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SAMANTHA

I saw her little face at the door,
Sunday morning as we drove away
She'd begged so hard to go with us
Though never a word could she say.

Her brown eyes were sad and reproachful,
As she watched us drive out of sight.
I sighed, feeling vaguely uneasy,
Though what we were doing was right.

When we returned, she was happy.
It gave my conscience a jog.
But how could I ever explain to her,
That there's no place in Church for a dog?

by Sylvia J. Houston

YOU ARE A WORK OF ART

By: Sylvia J. Houston

"Words are cheap," the poet said,
As he watched the artist, with a dab of red
Transpose a picture to a vivid hue,
And I thought, "He must have a friend like you."
How else could he capture God's creation
With such a vivid imagination.
He has the skill of a sculptor's hand,
Inconceivable colors are at his command.
He has patience, for it shows on his face,
As the delicate lines form around the vase.
Friends are like a work of art,
They extend their hand...and then their heart.
And I know when my day is through,
I have gained much, if I have a friend like you.

THE CROSS

By: Sylvia J. Houston

It stood upon a hill,
Silhouetted against the sky,
I felt a strange presence there
And asked the question, "Why?"

I just stood in awe,
Thinking about the past,
How Jesus had suffered
As He hung upon the mast.

"Why did He die?" I asked myself,
Surely not for me.
I do not **deserve this kind of love,**
From **this** Man of Galilee.

"A DREAMER"

By: Sylvia J. Houston

She was a weaver of dreams,
Put into action by her determination
to achieve.

She was aware of storm
That mounted within the elements of
chance,

Yet the sea of desire urged her on.

Her unwavering trust held firm,
As though sustained by a higher
force.

She accepted the Hand that guided her.

Days were strenghtened for planning

And she eagerly awaited the morn....

Reaching out with anticipation

She made her dreams come true.

PASSING OF THE DAY

As the shades of
evening approached,
The sun, almost obliterated
by the horizon,
Seemed to take a deep breath
before sinking
Behind the curtain
of strength.

The failing light, touched
by the breeze,
Gave a final burst of color
to the floating clouds
That moved majestically
as the day passed,
With a sense of urgency,
into tomorrow.

By: Sylvia J. Houston

"LIFE'S GLEANINGS"

By: Sylvia J. Houston

Gathering moments by the minutes
Spreading time to paper thin,
Joining forces with a lifetime
Always wondering where I've been.

Facing deadlines with an urge
To complete a task on time,
Sometimes mimicking people
That perform a pantomime.

Grateful for the extra time
The coffee break affords,
That keep me from joining
The ranks of the unemployed.

Wondering, as I leave the office
With everything in place,
If I stamped all the letters
And all mistakes errased.

Sleeping in a hurry,
Waiting for the clock to chime,
So I can gulp a sip of coffee
And get to work on time.

"DEAREST DAUGHTER"

By: Sylvia J. Houston

I told you today I didn't feel good
Although I was feeling fine.
Now I don't know why I did it,
But it gave me peace of mind.

Guess I wanted to hear your concern
And know you loved me too,
Or maybe it was the devil,
He sometimes tells me what to do.

Maybe I just felt lonesome
And needed a reason to call....
I don't feel like I can bother you
For just no reason at all.

I remember you used to crawl upon my lap,
To show me where you hurt,
But I couldn't see anything....
Well, maybe just a little dirt.

When you couldn't sleep at night,
You'd crawl into my bed....
"Mommie, I had a bad dream,"
As you snuggled close, you said.

I know those times have passed
And I am growing old.
Maybe I'm afraid that someday
I'll find myself out in the cold.

When I call and you are busy
Just say, "I'll call you back, Mommie dear."
And you might add, "I love you."
Those are the words I like to hear.