

“Letter From M.O.M.”

The **Monthly** newsletter of **Moving On Ministry**

WWW.MovingOnMinistry.COM

<http://PrisonMinistry.net/MovingOn>

Volume 25 – June, 2007

“I Can Only Imagine”

It is hard to imagine that this ministry has been developing for over four years. New facilities have opened up to us, as well as getting correspondence from many states and foreign countries.

Watch our websites

www.MovingOnMinistry.com

<http://PrisonMinistry.net/MovingOn>

Addresses to contact our Ministry Volunteers

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Intentions & Wishes

The intentions of this newsletter are to allow an understanding of jail & prison ministries. It is our intentions to get input from those incarcerated as well as those “free” to visit. Life experiences of the faith and fellowship from those locked up in the facilities are always desired to let others know of the value of “visitation”. I am certain that each of us have many stories of the miracles God has done in our lives.

Our wishes are that we would have a list of supportive churches that individuals might look forward to attending once released.

A list of services, such as housing, employment, and counseling services, as well as some individuals available for friendly fellowship are also much needed items.

God’s Word says if a man stumbles, how can he continue lest there be another to help him up. **Ecc. 4:10** “**For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him [that is] alone when he falleth; for [he hath] not another to help him up.**” **Proverbs 24:17** “**Rejoice not when thy enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth:”** **John 11:10** “**But if a man walketh in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.**”

Please help us with input for this newsletter as we strive to serve God. We appreciate any articles or input.

I want to extend **special thanks** to the following;

- My Mom (Jeanne) – monthly support
- My Aunt (Pat) – monthly support
- Inmates – donations of stamps
- Inmates - with Poetry
- Inmates – with artwork
- Inmates – with testimonies
- Inmates – with letters written
- Inmates –Sharing M.O.M. with others
- Inmates – Accomplishing G.E.D.
- Inmates – Completing Vocations

Educate, don't Incarcerate

Fellowship

We would like to keep a listing of locations for fellowship that welcomes previous incarcerated individuals. We previously listed churches that are supportive in California, as well as some special articles on churches in other states. We would like follow up on these churches to see if they are supportive, as well as letting us know of others available. **We also cherish letters from inmates or relatives to the churches to let us know how we are doing**

If you would like a church added, or have concern on one that is not supportive, please contact us.

Bob's Letter Writing

Bob has slowed down on responding, due to the volume of letters he's responding;

December 2006	249
January 2007	136
February 2007	166
March 2007	336
April 2007	???
May 2007	???

G.E.D. Ceremony at Avenal

Linda and I were recently invited by an inmate we have been writing to, to be guests at his G.E.D. Graduation Ceremony. He invited us, since he had no family to contact that would come to the ceremony. Linda and I were honored to know he thought of us as "family" and replied we definitely would. The amount of time to get the clearance was too short, yet God assisted in getting the forms thru the right channels quickly. Then we had to return the registration form for the ceremony. When we received it, the deadline for clearance had passed, but had the date crossed out and "ASAP" written. I immediately filed out the information, put it in an envelope and then realized I needed to get stamps (I go thru more than 400 stamps in a month), since I was out. I forgot about the forms, and 3 days later, noticed the envelope. I quickly stamped the envelope and ran it to the post office. The registration got thru and the approval was done. The ceremony was MAGNIFICANT! The speakers gave credit to family, instructors and GOD! If you have never been to one of these, PLEASE GO!!

Letters that Express it All

These are actual quotes from some of the different incarcerated individuals. The names have been removed. Our first newsletter went out October 2003. We receive many of these letters. If one of these letters is yours, let us know how you are doing now.

The Reason

Dear Chaplain Bob;
First off, I would like to thank you for giving your time to come out here and teach the Word to us fellow inmates. I have been excited to take time and go to your classes, but not always will they let me out. I do get upset because I look forward to going to Bible study every week, even though I read my Bible every day. I know you are only supposed to read only a chapter a day (referring to Proverbs?), but I figured a little more wouldn't hurt. Well, your studies have been giving me a better understanding of the Word. I just like how you explain things and break them down. Well, this is my first time being locked down, ever (this would be the 19th person that was a 1st timer in Bob's almost 5 years in this ministry) and in the beginning I was scared. But then I realized only one thing to be scared of, and that's God. So I opened up the Bible and read. After reading, I wasn't scared anymore. So I read everyday now. Not only do I read, but I also talk to God and thank Him for all His forgiveness and all His works. To tell you the truth, before I got locked up, I hadn't been to church in over a year. When I was small, I would go to church every Sunday with my grandparents, and I mean every Sunday, until one day my grandma got ill with

lung cancer. She never smoked a day in her life and was never around it. God took her away from me and I took it deeply. She died October 14, 2005. I was never the same since. I stopped going to church because she was one of the reasons I went, because it made her happy. She was real religious. She even went to Jerusalem, Israel, and to lots of holy places. She loved to travel. Everyday, I would ask God why? I don't really know if I've gotten an answer. I realize now, I shouldn't have stopped. I believe God put me here to realize I was messing up, and I thank Him for putting me here to realize, not for what I lost, but of what I can gain from what I've lost. Your newsletters (Letter From M.O.M.) put a smile on my face and there's talent behind these walls and there are lots of more blessed men in here than I know out there. . . .I just wanted to thank you for your work and inspiration you give all us inmates and thank you for teaching me and my fellow inmates about lots of the understanding. So once again, thank you and God bless you sir. **MA**

Nothing Felt, Forgotten About

I felt nothing. I was lost to the world. I lost my sanity. I forgot how to pray. My heart was as solid as a rock of crystal meth. I worshiped my pipe and gave praise to my dope sack. I hated everyone including myself. I was like a monster. Not one good thought in my mind, just worried about my dope and not braking my pipe. I was possessed by a meth demon, until one day, I'm not sure I can't remember, but I must of not had no dope or a broken pipe. I was

hurting but I came back to reality for a few minutes. Well, these few minutes I used them wisely. I went out into a field, I got on my knees, and I cried and I cried. I put my face in the dirt and began to pray to the God I had forgotten about, our Lord Jesus. Well, what do you know? A few days later, our Lord came to me and answered my prayers. I didn't want to come to jail, but it that's what it took, that's what it took. Now I'm here at BWDF. I thank God I'm finally restored with the Love of God. I've accepted Jesus as my personal Savior and I was blessed with the gift of the Holy Spirit. I thank God for putting me here. I never thought I would be thankful for being in jail, but I am now. All praise be to my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Now I have an out date and can't wait to get out so I can share the good news. But while I'm here, I'm putting it to work to all my brothers in Christ. God is the best thing that has ever happened to me. I love all my brothers and keep them in my prayers. God bless us all. **MC**

A Way of Escape

Dear Brother Bob & Sister Linda

I received your letter and was happy to hear you both had the opportunity to attend some Bible classes (Trinity classes in Tucson, AZ). It is great to have a thirst for God's Word. I enjoy reading Letters From M.O.M.

I've been married three times, and I am amazed that my wife stayed with me for 32 years, but, then my sin and prison ended that. Yet I still love her, and write her, and tell her so. I still consider her my wife and cherish her as a gift from God. It's not her fault I'm here, it's mine. I was telling a brother on the yard the other day, "many people quote **I Corinthians 10:13**, "**For there**

is no temptation taken you, but as is common to man, but God is faithful and will not allow you to be tempted above you are able, but will provide a way of escape that you may be able to stand." If we really read this verse, we are twice guilty; once for paying attention to the temptation and not to God, and two, ignoring God's way of escape to keep us from committing the sin we were/are tempted with. I'm here because I ignored GOD and HIS way of escape! The strange part about the person (me) who ignores that which God has provided, is they also ignore the warning in the previous verse **10:12** "**Let him who thinks he stands, take heed, lest he falls."** That's really clear as I see it, yet I didn't "take heed." Now just how stupid does that make this old fool? And on top of all of that, my wife and family have to suffer because of my stupidity. So why am I still clinging to my wife who deserves to have happiness instead of me? I keep asking myself that question.

So much for me and how I ruined my wife and family. I praise GOD your differences aren't as bad. I hear so many reasons that family, friends, gangs, drugs, the government, society or circumstances are the reason for all of my problems. I'm sorry for subjecting you to my history, be thankful I don't go into all of my past "problems." Thankfully, I don't have enough paper and ink. I guess you both are so fortunate to have each other to talk to, and work things together. I guess I should shut up. I find myself reading all the parts in the Bible about what God expected of me, and realizing if I would have followed His advice, my marriage, family, and life would have been happier, and better (Prov. 18:22, Ecl. 9:19) God is so Good. **VWW**

NOTES and COMMENTS

When Satan reminds you of your past, remind him of his future.

God accepts you where you are, but loves you too much to leave you there.

Need for Change

... Keep doing what you have been doing, and you will keep getting what you have been getting.

Conversion

Conversion is the wiping of the slate clean so a new process can “start.”

Replenishing

God’s Word promises to restore the years of the locust, or more simply the years previously lost.

Joel 2:25 And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you.

Salvation

It is a “point” followed by a “process.”

Talk to God about the lost,
Before talking to the lost about God

Repentance

Can be defined as; **Stop**, **Turn around**, and **follow**.

God, be Lord of what is left of my life

Recommended Reading

For the new Christian, or the individual desiring to know God, we would like to recommend the following reading:

The Gospel of John – This is a great introduction of Christ’s walk on Earth.

The Book of Romans – This gives an introduction of many of the Bible stories shared and helps build familiarity of Christ’s plan for our lives.

The Purpose Driven Life by Rick Warren – 40 chapters will change your life in 40 days

Book of Proverbs – Read one chapter a day with the chapter read being the day of the month. This will allow the book to be read almost 12 times thru the year.

Ephesians 4 – 6 – This gives the pattern for life that we should live. All 7 S’s are displayed in these 3 chapters. We are given the purpose of the gifts, changing our character, husband/wife/family relationships, and the type of life we are to live and display.

Men’s Relational Toolbox – Another fine work by Gary Smalley with both of his sons adding to this book. This book avoids “male bashing” but rather teaches men to use and modify the inner tools they have to improve their relationships.

Prayer of Jabez – A truly fine first book from Bruce Wilkerson. This short book will change your mind about being disobedient to God by not taking care of people in need

Needs after Release

Individuals being released from incarceration have the same common needs of all individuals. There is a need of self-respect and self esteem. Many have a need of housing. Most are coming back looking for employment. Some are facing classes for AA, NA, or Domestic Violence. Some need to enroll in educational or vocational programs. Most would appreciate someone to just talk to or have a mentor. Fellowship with the right people is ALWAYS needed. For many these are totally new expectations and experiences.

One inmate expressed wonderfully the problem of being released. He stated that everything is slow to happen while incarcerated. It seems like an eternity as you wait for your next transfer or assignment. You feel like you are running at 5 miles per hour. Then, when released to the world, you are put into an environment that is running at 200 miles per hour. This drastic change of environments tends to overcome individuals and they have a hard time adapting. We hear of transitions from one area to another in each of our lives. Someone to just talk with about the feelings and changes the individuals are going thru is a great healer. The Bible says that each of us should be a "brother" to help the other one up when he falls. Other scripture talks about "sticking closer than a brother" we can often help with sharing life experiences or just listening to someone in need. We don't always have to solve the problems, but many times need to just "lend an ear" so that someone might share their needs or hurts with us. Many men have heard from their wives "I don't want you to fix it, just listen". We need to just listen.

Sharing Your Testimony

There are 4 parts to an individual's testimony;

1. What my life was like before I met Jesus
2. How I realized I needed Jesus
3. How I committed my life to Jesus
4. The difference Jesus has made in my life.

But in reality, those who believe in Jesus have the testimony of God in them; Each of us needs to periodically share our testimony with others. The importance is not what you have done, but what God is doing.

1. Your testimony;
2. Your life lessons
3. Your godly passions
4. the Good News

God will make all things new
What are some things I should finish once I start?

**"For if we are faithful to the end, trusting God just as firmly as when we first believed, we will share in all that belongs to Christ."
Hebrews 3:14**

New life in Christ. We must maintain the confident faith we had when we first believed.

Scripture is from the New Living Translation (Tyndale House Publishers, 1996).

Our testimony is to give hope to others; our fruit is to give proof to God.

Repentance means you change your mind so deeply that it changes you. It's not just that I changed how I thought—I am now changed.

Testimonies

Being off parole and having studied civil and criminal procedures, I did things that were borderline legal, prior to my release, I put myself on a strict diet and a tight well disciplined exercise routine, so then I was well versed in law and in lean cut definitive muscle condition.

My first professional job was at XXXXXX Ford and Mitsubishi. After about a month, I was making more money in two weeks than my parole officer would make in a month.

I was arrogant, prideful, aside from being a sales consultant; I moonlighted as a male entertainer and managed a group of female entertainers. We didn't refer to ourselves as a dancer, the status of a dancer was below that of an entertainer, and entertainer left open all "options." Living the way I was had caught up to me. I was arrested for D.U.I. My license to lease and sell cars was pulled. I knew because of the D.U.I. that my parole officer was going to find out. I went to court and was ordered to turn myself in. I didn't. Soon there after, I decided to stop checking in and became a P.A.L. (Parolee At Large). I stayed on the run, not ever coming or going at the same time or the same route.

There was so much that happened between the time I was paroled and discharged. I now realize even then I was a child in a man's body. I hadn't at all matured. I was just a knowledgeable big kid, I used risk for the wrong reasons.

Being prideful and saying I didn't do this crime, so I'm not going to register as a sex offender. Well, not to register is a felony.

Before my arrest, I had survived an attempt on my life and I have the scars of three stab wounds, one above my heart, one punctured my left lung, and one near my kidney. I was released after 48 hours. My lung had drained and healed quickly. A month later I was arrested for failure to register as a sex offender.

I was facing my 3rd strike and I plea bargained to 7 years with ½ time. Well, CDC refuses to acknowledge my ½ time and tells me your E.P.R.D. (earliest possible release date) is 9-20-09. I already know that is going to change.

I first went to Corcoran and I have a number of family members who work there, so I was put up for transfer.

After I get here, I meet a man named David. After a month of fellowship, David invites me to his bunk area to show me pictures of his family. Now I see this woman and say, "Hey I know her, oh man what is her name? It's sister Lupe!" David goes "Dude, that is my wife." I just smiled and stared at David in Amazed silence. David then tells me everything about himself, why and how he ended up in prison, and that he had prayed and expected the Lord to send word about his wife. As David and I walked the track, David asked me a lot of questions. After I was able to answer all of his questions, I continued walking the track and prayed and was humbled. I could see how awesome the God I serve is towards His children. To see the joy on David's face, will always stay with me. **JR**

Lighter But Serious Side

Many Christians are familiar with the story of Ruth and as found in the Book of Ruth.

We would like to share the following poem / story as written by Phil A. Smouse and published in 1995 and 2000 by Barbour And Company, Inc.

I Love Ruthie

It can't be true! I can't go on!
Oh, everything we had is gone!
Naomi wept. Poor Ruthie cried.
Naomi's precious sons had died!

And oh, one precious, priceless son,
Naomi's son, that very one,
Was Ruthie's *husband!* Lord above!
Her one-and-only one true love!

Now, sometimes when it rains it pours,
And this time it would pour for sure!

For evil people ruled the land
As evil people sometimes can
And sometimes will and sometimes do,
When you and I allow them to!

From here to there, from there to here,
The food began to disappear!
It filled the people full of fear –
Yes, full of fear from ear to ear!

“Orpah! Ruth!” Naomi cried.
“The time has come. We must decide.
We have to leave. We cannot stay.
We cannot stay, not now no way!”

From north to south, from west to east,
The men are gone. Extinct, Deceased!
Without a man,” Naomi said,
**“WE'RE ALL ABOUT AS GOOD AS
DEAD!”**

(Now be cool,
some things were different then,
so don't get too upset,
amen?

“Just look at me! I'm old and wrinkled,
Sagged and bagged and crook'd and
crinkled,
Crumpled, puckered, nooked and
crannied,
Rip-Van-Winkled, gray and grannied!

Oh, there's just no hope in sight
To find another Mister Right,
Or even just a Daffy Duck,
An Elmer Fudd, or Mister Yuck!

The time has come! The time is now.
The time has come right now and how!
You must return, you *must*, I say,
Return back home, right now, today!”

Naomi prayed that they would bite
And Orpah knew that she was right.
She packed her bags without a fight
And left for home that very night.

But oh, not Ruth.
Not her. No way!
She had a thing
Or two to say . . .

“I can't return. I want to stay.
I will NOT go 'right now, today!”

“For where you are is where I’ll be.
And when you stay, you’ll stay with me.
And when you die, I’ll die with you.
And THAT is what I’m going to do!

Your God will by MY God and He
Will surely care for you and me!”

Oh, what a thing for Ruth to say.
That kind of thing can make your day,
And make you shout “hip-hip hooray!”

They hugged and kissed, then packed up
tight
And left for Bethlehem that night.

“Naomi! Is it true?
What happened, girl? Just look at you!

Your hair! Your clothes! Your shoes!
Your toes!
Your eyes, your ears, your mouth, your
nose!
You’re looking pale. You’re looking
thin.
In fact, if we may say akin
to something that the cat dragged in!”

(Well, things looked bad, the way things
can,
But listen now, God had a plan . . .)

“Oh Naomi, please don’t cry.
Oh please don’t cry. I’ll tell you why!

I’ll find a farm. I’ll be real nice.
I’ll ask them once or maybe twice
To take our jugs and jars and snacks
And fill them of treats and snacks.

Yes, crumbs and morsels, flakes and
flecks,
Leftover kernels, crumbs and specks.
A black banana! Bagels! Lox!
Some cheese stuck to a pizza box!

I’ll beg and plead. I’ll sob and bleat!
I’ll ask them for a tasty treat –
An itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny
Tiny scrap for us to eat!”

So off she went. She did her thing.
She did it never noticing
That someone had been fastening
His bulging eyes on everything!

“Who IS that girl out in my field
And what’s she doing?” Boaz squealed.
Look AT that hair. Look AT those eyes!
Excuse me just one minute, guys,
I’ve got to go and socialize!

(No, Boaz wasn’t one to miss
an opportunity like this!)

He shaved his toes. He licked his lips.
He checked his teeth for cracks and
chips.
He combed the bugs out of his hair,
Yes, Don Juan double-debonair
With savoir-faire extraordinaire!

(Now, don’t be quick to judge, amen?
Well, don’t think what you’re thinking
then!
For Boaz was a gentleman.)

Please stay with us. Take what you
need.
Take what you need and more, indeed!”

He loaded up all Ruthie’s sacks
And jugs and jars with treats and snacks.
Yes, it WAS true love at first sight –
A double thumping-heart delight!

She headed home. Oh, what she’d
found!
Her world was turning upside-down.
She ran the whole way back to town
And ten feet above the ground.

“I’m telling you, tonight’s the night,”
Naomi grinned, “and if I’m right,
There’s only one thing left to do
To get that man to say I DO!

(So do they did. Oh, DID they do . . .)
They fluffed and puffed. They crimped
and curled.
They powdered, sweet-perfumed, and
pearled!
They thanked the Lord. They sang His
praise!
They marveled at His wondrous ways!

And off she went into the night
To have and hold her Mister Right –
Her Mister Shining-Armored Knight –
Her straight from heaven-sent delight!

Now, as I’m sure that you supposed
Boaz said “YES!” when Ruth proposed!
Yes, *RUTH* proposed. That’s what I
said.
Just look it up, go right ahead.

They tied the knot and lived to be
Quite happy ever-afterly.
And soon God blessed them with a son,
a precious, little baby one!

But wait! This story’s far from done.
Because their son, he was the one
who had a son, who had a kit
known as King David. Yes, he did!

And David was the Great, Great, Great,
Great, Great (times three, times one plus
eight)
Great Grand-dad of a man whose wife
You’ve probably heard of all your life.

A man whose son, to be precise,
Was Jesus. No?! YES! *Jesus Christ!*

Just take a second, think it through
Oh, what God will go and do!
The kindest that you’ll ever find,
The kindest that you’ll ever see,
That’s something else, don’t you agree!?

The Red Sea Blessings on M.O.M.

Many wonder what things M.O.M. is involved in. Some know of the jail ministries and prison ministries we do. Some know of our dedication to being involved in the Bill Glass Crusades. Some know of our newsletter (Letter From M.O.M.) publications. Some know of our willingness to be a guest speaker at churches to help those churches get involved in their own branch (for we know they are all really God's ministry, with our own "departments") of jail and prison ministry. Some know of our "**Tools of Ministry**" we use.



Fierro 600 – Only one completed with this configuration out of only 13 bodies ever made



Bob's boots to start a conversation leading to the Lord.

Some know of Bob's love for cars (replicas are only thing affordable).



Lamborghini Diablo 6.0 replica



Ferrari F355 replica

The other **major** project happening is the purchase of 5.14 acres, with the intention of developing a retreat for Christian fellowship. I referred to this as a mini-retreat; to which a dear supportive brother (**AM**) from Corcoran State Prison replied, "**Do not refer to it as mini. Anything done for God is larger than we can see. We look at the size as width and length, but it reaches to the 3rd Heaven with God.**" I realized that as we view it from God's perspective, it truly is "**Major.**"



Bob has designed a future home and started to build a scale model to help develop the project. Plans are to be two 2-story out buildings that would serve as garage, shop, storage, and one of the upstairs could be used for chapel services (The Upper Room). There are intentions of building 3 small “guest cottages” that would sleep 4 each, to be used as a retreat.



Bob feels much as Moses did when Moses was confronted with the Red Sea – needing the faith to know the obstacle will be crossed and conquered. Also similar to Moses, is the battle that was being won as long as Moses held his arms up. When he dropped them, they would start losing the battle. Soon Moses had to depend on others to help hold his arms up, so that the battle could be won. **Please remember Bob, Linda, and M.O.M. in your prayers.**

Following poem was received from [Stefanie Banta](#).

Poetry Section

Bottle of Tears

One day God was looking
over His great creation
When he saw an old woman
In deep desperation.

And called down from
His Heavenly throne,
My child, why do you
Weep these tears all alone?"

The woman looked up
From her sorrowful state
And said "Oh, my Lord,
Both kind and great,

I weep this day for my burden
has grown too heavy to hold
I have no one to help me,
Their hearts are all cold.

All my life I have been
Generous and truly kind
Giving my all
And loving everyone I find.

But Lord, you see,
I feel I have loved them in vain
Because I am poor, homeless
and afflicted with pain.

My days are spent weeping
And my nights are despair
Because I've given all I have
and nobody cares.

Even you, Lord Jesus
Have left me to live in fear
For it is not until today
That you have noticed my tears."

The Lord looked on her
with tears in His eyes

He said "Daughter I must tell you
These things are all lies.
Each person you helped
Was touched too deeply for words.

In turn they each have gone out
Like you into the world.
You have saved many souls
Simply by your smile.

You have lived a pure life
And I love you my child.
But one thing you said
Is simply untrue.

I haven't left
I have kept my promises to you.
I have a bottle
That I keep next to my heart.

And when you felt like
your life was falling apart,
I took out my bottle to put under your
eyes,
I have stored up each tear, you have ever
cried.

Then I empty this bottle
On the world with love,
Making sure to water the earth
From my home above.

So, child your tears
Have not cried in vain,
For they water seeds of flowers
Falling like rain.

“Inmate Art” Drawings by Sonny D. Rosas



Send us your drawings to be displayed to the world and to remind those on the “outside” the talent that lies “behind the walls.”

To My Spirit



The following article is another of the “**Message in a Bottle**” from **SC**. Those of you that have followed previous articles by **NW** know of the love and expression displayed by the writers, and felt by the reader of the article. Now we present an article as written in a prison cell by **Shyla** in tribute to her horse and to be enjoyed by all you animal lovers. As you read this, think of our relationship and time with Christ.

The first time I saw you,
I knew you were the one.
I took you home
Like my child.
I brushed you for hours and hours,
And I became your mother.
I trusted you,
As you trusted me.
I would pull up to the pasture,
And yell your name, SPIRIT.
You would come galloping,
As fast as you could,
So glad to see me.
We would run around,
Both of us, jus us, playing tag.
Having so much fun.
I would watch you gallop,
Mane and tail flowing
In the wind so beautifully.
How beautiful to watch
One of God’s creations, galloping
With no worries in the world.
As we play, you’d stop,
And look in the spot
Your friend once lay.

So horrible, but yet
You know he is in horse heaven.
You stare with a gaze in your eyes,
Missing your friend.
We start playing tag once again,
With no fear, all with love,
Beautiful love.
As I brush you again and again,
You relax and your breathing slows.
You trust me with all your heart,
And I trust you with all my soul.
As I say goodbye,
I see that look in your eyes.
I give you your alfalfa,
And kiss your little nose goodbye.
I wave, knowing I am loved,
And you eat knowing you are cared for.
You know I will be back again,
The next day,
To brush you,
To love you.
And again to play another game of tag.

Love, SC