

Patriots Pride



By Raymond G Schmidt II
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This manuscript is dedicated to the men and women of our armed forces.

Those who serve for our country and valiantly step forward for love of life, family and our Great Country “The United States of America”. They have given an oath to support even those who do not understand and will not serve. It is to these men and women that I salute as true heroes. Though you will face hardships I charge you to remember the words of Jesus who has said “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends”

May God’s hand be upon you and remember you all the days of your life.

Readers have more fun

**If you're a reader and can discern
Facts from fiction while you learn
There is good and bad and ugly too
What you learn is up to you**

**When first you come upon this earth
As far as you know it's your first birth
The slate is clean your mind a sponge
No words you speak, not even one**

**No need for you to learn to cry
It's part of the package, I don't know why
That's okay, adults seem to know
Cry or giggle they know which way to go**

**At first you learn your ABC's
Then you learn your one, two, threes
As you learn words, you learn to read
It takes some practice but you'll succeed**

**Next up comes the part that's not so hard
What to keep and what to discard
If it's all about you and all about self
In times of need you'll be on the back shelf**

**So learn to read, take it all in
Throw the chaff into the wind
It never hurts to help someone else
Or like a bad book you'll wind up on the shelf**

What's it all about

It's been brought to my attention that I should come to you
So you may know just who I am and somewhat what I do
So first I'll start with this, my simple little rhyme,
Nothing to it, I write it down; I do it all the time

I came from where, it matters not but just in case you wonder
My life started on the day we wed, and no man put asunder
I didn't think to change the world, impart wisdom unto you
But I've been around so many years; I might pass something on to

We lived our ordinary years, we made a life you see
We held each other tightly, the way that it should be
Now my Lord has taken her home, away from all of this
I touched her lips, brush through her hair, and lingered with a kiss

I gave way to depression thinking there was nothing I could do
Then I thought, perhaps I can, for you will be there too
First I jotted it all down, in a simple rhyme you see
As life will give you a tumble, just as it did to me

Now my stories; I place them in a book
With the adventures of mortal men who follow a babbling brook
Hero's; no, they simply place one foot in front of the other
Try to help each other, for alas they are your brother

So who am I, an angel not; yet I present myself to you
I place my words upon this script for that is what I do
I hope you enjoy my simple attempt for me to let you know
I paused here for a moment, now on my way I go

Valentine

Some, they got diamonds while others got stone,
Red blue or purple, to take it on home.
Some went for flowers, to speak just what they feel
As words wouldn't say it, but the sweet flowers will.

Then there are others who pick out a card
To say things that they want to say, as they think it's hard
Words are beside them, they just don't know what to say
Feelings in their heart won't come out, their just made that way.

When first I did see you I fell deeply in love
It wasn't my doing, it came from above.
But I wanted to take this moment to say
His doing or mine, I like it that way.

Flowers are pretty, but fade next to you
And rocks are real nice but their awful dull too.
When compared to these words that come from the heart
The card that I picked is only a start.

WHERE AND WHY

Have you ever stopped to wonder, from whence do I come
For what purpose do I stand here, I hide or perhaps I should run
I look towards the east, the north the south and then the west
For now I cannot comprehend, I find it hard to rest

As a human I do know that everyone has their own ambition
The best that we can do, our history focuses on our transition
There are some out there, for power they do strive
Yet most of us are happy that at least we are alive

You want to be a Caesar, perhaps Hannibal, the Alps was his quest
Or simply hold the hands of the one you loved best
Is it really important which path we do take?
For one day we'll be unknown or forgiven for our mistake

We are tempered with steel, poured out like the gold
Listen to the elders and the stories they've told
Yet we move forward it's all like a dream
In the end we'll be wishing for a heavenly scene

Ponder your value take stock of your worth
Remember you came here with nothing at your time of birth
From whence do I come, which way is my path
Forget the material things because they won't last

SHE

She never wore the army green or marched in a parade
Yet she is a qualified veteran for the sacrifices that she made
When I served o're there, at home she did stay
She gave it her all for she is built that way

It's what you do as a service wife and it means so much to me
She stuck by, built our lives, so we could be free
When we received our blessings His gift from up above
In spite of all the hardships she resolved each trial with love

So take a minute, hold her hand, and let her know you care
Be sure to thank her for her thoughts while you are over there

A time will come she will be gone, you'll think it's all for naught
But watch her march in her parade Be sure she's not forgot

*"Have you ever stopped to wonder, from whence do I come
For what purpose do I stand here, I hide, or perhaps I run
I look towards the east, north, south and then the west
For now I cannot comprehend, I find it hard to rest"*

