

REFLECTIONS, THOUGHTS, AND PROPHECIES

A Father's Love

Untouched, by a world so unforgiving,
Is the newborn babe, into Daddy's arms is given,
A soul who yearns for nurture and insight,
And a father, challenged to bring delight,
He is challenged to raise his daughter, his son,
To be a man, a woman who looks to the One.
The One that loved even before birth,
Onto a place He himself named, "Earth".
Forever and ever, He is entitled to love,
With a tenderness that lies well above,
Anything really that a father could offer
Anything to help a son or a daughter.
He begins, scared out of his mind,
To produce a legacy worth leaving behind,
Something that his own can admire,
And work 'til the end of their days to acquire,
They grow quickly, so full of light,
In contrast to the relentless dark of night.
He works, still harder to supply their needs,
Tugging at the negative, as a gardener braves weeds.
Every daughter deserves a father's embrace,
And every son deserves to be to his father a disgrace,
For a period of time, and then he too will know,
That all along his father just sought for him to go,

To follow a purpose worthy of a salute,
Not just a daily 9-5 in a suit.
No, the father wants more for his son, for his daughter to gain,
To comprehend why in the first place, he merged into the lane,
The unforgiving path of fathering a child,
To do every last thing to see that organism smile.
But when the father falls off the path,
All are very quick to laugh,
And he is left, bitter and confused,
At just how he managed this battle to lose,
"I let my son down", "My girl will never forgive me".
"What kind of father have I turned out to be?"
You plead with yourself 'til your heart runs dry,
You search for a way to pierce through the sky,
And reach the throne of grace, for supernatural intervention,
Into a mess too embarrassing to mention,
Oh, but all you know is that your love is strong,
Mighty enough to erase all the wrong,
You know in your heart the enemy can't win,
For the Good Book says, "Love covers a multitude of sin".
So you resume your journey, from the ground up,
To mend what is left before it all erupts,
Because love is reaching out from behind the penitentiary
Even from within the grounds of the cemetery,
To that same son, that daughter you promised to hold,
And work day in, day out, to mold,

Into a man of integrity, a woman of virtue,
A child wherein could reveal the reflection of you,
Father, don't cease to love from the ground,
Child, don't be ignorant, his love is all around,
Still guiding and chiseling at the essence of you,
To ensure that your wildest dreams do come true.

Baby Steps

People ALWAYS ask,

"How do you do it?"

"How do you get through it?"

And I always say,

"One day at a time."

It's taken me a long time to realize that I've been lying to people.

I didn't mean to, it just hadn't dawned on me yet.

This roller coaster ride is intense.

So intense that half my day could be great,

And the other half can be a nightmare.

23 hours can be perfect.

And then someone says the d-word and I can't stop crying.

Or maybe it's just one thought.

The point is,

Every single moment is a blessing.

It's a blessing to wake up.

And then get out of bed.

Use the bathroom.

Brush my teeth.

Take a shower.

Get dressed.

Do my hair.

Eat breakfast.

Get on the bus.

Get off the bus.

Get on the train.

Get off the train.

Walk.

Start a class.

Finish a class.

Finish school.

And begin to head back home.

I know what you're thinking.

I'm totally exaggerating.

That's what I thought too!

Until....

Until one day,

I woke up,

Got out of bed.

Used the bathroom.

Brushed my teeth.

Took a shower.

Did my hair.

Got dressed.

Got on the bus.

Got off the bus.

Got on the train.

Got off the train.

Walked,

And went to the restaurant across the street from school for breakfast.

I was there,
Eating my breakfast.
And all of a sudden,
In the middle of my meal,
I lost my appetite.
I went numb.
I got scared.
I had almost went through the whole routine.
But I was scared.
I was across the street from my finish line,
And I got up,
Threw away the rest of my breakfast.
Walked outside.
Turned around.
And went back home.
That's when I knew.
That's when I realized that I was a fool to say I took things one day at a time.
You see, I really take baby steps.
One foot at a time.
And when I get wobbly.
I stop,
Regain my balance,
And keep on going.
I take it slow,
Not because I want to.
But because I have to,

In order to reach my finish line.

Dream Brother, Dream

I always knew you'd make it someday.

I didn't know when, nor in what way.

You just always seemed like someone who would fight.

To hold your ground, and withstand tough nights.

It took dad's death for you to understand,

That all he wanted was for you to be a man,

To work hard, and gain success,

To stand tall, and accept nothing less.

He wanted you to dream about all the possibilities,

That were at stake, despite the probability,

The likelihood of your dreams coming true,

The chances of you making it through,

A world where everything is set up to destroy,

All those who God would choose to employ,

To do His good measure, yes God placed His gift in you,

To do His great will, and let all those dreams come true.

Yes, your dreams will come true.

"For He knows the thoughts He Has for you"

For you to prosper through and through,

And for not just a few,

But for all your dreams to come true.

So dream,

Dream big my friend,

Don't let the rotary of your mind cease to spin,

Dream until you win,
And then dream again,
Until your dreams birth more,
More than you had in store,
To achieve,
More than you had believed,
So unleash,
And reach,
And set free,
The things you had locked away,
Away from the light of day,
No! You're a dreamer,
Take your dreams to the limit,
Of the sky, and then overcome it,
Because He runs it,
And He runs this,
So let your heart sing,
And let the bells ring,
And let the devil feel the sting,
Of the Jesus thing,
And let the spirit linger
For you are a winner,
I proclaim,
In His name,
Let your dreams take flight,
Overtaking the shades of night,

With the power of His might,
By the strength of all things right,
Against the stronghold of the fight,
That you may encounter,
In the midnight hour,
Please know there is a tower,
From which He will shower,
You with blessings great and small,
But above all,
Dream,
And know that you are loved,
From way upstairs
To the folks in the chairs,
To the proud mama in tears,
Dream,
And be changed by the wonders of your mind,
Leave the shame behind,
And when your light has shone,
Remember the one holding the microphone,
Who told you that you could be,
The greatest entity,
This world's ever seen,
And by now you get the theme
Of this perfectly played scene
Just dream!

