sermon is one watched, not one heard, be careful how you choose it.

Far & away the best thing to have around your neck is a child's arms.

Share God's love for them & enjoy their charms.

They are gifts of love we send to a time we will never see.

And what they take with them loved ones is up to you & me.

In life @ times, we all have to dodge a low branch on a fast horse.

Did you go back & saw it off or next time ride a different course?

Learn from your mistakes & perhaps save others the pain.

Share life's experiences & in your faith remain.

Don't leave the branch there for the next rider to thump her or himself.

Ride through life makin' things better for others; share your insights, your wisdom & your wealth.

Just as you have often, it's guaranteed other folks are @ times hurtin'.

If their actions have caused them an embarrassment help em' or @ least close the curtain.

Remember if a friend or loved one's trust is broken, it's hard, if not impossible, to get it back.

Cherish, trust, protect it & nurture it, & always have their back.

Chances are no one will stand up @ your funeral to say you had a great horse or a real nice saddle.

Point being, don't make your life about stuff; it'll only make you broke & put you up a creek & you won't be able to buy a paddle.

Some say money talks, however, to some it merely waves good bye.

To prosper, remember, it's not how much you make, but how much you spend, give this solid logic a try.

The Bible doesn't need to be updated or even re-written, you can bank on that.

It needs instead to be re-read, spend time in the word & on Sunday, church is where we should all be at.

Strive always to be a rainbow in someone else's cloud.

If you're fixin' to brag on your accomplishments, remember God made them possible so be humble, not proud.

However, be proud of your faith for when two Christians meet it's never for the last time.

Let God love others through you, share a hug, a smile, or words that rhyme.

As it says in psalms spend your time doing good & be @ peace with everyone.

Allowing those around you to see & share the love of Jesus, God's only son.

Truth is like a lion; simply let it loose & it will defend itself.

If you haven't lately, dust off & read your Bible, it does no good left there on the shelf.

Your past is just that, let it not define you.

Cast away the bad memories & remember the good ones it's good to let them remind you.

When you climb down from your last ride, may your Facebook status be
chillin' with Jesus.
Life goes fast enough enjoy the ride cause one day all too soon it'll be the Dr.,
not the police, sayin' slow down when he sees us.

In life if you wish to be blessed, then be a blessing.
It has worked many times for me I'm confessing.

Instead of searching for a life mate, become one.
It'll be one of the most rewarding things you've ever done.

Open your eyes & enjoy life, for if your head is in the sand, others will only
see one side of you!
A computer beat me @ chess one time, but it was no match @ kick-boxing --
the window it went through.

Technology is nice, but the human touch is un-matched.
Don't get caught up in it, if not careful from real life, you'll soon be detached.

If life has you feelin' like a prairie dog @ a shootin' range,
Remember it's somethin' we all go through, it's not that strange.

If you are going through hell just keep on going.
Hold on to Jesus & in your faith keep growing.

If satin knocks on your door, let Jesus answer & satin will soon leave.
Satin cannot prosper if in the love of Jesus we believe.

Don't get in a sword fight with a windmill.
Know He is God & each day take a while & just be still.

Worry not about negative people from your past, they don't belong in your
future & for a good reason.
Harvest your crops & eliminate the weeds in life, you'll be preparing to
prosper in the next season.

I'm askin' that you remember something important as this poem is about to
end.
One of the God's most precious gifts, is a precious friend.

Be a good friend by seeing the first tear, catching the second tear, & stopping the third tear.

Tackle life head on, go after Moby Dick in a row boat with buck knife, an open jar of tartar sauce & no fear.

God loves you because of who He is, not because of something you did or didn't do.

If you remember nothing else, I've written here, please always remember that God is everlasting & He will always love you.

I sincerely hope your heart enjoyed the words you have just read.

Glory be to God & I reckon' for now that's Nuff Sed!

As always, His words, I just held onto the pen.

Slim DeWitt

1-21-17

Peace if Yours if You Choose It

In the little mountain town that I was fortunate to be from,
Everybody ate at Wilma's Diner – the food was great and you always got full
& then some.

It was just a little café out @ the East edge of town.
Home cookin' & story tellin', folks came from miles around.

Often, I'd see an older fella named Mils he always sat @ the counter on the
first stool.
Once you got him started, he had lots of stories & jokes to tell, he was pretty
cool.

I sat next to him one morning, shook his hand & said, "So you're Mils". He
said, "Yep with just one L.
Don't ask me why, I guess my mom didn't know how to spell."

Without fail, before he even touched his food, he always gave thanks as he
said grace.
This ole cowboy was a book of knowledge about life. He had green angelic
eyes & a grizzled face.

He told me once that, "Raking a mud puddle makes more sense than ignoring
someone who's hurtin'."
We need, when we can, to share smiles and let the sunshine in by lifting life's
curtain.

Mils was always kind, no one had ever seen him in a bad mood.
Before he left the diner every day, he'd say something to the cook about the
great food.

Most every time I heard him order breakfast it was ham & eggs with a biscuit
and coffee black.
He had that cowboy walk about him, still walking tall even after many broken
bones from rodeo days & an ever aching back.

You could sneak sunrise past a rooster, easier than you could sit next to him without talking, no doubt.

Even if you just had a quick cup of coffee, he'd know your kids' names before you walked out.

To him, a web site meant it was time to dust.

He said, "His old Ford pickup was two toned black & rust."

Mils had retired a while back ago.

He had driven truck to pay bills but he lived to rodeo.

Mils was a kind-hearted person. I saw him once give a wooden horse he had carved to a little boy in a wheelchair.

More than once, he was seen dropping off a bag of groceries to someone down on their luck – he loved to share.

During winter snow storms many times over he'd pull cars out of snow banks. Folks would offer to pay him, he'd say, "No, just help someone else, but thanks".

As in Proverbs 11:17 your sole is nourished when you are kind & destroyed when you are cruel.

As Mils traveled through life, day to day, he seemed to exemplify his loving rule.

I asked him one day in passing, why he always smiled & seemed so calm inside?

He simply replied, "I owe it all (as his calloused hand pointed up) to Jesus that cannot be denied."

One cold crisp morning as Mils savored his last bite of Dutch apple pie & was fixin' to leave,

A big biker fella came through the clanging door & seemed to go out of his way to bump Mils' right sleeve.

His last piece of apple pie got knocked off his fork & landed in his coffee with a splat.

Now what really rubbed Mils' wrong is, this unkempt stranger in black leather pants, then came back & knocked off his cowboy hat.

"A man's cowboy hat is sacred in these parts" said Lee Ann the waitress as she stared @ the biker saying, "Oh my God!"

Mils just smiled & winked @ the waitress said, "No big deal" as he gave her a nod.

Mils stood up & said, "Mister my temper is valuable & something I never try to lose".

You need to know that your actions just saddled a horse that you cannot ride & I think it's the booze.

Lee Ann looked over @ the biker & said simply how much does your Harley weigh?

"Right @ one thousand pounds give or take" he was heard to say.

Henry, the mail man, from a booth nearby said, "Strap 2 of your bikes together & add about four feet of horns if you can imagine that".

Mils used to ride bulls that big just for fun & not even lose his cherished cowboy hat.

But the biker, who we found out later, was nick-named "Mad Dog", Just kept badgering Mils, I think his brain was addled from the vibrations of ridin' his hog.

Mils then spoke next to Teresa, who owned the flower shop, & asked her to take her daughter, Jenny, back to the kitchen.

I don't know where this is headed, but it seems this fella has a scratch that needs itchin'.

He then said, "Mister I perty much gave up fightin' when I came back in 69 from overseas.

So, let's not start all these nice folks' day off bad if you please."

He then spoke straight @ Mad Dog determination in his eyes, “I’ll pretend you didn’t bump my arm & that you accidentally knocked my hat off too. ‘Cause I’m a man of peace, these people don’t need to see us fight, & that’s what Jesus would have me to do.

That’s when Mad Dog threw a right hook from way back. Mils caught that biker’s flying fist midair & then tossed him into a booth like a bale of hay onto a stack.

The quickness & precision of all of this caught Mad Dog to say the least by total surprise. Mils then said, “Do you want a piece of Wilma’s apple pie, or shall I blacken both your eyes?”

Mad Dog spoke up still half staring with a look of awe! Pie sounds good, but I reckon’ I can’t chew it with a broken jaw.

About a minute later the apple pie was warmed & the microwave from behind the counter went “DING.” Sam from the feed store dropped 2 bits into the juke box so we all could listen to Jim Croche sing.

“Don’t Mess Around with Slim” soon was heard through the 2 juke box speakers & as Cletis from the body shop passed by he said, “How ironical is that?”

For as he shook the hand of Mad Dog, he leaned over & said, “Slim is Mils spelled backwards”. He said, “Have a good day all & to Mils tipped his hat.”

Just a few quick minutes ago the customers in the café were as nervous as a prairie dog @ a shootin’ range. But soon folks carried on, finished their breakfasts, & paid their bills as Lee Ann handed em’ their change.

Snow had started comin’ down hard as we looked out the window & the wind kicked up too. Mils told Mad Dog come on I’ll give you a lift you can stay @ my place you won’t be ridin’ that hog for a day or two.

That storm went on for almost four days, we wondered if it would ever end.
A few days later Mils stepped into the diner & introduced Mad Dog as his new friend.

Mad Dog was good at fixin' cars & almost any other mechanical thing.
He got a job @ the John Deere dealership & 6 months later proposed to Lee Ann with a diamond ring.

A couple years later Mils was killed as he helped an out-of-town family.
He had stopped to help them change a flat tire & a drunk hit him out on Route 3.

Mad Dog spoke @ his funeral – hell we all did.
Lee Ann put his cowboy hat in the casket just before they closed the lid.

To this day, even years later, no one sits @ the diner on Mils' stool.
But Mad Dog sits next to it and strangers often hear, "That seats taken, here @ Wilma's that's an unspoken rule".

When we think back on that day, we realize because of a peaceful Christian,
that fight really didn't have much of a start.
Because that ole cowboy we all called our friend didn't give in to anger
instead gave us his heart.

If you are traveling on vacation or business & happen to head up Route 3.
Stop by Wilma's, great apple pie & smiles are something you'll always see.

Be a hero won't you next time you're near an argument.
For you see every minute spent in love & peace is time well spent.

Your temper is valuable don't ever lose it.
Peace is yours you need only choose it.

As it says in the Bible in the book of Jude, Chapter 1, Verse 2:
May mercy, peace, and love be multiplied by you.

If by happenstance you should one day bump into an ole cowboy in a café.
Simply apologize, shake his hand, & be on your way.

Nice things are so easy to do & peace is really pretty easy, we can be examples you & I.

Oh, and if you'd like to do something really nice as you leave the café, pay for that that ole cowboy's pie.

Slim DeWitt

11-27-2013

Bet You Didn't Know Starbucks Now Sells Ammo

You know there once was somethin' I always had a hankerin' to do, but never did.

And that was to do a Jeremiah Johnson thing & go live totally off grid.

I figured I'd just head up to the hills for some solitude on accounta I love peace & quiet.

I had watched enough T.V. shows to know, in the forest food is everywhere so I decided what the heck I'll just try it.

I was not about to wonder around without shoes or clothes like that show called naked & affeared.

I packed clothes & matches, a sleeping bag, but no razor I was fixin' to grow me a real mountain man's beard.

I gave a lot of thought about things I'd take with me on my adventure up into the hills.

I had learned a lot watchin' that show called Alone & another one hosted by Bear Grylls.

Most all my apparel, I did it the man's way, I was fully decked head to toe in camo.

Decided not to take fire arms I wanted to be quiet & learn stealth so I brought my boyhood sling shot made by Whamo.

Hell, I used this slingshot as a kid shootin' tin cans & even broke my mom's picture window.

I got where I was pretty darn good with it, I'll have you to know.

Even once knocked out the widow Jenkin's cat.

Figured surely, I could hunt rabbits & squirrels & such varmints as that.

So anyway, I drive way up into the backwoods somewhere in Idaho into the forest outside of a town called Troy.

Went as far as the loggin' road would take me, parked my old truck, & off I hiked filled with joy.

Don't need no technology up here in these woods with me.

To me a web site just means it's time to dust I just leave them computers be.

If there's a mouse on my desk, it's 'cause again I left the Cheetos layin' there no doubt.

And the only thing terminal on my desk is the mouse, if the trap worked out.

The peace & quiet was totally amazing for the first few days.

Then I ran out of Top Ramen & V-8 so on daisies & dandelions I had to graze.

Wasn't too long I began pitchin' a fit & cussin' a lot.

Somehow all these years later, with my trusty slingshot, I could'nt hit squat.

As I aimed & pulled back on those old dried out rubber bands,

I was fixin' to kill a cottontail rabbit right where he stands.

Suffice it to say, I now wished I'd have brought a 22 rifle & a box of ammo.

'Cause as I pulled back, I broke both the rubber bands on my trusty Whamo.

Rabbit hopped away laughing & I've got 4 black fingernails on my left hand.

This hunting & gathering ain't exactly goin' as I planned!

So not to worry all will be fine.

Just like the guys on Mountain Men I'll just set up a trappin' line.

I'll eat most anything by now even a badger, or a skunk, hell who cares.

How hard can it be, I'll set up some dead fall traps & maybe a few snares.

Yep, not to worry I'll do some explorin' & maybe find me some berries.

If they're not ripe perhaps I can find me some apples or cherries.

Ever eat a grub, my God the taste is hard to describe.

And they taste the same dead as they do alive.

So, I put some in a pot of water & boiled them, added some pine nuts too.

The broth tasted like a cross between kerosene & Elmer's glue.

Next morning, I arose plugged up & I mean severely constipated.

This living off the land I'm findin' is way over rated.

Luckily, I membered that coffee can help to relieve constipation so I figured anything's worth a try.

I was so plugged up I couldn't hardly walk & wanted to just die.

This my friends, is a rather weird part of my tale & somewhat gory.

Close your ears if you don't want to hear the next detail in my story.

By now 3 days had passed, 72 long hours & I was in a fragile state.

I needed things to move, if you know what I mean, or soon it'd be too late.

As I laid there in the sleepin' bag with blood shot eyes & writhing in pain,

I knew I couldn't make it to the crick for water & there was no chance of rain.

Strange chain of events soon followed; I mean come on things was gettin' intense.

So, I did what I thought @ the time made the perfect sense.

As I laid there in tremendous agony.

Knew I'd soon pass out if I didn't get a suppository in me.

In my supplies I still had some dry roasted coffee beans from Star Bucks so I used one as a suppository.

Then went on a long walk lookin' for ripe berries for fiber & you ain't gonna believe what happens next in my story.

Well, I found some, picked me a mess of em' & sat down to give them a munch.

When in the trees not 20 feet away I hear twigs snappin' as on acorns a momma bear starts to crunch.

Things to say the least got immediately scary.

As her two cubs showed up on the other side of me, cute & hairy.

Momma bear stands up & she's near as tall as a phone booth.

Should I try to look bigger or run like hell, didn't know which to do to tell you the truth.

Things looked bad for me & I just decided right then & there.

That my off-grid adventure would be the death of me cause I'm fixin' to be eaten by a bear.

You have all heard that saying you might as well bend over & kiss your backside good bye.
Well, that's just what this off the gridder did then came a loud fart & thru my jeans that coffee bean did fly.

It was akin to a Jimmy Dean song "The smoke & gas belched out of his behind".
Well, the sound & the smell made this old country boy bout lose his mind.

I mean you gotta believe me who could make somethin' up like this.
At about 1500 feet per second that bean hit momma bear in the eye. Two inches to the left woulda been a miss.

Yep, I shot her alright but not with a 30-30 or even a 30-6.
I just bent over & shot that coffee bean out @ supersonic speed, tell me I ain't learned some survival tricks.

Well, this former terrifying phone booth sized bear dropped to all fours & all three bears disappeared into the trees.
Still bent over, I said to myself, the guys @ the tavern ain't gonna believe this & then gave thanks on bended knees.

I saw momma bear & the cubs next morning as I was washing out my britches down @ the crick.
She started toward me so I tried a special trick.

I bent over my backside facing her, she squealed & ran the other way, yep her & the two cubs was just a blur.
I guess getting' beaned in the eye left a lasting impression on her.

I hung around another week or so before decidin' to call it quits & go back home.
I needed a cold beer & missed my friends, family, and I was plumb tired of bein' alone.

Quiet quality time was good I had lots of good thoughts & memories of my grandpa & the stories he'd tell, he loved to pull my leg.
I remember once he told me it takes a really wicked chicken to lay a deviled egg.

So anyway, I packed my things & decided to move on.
Oh, almost forgot to tell you I Nic-named that bear, “Eye Gone”.

My story spread all over the northwest from bar to bar.
Nat Geo even got wind of it & one day they showed up, lots of cameras in their car.

Seemed they wanted to go into the woods where this all took place.
And wondered, could I guide them there & my steps re-trace.

So, I took them up there past that old loggin’ road to the place I named “Bend Over Meadow”.
They knew the bear would still be around so these camera men moved really slow.

Sure, enough her & the cubs showed up &, of course, the cubs were much bigger now.
The guys said, “We’re trapped here in this meadow, we’ll never escape these cubs & that one eyed sow.”

In a calm voice I told them if she gets close, I have a special bear repellent made with Star Buck coffee it’s true.
But then I showed them a better trick, just turn around & bend over, she’ll want nothin’ to do with you.

So that’s just what the camera men all did.
Instantly back into the forest all three bears slid.

You know we’ve all heard that question, “Does a bear poop in the woods?”
Well attempt to answer that question I wouldn’t.
All I know for three long days without that coffee bean I sure couldn’t.

For months after this story broke out on Highway 8 headed toward Troy there’s sure been a lot of extra traffic.
Folks from Guinness Book of Records, curiosity seekers & some more folks from National Geographic.

There’s a moral here, when off gridding, pack TP, food, an axe, & to look the part dress in camo.
Oh & on the way out of town don’t forget to stop by Star Bucks & pick up some ammo!

Now as I close folks you can believe this off the grid survival story or claim it's just B S & let it be.

To this day I still enjoy drinkin' & spendin' time with my buddies @ the bar, but for some odd reason absolutely no one ever volunteers

TO GO & HAVE COFFEE WITH ME!

Slim DeWitt

7-17-2017

The Old Man in the Park

Something I've often done early in the morning to set my mind at ease,
Is to walk through a nearby park with its cushiony grass and tall trees.

There is an elderly man who also enjoys this park's beauty and watches its
growing flowers.

Often, he sits at one of the wooden tables and gazes for hours.

Several times our steps have crossed and inspire a cheerful "Hello".
I enjoy his "still youthful" stride and his voice directive and low.

To this day although many times we have spoken, I know not his name.
And yet I feel without his acquaintance my life would not be the same.

As we chatted early one morning I asked if his past had occurred the way he
wanted it to.
He replied, "For the most part yes, though there are a few things I'd like to re-
do."

"I am" he said, "Both sorrowed and cheerful for things in the past that I have
done,
In youth I was willing to learn and grateful to walk as well as to run."

On my life's garden, God has often sprinkled rain.
I have savored much of the beauty and forgotten much of the pain.

I replied, "Age is a valid teacher and I as youth will listen well.
Share with me your wisdom and what your heart wishes to tell."

I think, young man, that one should always walk proud as well as tall.
For if even @ five foot – four there's always a way over the next wall.

If it be your book, your tool, or your wife, breed within a true care for it.
If a problem is real, then fight for its correction and choose not to ignore it.

Many times, in years gone by, a friend has needed my help and I proudly gave
it.
A peaceful heart is mine and I wish to save it.

As from his pipe, a puff of smoke curled and floated away,
I contentedly listened to his wandering thoughts in the early day.

Build and plant so loved ones will be warm and never starve.
A store-bought gift isn't worth what your hands can carve.

If you run a stick along a picket fence and really hear its rhythmic clatter,
Then perhaps an unpleasant sound you may have heard, will never matter.

To see the ocean is one thing, but to truly feel its spray is yet another.
Rule out bitterness for if God is your creator, then every man is your brother.

If at times in your life others feel what you're doing isn't right,
And yet you feel it is, stand and fight.

Though not always soon, hatred eventually dies.
Put depth in your laughter and sincerity in your cries.

At last this man started to stand.
He turned to me with an outstretched hand.

He slowly stepped over the bench and as he walked away, he smiled.
"I'm going now" he said, "To visit Tommy, my only grandchild."

And maybe years from now when I'm at rest, six-feet beneath the ground,
You'll be here in this park, perhaps at this table, when young Tommy comes around.

I thanked him for sharing his wisdom & friendship with me & told him he was a blessing in my life and that I was thankful for him indeed.
He said simply, if my friend, you truly wish to thank me, please encourage & be ever so kind to Tommy for we all must be loved & treasured to truly succeed.

And if you pass on kindness & love as I try to each & every day.
My love for my grandson will live on always & the truth & value of his words warm me & guide me to this very day.

God Bless You!

Slim DeWitt (Tallfellow)
9-1979

Through The Wind a Prayer is Heard

"Honey, Levi is feeling poorly," my wife said.

"He aches all over, he about burned my fingers when I touched his forehead."

He'll bounce back honey, he always does.

He's a tough little guy and always was.

You see we lost his twin brother, Jacob, on the day of their birth.

So, Levi is an amazing miracle. He fought hard just to live and is one of my finest blessings here on earth.

I headed out that mornin' to feed the cows while the early spring wind blew. To reassure my wife I reminded her we prayed for Levi last night and God always comes through.

It was strange I soon noticed being alone outdoors.

Levi, like my little shadow, was almost always with me as I fed the cattle and did the chores.

I missed him this chilly morning as I spoke out loud into the wind, "Help him please Lord."

I went on about my work knowing full well my prayer would not be ignored.

For God has always provided for us and cared for us well.

What a loving creator allowing his Son, Jesus, to die just to keep us from Hell.

Against the wind, across the barnyard, I trod.

I glanced up and said, "Thanks too for the Mrs. You are an amazing God!"

When I came back out of the barn, pitchfork in hand, by then I knew.

We were in for one last snowstorm before winter was through.

Funny just yesterday a fellow rancher asked me how winter had treated me as I loaded supplies on the buckboard at the feed store.

I told him I had burned more wood than I planned, but the snow's done for the year, I spect we won't see anymore.

The town drunk stumbled by just then and mumbled, “Just when Mother Nature figures you’re nappin’
She’ll whip a storm on you, mark my words, I feel it in my bones, a blizzard’s fixin’ to happen.

Ole Arnie always smelled like a brewery, unkept fella, but nice enough. They say he started drinking after his wife died in a collapsed barn that he’d built – it must have been rough!

Now him and home brew whiskey are the best of buddies. He drinks to drown his sorrow and forget his cares.
His only daughter finally moved away. She couldn’t stand the drinkin’ though he’s continually in her prayers.

I bet the temperature had dropped 15 degrees or so just since I had come outside.
I wasn’t sure if I wanted to saddle Charlie my 6-year-old quarter horse cross for our usual mid-morning ride.

I had some fencing about a mile out I really should check,
But it was cold, Becca had coffee on, and I’d forgot a kerchief for around my neck.

So, I wondered back to the house after another chore or two.
And with an arm full of firewood, I stepped through the mud room door and said, “Honey, I’m back and I love you.”

She poured me a cup of coffee and said, “How about a piece of my apple pie?”
She could bake just like her momma and I said, “You bet! I’ll give it a try.”

I sat down in my old comfy leather chair, just sipped coffee and occasionally glanced out the frosty window and listened to the wind howl.
Becca came down the hall from little Levi’s room. He’s getting worse and she was carrying a sweat-soaked hand towel.

He’s been saying silly things, talkin’ delirious, if that fever don’t break soon he’ll melt I swear.
“You may need to ride in and fetch Doc Jenkins,” she said as she paused to glance out the window with a worried stare.

About an hour and a half later I said, "I'll saddle up Ole Charlie. He could use a ride."

It was a good 5 miles to town and with this storm I was worried down deep inside.

This was one of them storms that just never should have happened. Winter was about over – it was the springtime of the year.

But boy I'll tell you what, it was flat snowing and blowin', already in places there was drifts up to my ear!

Most of the fences were covered with snow even the top strand on a 4-strand fence was clean out of sight.

Like a lone male wolf, the wind just howled – not a good day for a ride – things just weren't right.

It was about a half mile to the road from the house down our lane.

The more I looked around if it weren't for fetching the doc for my sick son this ride would be insane!

As I double-checked the top button on my slicker, I was glad Charley was so sure footed, solid as a rock, he's been a good horse since I picked him up 3 years ago at a livestock sale.

I've ridden him a lot; he's gentle with the boy and helps me put the cows through the gate every time without fail.

As we reached the road and rounded a big cottonwood that had long been dead,

Charley stepped sideways like a cat, and then slipped on some ice, his feet flailing, I was thrown from the saddle and felt a crashing in my head.

A half-frozen pheasant shot up from behind a big stump without warning. That was what put lightning in my horse's legs that cold frozen morning.

My hat flew one way and I flew the other.

I thought for a second, I'm gonna soon see my long dead mother.

There I laid, hell I don't know just how long.

The wind was whipping snow on me, my head felt like a big Chinese gong.

Thinkin' back, I'm sure glad I never go anywhere without my cowboy hat.
It's a part of me, pure county, and so am I, through and through, and I'm
proud of that.

As that old brown hat sailed away, it was destiny that it inadvertently saved
my life.

You see it was a rolling and skipping back toward the house, back toward
little Levi, and the wife.

It came to rest finally, and you can believe this or not,
A top a snowdrift at my son's bedroom window a really good spot!

It was against his window, couldn't go no further, but the wind kept a flippin'
it around.

You see there it sat a 10-gallon telegraph making a thumpin' sound.

It woke little Levi from his fevered rest, God only knows just why.
As he awoke to see it there, he ran down the hall in his PJ's as he started to
cry.

"Momma something's powerful wrong with Pa," he said half screaming.
Becca said, "Levi it's your fever. It does funny things; I think you've just
been dreaming."

She grabbed his small hand and walked him back down the hall.
She tells me when she saw my hat at the window, she too knew something
was wrong and she answered God's call.

Stay here son I'm going outside to see what's going on.
She threw on her slicker and ran out the door into the wind, to Levi she was
gone.

Well that little fart son of mine said, "It ain't gonna happen like this. Ma
can't do this by herself."
He bundled up quick then paused at the door to grab his hat from the back
porch shelf.

Well, there I lay dazed and half froze.
Blood freezin' to my mustache as it ran from my nose.

My head just a pounding I thought I was done.
I even saw who I thought was Jacob, Levi's dead brother, our beloved son.

I thought sure by seeing Jacob that I'd made it to Heaven and thanks to Jesus
on the cross, I was sure I was there.
But then my vision got less fuzzy and I realized I was staring at Levi as the
wife knelt in the snow giving thanks in prayer.

Together my son and the Mrs. found me and it wasn't until later they told me
how.
Ole Charley horse never left my side. I guess he was worth his oats and good
for more than just cuttin' a cow.

Even in that storm they managed to get me back on my horse.
Then through the wind and blinding snow they just followed my loyal
Charley back home – he knows the course.

We made it back to the house and good Lord that fire felt good.
Levi was brand new – that cold air was just what he needed to break his fever
and he went out to fetch some firewood.

There's a moral here folks, I learned it solid after that cold morning ride,
Life is short, family is precious, be at peace with those you love – even if it
means swallowing some pride.

Friends be slow to anger and quick to forgive.
No one in this world knows how long he or she will live.

Say thanks more often and ever so frequent say, "I love you."
Don't ever forget tomorrow, or the next day your life could be through.

Patience is like a corral full of horses you must exercise them all – not just
some.
Be patient and do the right thing and life will have a much more harmonious
outcome.

Trust in God and know he never fails.
As this poem winds to an end, I wish each one of you the happiest of trails.

Love your family folks, love them always, good times and bad, and above all never forget to show um.

Thanks, from this ole country boy, God Bless you, and I tip my hat to you all, thanks for listening to my poem.

Slim DeWitt

2-25-2008

Dreams

Dreams or goals, call them what you may,
In one form or the other we must have them to guide our way.

While young in life it seems, our dreams are large and many,
But wasted is a man's spirit who hasn't any.

Dreams can be small and even then, hard to reach,
There are obstacles and detours as we find life has much to teach.

The worth of our dreams can be realized only with their final achievement,
We will learn the worth only in their believment.

Many small dreams can be realized in the instant it takes to flip a page,
There are dreams also we cancel, or alter in an early stage.

Our dreams and goals are many times demanding and achievement takes
years,
But often as not, their beauty is magnified with the flow of tears.

Swift waters may hold us back when swimming life's stream,
But limpid pools and crystal waters are there, as finally we stretch and touch
that dream.

What I'm saying as this poem winds to an end,
Is that we must not discard our dreams for they are a Godsend.

Dreams can be both fuel and foundation as we journey through life,
They are worth the attention and worth the strife.

One day your dreams will become real and as white as the feathers upon a
dove,
So, choose your dreams with time and with love.

One day I'll reach my goals, ones with which I've a loving family to share,
Dear God, I'll learn and say, "Thanks" with each prayer.

Slim DeWitt

Friends

To me, friends are the very gems in the bracelet of life,
Someone who is there in the rapture, as well as in the strife.

A good friend's kind words can often strengthen my day,
A good friend's advice often helps me to find the way.

Friends are a gift, a jewel, something very rare,
Accepting your sorrow, as well as your laughter, and wanting to share.

Friends, it seems, can detect an unhappy heart and make it well,
They too are a listener when you've a problem to tell.

A good friend's problems are your problem too,
His sorrow is a burden lessened by you.

A good friend will stand by you when the other ones won't,
A friend can give advice without saying, "Don't."

Lord, people are numerous as leaves upon the trees,
But for the few that are true friends, I give thanks on bended knees.

Please bless my friends, Lord, those close as well as those far away,
Grant them peace and laughter on this and every day.

Slim DeWitt
6-5-1980

I Hope You're Having a Real Nice Day

Hope you're having a real nice day,
That is my hope for you, as I send this poem your way.

I hope you are feeling well and your body hasn't a single ache,
I hope your coffee was good on your coffee break.

I hope last night's sleep has you feeling well,
I hope there were pleasant flowers in your garden, scented well.

I hope you have heard at least one bird and enjoyed his song,
I hope, too, that your spirits and your heart are feeling strong.

I hope your dreams and your life are going as you plan,
If there's anything I can do as a friend, I will, if I can.

I hope there are no quarrels in your day with your boss, your neighbor, not
even your niece,
I hope too that your day is filled with love and laced with peace.

I hope the clouds in your sky will scatter and go away,
I hope sunshine warms your heart on this and every day.

In closing, I sincerely hope in life's endeavors if you stumble, that you will
not fall.
I hope you're having a nice day and God bless them all.

Slim DeWitt
1981

Yours to Give

There is something within you, easily given away,
That will enlighten those around you, no matter the time of day.

If it's warm and if it's true,
There is no limit to what it can do.

If a passerby is unhappy and wearing a frown,
You've a chance to lift a spirit that may otherwise slip further down.

This simple and yet precious gift that is so easily passed along,
Is a gesture that is contagious and whose benefits are strong.

This gift of which I speak will lift your spirits too and upgrade your style,
The beauty of this gift is its nearness my friend – it's your smile.

If you choose to give your smile away, it will soon come back,
Remember it's something you can give away and yet never lack.

If you receive a smile, please give one away,
God bless you, my friend and have a nice day. ☺

Slim DeWitt
8-25-1980

Some Whys I've Long Wondered About

Sometimes when wondering about life and about you,
The answers evade me though I search them through.

Questions such as, after just one of your kisses, why was I hooked?
Why is corn always better when left on the cob to be cooked?

Why you always find what you're looking for in the last place you look?
Why people don't pay more attention to the Good Book.

Or why a payphone is nowhere to be found when you really need one.
Why does time fly so fast when you're having fun?

Why don't cats and dogs seem to get along?
Why don't people really listen to the beauty in a bird's song.

Or why it always seems to rain the day you wash the car?
Why do your loving eyes twinkle like the morning star?

Why must we work so long before we retire?
Why do hotdogs taste better roasted on a campfire?

Why is it when we are cold our fingers always go numb?
Why doesn't a hummingbird whistle instead of hum?

Why is it dandelions grow so much easier than the grass in my lawn?
Why is it the sun rises in the East, why not the West at morning's dawn?

Can you tell me why the traffic lights are always red when I'm in a hurry?
Or just how is it you've erased all my doubt and worry?

Why was the nickname "Duke" given to the late and great John Wayne?
Why do rainbows appear only after rain?

What's in a diamond ring that allows it to shine?
Why am I the lucky fella, why are you mine?

Why is "homemade" so much better than store-bought ice cream?
Why haven't I woken up from this wonderful dream?

Why must a favorite dog grow old?
Why when I'm in your arms do I feel so bold.

Why is it still so much fun to watch "The Wizard of Oz?"
I haven't any answers and I guess it is "just because.

I can't begin to answer all these questions and I don't know why.
Many will go unanswered till the day I die.

Some things may change, but babies will always be born with eyes of blue,
Something else I can promise darling – I'll always love you!

Slim DeWitt

That Twinkle Isn't Really Gone

Just the other morning as I was staring into the mirror,
I noticed a couple more wrinkles and eyes that once were clearer.

No doubt as I stood there shaving my eyes had lost some of their twinkle.
But you know I've got myself convinced I look more sophisticated with each
new wrinkle.

Atop my head there aren't quite as many hairs as there were before.
I still enjoy a hard day's work, but I sure don't enjoy the next week of sore.

But you know I'd much rather keep aging than the alternative.
At the same time death doesn't worry me; Heaven will be a glorious place to
live.

Thank you, God, for granting me life and loved ones with which to share.
So, what if there's a little more gray in my hair.

The wrinkles that appear more often with time upon my face,
Are really the road map that got me through life and to this place.

And guess what, I found I really didn't lose the twinkle that has left my eyes.
My grandkids stole it and they're trying it on for size.

Thank you, Lord, for my children and grandchildren they make my life a
better place.
And that twinkle looks wonderful on their face.

I'll gladly share my twinkle if it helps their smile.
Even a short visit with them is a blessing and lifts my heart for a long while.

It's a great gift to see that twinkle again looking back, although from another
face, not me.
For you see children and grandchildren are a gift of love we send to a time
we'll never see.

I thank you Lord that the twinkle once in my eyes isn't really gone.
You and I just spread it out and lovingly passed it on.

It's quite amazing Lord to see my twinkle once again.
It sure looks nice in the grandkid's eyes, and with never-ending praise, I say
Amen.

Slim DeWitt
10-1-2010

This is My Prayer

Well, here we are again fellas, a little grayer in the beard and longer in the tooth,
A room filled with experiences and solutions, a great blend of maturity, and youth.

We all rode here on a dabble gray horse called common sense,
To get some encouragement and guidance on how to maintain and repair the safety fence.

This fence we're all fixin' to ride covers 7 states, and in years to come, is to be longer for sure,
We just gotta keep checkin', keep fixin', and try not to step in too much manure.

We all want this workplace to be injury free,
We need to convince the whole team, not just you and me.

Hell of a responsibility you know has been placed on our shoulders,
It's a long road to travel, watch for the boulders.

Mark, you're behind us all the way that's our firm belief,
Ray is our new sunrise; his leadership will be a great relief.

I'm honored to be here in this place, at this time,
Don't worry fellas; I'm about done with this rhyme.

Just think about what we as a group can do,
We need to make safety so contagious it spreads to everyone the company through.

When you get home from this trip, hug and kiss your loved ones and tell them you care,
If we ride this fence sun-up to sundown, we'll all stay safe, **this is my prayer.**

Slim DeWitt
3-2004

Your Loved Ones Want You Home Safe

If you stop & think about it work is a very important part of our life.
We work often times not only for ourselves, but perhaps also for our children
a husband or a wife.

Please remember work isn't just about the money from your paycheck.
It might be so you can place a shiny necklace around a loved one's neck.

Or perhaps to see the smile on a young person's face when you buy them a
bike.

So, let's be safe here @ work & help each other to create jobs we love, not
just like.

How can we make our day as well as a fellow employee's better by far?
Let them know you're here for them so protect them & yourselves avoid an
injury & surgery, who needs a scar?

Injuries my friends should never happen @ the place we work it's just not
cool.

Stretch before you start, help someone lift heavy or awkward stuff & don't
use a damaged tool.

Don't make Betty, Sharon, or John have to be the bearer of bad news & to
your home place a call.

That due to a bad accident you're in an ambulance headed to the hospital
from here @ St. Vincent De Paul.

We're all in this together let's be safe & let's be helpful that's after all what
friends do for friends.

Thanks for the invite I hope I've given you some new things to think about as
this poem ends.

Remember safety here @ work as well as @ home is great for us all so, please
be a good example in both places.

For you see your friends & loved ones want you home safe so they can again
see your smiling faces.

With the utmost respect,

Slim DeWitt
6-3-2015

Tarzan Had a Bad Day

One sunny day, in the dense jungle, Tarzan was up in the canopy amongst the tall trees doin' his thing.

You see he was really good @ using vines as ropes, & from one tall tree to another, he would swing.

The jungle animals & brightly colored birds would watch in amazement as through the forests Tarzan's voice would ring.

But on this particular day a vine broke & Tarzan tumbled clear to the jungle floor poking out an eye, ripping off an arm, & tearin' off his ding-a-ling!

Things looked really bad for the king of the jungle after he was in a hell of a mess & it's not like he could just call 9-1-1.

But luckily a witch doctor found him, & with the help of some natives, took him back to his hut & was able to repair all the damage the horrible fall had done.

Now let's fast forward two or three days.

Tarzan awakes on the earthen floor of that hut in somewhat of a haze.

Truly the king of the jungle had had his bell rung.

But slowly felt better after the witch doctor explained the miracles he had done.

The witch doctor said, "Over the years I've seen many injuries here in the jungle amongst these trees.

Mostly broken legs & dislocated shoulders & oft I've used native plants & herbs to cure disease."

Your situation, Tarzan, took a lot of thought, & three animals out of respect, helped in your complete recovery @ their own great sacrifice.

And with a little time, you'll be brand new & even stronger won't that be nice.

In talking to these animals, I was able to tell them how important their sacrifices were & they each came to realize.

And so, a baby elephant gave his trunk to replace your ding-a-ling & now it's nearly four times its original size!

And a gorilla gave you one of his arms; he let me cut it off right @ the shoulder.

Said, "It's his way of thanking you for rescuing his female mate from a trap, without your help she would never have got older."

And, lastly, the pot-bellied witch doctor said, "Was the sacrifice of the right eye of the fearless lion."

So, Tarzan said, "You truly have rebuilt & restored me on that there's no denyin'."

Tarzan was really amazed @ all that had been done & very grateful to say the least.

For all these animals & this witch doctor rebuilt him into a strong and virile jungle beast.

Tarzan rested there for a week or so in that hut with the thatched roof.

And one morning stepped outside into the sunlight & said, "I'm gonna try my new parts out, the pudding's in the proof."

In the days to follow Tarzan began to realize he was more than just brand new.

And decides after seeing the witch doctor on the path to swing down & visit with him it seemed the grateful thing to do.

The witch doctor queried him curious if all was well.

And asked Tarzan, "How are your new parts working, please do tell?"

Tarzan reflected his gratitude saying that with this lion's eye I can see for miles!

And with this gorilla arm I can lift massive logs & boulders & easily stake them in piles.

The witch doctor was so pleased with Tarzan's progress & asked one more question about Tarzan's new elephant trunk sized ding-a-ling.

Tarzan said, "It's the best part, & while we're making love Jane wears a big smile, her eyes roll back & many times over the jungle creatures have heard her sing."

Yes, indeed Jane & I are both happy my recovery thanks to you doctor it's been total & swift.

And pointing down Tarzan said, "Jane is, to say the least, quite satisfied with her new gift."

Tarzan said, "He was so grateful to those three animals givin' me their body parts I'm so thankful to you doctor & so glad you gottem'.

But before I climb back up into the trees & home to Jane, is there any way you can stop my new ding-a-ling from stuffin' grass up my bottom?

Slim Dewitt

3-10-2020

A Really Dynamite Christmas Story (funny)

My wife of some 35 years was always practical with her Christmas gift suggestions whenever I would ask.

But this year what she wanted, was far & above, & with the ground frozen it would be a tough task.

Simply put she wanted a new hole dug for our old outhouse out near the backyard.

I told her I would try my best to please her, but like I said, “It’s December & that ground was frozen hard.”

She was always thoughtful with her Christmas gifts to me; a new cowboy hat, or a hand sowed denim shirt.

I made up my mind somehow or other, I’d put a new hole out there in the dirt.

The deposits that our family had made for generations over the years,
Had the hole plumb filled up & the odor would almost cause tears.

Christmas was but a week away so I had to tackle this project soon.
After a trip to town to pick up the mail I decided I’ll just stop by the saloon.

I told the fellas inside I’m in a bad way.
And that I need some ideas to help save Christmas Day.

No one had any answers except the town drunk & it didn’t seem all that safe to me.

But the more I thought, & the more I drank, it made more sense you see.

After careful calculations I went down to the general store, by now so drunk I could hardly walk.

Tried splainin’ my idea to the clerk & he waved his hand back & forth & asked me not to talk.

With my safety in mind, he said, “Now are you sure your outhouse is stout?
It better be really strong.”

I said, “Heaven’s yes I built it myself, hand cut the lumber, worked on it till dusk & I started at dawn.”

Well, he said, “OK, here are your supplies if about this idea, you are sure. Seems to me like a lot of overkill just to take care of your family’s manure.”

All the while shaking his head, he put my supplies in a burlap sack. After 3 tries I climbed up on my horse tied the bag to the saddle horn & to the house I rode back.

You mighta’ thunk this was a crazy idea, but after stopping by for 2 more beers, it just seemed right. So, when I got home I fell off my horse untied the sack & removed 2 sticks of dynamite.

This kinda reminded me of the famous last words: “Watch this will ya & hold my beer.”

But I knew full well I’d soon have a nice new hole beneath the outhouse, pickled like I was I had no fear.

I burped a loud one I said, “I’m gonna give the Mrs. her Christmas gift, on that I was resigned.”

Afore it’s all over she will have a better place to park her behind.

I gave it one last cowboy’s try to dig the hole, but each time I would swing my old rusty pick axe it would only bounce. Gave up the idea soon & besides time was of the essence the hole beneath the outhouse wouldn’t hold one more ounce.

Like I said, “I tried the old-fashioned way then I realized after uttering some rather nasty grammar,

In my drunken’ stupor I had accidently been using my sludge hammer.”

Considered it like a sign from God, besides what could go wrong I had really thought this project through.

Yep, I was stickin’ to my original plan I knew what next to do.

I took out my buck knife & cut the fuse on one of the sticks of dynamite in half, just right you see.

Left the other stick’s fuse full length now I need only properly place & then light the TNT.

I lit & leaned the stick with the short fuse again the outhouse down near the base.

Swung the wooden door open, lit the other stick, & dropped it thru the oval shaped hole into that stinky place.

Then I ran like a drunk jack rabbit, plugged my ears, & knelt down behind my stack of firewood.

I just knew my plan would work after all the thought I put into this, I figured it should.

Just then out of the house came the Mrs. runnin' toward the outhouse holdin' her back cheeks together.

A roll of T. P. under her arm snow just a flyin' off the path to the outhouse like a big white feather.

She swung that door with the crescent shaped hole wide open & quickly sat down.

That's when the first stick of dynamite went off, it lifted the crapper a good 30 feet off the ground!

I'm now thinkin' (finally) to myself what have I done?

Then came another explosion the second one.

I'm here to tell you my plan worked for sure.

You shoulda' seen that mushroom cloud of manure.

The hole was completely empty then back down came the outhouse still inside was my loving spouse.

As I scrambled over the firewood her eyes were big as saucers we hugged & she simply said, "Thank God I didn't fart like that in the house!"

She stood there just a shakin' a big oval shaped stain on her bloomers & rear. The brown mist settled on the surrounding fields far & near.

Yep, after the explosions there was some fall out, but not the kind you might expect.

That brown mushroom cloud floated over the county & finally it fell on the fields to collect.

We had record crops that summer everyone was amazed, that's for sure.
I been told I can B. S., guess they're right I can sure spread the manure.

The sheriff & the volunteer fire department showed up to see if we were OK.

They'd heard the explosions from town darn near 20 miles away.

Some women would have wanted a new dress, or robe soft & plush.
But my ever-practical better half just wanted the manure gone in a toilet she didn't even have to flush.

Everything turned out alright sept even after soaking her bloomers in bleach,
that stain was there to stay.

But @ least she had a much better place to do her business on Christmas Day.

Bein' the thoughtful cuss I am, next Christmas I'll buy some new bloomers &
maybe even a couple of beers.

That will be the perfect gift & will be much easier on her ears.

Well folks my unusual Christmas story, told I assure you, just as it happened
is finally winding down.

Hope you & yours enjoyed a white Christmas as you can probably guess
thanks to 2 sticks of dynamite & about 8 beers, ours was mostly brown.

Slim DeWitt
11-13-2014

Christmas Smells

It's that happy, hurried, time of year again, the air is filled with pine and
pumpkin and other Christmas smells,
While our ears hear the sounds of "Silent Night" and "Jingle Bells."

As you hang the red and green ornaments upon the tree,
Enjoy Christmas as it was meant to be.

Take in all the beauty and occasionally pause,
Remember back when you too sat upon the knee of "Santa Clause."

Window shop . . . stop and occasionally stare,
And may the good Lord answer your Christmas Prayer.

Slim DeWitt
12-24-2002

Christmas Tree

A Gift Just Waiting for Us Beneath That Beautiful Tree

Company's coming, so put in your teeth, & tie up the dogs.
Gonna be a chilly day, so we need more firewood, let's split some logs.

Aunts & uncles, nieces & nephews, showing up all dressed in parkas, mittens,
& fur.

I remember uncle Rex said he was glad we made it, but was so snockered he
wasn't even sure who we were.

I think he was full of holiday spirit (from a bottle stashed in the barn) as he
went earlier to hitch the team.

He kinda resembled a slinky going down steps & was being helped by his
good buddy, Jim Beam.

We trudged through the snow, headed toward the barn, as uncle Rex headed
for his cedar outhouse.

And quick-like corrected his efforts by moving the team from the back of the
wagon, to the front where they belonged, & was thanked by his embarrassed
spouse.

We, as a group, were all fixin' you see.
To go on a hayrack ride & to cut down a special Christmas tree.

So, we stacked some hay bales in rows up on that wagon.
Even loaded up our dog Tucker, some hot chocolate, & the widow Haggin.

Though not really our kin, we all called her part of our family.
At one time, or other, she had helped everyone here includin' me.

She said, as we pulled away from the barn, it was her late hubby's favorite
time of year.
Thoughts of him brought a big smile & down her cheek rolled a happy tear.

She grabbed one of the youngins' & gave him a hug.
Patted her knee & said, "Come sit with me & I'll keep you warm & snug."

Snow flew from the horse's hooves & from the wagon's wheels.
Laughter, love, & smiles were the cargo here & even a few excited squeals.

We were headed toward a large stand of Ponderosa pines, about a mile to the south.

As we bounced along tryin' to drink hot chocolate, most of it missing our mouth.

There was I, with a foot on the ground, of new powder snow.
From last night's storm' so the goin' was slow.

We made it across the creek on an old wooden bridge.
Then getting' real close to the pines, we came over one last ridge.

Just then one of the youngins' hollered & was pointing her mittened hand & with worried eyes.
We then heard pleas for help & answered prayers, as a stranded family came to realize.

That, though they were half froze, they now knew a true Christmas miracle was here.
We all scrambled from the wagon & pulled this family from a snow drift, all of them filled with fear.

The dad tried, his hands pale white & close to frozen, but to no avail.
To build a fire, down to his last match the wind & the blowin' snow, he was doomed to fail.

This poor man in gratitude to God dropped there, praying in the snow onto his knees.
Said, "We broke a wagon wheel yesterday early & our only shelter was these trees."

And through shivering lips, he kept saying, "Thank you dear God."
I asked, "Where is your coat man?" He said, "I covered the little ones with it" & gave a nod.

There covered in snow, in a cluster on the ground.
Was his family: a wife & two young boys, an almost frozen mound.

This sight brought together a quick response from our family.
And very soon they had a fire going next to a nearby tree.

We gathered up all four of the stranded ones.
This bitterly cold couple & their two loving sons.

Wrapped them in blankets, gave em hot cocoa, & prayed for each of them on that day.
Had we have went another route, they wouldn't have survived no how, no way.

We put them up in our little cozy church, got them all settled in, safe & warm.
As they thawed out, they said, "It's truly a Christmas miracle you folks showed up after that storm."

While visiting with the father a couple days later, we asked, "What it was he did for a livin'?"
He said, "I've been a pastor for all my life & I thank God for all the blessings He's given."

We all looked @ each other & thought this must truly be divine providence.
Without doubt, yet another blessing from God, far more than just coincidence.

For you see our pastor had passed away about a month ago.
A true man of God, & he was the late husband of Mrs. Haggin, the widow.

Amazingly the husband & father that we found half froze with his family there @ his side in snow all but buried.
Would come to be our new pastor & I feel his family, as if by God, to us had been personally hand carried.

And ever since that Christmas miracle happened many, many, years ago,
During the search for that beautiful tree after a blizzard in in over a foot of fresh snow.

He's been such a blessing to us all & seldom, if ever, been paid with money.
Usually, his rewards for his constant help were a dozen fresh eggs, an apple pie, or a mason jar full of honey.

He has baptized many & helped countless couples with their wedding vows.
Randomly someone would fix the church steps, or drop off milk or cream from their dairy cows.

They lived in a cute little one-level house we all built for them behind our white church with its tall steeple.
Each time he performed a grave-side service or another baptism he'd say, "He couldn't be surrounded by nicer people."

Our pastor's wife was also a blessing to many as she was an experienced midwife.

She even helped my wife through a rough childbirth, & no doubt, saved my daughter on the first day of her life.

Had our request for her to help us as a midwife on that day been ignored,
We'd have lost our daughter, for around her neck was a tangled umbilical cord.

You see our daughter, Elizabeth Grace, was born just a couple weeks after their rescue.

And, with my blessing, 22 years later married the pastor's youngest son underneath that same stand of pines & a sky of blue.

Over the years that grateful pastor shared hundreds of powerful sermons & led many souls to Jesus.

Loyal friends, his rescuers, angels on Earth are how he said he sees us.

The following fact is solid & is believed by the whole town young & old, not just me.

That this pastor & his family were an amazing gift we all found beneath our very special Christmas tree.

When the pastor thinks back on that faithful day, he says, "It was such a blessing just to be safe & to be warm.

When in reality if your faith is strong, you'll know something good comes from every storm."

If you are in one of life's storms right now as you read this rhyme.

Rest assured, warmth & blessings are on the way for you, see its Christmas time.

Merry Christmas to all who hear or read these words that our loving God helped me to write.

Know always you're in the palm of His hand, & after each storm, you'll feel His warmth & see His light.

If you keep Jesus first place in your heart, you may stumble, but He won't let you fall.

As seen here in this story He has a myriad of ways to rescue us in times of need, for He loves us one & all.

Please be sure during this blessed time of year.

That you hold what He has done for you very dear.

Please enjoy your gifts, the festive food & family, but please fail not during this season,

To remember Christmas is a gift for each of us to share & our Lord Jesus is the reason.

Look around loved ones, for its sincerely believed by many including me,

That our greatest & most precious gifts are those around us, not something beneath the tree.

Thank you, Lord.

Slim DeWitt

11-20-2015

Gifts from the Bible, Indeed Gifts from a Loving God

I want, in this poem & with these words, to wish a Merry Christmas to my loved ones & friends,
And I want, without fail, to remind you that God has gifts for each of us & that his love has no bounds & it has no ends.

The birth of our Savior, Jesus Christ, is not just a story or ancient fable,
It is the undying love of God given to us with that precious birth there in that stable.

Over 2,000 years ago, our loving God wanted all who loved Him & believed in Him, without doubt to know,
That Jesus is the light of the world, a loving Savior, & beacon of love, that will forever glow.

That, indeed, if we just take the leap of faith to know His Son, Jesus, & realize He died & rose again for each one of us,
That forever love, Heaven, & indeed eternity, will be the amazing reward for our trust.

Thank you loving God above
For this amazing gift of love.

God, as a loving father, has adopted each one of us & the Bible has countless gifts there, in front of us, each day.
Presents to unwrap (such as Christ calls me friend) that's what John 15:15 has to say.

We have been redeemed through God's grace.
It's there in Ephesians 1:7 that friends should put a smile on your face.

66 books there in the Bible to help us in life's journey & then on to Heaven.
I can call Christ my brother, that warms my heart, it's there in Hebrews 2:11.

On Christmas morning, or on any day, when I look in the mirror, even if I'm not pleased with what I see,
I need to realize, as it says in Genesis 1:31, God is pleased with how He made me.

During this joyous time of year when we are hugging our wives, sisters, and even our niece,
Remind them all as it says in Ephesians 2:10, each & every one of us is God's masterpiece.

Remind your children & grandchildren on Christmas Eve as off to sleep they nod,
That John 1:12 tells us all they are truly a child of the most-high God.

And there's John 3:16 telling us God gave His only begotten son,
So, He could cast our sins away, forever forgotten, & live in Heaven when our life here is done.

What an incredible sacrifice & unselfish gift that our time with Him doesn't end here on Earth.
But instead, we will be welcomed into Heaven & forever sheltered under His wings, loved ones, "Can you fathom how much this is worth?"

Praise God often, loved ones, while resting & while doing chores.
You can praise Him near a quiet lake, or while alone indoors.

Wear His armor daily for instance – His belt of truth.
Share it often with children, use it to guide them in their youth.

Wear also the breastplate of approval.
Leave it on always you are weaker with its removal.

Let His shoes speed you in preaching the good news.
Preach to the non-believers, the homeless, & help your church to fill the pews.

Proudly hold up your shield.
Give not into temptations, pray you'll not yield.

Never take off the helmet of salvation.
Never cease to pray for our nation.

Look forward to Heaven, friends, we are near it.
And fight the enemy with the mighty sword of the Spirit.

At this festive time of year, while you jingle your bells, & decorate your trees,
Praise God for His son. You can do this while shopping @ Walmart, or @
home on your knees.

As off to Grandma's or Uncle Buck's you go,
Remember Christmas is about Jesus, not just presents, & mistletoe.

When the little ones watch for Santa, as from the North Pole he flies,
Remember to guide them so Heaven can also be their prize.

Thank you, dear God for your Son, one who is without doubt tougher than
nails.
Thank you also for your amazing gifts, for your life, & a loving-kindness that
never fails.

As the smell of pumpkin & pine fills our homes during this Merry Christmas
season,
Remember, won't you please, that Heaven will smell far better & Jesus is the
reason.

My prayer for you all is that on Christmas morning you can see the excited
smile on a child's face,
And remember as it says in Ephesian's 1:17, we have been redeemed through
God's grace.

In closing, I thank you dear God for the amazing gifts of smiles & laughter.
Thank you for your forgiveness, love, & the eternal gift of the hereafter.

Thank you so much Lord for all the precious gifts to us that you have given.
For my friends, for my loved ones; indeed, for the country we live in.

Thank you, Lord, for guiding my pen, & folks from the bottom of my heart,
this poet long & tall,
Just wants to wish the Merriest Christmas ever to you one & all.

Remember please the most precious gift you can give isn't an expensive one,
nor is it in some warehouse stored,
It is simply to share, from your heart to theirs, the Christmas miracle of Jesus
Christ our Lord.

Slim DeWitt, 11-18-2014

I Hung your Christmas Stocking

I hung your Christmas stocking by the fireplace, and the candy melted.
I dressed in red and white atop your roof, the snowballs flew and I was pelted.

Santa Wouldn't listen to my wish, or let me set on his knee.
I started hanging ornaments and fell out of the tree.

I wanted so to impress you, "I tried really hard."
Nothing else worked . . . so please accept this card.

Slim DeWitt

I Saw Santa the Other Day

Tis truly the season I reckon so.
Not just because of Christmas lights, or the falling snow.

For you see, it's all around us & visible in so many ways.
I'm seeing kind deeds & fond gestures that seem to warm the holidays.

Like the old fella on his fixed income shuffling around with his cane at the
local Dollar Store,
Who with a compassionate tear in his eye asks a mom can he give \$10.00 to
her little blue-eyed son & watch him frolic & shop before he exits the door.

Or the over worked care giver @ the nursing home,
Who stays after her shift is over & holds the ailing veterans hand so he won't
feel alone.

How about on a rainy day that loving family,
Who while @ a red light in their S. U. V.,

Realizes that cold & wet homeless fella.
Has far more need of their new umbrella.

Those parents, in that random act of kindness & warm show of compassion,
Are teaching their children by example: Be nice, be kind, what a blessing to
grow up in that fashion!

Children we must not forget are gifts of love we send to a time we will never
see.
As they journey through life their words of encouragement will make the
world a better place to be.

A precious 9-year-old girl one day in elementary school,
Is helping a classmate of hers who is struggling get through his day &
following the golden rule.

It is so very important during this & every season, to show love & mercy to a
stranger, a fellow employee, or perhaps your mother.
Make their lives be special, let them know they matter, share your blessings
with one another.

Help that lady out in Wal-Mart @ the checkout stand.
Who embarrassingly realizes she hasn't enough money in her hand.

She's not being extravagant wasting money on liquor or silk.
She's just buying soup for her kids, kibble for her cat, & a half gallon of milk.

Just tell the cashier, "I got this & hand her the balance needed."
You'll help the shopper, & if others are watching, perhaps one day your act of kindness will be repeated.

Want to amaze someone? Just leave flowers, or cupcakes, on someone's front step, ring the bell, & just leave.
The wonder of it all will surprise them, & faith in mankind is now something in which they can again believe.

Then there's the dad waiting to pay for his family's lunch @ the fast-food drive thru,
Who also paid for the car behind him, what a kind & unselfish thing to do.

And his little boy is watching as his dad helped a total stranger.
And asks, "Why daddy?" Dad says, "Jesus asked me to." His little boy said, "You mean that little baby in the manger?"

"Yes, son, that's exactly who." Later that evening that young 5-year-old freckle faced boy,
Helped his mommy fix dinner & told her Jesus wanted me to help – that folks is true Christmas joy.

Please, during this blessed season, remember that Christmas spirit comes not from a bottle.
And if you've been drinking, stay from behind the wheel, place not your foot on a throttle.

Life is very precious gift, not yours, or any others.
God made us all, we're all sisters and brothers.

If you have something in your wallet, or your heart, that's more than ample,
Use some of it to bless someone, for being a blessing, also blesses you, let's lead by example.

There's a family up the road who heats their home with a wood stove by
burning firewood.
Do you have extra scrap wood laying around, it'll warm their hearts also, &
feels so good.

Do you have a relative who lives far away in another state?
Are they alone & scared; your phone calls are a blessing & make them feel
great.

Help Santa out by spreading kindness, it is so easily given away.
In us all is the ability to brighten someone else's day.

Can you gather some information to help the homeless or down & out?
And pass that info. on so they can find lodging or a meal, things no one
should be without.

Can you give a pair of gloves to a stranger with cold hands?
Salute a flag, & honor those who honor that flag, & for what it stands.

Did you see a lady standing there perplexed & confused on the highway?
Did you tell her I'm here to help, make a call for her, fix the problem, or say,
"I see you are going my way."

Do your children have an overabundance of toys they are just no longer
playing with or using?
Perhaps they can give them to less fortunate kids that will cherish them &
find them quite amusing.

It will help your children to be thankful & realize that they too can create a
blessing.
As a total stranger dozes off that night with a new used teddy bear, a little
heart they are caressing.

Maybe tomorrow help someone out, take away their fear, warm their hands,
or perhaps their hearts.
For you see Santa knows kindness & mercy is contagious & you & I are
where it starts.

Be a rainbow, won't you, one day in someone else's cloud.
Santa can use the help & it will make that baby in the manger very proud.

Pine, pumpkin, & cinnamon candles combine to give our homes that
Christmas smell.

Please share your hearts & your kindness it will remind all that Santa is alive
& well.

Merry Christmas to all who read this for your happiness & health I pray.
And here's to hopin' you did something, as of recent, that made someone say,
"I Saw Santa the Other Day!"

God's words, Slim's pen, just like always.

Slim DeWitt
12-4-2018

Little Ricky's Christmas Prayer

A cute little boy perhaps, 4 years old,
Or so I'm told.

Looked up @ his daddy with a big ole smile, minus one left of center front tooth.

Truly this little boy was the very essence of innocent youth.

And then reached up with his pudgy little hand.
As dad lovingly brushed his small palm & fingers casting away some sand.

"It's time to go little man" dad then said to his son.
And there in the park he lifted his son out of the sandbox & said, "That's enough for today we need to run."

They walked across the grass to dad's parked pick-up truck.
And as dad smiled @ his young son, he told him, "God has blessed me with you it's not just good luck."

"Thanks daddy," the little guy said as he gave his father a loving hug.
Then pointed @ a butterfly & said, "What a beautiful bug."

Dad looked too & said, "I agree."
God's giving us an awesome day, you & me.

As they drove away, they soon pulled to a stop @ a red light.
Where a homeless man stood, a cardboard sign in his hands, old clothes, & a beard of white.

Look daddy, "It's Santa Claus I do believe".
He'll have to put on his red clothes tomorrow, "cause it'll be Christmas Eve."

The dad then clicked his turn signal on & said, "Shall we stop & say hello?"
The little boy giggled & said, "OK daddy, look up it's starting to snow."

Dad got out of his truck reached in & unbuckled his son.
As the little boy giggled, "I get to talk to Santa this will be fun."

Dad pulled out his wallet & grabbed a fifty-dollar bill.
Then told the boy go give this to Santa, he smiled & said, "OK daddy I gladly will."

Maybe Santa can buy some more presents & make people smile in a special way.

And daddy said, "Perhaps he will, for soon it will be Christmas day."

Santa's eyes glistened with tears as he laid his cardboard sign on the ground.
Asked the little boy if he could have a hug, as he bent down.

The little boy anxiously tapped his feet, & even clapped his hands, as he reached up to his new friend, St. Nick.

It's nice to meet you Santa I'm four & my name is Rick.

Santa said, "I'm glad to meet such a cute little boy."

This money will help me a lot, you & your dad have brought me so much Christmas joy.

And dad said, "Come on son, let's go shovel some snow & put the new angel we bought atop the tree."

Mommy will be surprised when she gets home from work & may even give a hug to you & me.

Santa waved & said, "Thanks to you little man, now I can go over to that café & get something warm to eat".

The boy smiled & said, "My mommy works there, her name is Becky, say hello after you take a seat."

Santa said, "I sure will, Ricky, you can be sure of that."

As they walked away his dad smiled @ Santa & tipped his hat.

Cardboard Santa hadn't eaten in two days.

He began walking toward the café a smile on his face, his eyes a misty haze.

Yep! happy tears rolled down his cheeks,

You see he had lost his job & had been livin' in his car for weeks.

He walked into the café wiggling the bell that hung above the door.

Stepped inside & by a big man with a gun was shoved to the floor.

This loud & nervous man that had shoved cardboard Santa to the floor.
Hollered @ the top of his lungs this is a robbery as he flipped the plastic sign
to closed & cocked his gun to the customer's horror.

Santa got up off his hands & knees with the help of a nearby chair & said,
"This can't be done!"
Then told the robber its Christmas time don't do this, please put down your
gun.

Then you & I can leave these nice folks to their meals & you & I can be on
our way.
If that gun of yours were to go off it would ruin your life & Christmas day.

Santa placed his right hand on the man's shoulder & said, "How about I throw
in a hug?"
Embraced him, & with his left hand, he handed the robber the 50-dollar bill;
took the gun, & placed it on the rug.

The bell jingled rather than rang as they both walked out the door.
The waitress, Becky, said, "What a Christmas miracle as she stooped to pick
the gun off the floor."

A customer sitting @ a nearby booth spoke up saying, "There really is a Santa
Claus & I think he just saved a lot of lives!"
For that robber if unchecked could have shot husbands, kids, & wives.

At Ricky's home while Ricky's dad was just putting little Ricky back on the
floor,
They stood there smiling @ the new tree angel as mommy came through the
front door.

She told them about the terrifying thing that happened @ the cafe.
Reminding them that a fifty-dollar bill & a hug from Santa, saved the day.

Ricky hugged his mom tightly & stared starry eyed @ his loving dad.
Realizing his dad, along with his hug, created something really good that
could have been, oh so bad.

As little Ricky said his prayers that night in his PJs, knees on the floor, &
elbows on the bed, his prayer was heartfelt, innocence combined with loving
youth in all its blessed simplicity.

And as his prayer wound to an end, he said, “God I don’t need any presents this year for we helped Santa today, mommy is safe, & I am as blessed as anyone can ever be!”

As always God wrote this poem; I only held the pen.

Slim DeWitt

12-20-2021

Remember and Respect

Remember back when a mouse on a secretary's desk, would cause a scream.
Back before adult reality took away the gift to dream.

Back when a website meant, it was time to dust!
The times when childhood laughter was common place – almost a must.

Remember when airplane rides were exciting, not terrifying.
Back when a safe landing was commonplace instead of death defying.

Back when acts of terror killed people far, far, away,
Not the average American on an average day.

Things have changed; firefighters and police now seem braver – a job we all
admire and revere,
'Cause on that ugly day many gave their lives amidst the explosions and fear.

We've all been impacted – changed for evermore,
But we all need to feel safe as we come home through our own front door.

During Christmas time, the season of giving,
I pray that as a nation, as a people, we can go on living.

I pray that your loved ones are close, if not in person, in your heart.
I pray too that the coming year gives us all a fresh start.

I pray that you are warm as you read this letter,
I pray that you can look to the future and know life will be better.

I wish for you riches of the heart, more so than in your bank account.
I wish for you true, loyal friends, who trust you beyond doubt.

I pray for our troops, as they fight far away to protect us here,
God grant them courage, support, and respect – we all hold them dear.

Peace to you, and love to you, as you go about your life,
And may God bless your friends, your family, your neighbors, your husband,
and your wife.

I'll stop now, my prayers are with you, but this letter is done.
May God always bless you and Merry Christmas 2001.

Slim DeWitt
12-13-2001

What Happens in Vegas Does Not Stay in Vegas!

I wish this poem was about my new dog, my grandchildren, or the upcoming Christmas season.

I so wish that it wasn't about how so many people lost their lives for some ungodly reason.

I truly wish I didn't feel the need to write this poem.

It's about some 58 strangers in another state, I didn't even know em'.

Of late it's been all over the paper, as well as on my TV screen.

How, we all wonder, could anyone do this to his fellow man, how could anyone be so mean?

We all know now that what happens in Vegas doesn't stay there.

It's affected not only the many who senselessly died, but all the others @ that concert & anyone with a TV or paper @ which to stare.

You know I've been blessed by God with the gift of rhyming words since I was real young.

HE has guided my pen always, but far more oft than not, my poems are of pleasant things, not what this maniac in Nevada has done.

As with all of you I'm sure, many thoughts about this disgusting act of cowardice have crossed my mind.

The officials search desperately for a reason, a motive they call it, as the cell phone videos & security tapes fast forward & rewind.

As I mentioned before, what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, as the kids now days say, "Not!"

For that all changed when satin told that evil man to fire the first shot.

They tell us every round was fired from two different windows up on the 32nd floor.

I can guarantee you when the spineless shooter took his own life his soul rode the elevator way down past the basement & it was very hot when he opened the door!

I have no doubt the roof of hell opened as the devil welcomed him to his new home.

And, as is fitting, may his soul rot there, for all the destruction he caused & for the loved ones now left alone.

If the devil knocks @ your door, let Jesus answer, that's always the way it should be.

As the good book tells us, rebuke the devil in the name of Jesus & he must flee.

Have you recently felt the great urge to talk to God perhaps ask Him why?
All those beautiful people had to senselessly die.

Have you tried to comfort lately, or bring peace about this to yourself or others?

Have you wept about the immeasurable loss being now felt by many fathers & mothers.

As the Bible says, "The rain falls on the just & the unjust."

No one deserved this, America needs to bring God back into their lives, it's a must.

I so wish, as with heartache & tears I write this rhyme,
That someone, somewhere, would have introduced Jesus to that shooter, it only takes compassion & time.

If Jesus is given a place in a man's life, there is no room for the devil, a thief that wishes to destroy our lives.

Had Jesus been first place in his mind, it would have saved the pain of so many children, husbands, & wives.

Satin is very real & to this day still seeks to devour.

And he was the one who orchestrated this bullet shower.

It's usually our perception that God is on high & satin is down low,
But it was different on this night in elevation only, we all know.

For on that horrid October night in Nevada, satin was 32 floors up & helped to fire each & every round.

And God, I'll have you know, showed up in the hearts of the many heroes there on the ground.

I found great solace as my tears flowed while watching about this hanis act on TV.

The story of a man who jumped on top of 2 college students using his body as a shield said, "He had lived a great life, he was only 53!"

You hear so many stories of bravery & how someone aided a total stranger,
Risking their own life to carry others out of danger.

One man saved a girl's hand, & probably her life, as she laid there after being hit, shattered & broken.

Applied a tourniquet & gave her words of encouragement, just a couple of hours earlier he was putting into a slot a casino token.

But he showed his love of a fellow human being @ great risk to his own life.
They showed the injured girl in the hospital, as the stranger came to check on her, @ his side his proud wife.

The acts of heroism went on & on long after the bullets stopped raining down
& we'll hear in days to come of even more.

How about the unarmed hotel security guard who showed up @ the shooter's room, & in a spray of gunfire, dove to the floor.

Or how about all those nurses, doctors & EMT.s,
Saving countless lives while in the hospital waiting rooms, folks in prayer,
knelt on their knees.

So many split-second decisions made by those involved in the audience, or in an ambulance, & those that showed up to help without even receiving a call.
God bless those who helped in countless behind the scene ways, God bless them, one & all.

There just to listen to country music & have some fun.
Hundreds of lives forever broken for what satin has done.

Folks, please dig deep & remember God is the I AM, not the I was.
He should still reign in every American's life, for He loves us all, that's what he does.

We can never do a kindness too soon, because we'll never know how soon it will be too late.

Who knew that so many on September 30th found out on October 1st telling someone you love them should never wait!

This poet asks that you simply love those near you, the ones you know & the ones you don't.

And when asked to help someone in need, or someone hurting, please never say, "I won't."

America is the finest country in the world, people of all colors, & from all walks of life.

Love needs to start @ home, my friends, with your children sir, and with your wife.

And, mam, thanks for every single time you gave a smile away.

They are fewer & far more precious as we journey along life's way.

Please folks, please continue for all those involved, too often pray.

The nightmares, the loss, the emptiness will last long after the blood on the ground has been washed away.

Somehow, some way, this tragic event I pray will trigger in us all a deeper more loving compassion.

Don't let it dampen your faith in mankind, that would only honor this wretched & vile assassin.

Please remember also that the next phone call or the next intersection could greatly alter your life, or the lives of the ones you hold dear.

Next time you're praying in your car, or as off to sleep you nod, remember not only who you are, but who's you are & keep God near.

I pray that all who hear or read these words has a blessed & love filled day.

And I so wish that all those folks in Vegas hadn't lost their lives in such a senseless way.

What happened in Vegas didn't stay there @ all.

Life is precious. Do you miss someone? It's time to give them a call.

Do those that you love know, that about them you are proud.

Say it to them today, repeat if necessary & say it loud.

I love our God for all the miracles each day that He does.
And in spite of what happened in Vegas, He is still the “I Am”, & not the I
was.

Praise God often & for your blessings continue to give thanks to Him.
And I thank you God for your son, the amazing Savior of this poet named
Slim.

Slim DeWitt
10-2017

Know This
(Written 2 days after 9/11)

From the rubble will rise,
And after we've cleaned up our mess, you're in for a big surprise.

You are cowards and you have crapped in the wrong hat,
Rest assured the Eagle will find the rat.

You thought you had enemies before,
The world and our prodigy now total many, many, more.

You enraged our people and enlarged your enemy,
And by God you'll soon pay, just wait and see.

So, rest in hiding like the vermin you are,
Soon you'll awake to your worst nightmare by far.

The coward who flew our plane was the only smart one,
And you will all die an even worse death before we are done.

I don't know what we could have done to make you so mad,
But you had no right to steal the life of anyone's mother or dad.

Feed your camels well tonight for they may not eat tomorrow,
It's payback time and you've created a lot of sorrow.

Your now world-united enemies will strike from the air, land, and sea,
And God help anyone who's hiding you wherever you happen to be.

You've done much more than tug on superman's cape, or spit into the wind,
Good will rise from the rubble and evil will die in the end.

You left in your wake widows, lonely children, and sobbing nephews and
nieces,
You will all enter the gates of Hell in tiny, tiny, pieces.

So, take the diapers of your heads you'll soon need them, 'cause American's
don't quit
Rest assured when we rise from the rubble, you're in for a world of shit!

Slim DeWitt, 9-13-2001

Happy 4th of July

I don't quite know if I can, but I'll give this a try.
I wanted to explain how special this holiday is; the 4th of July.

This holiday has, indeed, morphed from what it originally was.
This holiday has become more precious with time, it's about freedom, our flag, what it represents, & what it does.

'Cause even after all these years AMERICA still stands for freedom, so you see, it's not only about fireworks & ice-cold beers.
It's also about the gratitude we need to show our veterans, fire fighters, & police for all they do & what they sacrifice to calm our fears.

When we see these folks, we need to smile, shake their hands, & give them an encouraging nod.
For they truly sacrifice daily for our America; one nation under God!

So, on this holiday if you are home alone, out traveling, or @ a best friend's barbeque,
Remember on this July 4th that the great honor of living in this country should put a smile on the face of each & every one of you.

Perhaps on this day you'll be lucky enough to be with friends & loved ones or @ the park on a blanket atop fresh mowed grass.
Oh, by the way, over in England this day is remembered differently for it's the day those 13 little colonies told them to kiss our -- backsides!

Please, fellow Americans, pray that God will continue to bless & protect this amazing country that we all love.
May our flag ever symbolize the power & stealth of the eagle coupled with the compassion & kindness of the dove.

Our great country indeed has much to celebrate & also so much yet to do,
As proudly we prosper under our symbolic flag of red, white, & blue.

May we always cherish our freedoms & may they never be ignored.
Thanks for this & every day & for them all; we thank you Lord.

In & with the utmost respect,

Slim DeWitt, 7-4-2019

I Am Thankful For . . .

The partner who hogs the covers every night, because he/she is not out with someone else.

The teenager who is not doing dishes, but is watching TV, because that means he/she is at home and not on the streets.

For the taxes that I pay, because it means that I am employed.

For the mess to clean after a party, because it means that I have been surrounded by friends.

For the clothes that fit a little too snug, because it means I have enough to eat.

For my shadow that watches me work, because it means I am in the sunshine.

For a lawn that needs mowing, windows that need cleaning, and gutters that need fixing, because it means I have a home.

For all the complaining I hear about the government, because it means that we have freedom of speech.

For the parking spot I find at the far end of the parking lot, because it means I am capable of walking, and that I have been blessed with transportation.

For my huge heating bill, because it means I am warm.

For the lady behind me in church that sings off key, because it means that I can hear.

For the pile of laundry and ironing, because it means I have clothes to wear.

For weariness and aching muscles at the end of the day, because it means I have been capable of working hard.

For the alarm that goes off in the early morning hours, because it means that I am alive.

And finally . . .

For too much e-mail, because it means I have friends who are thinking of me.

Slim DeWitt

They Are Not Lost & Neither Are We

It's Memorial Day again, how did it get here so fast?
It's time for us to pause & remember the friends & loved ones who have passed.

It is my sincere prayer for each & everyone here,
That our memories of our loved ones generate 5 smiles for every tear.

Now is truly the time to rely heavily on the strength of the Holy Spirit.
As you walk across that grass cemetery to that head stone, & pause, or kneel down near it.

Or perhaps the place where your loved one is laid to rest is far away.
Look deep into your heart that's where their fond memories will always stay.

They won, you know, in the race to first see the face of Jesus.
Hard as it seems, we need to smile & let go, so grief won't permanently try to seize us.

Everyone is different on what helps get them through the loss & what dries their tears.
And even when their death was recent it @ times may feel like years.

We often think, this is way too much, how Dear God am I supposed to cope, how can it be done?
God's response is, "You'll see them again, that's why I sent my Son."

At 3:00 in the morning lying there in bed thinking of them, tossing & turning, just waiting for dawn.
Or when a special song is heard, a scent is smelled, or their favorite flower blooms there next to the lawn.

Just remember we are a big, big part of what they left behind.
We can honor them as living legacies need, I remind.

As you talk with God & to the ones you've lost as well.
Lean heavily on Heaven & the fact that Jesus sacrificed it all to save us from hell.

Like nearly everyone here, I have loved ones & friends I wish were still here. I'm comforted greatly by the fact that where they are there is no hatred, no pain, & no fear.

As the friends & loved ones that have passed dance through your heart on this or any other day,
Be comforted in knowing you'll see them again; for you all this I pray.

If you lost them last month or many, many, years ago,
Remember them with a smile, & if you need to cry, then let the tears flow.

Regardless where our loved ones were when Jesus called them home, be it here, there, or overseas,
We thank you for their time with us Lord as we pray here in these pews, in our car, or perhaps later on bended knees.

Continue their legacies, & stand friends, for what they stood for.
And remember please always, they WILL be waiting for you @ Heaven's door.

In closing, have you ever said to yourself, "I found it in the last place I decided to look?"
You can find your lost loved ones this way too if where you are looking, is in the Good Book.

Your Brother in Christ (YBIC)

Slim DeWitt
5-25-2016

Thanksgiving Day Prayer 2016

Dear Lord, if I took the time today to write down all the things that I am truly thankful for,
I'd be writing all day, and come tomorrow, I'd be writing yet some more.

First off, thank you Lord for being the guardian of my life.
Thanks for the great honor of having Candy as my loving wife.

We both wanted specially to thank you for answering our prayer when we asked for a new friend.
For you lovingly placing Lucy into our life &, for good measure, even added Ken!

Over time we've come to love them, even call them our new sister & brother.
Who cares if we all came from a different mother.

Thank you, Lord, that everyone here arrived safe & for this table of great food that we're all sitting around.
Thanks that we're warm, for all the smiles & for the laughter that makes our ears happy, what a great sound!

Thank you for our veterans & for all the freedoms we enjoy that they so valiantly fought for & won.
May peace come to our nation & to the world, may there be a day soon when even soldiers no longer need to carry a gun.

Thanks, Lord also for our health.
For good friends & for their inner wealth

For the most part we're all healthy, maybe some minor aches & pains.
It could be far worse than a joint that occasionally bugs us when it rains.

Please wrap your love around our families as we think of them today.
Thanks so much for guiding my pen & for being in America where we can openly pray.

We're enjoying this great weather also for outside there is no blizzard nor is the wind even howling.
I better, however, wrap up this prayer 'cause I hear a rumbling sound & I think it's Ken's stomach growling!

In closing, Dear Lord, we are all so very blessed & we know that to be true.
And Ken & Lucy, thanks for being welcome in your home please never forget
that we love you.

As always, he wrote this poem & allowed me to hold the pen.

Slim DeWitt
11-2016

Thanksgiving Day Prayer

It seems I really haven't taken much time lately Lord,
To say, "Thank You" for your gifts, they are not ignored.

I'll thank you first, Lord, for this very day.
I thank you for two good hands to close as I pray.

I thank you, Lord, for the beauty that accompanies your gift of sight.
I thank you, Lord, for billowy white clouds and their endless flight.

I thank you, Lord, for feathered song, that is a bird as he sings.
I thank you, Lord, for the bee's honey and for learning from their stings.

I thank you, Lord, for so abundantly granting the gift of good health.
I thank you, Lord, for family and friends and for their "inner" wealth.

I thank you for a good job, Lord, and for the satisfaction that hard work can
give.
I thank you for my family and for Your guidance as we live.

I thank you, too, for quiet moments and friendly times.
I thank you for my children and for their nursery rhymes.

I'll say, "Amen" now Lord and thanks again for this day and for blessing me.
My day will be better now Lord, thanks for prayers and a bended knee.

Slim DeWitt



Happy Valentine's Day from Your Future Lover

And, “Yes” you will have many in your future.

I’m looking for you, sweetheart, in reality and I have been for a long, long, time.

You see, I’ve been hurt really bad in the past and my heart yearns to no longer ache like it does.

I don’t want to live like this any longer, so I have started my journey – destination you.

And if your heart craves a gentle touch and secure lasting warmth, it is only a matter of time. We, you see, are destined.

So, I alone have started the journey for the both of us, and in a short time, your compass will also point North.

When you’re ready, I am ever watchful for I need you as much, perhaps more, than you need me.

I ask that in the meantime you take care of yourself -- eat and rest for I am on my way. I will exhaust you in all the good ways.

Be prepared, for once our paths cross, our journey together will be one of healing, touching, and most of all loving. Loving life again as we were meant to, and also loving each other.

I know you have been hurt and that doesn’t really even begin to describe it – cut to the bone perhaps. He was a fool, you, all the world, and even he knows that.

I will fix that. This is my promise to you – my heart to yours.

My heart hurts also and I know you have the love, passion, and devotion to bring peace back into my life. I too desperately need this again.

You did not deserve the hand you were dealt. But, again, I will fix that.

Help me with my baggage, and I will gladly carry yours, until we can both have a horrendous bonfire in celebration of its destruction.

Unless, and until, you send up some flares, glance my way, or touch my hand, I won't know exactly where to find you. Please help me fix this. I can't knock on your door, until I know your address.

On your long walks and long drives, be vigilant – I am much closer than you think.

I can't erase what he has done to your world, but I will damn sure help you forget the hurt. I will fix this.

After our hearts meet, I highly suggest you double check the smoke detector in your bedroom and place a fire extinguisher near the bed – you will need it! I am coming soon and you will be too! We will fix this.

You, my love, have what I need. I in turn desperately need what you have.

You are strong and I need your strength, you are loyal, and I adore that. You are honest. I cherish that you are real. What we will soon have will be real, more so than you ever imagined.

I know your name; it came to me in a dream one night. I had prayed for love before I nodded off and dreamed of you, Meda.

**My
Everlasting
Devotion
Always**

I am on my way to fix this. Brace yourself and prepare yourself for the inevitable – we will happen. I ask that you take care of yourself until I get there. After I arrive, I will take care of you.

Remember, my love, I am on my way and I will fix this.

Always,

Your Sweetheart

A Better World Is on Its Way

Bullies, just one on the list of Satan's many tools.

Fellow human beings who have no regard or respect for others, who feel for them, there are no rules.

Bullies have no empathy & don't care how people around them will feel tomorrow.

They don't seem to care about the destruction of a spirit, just that their efforts create heartache & sorrow.

Sometimes causing bruises on the outside.

Somehow deriving pleasure when someone cried.

The tears may not happen when the bullying does, but the damage can spread far.

Cuts like a knife to the victim, sometimes leaving a lifetime scar.

Bullies come in many shapes, forms, & sizes.

Get some help on this, don't give up until he or she apologizes.

They can be a bully because they're bigger, there's more of them, or because of a position of authority.

Whether they are a neighbor, a business owner, or an employer, they have no right to hurt you or me.

So, the question I have here for all of you.

"Is how will bullying stop what will we as bystanders do?"

If physically you feel you can't step up & help right then,

Be there after for the victim; let him or her know they have a friend.

Very soon after, go with them & report this injustice to someone relevant.

Let's not ignore the big thing going on here. It's as big as an elephant.

If you are being bullied, tell your parents, a coach, a teacher, @ least someone.

Don't let this go on, for as a virus it will only spread, something must be done.

Plain & simple, bullying in any form, is way more than just wrong.
If we stick together & step up it can't continue, it can't carry on.

When you are older, don't work for a bully, as this evil can be contagious & can spread to others.
If someone in your school or neighborhood is a bully, have your parents meet with their fathers and/or mothers.

Be a friend to a bully's victim, he or she may really need one.
Perhaps you are the only one who can help them heal, let's get this undone.

Don't hang around with bullies, encourage them, or in any manner, let them think it's OK.
Let's as a group in this school, in this town, in our world, put a stop to this nonsense & let's do it today.

I hope this amazing group of people here can realize that you are not alone.
If need be, see your parents, the police, or give a good friend a call on the phone.

Brace yourself school & let's spread this to the other end of the mountain range.
Oh, and remember it started here, it started with you, it's good news & together we made the change.

I repeat, it started here, on this very day.
And thanks to all of you; A BETTER WORLD IS ON ITS WAY.

With my utmost respect,

Slim DeWitt
2-10-2015

Bullies Not Allowed

I grew up in a small town where everybody knew everybody by name.
As you read on, you'll see our town had a problem like in the big cities
question is, "Who's to blame?"

To & from school each day like many other kids in this little farming town, I
rode a bright yellow school bus.
We were all very blessed, our driver was an older retired fella, his name was
Gus.

He took the care & the time to know each of us kids; he was truly a loving
man.
He told me once "To make kids feel better about themselves is my daily
plan."

As every child boarded his bus, he'd always say something positive.
He had unending compassion & so much of his heart to give.

One little kid on our bus had a bad leg & something wasn't quite right with
his left arm.
Gus told me he got hurt bad while helping his dad on their farm.

His name was Anthony & the accident happened a couple years ago.
This little boy was really very smart in school he just moved a little slow.

As school started, Gus began noticing something.
And to him it was quite troubling.

Anthony was being bullied by a 7th grader named Brad.
And the twin Thompson brothers, Randy & Chad.

It started, Gus & I noticed, with name calling & mean looks.
Anthony tried to ignore them, soon each day as he got on the bus, they'd flip
his books.

His books would bounce off the seats & hit the floor.
Then one day one of the Thompson twins shoved little Anthony to the floor.

For weeks this continued, these bullies were big & no one dared to interfere. We just watched as he got pushed around, he even shed an occasional tear.

One morning we all new things were really getting out of hand. Because Brad now wanted Anthony to carry all his books also, that was this bully's demand.

What happened after Brad uttered that demand is something I will never forget!
It proved to be something all three bullies would soon regret.

You see Gus, our bus driver, flipped out those red flashing lights & then slammed on the bus' brakes.
Brought that yellow bus to a complete stop in the middle of a country road & as he stood up, he loudly stated, "That's enough for Heaven's sakes!"

Gus was over 6-feet tall, but I remember at that particular moment in time. It seemed as if he was eight feet tall perhaps closer to nine!

There was total silence on that bus & it was indeed as quiet as a falling star. A pin dropping in a museum at midnight would have made more noise by far!

He walked toward the bullies his voice was focused & slow
He said, "You 3 boys best listen; there is something you need to know."

As Gus got closer, one of the Thompson boys was so terrified he peed a drop or two.
And the largest bully, Brad, seemed unable to even breathe & was turning blue.

"This stops today boys & I mean here & now, there will be no more bullying on my bus!"
The veins on the bus driver's neck were bulging, I'd never seen this side of Gus.

"This boy Anthony is half your size & can't possibly stand up to you three, But I'll put knots on your heads faster than you can rub them if you don't leave him be!"

Gus then said, “I retired 4 years ago & I could be fishing or at home nappin’, But I took this job so things like this would never happen.”

Of course, I’m not really going to hit you, but need I remind you.
Anthony is a human being like all the kids in the front of the bus, as well as all those behind you.

I was bullied boys -- back when I was young.
I still remember the hurtful words & the head slaps that stung.

Luckily, I had a big brother that convinced my bullies to do it no more!
You see he pummeled 2 of them uptown in front of the Jenson’s hardware store.

Little Anthony here has no one to stick up for him except for me.
If this EVER happens again, I bet the other 20 kids on this bus will now help him, just watch & see.

That next morning things were very different -- one of the bullies even gave Anthony his special camo baseball cap.
One of the others carried his books onto the bus & held them in his lap.

A few days later, painted there on the bus’s door.
Appeared the words “BULLIES NOT ALLOWED.”

It seems bullies become bullies because no one stood up to them back in the 5th, 6th, or 7th, grade.
If we just watch & let it happen that’s exactly how bullies are made.

Left unchecked, they grow to be troublemakers to someone their whole life long.
Adult bullies can be in the form of a fellow employee, a boss, a coach, and even a father if their position in life gives them power, they needn’t be physically strong.

As we go through life we owe it to our fellow students, employees, siblings, & friends,
To put a stop to bullying. WE are where it ends.

We all need compassion & understanding for other people, & you see it starts with ALL of us.

Please help make the world a better place 'cause not everyone has a big brother, or a hero named Gus.

Boost others with words of self-esteem & give genuine compliments. Everyone just wants to be appreciated & respected it's a good lesson in common sense.

Share smiles & handshakes, say something nice & just be a good friend. Let's all pay attention & do the right thing so bullying will end.

Brad never bullied again, nor did the Thompson twins. Years later I still see Anthony every now & again & when I do, he often grins.

I heard that back in the 12th grade, Anthony helped both the Thompson boys with their school studies & often stayed late, Just to help them both with their failing grades, allowing both of them to graduate.

Good thing Anthony was such a kind soul & doesn't believe in paybacks, 'Cause 20 years later he bought our small-town grocery store where Brad now puts folk's groceries into their sacks!

And on the front entrance there is a sign that makes Anthony quite proud it reads simply, "NO BULLIES ALLOWED."

Yes, Anthony got the last laugh & I still enjoy it when he gives me one of his victorious grins.

Oh, & by the way, the 2 guys that unload inbound trucks & stock the grocery store shelves at night are none other than, yep you guessed it; the Thompson twins!

We're all so proud of Anthony because out of pure respect he named his store "Gus's Groceries" a tribute that we all think is fantastic.

And hey where else can you hear an ex-bully say, 100 times a day, "Will that be paper or plastic?"

Our beloved Gus went to Heaven about 10 or 11 years ago, the funeral was huge as one might have expected.
For you see his ever-kind words & the love he always shared were deeply respected.

As a touching tribute to our cherished bus driver, they removed the last 4 rows of seats & carried his casket to the cemetery in a shiny yellow school bus.

He forever wrote on the slates of who we are because he cared & the world is a better place because of a fella we knew as Gus!

Last Spring, I picked some white daisies & some lilacs, kinda purplish-blue, And took them to his gravesite something my heart told me to do.

I was looking up while praying & thanking God for his life & just enjoyed for a moment a huge floating white cloud.

And just before I walked away, I read his head stone it simply said “Gus Mallory born 1934 died 2002 at rest in Heaven where there are

NO BULLIES ALLOWED!”

Slim DeWitt
11-8-2013

It's All Up to Me & You

Powerful things words are.

They can build & encourage, or cut like a knife, & leave a horrible scar.

Words can be impactful & telling.

And even said quietly, can be far worse than yelling.

Things we do to each other & the words we say.

Alter the lives of those around us, each & every day.

For example, "FIRE!" That will usually make folks look.

Or perhaps, "I'VE BEEN ROBBED!" Let's find the crook.

Or how about a simple statement, "You know what, I appreciate you."

People love to hear that, your parents, a fellow student, or the waitress when your meal is through.

There might be someone standing nearby that you can barely stand to see.

Do you spew venom from your mouth, or can you just this once, let it be?

Embarrassing someone might make some people think they're cool,

But when the shoe is on the other foot, trust me, you are viewed a fool.

Forget about it when you are thinking, "She's disgusting just look @ her hair!"

And ignore him instead of saying, "Loser can you pull up your britches? I see your underwear."

Please remember everyone fights personal battles, some far more than others.

And if you look back to Adam & Eve, we're all sisters & brothers.

What's going on in their world that you perhaps don't, see?

It could be something horrible, perhaps just this time, say nothing & let it be.

And a kind word @ the right time might even save someone's life.

Is that guy just weird, or just yesterday, did he lose a child or a wife?

Let's all unite in a grand effort to make lives better, let's start here in this valley.

That can start with teachers, the quarterback, a store clerk, or some girl named Sally.

Lift a fellow human being's spirit up, perhaps they need repairs to their broken heart.

Here in this NOW, & here in THIS room, is a good place to start!

Is someone nearby being bullied or harassed if so, what will you do?
That person's only point of support & rescue may be you.

Let's, as a group, decide here & now that we are going to find common ground & no longer put up with that.
When someone starts harassing others just because they think different, act different, dress different, or perhaps, too skinny, or too fat.

Don't excuse bad behavior, it's time to upgrade your appearance, upgrade your style.

How about instead of a condescending look, try using a smile.

Hold onto that next public door you go through.
And enjoy; when the next person says, "Thanks that was nice of you."

Thank that veteran in Wal-Mart if they are 26 or 62 & respectfully shake his or her hand.
And if someone around you is in ANY WAY being abused; take a stand.

In the cafeteria next time pay for someone else's lunch, buy them a juice, or a pop.
Pick something up that someone let slip from their hand, don't just let it drop.

Do in life what you know is fair.
If you have more than enough; perhaps it's time to share!

This generation is a gift of love that my generation sends to a time we'll never see.
Lots of power in this crowd, unleash it won't you & make our world a better place to be.

It's my prayer that I gave you some good things to think about, one last
request my friends, & then this poem is through.
I ask that you please remember in your heart of hearts that our world can be
much better place and that

It's All Up to Me & You.

IN & with the utmost respect,

Slim DeWitt

1-23-2015

Cell Phone – Killer from Hell Phone

Cell phone in that driver's hand, what does that mean?
Someone is now driving a death machine.

Where has he been? Which way will he go from here?
His driving is scary and dangerous; he drives like he's had too much beer!

Will he kill someone? Will he kill himself?
He should have left that cell phone home on the shelf.

Does he have the right to risk our lives? Most definitely, NOT!
A terrible accident is much more likely to happen and innocent lives taken
near this spot.

My friends and loved ones travel this direction every day.
His lack of concentration and attention could take their lives away.

Do you see and understand what's happening here?
Please don't use your cell phone or text while you drive. Life is precious and
dear.

Between 2001 and 2007 seven people die, on average, each day.
Died because of cell phone use and texting. It shouldn't be this way.

I fear for my children and yours also, for our husbands and wives. Take the
call, or make the call, later. Let's together save lives.

Hang-up and drive so we can all stay alive.

Slim DeWitt
19-1-2010

For Lori's Sake

Thumbing through my wallet one day, I noticed my driver's license had expired & I had better re-new it.
I had that afternoon off, & rather than procrastinate, I decided to go and do it.

After leaving the driver's bureau I journeyed through the lot headed for my car.

When I noticed a stumbling drunk man as he exited the neighborhood bar.

As I pondered his awkwardness I hollered out, "Hey,
"Let me buy you a cup of coffee over there @ the café."

He stared through his glassy eyes as he fumbled with his keys & said, "No
I'm OK,
I'll take a raincheck & chuckled how about 4:00 on next Friday?"

He finally managed to open the car door, but then fell to his knees.
I then said, "I insist" as I helped him up & took his keys.

Have some coffee with me & I'll return your keys after I tell you a sad story,
About what a drunk man once did to a 5-year-old girl, her name is Lori.

We occupied about an hour, there as we sat there in that café.
And I walked away a better man for what I had done that day.

I would like you to merely listen, if you will, my friend.
And speak not, until my story reaches its end.

I'll tell you of the day I watched liquor's ugly talon's reach out & surround
another stranger.
The ugliness, my friend, is what it has done to an innocent little girl & how it
would forever rearrange her.

I had stopped one day after work my friend, much like you.
I had worked in the heat all day & felt I deserved a cold brew.

I mentioned, "A beer" to the bartender & he was glad to serve it.
He later said, "Have another, you deserve it."

A horrible thing happened as I left the bar later & drove away.
Please listen, my friend, to the words I have to say.

A man called Fred left just before me; he had been drinking awfully hard.
I followed him right up Main Street as he weaved all over the boulevard.

And then a horrible accident happened, very bloody, & very quick.
To this day remembrances of it make me feel sick.

When the car stopped skidding & the glass stopped falling.
There in the other car sat a little girl, hysterically balling!

The cars were both repairable; but the part that was so very sad,
Was that bloody little girl screaming, "You killed my dad!"

The only thing that saved Lori was the pillow she had fell asleep on,
But the patrolman sadly pointed to her father & said, "She's right, he's gone."

In the years to follow I grew very close to that cute little girl.
I visited her @ the hospital & tried my best to brighten her world.

The drunk driver, Fred, is still alive to this day.
Although he is far from being what we would call OK.

The doctors say his mind is gone, though physically he is alright.
And for the past decade he has laid in a padded room & just stares @ the light.

Lori is 15 now & affectionately calls me Uncle Slim.
I pray daily for her, & as for Fred, I also pray for him.

You know my friend, to this day the very smell of liquor makes me flinch.
The accident happened ten years ago today & I haven't touched a drop since!

I've done all I can for Lori & spent many a Christmas with her & her mother.
I am to Lori's mom; more valuable she says, "Than even her favorite brother."

Do me a favor my friend, just for Lori & others like her.
Please wait till morning to drive away sir.

I've grown & loved because of Lori, & am filled with love & an invaluable wealth.

I'll take no more of your time, but I owe this cup of coffee & this talk to you as well as to myself.

The drunk nodded as his face slipped off of his supporting hand.
Having finished my say I pushed from the table & started to stand.

The drunk said to me, "Thanks fella you have indeed made me stop & think, you've made my day."

He said, "I promise I'll wait a couple of hours before I drive away."

Through thick lips he said, "I've had far many martunies, I'm definitely drunk make no mistake,

But I'll sit here till I'm sober, even if it takes two days, & as God is my witness & I'll do it

FOR LORI'S SAKE."

As always God's words, I only held the pen.

To Him be the glory!

Slim DeWitt

1-24-2017

Someone is Driving a Death Machine

Beer can on the roadway, what does that mean?
Someone is driving a death machine.

Where is it? My God, which way did it go?
I saw the beer can – someone is drinking and driving, this I know.

Will he kill someone? Will he kill himself?
How many more cans did he take from the shelf?

Does he have the right to do this? Most definitely, “Not!”
A terrible accident could happen and lives could be taken very near this spot.

My friends and loved ones travel this direction each day,
His ignorance and indulgence could forever take them away.

Do you see and understand what’s happening here?
My God, don’t let your friends drive after they’ve drank liquor or beer.

I fear for my children and I fear for my wife,
For the one who last touched that beer can could easily erase their life.

Slim DeWitt

Better Left in the Hands of Youth

If our world gets a little better when you leave today,
Because of the changes you make, or something I had to say,

Then, we as a group, just might have gained a worthwhile tool.
There is so much potential, the future can benefit drastically by both children
and adults. Those who recycle rule.

What did you do with you last empty aluminum can?
Is it in the trash, in a ditch, or is it part of a recycling plan?

Please remember as you go through life, each of you can influence others;
Your friends, your classmates, your fathers, and mothers.

Your world, your air, your wallet, and your community,
Can all be better off if you want them to be.

There is so much power here in this group, Planet Heights in Clarkston.
If we all agree to help, we all will have won.

Enjoy the rest of your day, thanks for listening to my rhyme.
Thanks for this opportunity, the honor of being here, and for your time.

This great group of people can recycle, teach the previous generation, and
improve the lives of generations to come.
Recycle and re-use, if not everything, at least some.

By recycling our world can be better, healthier, and less expensive, I know
this to be the truth.
I also know adults and parents aren't always the best teachers and leaders,
some things are better left in the hands and mind of the youth.

Slim DeWitt
4-5-2006

Together We Can Save This Beautiful Planet

First of all, I would like to sincerely apologize,
From the bottom of my heart to all you guys.

My generation, as well as the ones before,
Have left your generation a daunting, yet necessary chore.

We have carelessly filled your landfills with precious metals, and your oceans
with trash and pollution.

We have long been abusing planet Earth, your generation must turn the tide
and become the solution.

The generations before you have created global warming in record degrees.
Endangering mankind's existence, as well as the fish and coral in our seas.

And it is my heart-felt prayer that by the time that I'm done speaking, those of
you with doubts will come to agree,
That the destiny of this planet and indeed mankind, beyond doubt, is in a very
large part up to you and me.

If we don't change things, learn not to waste, aggressively recycle, and on our
habits hit rewind,
Perhaps the word humankind should justifiably be changed to human-unkind.

I'll share with you some scary facts and information,
Things we need to listen to and learn from as a nation.

We need, my friends, to change the way we treat our environment, stop
creating so much waste the need is drastic.
Did you know that in our oceans there's a floating mass the size of Texas and
2 feet deep, it's a horrid accumulation of all types of discarded plastic!

Plastic, as you may or may not know, is made from petroleum.
This plastic biodegrades and can even be swallowed killing all sorts of fish
and then some.

It takes seven quarts of oil to manufacture the average car tire.
And yet, still they are discarded in our rivers and oceans and some are even
set afire.

Are you aware that just 3% of the world's water is drinkable & that one carelessly discarded quart of oil can create a film over eight acres of water. Can we, as Americans, continue contaminating our water? Think of the future generations, your son, or your daughter.

In just two seconds, the sun releases enough energy to power one million cars for an entire year.

The U. S. alone uses 92,000,000 gallons of fuel per day, think of the pollution, changes need to start right here.

Let's talk about Ethanol, it's made from corn, its manufacturing and use has competitively raised the price of feed corn a bit.

But get real, would you rather help an American farmer and his family, or the terrorists in the Middle East 'cause about us they don't give a _ _ _ _ (darn).

Ethanol not only burns cleaner, but also helps feed the American farmer who in turn buys goods and services from the rest of us.

Profits from oil help put bullets into the terrorist's guns and help him to buy explosives to kill innocent people when he blows up a bus.

What I'm saying is, "I'd rather see my 99-cent hamburger cost \$1.02.

Then see one more of our soldiers unloaded off a military plane in a casket draped in red, white, and blue!"

I've had folks, even after seeing all the changes in our climate, still somehow think global warming isn't real.

I'm going to whip some facts on you, some close to home, some far away, then let's see how those folks truly feel:

On July 1, 2008, it was 22 degrees in Colton, Washington, that's about 30 miles from here in Washington state.

On Nov. 10, 2008, 1.7 inches of snow fell in Boise, the earliest ever recorded snow fall there to date.

In Nov. 2010, Australia saw its worst flooding in decades, from that flooding 35 people died and on 1-9-14 a heat wave of 123 degrees, birds fell to Earth almost fried.

Bear in mind please, that prior to this flooding, 6-year-old children, raised in Australia, had never been rained on, when I read this, I almost cried.

The number of people on our planet has quadrupled in just the last 100 years. And the population is expected to DOUBLE in the next 36, I have very legitimate fears.

The ozone layer, about 4 miles up, relatively is about as thick as a coat of varnish is to a globe, if you brushed it on.

If we keep polluting at our current rate, there will be even more holes in it, and we're toast if it is gone.

In July 2012 a piece of glacial ice 46 square miles in size broke off the Greenland shore.

All too soon that ice will melt, it will not be cooling the Earth as our creator planned, and that ice will be gone for evermore.

The month of Jan. 2011, in the U.S. was the coldest and more snow fell than in any month since 1925.

Now remember, also that the first 7 months of 2012 were the hottest in U.S. recorded history. How can we or any other specie continue to survive?

During the summer of 2012, 60 tornadoes struck North Carolina, tornadoes are common in the Midwest, but not there.

Of the 10 hottest months on record, 9 have occurred since the year 2000, folks this should send up a red flare.

That ozone layer we talked about earlier can't do its job cooling Earth if we don't start changing.

We need as a nation to recycle, waste less, and pollute less, our destructive habits just need some minor re-arranging.

The Gulf Stream, a current off of the Florida coast, is as powerful as all the rivers in the world, air and water temperatures are changing and that current is being largely altered.

America is only 5% of the Earth's population, and yet we use 25% of its resources, we've horribly faltered!

The planet's largest living organism is the Barrier Reef, its purpose is to protect beaches from massive erosion and provide a habitat for fish, it is dying at alarming rates.

The fibers in newspaper hold up 6 times to recycling, on cardboard it's 1 or 2 more, the trees we are sacrificing, both clean & cool our air, and even produce oxygen—we need to recycle to change your fates.

It's been predicted if we don't change our ways, the polar ice cap reserves could melt and raise sea levels by 3-½ feet by this century's end. This would put many coastal areas under water—please listen my friend.

Our willingness to ignore the future by not changing our current ways, Could have our planet surrounded by pollution and fill our skies with a permanent haze.

Folks, I'm just an ole country boy, but I listen and I see the signs, and we can fix and un-do our bad deeds. And I know that today's youth can be the catalyst to what this planet needs.

Please learn to adopt an un-ending respect for our amazing planet. It's the only one we'll ever have so please don't take it for granted.

I will, more than likely, be gone to Heaven before most of you here. So, I'm asking you please to take care of things when I'm gone 'cause my granddaughters are precious and dear.

Future generations can, with your attention and guidance, benefit—please listen, study, and show them how. Thanks for the invite, and thanks in advance for all your help, may God bless you all. I'm done for now.

With the utmost respect,

Slim DeWitt
1-11-2014

Care for Him Please Lord

My son is ill Lord, carrying a painful burden,
And yet my heart is at ease for you are with him, of this I am certain.

He is so small and confused, help us Lord to understand,
That his small frail body is in the grasp of your hand.

Help to relieve us Lord of the burden that we too wear.
Give us patience and strength as we continue to care.

Aid the doctors Lord, fill their minds with knowledge and show them the
light.
Bless too Lord the nurses, those caring ladies dressed in white.

I feel confident as my son lays beneath the shiny chrome of a stethoscope,
And my heart is filled with love, with prayers, and with hope.

I shall stop now with this poem, but my prayers will continue Lord,
For I am strong in the belief they'll never be ignored.

Tallfellow

Children

In being somewhat of a religious man, I've seen many of God's ways.
I've been encompassed by his velvet nights & shared many of his brisk days.

I've watched trout jump from a blue, crystal pond.
I've seen roses bloom as if from the touch of a magic wand.

I've been fortunate enough to feel the coolness of a summer breeze.
Even watched the white gulls that seem to accent his seas.

I feel His greatest creation, over which I've often smiled,
is His loving gift, of a loving child.

Naked & soft, He so gently placed them here on Earth,
and wisely gave woman the honor of birth.

Though at times children may be unruly & almost a bother,
Seems far more often than not, they are a great source of pride for both,
mother & father.

Seems nothing ever has placed such a proud tear within my heart,
as these children we as parents chose to start.

And as parents we ask for help Lord, & patience too,
when we answer such questions as, "Why is the sky blue?"

May considerate words guide them as they learn and live,
May they learn to love and want to give.

May life be kind to them as they live and grow,
May their rains be followed by the rainbows glow.

May they giggle as they splash and make mud pies,
May friends be real and listen to their cries.

May there always be food in their breakfast bowl,
May the butterfly give flight along the paths they stroll.

As older they become, and for knowledge they reach,
May we have the ability and the desire to teach.

And as our children play, may we have time to watch and look,
May they drift into slumber while hearing kind words from a good book.

Slim DeWitt

7-11-1979

Dancin' Duck
(Just for Kids)

A long time ago, in a place of good dreams, in the land of Good Luck,
There was born a snowy white duck.

What's amazing, is ever since he was two,
All he wanted to do is to boogaloo.

Instead of paddlin' in the water when he had the chance,
All he wanted to do is to sing and dance.

When people asked him how he did it with those big webbed feet,
He'd do a little jitterbug that looked so sweet.

He would dance forward, up, and back.
Accompanied by an occasional quack.

All his friends would swim and splash in the lake,
But he'd keep on dancin' till his knees would ache.

He was loved by his mommy and his daddy too,
And when he danced, they'd often dance too.

Birds would fly and the frogs would hop,
But the dancin' duck would dance and seldom stop.

Well, all little stories must have an end.
And so must this one about our dancing friend.

You see he never learned how to paddle and swim like a normal duck,
But one day he ran into a piece of good luck.

He found, of all things, a pretty little dancing otter,
And they're still dancin' out there beyond the horizon and across the water.

Slim DeWitt (Tallfellow)
6-27-1978

Our Little Heta

Seems like when she's sick I think even more about her.
Makes me wonder how we ever did without her.

She's so much a part of us, our little daughter.
God made her, no one bought her.

She's God's gift and when she is ill, I'm in sorrow.
Please Dear God make her feel better tomorrow.

She's so little and I guess pain is a part of living.
We must give her love and keep on giving.

Our love will help the pain to ease,
Just as the rain nourishes the trees.

She will go to a doctor and feel better I'm sure,
But our love is pain's best cure.

Help me honey and God; please do,
I can't do it without you two.

Help her please Lord to smile and feel better.
She's ours and we'll never regret her.

I must end this poem 'cause time is up.
Make her wiggle all over like a little pup.

Help us God, please, 'cause there's nothing sweeter,
Then the smile of our little heta.

Tallfellow

Our New Son

In my world Lord, since meeting my loving wife,
I have twice been blessed with her most precious gift – the gift of life.

Our first child was a bright-eyed little one with hair soft and with a curl.
Her name is Tracy, our little girl.

Our second born is too, a great source of joy,
His name is Lance a very precious little boy.

Our girl makes me proud and I'd trade her for none,
But as a hunter and a fisher, I'm glad for a son.

I'll teach him to throw and to catch a ball.
Perhaps like his father he'll grow to be tall.

I want so to watch him crawl and to be there when he first tries to walk,
He and I will build campfires and around them we'll talk.

I'll teach him to whittle and buy him his first knife.
I want so for him to honor and to respect life.

Lord, please help me teach him always to share,
And to grow into a healthy young man under his mother's care.

I'm saying thanks here Lord in the best way I can.
Thanks for helpin' me to write this poem about my little man.

In the future he and I will go fishin' and across the water we'll skip flat rocks.
However, that must wait for tomorrow 'cause right now he's no bigger than
my tackle box!

Pa
13-13-1979

Pretty Young Ladies

Two young ladies looking fresh and sweet.
With little girls smiles, hair in bows and oh so neat.

Well mannered, I see, as they patiently sit and do as they're told.
My guesses would be three and seven years old.

I thank you God for the brief beauty they've put into my day.
For you see, I have a little girl, she's far away.

Thank you, God, for freckles, ribbons, smiles, and curls,
They are a compliment to your laughing, loving, little girls.

Tallfellow
8-19-1980

Although Beautiful This Flower Pales in Comparison to You

I'm sitting here my love within mere feet of a beautiful wild mountain flower.
Kissed by God's warm sun, nourished from a recent rain shower.

This flower is so precious darling' as are you to me.
It's soft & it's pure in its simplicity.

It is proud & tall as it stands in this meadow wrapped in the beauty of everything.
As I am proud & tall in the acceptance of your wedding ring.

It is so individual with a fragrance & wonder all its own.
How can I ever repay you darling for all the love & faith in me that you have shown.

As a gentle breeze rustles the trees the delicate flower softly stirs.
How can I ever repay you dear God for all the beauty that is hers.

The petals upon this flower are delicate, almost like velvety finger tips.
Their softness reminds me, darling, of the warm kisses you have so many times placed on my lips.

As my eyes wonder from this flower across the meadow, I see yet another.
You my darling are different from this flower for the sweetness of you exists in no other.

I'm thankful darling for having viewed such a beautiful flower on this a truly beautiful day.
I'm thankful also darling, for if ladies were flowers, you would be the finest in life's bouquet.

Thank you, Lord, for these precious & relaxing moments spent next to a delicate mountain wild flower.
And for the fond thoughts & remembrances she stirs in my heart during this & every hour.

In deep & total adoration.

Love always & all days, Slim

“Forever” My Dear

The word “Forever,” what is its meaning as I offer it to you, my love.
It is both a promise and a truth that’s sent to you on the wings of a dove.

For a dove would carry my gift to you with aloof wings of intent.
He would pass my offerings to you freely and gently, the way they were meant.

Take of my “Forever” gingerly if you wish, for I know you have been hurt before.
I want my love to be a warm gift & to never to seem a chore.

My love, too, has been battered and out of protection, I’ve gently placed it upon the highest shelf.
If your desires are strong and your feelings are real, you may grasp this love all for yourself.

Except my “Forever” dear if you will please, with open heart and open hands.
I want so, to bathe in your love and forever to share in your plans.

I’ll stand at your side a bold, strong man and yet love you with the softness of a feather.
And together we’ll stroll life’s path and find there is no burden our love cannot weather.

My “Forever” is given to you in trust my love, my heart houses no fear,
My promise is my love, you need simply reach for it, and I mean this
“Forever” My Dear.

Forever yours,

Slim DeWitt

Slim's Personal Prayer

God please help — help this all to be as real as it seems,
God accept the thanks I offer for this lady, the answer to this man's dreams.

I feel so anew, so proud,
I feel like screaming out to the world strong and loud.

I don't as yet understand her presence because I feel I'm not worthy,
I don't deserve her.
In an answer to my prayer, help me to be strong and to serve her.

Give to us I ask Lord, more smiles, more warm rides in the rain.
Put golden tracks underneath our love train.

I say and I will always — thanks for her touch and her caress.
I've never felt quite this way, it's the truth and I confess.

She means to me bold, strong, things, among them contentment and peace.
This tall slender lady with hair the color of a lamb's spring fleece.

Help me Lord to be worthy and always to be aided and strengthened with her
care.
This dear God is Slim's hand written and personal prayer.

Slim DeWitt

A Cowboy's Rose

If I were born back when, maybe 150 years ago,
This would be how my tumbleweed story would go:

As I rode herd on this morning crisp and clear,
I was singing to the cattle with thoughts of you on my mind, Anna dear.

When up ahead pushed by the wind rolled this tumbleweed.
So, I clicked my teeth, stretched out, and gave a kick to my powerful steed.

He snorted and responded a 16-hand high strawberry roan was my horse.
Our goal to catch just for our beloved Anna, that tumbleweed, of course!

No long-stem red rose mam, "I'm sure hopin' this will do.
With love and respect the horse and me caught it just for you."

Actually, things weren't really that hard.
But here it is, I found it in the back yard!

In my mind you see it was done cowboy style.
And it was all worth it if it made you smile.

In respect and adoration,

Slim DeWitt
4-8-2010

Firefighters: We thank You One and All

Their eye color, usually blood shot red, hair color often charcoal grey.
Do they leave before everyone is safe, no how, no way!

Height: 10 feet tall in my eyes & a hero to the bone.
What time do they show up, shortly after we call 911 & until all is well,
they'll never leave us alone.

Does a firefighter run when flames are out of control?
Hell they dance with fire it seems to warm their sole!

They are the ones that pry open your car door & pull you out.
While others run from the fire, it seems to beckon them no doubt.

Many firefighters fight fires, save lives & property as volunteers.
While others are dedicated members of the forest service or have been on the
county's payroll for years.
They are people just like us when they are not on the job.
They love their kids & spouses, a good movie & corn on the cob.

Whether they are in the woods beneath 30' flames, up a tree rescuing a cat or
in some warehouse saving a worker by performing C.P.R.
Those folks we call fire fighters are the real deal often risking their lives for
ours, genuine heroes is what they are.

You know I wrote this poem in an attempt to somehow say thanks for all they
do.
But the English language is failing me I couldn't find the right words if I
searched my dictionary through & through.
I just somehow want to tell all those brave men & women who for whatever
reason.
Chose to make it their life's goal to save others no matter the season.

Good people; you need to know always, that you are appreciated & your lives
matter I pray you never forget that.
On the list of the most humble & noble of professions, the top of the list is
where fire fighters are at.

When you arrive back @ the fire stations may you always be safe & sound.
Our lives are so much better because brave folks called fire fighters are
around.

May you all live in peace wrapped on God's love & always return safely to
your husbands & wives.
It is my prayer that heaven one day richly rewards you all for saving so much
pain & countless lives.

Mere words, a handshake, a hug, or our even a deep & heartfelt "thank you."
Are nowhere near enough praise & respect but it's the best I can do.

Heart attack victims, those involved in auto accidents or a 5 year old playing
with matches or a cigarette lighter.
All & many others owe you the utmost respect, may God always bless each &
every firefighter.

And on that distant date when each of you arrives in heaven & are standing
there @ the pearly gates waiting to meet God.
You'll all be moved to the front of the line & He'll be there with outstretched
hands & a welcome home nod.

Your children & grandchildren will know there are no fires in heaven it's a
story that for generations & generations they'll with confidence tell.
When others question how that can be they'll probably say, "cause my mom
or dad as firefighters put them all out & sent them straight to hell!

God bless each & every one of you.

With the Utmost Respect,

Slim DeWitt
9-11-15

