

Golden Moments and Lost Opportunities

How many times have we held  
A precious moment and did not comprehend  
That this golden speck of time  
would surely one day end

How many times have we not seized  
A precious moment, we didn't take the time  
To say or do the fitting thing  
That's really on our mind

The only mistake that's ever made  
Is when we do not act  
We never regret actions taken  
recall and it will prove a fact

So if in our relationship  
I sometimes seem a little touched  
Please forgive me for it's just  
A golden moment or near-lost opportunity  
I've clutched  
--July 1994, charlottetown, PEI  
By Albert M. Ferris  
CA. M. Econ

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**You Know Who You Are**

**You lied, cheated  
and eventually,  
disgusted me  
with your thoughtless actions.**  
How wrong I was  
to see a man in you  
**When only a careless boy exists  
without thought  
Feeling  
or love  
For anyone but himself.**  
How could I once feel pride  
around you  
How could I ever have cried  
over you  
I'll never know  
but certainly  
never will again.

*Making Family First*

*When young, success  
was what I craved*

*I worked and worked  
and tried to save*

*Family, friends, it mattered not  
For success was what I sought*

*Hard work and sacrifice brought fame  
For me it was all a game*

*No happiness for me I found  
For to my work I was bound*

*Now time and work have robbed me blind  
My health and comfort where to find*

*We are here for just one reason  
Serving Him in every season*

*Making family first will serve us best  
For God will see to all the rest  
--May, 1994, Warsaw Poland  
By Albert M. Ferris,  
CA M. Econ*

**AT MOMMA'S SIDE**

IT IS A SPECIAL TIME  
WHEN I ABIDE

THE TIME I SPENT  
AT MOMMA'S SIDE

A TIME WHEN CARES  
ARE LEFT OUTSIDE

THE TIME I SPENT  
AT MOMMA'S SIDE

WHEN ALL MY FEARS  
MUST RUN AND HIDE

THE TIME I SPENT  
AT MOMMA'S SIDE

AT TIMES WHEN TROUBLES  
ARE TOO BIG TO HIDE

THERE AT HER SIDE  
I CAN CONFIDE

IN THE TIME I SPENT  
AT MOMMA'S SIDE

THE SOLUTIONS TO THEM ALL  
JUST SEEM TO GLIDE

WHEN SEATED THERE  
AT MOMMA'S SIDE

--MAY 1994, WARSAW POLAND  
BY ALBERT M. FERRIS  
CA, M Econ

**REALITY**

Is that a wrinkle I see  
In the mirror today,  
And is that hair getting  
Just a little bit gray?

Have those bones  
Been aching a little more,  
And is that a wince  
When someone slams a door?

Does your patience these days  
Seem to run on low,  
And do you seem to take longer  
To get up and go?

Are you tired out easily,  
Long before bed,  
And has getting back up  
Become something you dread?

They say that you're only  
As old as you feel,  
So I guess we'll ignore  
All those things as unreal.

But it gets harder each day  
When I stay up till two.  
Then I feel much older,  
How about you?  
--By Alice L. Gallant

**FATHER'S VISIT**

HE'S WAITED ALL DAY  
FOR YOU TO ARRIVE  
THE TIME HE HAS HAD WITH  
IS KEEPING HIM ALIVE

HE'S DRESSED IN HIS FINES  
JUST FOR YOU  
HE'S SHAVED AND POLISHED  
HE'S BEEN READY SINCE TW

HIS DAYS WERE ONCE FILLED  
WITH LIFE'S HECTIC GAME  
TO PLEASE YOU NOW  
IS HIS ONLY AIM

THE GIFT HE SELECTED  
FOR THIS SPECIAL DAY  
WAS PLANNED AND DONE  
IN HIS VERY OWN WAY

HE IS OLD BUT HE IS WISE  
AND SOMETIMES A BOTHER  
BUT REMEMBER SON  
YOU HAVE BUT ONE FATHER

--JUNE 1994, WARSAW, POLAND  
BY ALBERT M. FERRIS  
CA M. Econ

**THE VAGABOND**

A penny for your thoughts, my friend  
I said as he walked  
He stopped and looked across  
And answered with a

I have no family nor any friends  
Yet still the world moves  
My budget doesn't leave me  
No house nor any

He looked around and then looked  
His feet in tattered shoes  
I have myself and no one  
My home is a cardboard

Yet deep inside I know  
Am wealthier than  
I have my health and spirit  
And for food, I have some

Then as he walked away from  
His bags bumped on his  
And as his words raced through my mind  
He stumbled but did not

I wondered why he felt that  
Then I began to  
Without a job or home to  
He lived a life so  
--By Alice L. Gallant

**DESIRE**

It burns.  
The touch of your hand upon my arm  
Reaches deep into my heart.  
Calling.  
Insisting upon an answer  
That I cannot possibly give.  
And still,  
It burns.  
I cannot ignore that feeling,  
The desire for more,  
Than I should want.  
If only I could turn back,  
And make it different.  
If only...  
--By Alice L. Gallant

**IS IT YOU?**

You!  
You think I'm writing about you?  
Are you that vain?  
Or is it that you feel left out?  
That you want it to be you?  
I'm sorry,  
But I just can't oblige.  
You do not exist!  
Not in my secret world.  
Oh, there are people there all right,  
But they are not you.  
There are similarities.  
Sometimes they even remind me of you.  
I like that.  
It makes me feel at home.  
Yet they are different, too.  
So relax.  
You are somewhere else.  
--By Alice L. Gallant