

TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER "SHELLY"

My daughter's letter came to me
Mother, I need you here
I knew when their baby came
She would want her mother near.

The doctor had set the date,
Time just seemed to fly
So leaving poor ole Pop alone
I took off thru the sky.

They met me at the airport.
She was feeling fine and gay.
I could hardly believe
A baby was on the way.

Thankful I was here in time,
So excited I was nearly wild.
Now all I had to do
Was await my first grandchild.

We sat here just waiting
For a sign of any kind.
But I think the baby
Has changed its little mind.

It's in no hurry to get here
We wait with open arms
To greet it on arrival
And drink in all it's charm.

Both Grandmas all a twitter
Counting the baby clothes
But when it's going to get here
Heaven only knows.

Cause that is where its coming from
A gift from God above.
For us to cherish on this earth
To have, to hold, to love.

Tho the wait was painful.
God gave us a baby girl
And I'm so glad we waited
For the most precious in this world.

Grandma Clebern Lindsey

She is three years old
This Shelly of mine
And I haven't seen her
In such a long time.

But I still love her
and I hope she does me
Cause she's a little angel
She just has to be.

As Christmas comes around this year
I want to thank you, Lord, for each day
And for the many people you have sent
That have helped me along life's way

There have been so many loved ones,
Relatives, friends, and strangers, too,
That have made my life so full.
I know they were sent by you.

As we prepare to wrap each gift
To give to someone we love
I want to give the one that counts
My life, to my Lord above,

Dear Lord, in your infinite wisdom
If it is your will, I pray
Have mercy on this young couple
And don't take their baby away.

They wanted her so very much
Was so happy when she came along
Please heal her precious little heart
That it might beat good and strong.

We know you are the great physician
And prayers are answered every day
We'll give you the praise and glory, God
If you will please just let her stay.

Please let her grow strong and beautiful
And give them the joy and strife
That all parents must go through
When you trust them with a life.

Clebern Lindsey

By Clebern Lindsey

Did you ever have a child
look up with eyes aglow,
and hand to you a flower
because they love you so?

You kiss the up-turned face
as you take it from their hand.
You would not trade places
with anyone in the land.

It is the most gorgeous flower
ever grown from plant or seed.
More precious than an orchid
tho' it is only a "bitter weed".

FOR SHARLOTTE

You stand on the threshold of life
So eager to jump in and start living.
Have patience, my little one
You have plenty of life for giving.

You want to be grown up now.
At faces you see, take a good long look.
How many of the people you see
Have lives like a princess in a storybook?

You think your life is so hard
With obstacles all along the way.
How many adults do you know
That would gladly trade places today?

Learn to love your self, little one.
Thank God for you being you,
For health, and beauty and youth.
Then people will love you, too!

If we give to God our life,
Give Him our troubles, too.
Don't worry and fret about things
You will see he cares for you.

So enjoy your youth dear girl
You will never be this way again,
And, Oh the times when you get older
You will wish you could be as you were then.

Love,

Aunt Clebern

TO MORRIS

You stated in a voice loud and clear
“I want a jeep for Christmas this year”.
It wasn't what I wanted to get
But after that, you can surely bet
I continued in my quest until
I had laid your wishes to rest.
So enjoy this jeep, Morris, my dear
All through Christmas and the coming year

Love from Aunt Clebern

I thought I bought you a card, but can't find it high or low.
So I am having to take pen in hand to tell you what I want you to know
I want you to know I love you
And am praying hard each day
That God will bless your surgeon
In His own special way

So he can use his magic touch
To make you as good as new.
I'm thanking the Lord for it right now
Cause I know that's what he's going to do!

A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM JESSIE AND CARL

Our bank won't give us credit
Our income makes us scheme.
We can't offset our budget,
As Scotch as we may seem.

But not to send the "Season's Greetings",
That would never do at all,
So to wish you a very "Merry Christmas"
We tore the paper off our bathroom wall.

CLEBERN'S ANSWER

Of all my Season's Greetings
I'm sure I liked yours best
For getting right down to facts
It sure beat all the rest.

If all my greetings had been like yours,
I'd have surely liked it fine
Cause I took the paper from your bathroom wall
And I patched a hole in mine!

ALLEN PARNELL

Four years ago he came to us
An insecure young man
But even then we could tell
God held him in His hand.

Many a time he drove all night
However tired he might have been
To be at some one's bedside
When they desperately needed a friend.

Always assuring you of God's love
When he knew you had the need.
He was a pastor filled with love
And that made him a friend indeed.

He found his rib while in school
And he swept her off her feet.
He might have come to us a boy,
But is leaving – a man complete.

MEMPHIS

Memphis, my home town.
Love it or leave but don't put it down.
Like any big city, it has the good and bad
It has everything or has had
The trees are our main attraction
Unless of course you are looking for action.
Peace you can find in a church or park
Hit the night spot if you are on a lark.

Down by the river is a good place to be
Watching the water roll on to the sea.
Sometimes it's lazy, lighthearted and gay
Other times angry, roaring on its way.
Always fascinating a dreamers delight.
Changing it's moods from morning til night.

You can watch it and picture any era of the past.
Moonlight and gay dances or the Cannon's great blast.
She has seen it all in her glorious day
As she flows by on her way.

MARCH

The leaves of winter are having their last fling
They fly across the hill like birds on the wing.
They seem to be looking for their own special berth
To rest in peace until they go back to the earth.

I love my church at Sarah
For what it means to me.
Where I can go and worship my Lord
and from this world feel free.

What is a church but its people
Led by a shepherd they love
Lord bless my church at Sarah
Watch over it from above.

Help it to be a light, Dear Lord!
To lead strangers to our way
If they do come in, Dear Lord
I am sure they will want to stay.

NAOMI

I wish there was something I could say
But I know the words have not yet been found
To ease that deep down hurt, when our world comes tumbling down.

If there is anything that I would say
That I thought would lighten the pain
Is that God really cares about you
And can make you live again.

Our friends and family are so nice
I'd hate to go through strife without their love
But the Peace that we need so desperately
Only comes from the Lord above.

The first year will be the hardest
As the special days come around
We have to take them one by one
Time heals better than anything I've found.

Then you can remember all the little things
That endeared him to your heart
A smile, a word, the touch of his hand
And you know you will never part.

You have my sincere sympathy
And I've been praying for you
I know your faith is strong enough
That the Lord will see you through.

We stand there stripped of everything
That had given a purpose to live.
The most important thing in our world
Was to be that one man's wife.

ARTHUR

At last our waiting is over
And I belong, Darling, to you.
I knew our love was lasting
An old story, but ever new.

God has been good to us.
He answered our every prayer
And I so humbly thank him
And I will year after year.

Now we are really living
Our lives are so complete
Where before my life was empty
Just like a deserted street.

I love you more each minute
And live for you day after day
My love goes with you always
When you're near or far away.

In the days I keep busy
Time passes better you see,
And when the days are over
I know you'll come to me.

Then at night you hold me close
And I drift off to sleep,
I pray to God in heaven
Our souls to forever keep.

And when I awake, I'm happy
Cause you are by my side.
When you grin and say, "Hi Honey"
Then my eyes fly open wide.

I thought at first I was dreaming
It was too good to be true.
So many times I had dreamed
And woke up thinking of you!

OUR MISS VANIE

We have a grand lady in our midst.
One that everyone loves so much.
Every community needs one like her
And especially every Church.

She is always there when she is needed.
It matters not who or where.
Strengthening you with her love and faith.
You know she really does care.

At first there was no Baptist Church here,
But that did not keep our lady at home.
She went to the one that was in town
Until they had a place of their own.

They met in the old school house.
She taught all the children around.
Working, praying and hoping
A building could be found.

They finally got a building
But members were so few
Sometimes she would get discouraged
And wondered what she should do.

But as always she trusted her God
So she would earnestly and fervently pray
Should she just go to another church,
Or trust in her Lord and stay?

She could go somewhere else
But where would the children go?
Like Jesus, she loved all of them
So she knew what she must do.

On the Lord's day the doors were open
And our Lady was always there,
Praying, Playing and teaching
She worked just everywhere.

The children that grew up here
Have moved on, some far away.
But they know Jesus and love him
Because our Lady chose to stay.

Each member of Sarah Baptist Church
And now they are not so few
Say Thanks a Million, Mrs. Vanie Cox
And dedicate this day to you!

THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD JESUS

I promised to bring the devotional
When our club met tonight,
I wondered what I would say,
It had to be something just right.

Because this is a special month
When we celebrate the birth of our King.
It's an occasion for all to rejoice
And worship Him as we sing.

There's no news on earth that's sweeter
No matter how far and wide you look
So there was just one place to go,
The pages of God's Holy Book.

The Prophets told of his coming
How He would be born and die
For sinful men the world over
Right down to you and I.

A maiden found favor with God.
She was picked to bear his child
And when the Angel appeared to Mary
She was puzzled and terrified.

He told Mary to not be afraid
God had chosen her as the one
Who would conceive of the Holy Ghost
And be the Mother of God's Son.

Mary was going to marry Joseph,
But was a virgin when she conceived
And when Joseph heard about it
He didn't know what to believe.

He didn't want to embarrass her
But he didn't want her to be his wife
So he'd put her away privately
And get her out of his life.

But the Angel of God told him
Joseph your love is not lost.
The baby your Mary is carrying
Was conceived of the Holy Ghost.

Joseph was really made happy
When he found his love was true
To marry Mary and care for her
Was all he really wanted to do.

When they made the trip to Bethlehem
Mary was heavy and the going slow
So when they finally got to town
There was just no place to go.

They bedded down in the stable
Thinking they would rest 'til morn
But it just wasn't to be
For that night our Lord was born.

Outside the town were Shepherds
Who were watching over their flock.
When an Angel of the Lord appeared
And scared them into a state of shock.

The Angel said, "Don't be afraid".
As God's light shone all about them
He said I have brought you good news
Tonight our Lord was born in Bethlehem.

The Angel of the Lord was still talking
When the Heavenly Hosts joined them
Praising God and singing
With a Hallelujah and Amen.

The shepherds left their flocks
And hastened into town.
They soon found the Baby
In a manger nestled down.

They knelt down and worshiped him
While Mary just looked on
I am sure she was just realizing
How precious, her first born son.

The three wise men found Him
Being led from the East by a star
They had gifts fit for a king
They had brought with them from afar.

Christ comes first in Christmas
In this story we so often hear.
You will have peace, joy and happiness
If you keep Christ in Christmas this year!

FOR ALLEN AND SHERRY

You have looked long my friend
Screening each one in you life
You wanted to be Oh so sure
Before you took one for your wife.

But at last you have found the one.
The rib God took from you side
To make this precious woman
You are going to make your bride.

Not a bone came from your foot
So she is not one to trample on.
And you must not dominate her
Because your head gave not a bone.

The side that gave the rib my friend
The bone that protects the heart.
So keep her always at your side
And as one you will never part.

FOR BILLY AND LARRY WEBB

God has given you his blessing
In the form of a Baby Boy.
He has sent this special angel
For you to love and enjoy!

Don't spoil him, people will say
But its impossible to resist.
So when you reprimand him
Do it with a hug and kiss.

Always tell him you love him.
Don't think, well surely I show it.
He will need to hear it often
To be absolutely certain of it.

So you all enjoy this precious bundle
You so lovingly call Clint
Because it won't seem anytime
Until you'll be wondering where he went.

THE CLINIC

When I first came to this clinic
I was full of misgivings and doubt
But I soon learned to my surprise
I just didn't know what it was about.

Now I know its one of God's blessings
I would not want it any other way.
I have met some wonderful people
That I treasure more day by day.

I looked at cards by the score.
They said "Thank You" and no more.
It was some one else saying it, too
And I wanted something from me to you.

Words on a card could never convey
All I feel in my heart today.
So I will just say my own "Thank You"
To you wonderful people on Brinkley Two!

So I send my love
And my own "Thank You"
To all you wonderful people
On Brinkley Two.

It is nice to see you up and around
However handicapped you are
It is better than being immobile
And you will soon be up to par.

So be sure to exercise real good
And lift those weights for sure
That will help those joints
To rush towards a cure.

When you are up and about
Walking flat on both your heels
Please think of all these weeks
And stay off those blessed wheels!

The Judge sent me a gift
I was thrilled to my very soul.
Now what would a judge give,
But a silver or crystal bowl?

With trembling hand I took it
And that's when I fell flat
The Judge had sent to me a bug
And a damn dead bug at that!

Since I hate creepy crawly creatures
There is one thing you can bet
As the judge gave me a bug
A dead one is the kind to get!!!!!!!

To: Bubba, Maxine, Becky and Terry

You do so much for my pleasure
You are thoughtful and loving as can be.
So after carefully thinking it over
I just Thank God I am "me".

If I wasn't me, I wouldn't have you.
That would be terrible you must agree.
Then I would not have all of you to love
So I just Thank God I am "me".

Thank you for the things you do
You do them so beautifully.
I love you all so very much,
And Thank God I am "me"!

DR. WHEATLY

When I started to this clinic,
I thought I will not like this!
A different doctor each visit?
There was bound to be things missed.

I started with an open mind.
Soon my heart was opened too.
I learned to love each doctor
But none more dearly than you.

And you are my Doctor Wheatly,
That I am seeing this year
At first I did not understand you
And did not want to feel near.

But I watched you as you visited
And your eyes spoke to me.
They were full of concern and compassion
As a doctor should always be.

I missed your sense of humor
Because I was not expecting one
To me a required virtue
Was to get any job done.

MY DOCTOR WHEATLEY

I have seen many a doctor,
A new one each time I'd call
And as the song says
I learned to love them all.

I just knew I wouldn't like it
As I was used to seeing just one.
There was some of all kinds
And each one my heart has won.

Some saw me as a disease
They would like to cure,
Others saw me as a person
And that was better, for sure.

Then I started seeing one,
I could not figure his way,
He was kinda aloof and quiet
Just didn't have much to say.

I started watching his eyes.
That's all of his face you can see.
I would watch the expressions
While he was talking to me.

Sometime I was really low
And things would seem so weird.
I'd wake and see him standing there
And I knew he really cared.

He was concerned for me as a patient
As I lay there in all my pain.
He really wanted to do something
To make me feel better again.

Now I see him on each visit
And we get along so sweetly
So I send a great big "Thanks"
And love to my Dr. Wheatley.

A TRIP TO THE HOLY LAND

This trip you are making must be a dream come true.
To know the ground you walk on our Savior walked there too.
He healed the blind and halt, worked miracles everywhere
How humble you must feel just to be walking there.

The hills where the people gathered just to hear our Lord speak.
To think he died there too, would make your heart break.
If we didn't know he arose, our Lord is alive today
So walk the paths he walked and praise him every day.

But just remember one thing, since then our Lord did roam
And is waiting for you at Sarah, so please hurry on home!

VOTING

We are going to the polls tomorrow
To vote as our conscience dictates.
We have argued the pros and cons
And pray we don't make a mistake.

We know our children needs the schools
To prepare their lives for the years ahead.
Are we going to let them waste these years
Or raise money to educate them instead.

Of course it will raise your taxes,
But please get the facts about that
Don't listen to one side of it
Make up your mind and stand "pat"

Is the future of our great country
Worth the cost you will have to pay
Because the adults that runs it tomorrow
Are the ones in our schools today.

When you think of your own salary
And what a little it will cost,
Don't you think our future is worth it
Or do you want young minds to be lost?

If they aren't taught to think for themselves
Then this democracy is liable to fall

And brother, when that really happens
Then God have mercy on us all!
Being happy is so easy
With someone just like you
To tell me that you love me
And show me that you do.

So I will enjoy my day
Hoping yours is happy too.
Thanking God for all my kids
Especially the ones like you.

We have had our week of Revival
And truly saw miracles unfold
A preacher filled with the Spirit
As of God's love we were told.

We saw people's lives as they changed
Children that were saved by Grace
And Christians who had strayed away
Meet their Lord again face to face.

Oh what a blessing we all received
As we met with one accord.
We knew as we saw it all
That our Savior is Lord of Lords.

I love being alone some of the time, no doubt.
I'm in good company that I can shout about.
But let's be honest now, answer the how and why
You can get tired of anything, even chocolate pie.

So being on this end, hid in a corner, too
I could not see anyone or what they intended to do!
So I started feeling left out, until I looked around me
And was surprised and humbled at all that I could see.

There were doctors and nurses, clerks and people from therapy
Technicians, caterers, housekeepers all working just for me.
So I don't feel alone anymore, I thank God for everyone.
And know that with His blessing
Everything necessary will be done.

NELLIE SUE

There was something different
I knew when we met
Because for no reason
I just could not forget.

A lovely brass rose
Was what you gave to me
But every time I looked at it
Your smile was what I'd see.

So when you came to see me,
I had mixed emotions about you
But it did not take long to see,
It was God's love shining thru!

THE NORTH MISSISSIPPI TIMES

The North Mississippi Times it's called.
Northwest Mississippi is home base.
It covers three counties down here,
Prints news good or bad as may be the case.

Well, I'm what's known as a Correspondent
From Sarah, a tiny town in there hills.
I write about just plain people
What they do and their aches and ills.

News of the churches in our community,
Who visits who and how long they stay.
The people from afar who comes down here
And the ones here that's gone away.

I could fill a column most any week
Of people who have entered my door.
We just sit, talk and drink coffee
But I think the readers want more.

Like to men who hauled the hay
For the man who had no one to call.
They went to work and filled his barn
Accepted a "thank you" ant that's all.

About the Church's annual Homecoming.
The man from Georgia, tho he could not meet
Sent money to buy three buckets of chicken
So the ones that came had plenty to eat.

Like the Homemakers Clubs as they meet
To make or buy gifts tho it is not many.
They send them to shut-ins in institutions
For presents, who otherwise would not have any.

A fire department was badly needed
So the young men went promptly to work
Now all the people in District One
Have a nice, new shiny red fire truck.

They bought some land and continued to work
To fix the land and make more money
Now some day soon they will have a home
For their new truck they say is a honey!

About the man we knew would die
If he didn't get better but fast.
Everyone prayed for a miracle,
Now he is home, happy, his troubles past.

I would write pages of things I've witnessed.
Miracles performed by God above,
But I promise one thing for sure
There is nothing "plain" about people you love.

By Clebern Lindsey

MARCH 1963

I awoke this morning and hopped out of bed.
I ran to the window and threw back my head.
I started to laugh, then started to sing,
Everywhere, I saw, it was the beginning of spring.

The birds were calling and fluttering about.
They were so excited, they seemed to shout.
They flew past my window on scarlet wing.
They too, knew it twas the beginning of spring.

The crocus and daffodils and pretty snowball
That had lain dormant since first snowfall
Now peeped out their heads in the warm rain
They knew for sure, it was the beginning of spring.

The whole world stirred, as I stood that morn,
And thought of my Jesus as a man was born
He arose from the grave overcoming deaths sting
Promising new life, at the beginning of spring.

WRITTEN BY CLEBERN LINDSEY FOR A BABY SHOWER FOR MRS RUTH LEWIS
1962

I sat myself down, my mind in a whirl
I'd get this for a boy and that for a girl.
But since I'm not physic, I just couldn't tell
What it would be, when "It" gave its first yell.

Then all of a sudden, I had a bright flash.
I'd just give a gift of good old hard cash.
You can spend it for baby, you know,
Or leave it in here and watch it grow.

TO JOAN, ELLIS, AND JANE LINDSEY
(Children of Alfred Ellis and Donna Pierce Lindsey)

There's some little ole kinds down Texas way
I'd love to see, right now, today!
But since I'm not magic and can't be there
I can close my eyes and they are everywhere.

First there's little Joan.
In a make believe world
Long dresses and heels make her a grown up girl.
She's anyone she wishes as she primps and preens
A glamorous movie star or a real live queen.

Then there's Bubba so grown-up these days.
Doing all the big jobs in his own little ways.
With his baseball cap and his one-sided grin
He'll tackle and job, just say when!
Come here, Grandma, and show me how.
O. K. you can go on, I'll do it now.

And last there's little Jane, just talking up a streak.
You know where she is, right under grandma's feet.
She stirs the pots and pans standing in a chair.
Then when things are done she brushes and combs my hair.

There is no telling what it looks like.
When I have to jump up and run.
But that doesn't really matter
As we are both having fun.

They grow so fast these days
It fills my heard with sorrow
Cause grandma's babies on this visit
Will be adults tomorrow.

MY HONEY

My honey had that magic touch
The one I loved so much.
I'd say "Honey, hold me tight"
And that made my world right.

When nothing went my way
And I'd think this is not my day,
I'd say "Honey hold me tight",
And again everything was right.

He would wrap his arms around me
And hold me to his heart.
In those precious moments
I thought we would never part.

Then one morning, I awoke
And found my Honey gone.
I don't know why God took him
And has left me here so long.

But now when my world goes tumbling
And things won't fall in place,
There's just one thing I have left
My Savior and his marvelous grace.

By his grace, I go on living
Do the best I can each day
That's what my Honey would want of me
For that would have been his way.

Have you ever had insomnia, and could not go to sleep?
When you counted all your blessings instead of counting sheep.
You think of all the good things, your Lord has done for you.
Like providing all your living, with health to enjoy it, too.

You can see and feel and smell, and walk on your own two feet.
You have your home to live in, and that is Oh so sweet.
You come and go as you please, with no one to tell you no.
You can go to bed or stay up late, you know He loves you so.

Then try to think for awhile, what you do to help repay
To let Him know you love Him as you go along life's way.
Can He tell that you love him as you go along life's way?
Can He tell that you love Him by the way that you do?
Or do you have to tell Him that you really love him, too?

If we truly loved our Lord, and showed it by the way we live
This would be a grand old world with lots less take and lots more give.
He told us if we said we love Him and did not love our brother,
We were not telling the truth, you could not love one without the other.

So let's love our fellow man and show it each and every day.
Then God will continue to bless us as we travel along life's way.

To Tressie Mae and Jamie Beard

Tressie Mae, I looked at you and Jamie
And prayed for God to help me say
Something that would relieve the pain
And take part of the hurt away.

But I knew as I was praying
There was nothing I could say or do
Because only God in his wisdom
Can help what is hurting you.

We wonder why did He do this to me,
How can I stand what He has done?
But God can't do anything evil
So you see He is not the one.

He gave his only begotten Son
He loved us that much, you know.
So please, just keep believing on Him
And your faith thru Him will grow.

He takes the tragedies of our life
To help glorify his name,
He will ease the hurt we have
Although it will never be the same.

God and time are master healers.
When you think you can't make the day,
Stop a moment and count your blessings.
It will help to light the way.

No one can say you won't grieve,
Tears heal the soul, so they say
But just remember as you cry
He's now a flower in God's bouquet!

By Clebern Lindsey

I see a world of beauty
As I sit at my window each day
The quail comes feeding through the yard
As they make their rounds this way.

They will be back along the same path
Well fed, just before night
He's in no hurry as he pauses to rest
And whistles a cheerful Bob-White!

Circling around high over head
Then swooping real close by
The hawk is looking for his food
With a keen and powerful eye.

The beautiful cardinal sings his song
As he sets high in the plum tree.
The mocker is mocking all of them
As he puts on a show for me.

The thrush, the wren and old blue jay
All seem to sing and shout
And not a sparrow falls out there
That my Lord don't know about.

Even the skunk, feared by all
Tho cute as he can be
With his pretty stripe down his back
Is not afraid of me.

He eats the scraps from the yard
Like pet dogs I have had
I love to watch him wander about
But I sure wouldn't make him mad.

You could write a big book
If writing was your trade
But just stop, look and listen
Cause that's how memories are made!

A Recipe for happiness requested by the hostess for a shower given for Peggy Booth on Feb. 16, 1966. Written Feb. 24th

HAPPINESS

A recipe for happiness, she said
And I began to think
But it took so many paths
My mind went on the blink.

Just what does happiness mean to you?
Something different, maybe from me.
It could be a rose in a garden
Or a sunset on a sea.

To an architect, a building
To a doctor, a strong heart beat
To an artist, a beautiful picture
To a child, new shoes on feet.

To a mother, the love of her children.
To a wife, a gentle touch,
To a husband from the office
Just home can mean so much.

To a man it means his lady
Who is all woman and knows it,
And to a woman, her man
Who loves her and shows it.

So in this scrambled world
We have to seek our own way
And enjoy each hour to the fullest
As we travel day by day.

And if you want true happiness
In this world full of strife
Just let God direct your path
And lead you together thru life.

P.S.

A cigarette, a cup of coffee
With us now, that's just nifty
After all, it don't take much
When we are both over fifty!

March, 1965

Sitting in hospital in Dallas, Texas, all alone in the middle of the night

I sit here all alone so far away,
Wanting to go home, but knowing I must stay.
My body is here where it has to be,
But my heart is in Memphis with you three.

I'm so pulled apart I'm just partly me
Because everything I have is in Tennessee.
I talk, I laugh and sometime I cry.
I guess if people saw me they'd wonder why.
How can I explain I'm just partly me,
When my heart is with my family in Tennessee.

The Lord sent me here a job to do.
And I'll stay with it until it's through.
Then when things look brighter and I can feel free
I'll hurry home to my loved ones - - in Tennessee.

By Clebern Lindsey
For Arthur Lindsey
Artie and Buddy Garrett

MY SHORTCOMINGS

Poetry should always be short and to the point
But my mind don't work that way
Sometimes it seems to un-joint
Then each side goes a different way.

I try to unite it, without success
And that's the reason all my poems
Wind up in such a mess!!!

CHRISTMAS, 1962

Twas the night before Christmas and I was making my round.
All the little children were sleeping so sound.
Then I came to a house and thought what in the world!
I looked at my list, it said a teen-age girl.

The house was all lit, every bulb burning bright.
You couldn't even tell it was the middle of the night.
The music was blaring so loud they couldn't hear.
They shouted and yelled to the ones that were near.

I peeped through a window thru mistletoe and snow
And every where couples were twisting to and fro.
There were cokes and food, and candy and punch,
And mother was trying to feed the whole bunch.

Then over in the corner I say papa so proud
Smiling his approval at this teen-age crowd.
Well, I couldn't leave presents and everyone awake,
The time to come back was about day break.

So I whistled to my reindeer and left with a clatter
Saying Merry Christmas to all, I will see you all later!

By Clebern Lindsey for Artie Raye

THE BRIDE TO BE

The hurry and bustle and flurry
Are about to get me down
When the big day finally dawns
I'll do well to don my gown.

The invitations and the cake
The "thank you" notes and such
Are keeping me at such a pace.
I can't accomplish much.

The jeweler and the baker
Everyone yelling at once
They think I can be everywhere
I'm spinning like a dunce.

But soon it will all be over
Our vows we will take that day,
And I'll be so doggone exhausted
We can hardly get away.

He'll hold me up going out the door
And I'll look at him so sweet
Nobody in that crowded room
Knows I'm out on my feet.

Then at last we are alone
And I know he's mine to keep
I can hardly whisper "goodnight, love"
Before I drop right off to sleep.

February 26, 1966 for Peggy Booth before her wedding to Howard Schoggen by Clebern Lindsey

Written by Clebern Lindsey for S Sgt. Ancel H. Hankins (Pete) February 14, 1967 as he was preparing to go to Vietnam

I read with awe your poetic endeavor
And I must admit it was quite clever
It may not go down in posterity
But will live forever in the heart of me.

Your going to Vietnam
Clouds my life with a shade
But I know you'll show 'em
Of what a Hankins is made.

They do their best when
The going gets tough,
And they'll take a lot
Before playing rough.

So stand straight and tall
When all is well
Then when it's not,
Well, just give them hell!

The year will be long for
Barbara and you
And for all you friends
And kinfolks too.

But with all the prayers
Going Heavenward
By your multitude of Kin
Well, Honey, nothing could happen to you
Anyone that lucky would just have to win.

So, while you're preparing to leave
Amid all that fuss
We are already looking
For you to come back to us.

Written by Clebern Lindsey for S/Sgt Ancel H. Hankins (Pete) on his departure for Vietnam,
December 1967

There is still a war in Vietnam
Time has come for you to go.
How we hate to say "Goodbye"
We are going to miss you so.

But if we will all join together,
Take turns praying each day,
We can keep a prayer for you
Continually going God's way.

Asking Him to walk with you
And hold you by the hand,
To keep you ever safe for us
While you are on foreign land.

So while you are over there
Just trust in God above,
And know that he will always hear
The prayers for one we love.

Not only will we pray for you,
But for our leaders of today.
For all the men there with you
Fighting for the democratic way.

May all the lands in our world
Find a life filled with peace
And all our boys in foreign lands
See this terrible conflict cease.

We are ready and have been
It's past time for it now
For us to take this awful sword
And beat it into a plow!

For Becky and Curtis Hendrix first child a boy born Sept. 30, 1968 - Monday

A Great Grandson was born today
His Grandfather said on the phone.
Then we just sat there smiling
Our thoughts were all our own.

I swelled with pride, I must admit.
Tho, of my blood he had not a drop
But I'm sure I felt as happy
As my mate, The Great Grand Pop!

This lineage stuff must be nice,
Tho my line has come to a stop
I know I'm as proud as my mate
The Happy Great Grand Pop!

You grow strong and happy "Little Man"
On our list, you're at the top
Of people we are anxious to see,
Especially your Great Grand Pop!

Written for Dayton Cooper - 1965

I wanted to buy you a card
With flowers and pictures and all
But I didn't have the car today
So I'd like to set down and squall!

But I don't give up as easy as that
I'll find a way yet to tell,
That I'm sorry that you are sick
And I want you to hurry and get well.

So you do what the doctor says
Take all those pills and things
Then you will feel like new again
And that's when our heart sings.

We know that God is the Master healer
He just uses the doctors hand
To do all that needs to be done,
Then we heal at God's command.

We know your faith is in the right place,
In God instead of the Doc.
So be good and take those pills
Then you'll tick like a brand new clock!

When you are well and home again
Send us the word in a hurry,
So all your kith and kin
Can quit this fuss and worry.

I hope this little verse of mine
Does as much good as a card
Just wanted you to know we love you
And are praying for you real hard.

I always pray God's will be done
Not the will of lowly man,
And I pray, too, he hears the prayers
Of the whole Lindsey clan!

Clebern Hankins Lindsey

Written for Ellis Lindsey when he broke his leg playing football

So they call the game "football"
The why, though has me beat
Cause you are OFF of them
Much more than ON your feet.

You go running on the field
Remembering all the coach has said
Then everyone tramples you
And leave you there for dead.

Somehow, though, you're up and running
And stomping the other guy
Everyone is screaming and enjoying it,
And I just can't understand why.

I guess I just don't understand,
Anything about this game
But, Honey, if it's what you want
I just pray you won't get maimed.

I am sorry you are out this year
The time, I'm sure will slide
Go easy now and be thankful
That youth is on you side.

Next year you will run again
After that same old silly ball.
So, Honey, when they drag you down
Please be careful how you fall.

With Love and Sympathy,

Grandma
September, 1967

An Ode to Tine - - who died March 26, 1965 4:45 P.M.

The family lost a friend, when they lost "Tine"
He was big and gruff, but oh so fine.
He would growl and grumble and pretend not to care
Afraid we would know, that he loved us so dear.

There's sons and daughters in this Lindsey race
But try to name just one that can take his place.
Grandsons and Granddaughters you can name by the score
A family of fine people that will see him no more.

Just remember him often and the wisdom he had
For the good that he gave would out weigh the bad.
His quick dry humor was pleasant to hear
And he'd give good advice if we'd just lend an ear.

His mind was amazing for the years he had seen
Had not dulled it one bit, it was still quick and keen.
Yet as the years pass a legend he will be
Because he left something for you and for me.

He left us a heritage when he left his name.
It's one to be proud of not, bringing us shame.
So let's stand erect and walk a fine line
Let's be a real tribute, to this man called "Tine".

When I think of how I've neglected you
I hide my face in shame.
I make all kinds of excuses
But I must admit the blame.

There was no card saying I love you
And I want you to hurry and get well.
Cause when you are sick so far away,
Well it makes me feel like HELL!

If I had just been nearer
So I could have dropped by to say
That me and Jesus loves you, Bubba
And I pray for you every day.

Your Guardian Angel is watching for sure
To see no harm can come to you.
So, Honey, you can't help but feel good
When you have God, your Angel, and me too!

Hurry and get well

I love you, Clebern

They sent out a call for help
I pretended not to hear
But my two little sisters
Heard it loud and clear.

They were gainfully employed
The money they didn't need
So they just both decided
The call I should heed.

One called bout the job
The other one took me down
And me trying to tell them
That I was leaving town.

The boss was so agreeable
My trip I should not forsake.
But when I did return
The job then I could take.

I pray God holds you close
As he guides the surgeons hands
So everything he does will be
Just what my Lord commands.

I know He will do this
Because He promised he would do
Whatever we asked in Jesus name
Believing it would be true.

I am praying, believing
So I know it will be true
When this is all over
You will be as good as new!

Written for Arthur Lindsey after "Years" of marriage

Being involved in marriage plans
Even in a minor way
Carries me back all those years
To our own wedding day.

I can still recall my hopes and fears
As we stood there side by side.
Then you spoke your vows so firm
I nearly burst with pride.

And as I looked into your eyes
So filled with love for me
I knew the way you felt, dear,
Was there for all the world to see.

My heart was beating so awfully loud
It must have sounded like a gong.
I was so afraid that I'd awake
And find my dreams were gone.

So much happiness in my life
I never expected to see.
But you have made dreams come true.
I still marvel it happened to me.

To love a man as I love you
And he asks you to be his wife
Is happiness you can not describe
That lasts all through your life.

The ecstatic joy when we were young
The serene peace in later years.
If you possess a love like ours
There's no room for doubts and fears.

Written for Wilford Woods at the death of his "Mama" - - Mrs. Ada Green May, 1969

You have lost someone, you held so dear
Your grief and sorrow were oh so clear.
If I could have done anything
To lighten your heart or blunt the sting
It would have helped to brighten my day
If I had only known how to say
God let you enjoy her all these years
She kissed your bruises and dried your tears
She watched you grow to young manhood
And what she saw, she knew was good.
Upon this earth she completed her task
She loved and was loved that's all one could ask.
For her Lord was a personal friend
And she served Him to the end.
So please don't grieve for one that's gone.
She is only at rest in her Heavenly Home.

WRITTEN IN 1974

Welcome Stranger, to my church
Please, won't you come on in?
My Savior is waiting for you in there
To cleanse you from all sin.

He would like to change your life
Make you a different man
Please, Stranger, won't you come in?
Come, rest in my Savior's hand.

As we meet to pray tonight
That God our hearts will renew,
Let's not forget the lost around us
And pray He will touch them, too!

If we can meet with one accord
And work as the disciples of old.
Then God will bless our revival
And we will see miracles unfold.

If you live in Ghetto's
And sleep in the sun
It's your own choice
While you are on the run.

You can find meaning and beauty
Just anywhere you look
When you realize the world
Don't run by the book

There's good and bad in all mankind
What you look for, you usually find
So why look for the bad in people like me
When in all of us, there is beauty to see.

So why don't you look up to your Lord above
No matter who we are, He promised his love

They drift in like the fog at night
Checking to see that all is alright,
If you are resting, they just disappear
If not, they let you know they are there
To do whatever they can to ease your pain
And make your world happy once again
I don't know what we'd do without these ladies of love
They are like the guardian angels sent from God above
So if you wake up and see a smiling face
You can go right back to sleep
Knowing Love is in its place.

My Marie

I wish everyone could know, My Marie
She is tall and graceful, My Marie
She comes by when I'm feeling low
She knows when to stay and when to go, My Marie

God sent her to me, I know
Because he knew I would need her so, My Marie
I thank Him for her each day and night
I depend on her to make things right, My Marie

Anyone who meets her, she stays on their mind
Cause she is gentle, loving, gay and kind, My Marie
Everyone loves her but pass her on by
Cause if I didn't have her, I would surely die, My Marie

Aunt Clebern

I read the book from A to Z
They all advanced the theory
That if our tots would learn then we
Should answer every query

One day I vowed I'd educate
Our youngster who was three
The questions came at rapid rate
Mommy why am I me?

With patience and with words inspired
I started to explain,
When his small voice sweetly inquired
What makes the raindrops rain?

Why is my skin on me so tight?
Where is the land of nod?
Why do the stars show just at night?
Mommy who cooks for God?

What makes old Rover look so sad?
Where am I when I'm dreaming?
That night he asked his weary Dad
Why is my Mommy screaming?

He is God
He is Heir to all things
He created the world
He is Himself very God
He upholds all things
He cleansed us from sin
He is set down at the right hand of God
Greater than Angels
Excellent name of Son

Wayne's Poem

Wayne asked me to write a poem
To read at this special time
I knew what I wanted to say
But didn't know if I could make it rhyme.

Because this is a special occasion
We celebrate the birth of our King
It's a time for all to rejoice
And worship Him as we sing.

There's no news on earth that's sweeter
No matter how far and wide you look
So there was just one thing to do
Take it from God's Holy Book.

The prophets told of His coming
How He would be born and die
For sinful men the world over
Right down to you and I.

A maiden found favor with God
She was picked to bear His child
When the angel appeared to Mary
She was puzzled and terrified.

The angel told her to not be afraid
She was chosen as God's favorite one
Who would conceive of the Holy Ghost
And be the mother of God's Son.

Mary was going to marry Joseph
But was a virgin when she conceived
And when Joseph heard about it
He didn't know what to believe.

He didn't want to embarrass her
But he didn't want her to wife
So he'd put her away privately
And get her out of his life.

But the angel of God told him
“Joseph your love is not lost
The baby your Mary is carrying
Was conceived of the Holy Ghost”

Joseph was really made happy
When he found his love was true
To marry Mary and care for her
Was what he really wanted to do.

When they made the trip to Bethlehem
Mary was heavy and the going slow
So when they finally got to town
There was just no place to go.

They bedded down in a stable
Thinking they would rest ‘til morn
But it just wasn’t to be
For that night our Lord was born.

Outside of town there were shepards
Keeping watch over their flock
When an angel of the Lord appeared
They were scared into a state of shock.

“Don’t be afraid”, the angel said
As God’s light shone all around them
I have brought you good news
Tonight, our Savior was born in Bethlehem.

Then with the angel of the Lord
The Heavenly Hosts joined them
All singing praises unto God
With a Hallelujah and amen.

The shepherds left their flock
And hastened into town
Where they soon found the baby
In a manger, nestled down.

They all knelt and worshiped Him
While Mary silently looked on
I’m sure she was beginning to realize
How precious, her first born son.

The three wise men found Him
Being led from the east by a star
They had gifts fit for a king
They had brought Him from afar.

Christ comes first in Christmas
In this story we so often hear
And you will have peace and happiness
If you keep Christ in Christmas all year!

Clebern Lindsey
Sarah Baptist Church