

♥ A LOVE STORY IN TWO PART HARMONY ♥

I love to spin words that tell stories. Assimilation of, and arranging words that rhyme, is my way of writing poems about this heart of mine.

It could be number one or number twenty-three, as with pen in hand I begin. Your guess at first may turn out to be, a surprise to you and a challenge for me.

What's on your mind you may ask of me, my answer to you is, "just wait and see." If I stay on course and things go well, within these words there is by me a love story to tell.

The question again could be asked this way, "Are you sure of what you're trying to say, or does it make a difference anyway?"

I say to you this is rewarding, difficult and challenging for me to do; hiding a clue in writing words about this heart of mine, and not showing partiality to either duty or time.

Not much has been said thus far you say; I agree no clue has been given away; playing cat and mouse is a fun game to play; the cat is to "what"... for the mouse to get away.

Different words have different meaning; refining, defining, and arranging words can be telling to you, and rewarding to me! The right words with accurate meaning and correct arrangement you can perceive, the inner man this old man is or should be.

Playing with words can be a rewarding way of using time, and I confess that it is a hobby of mine; choosing with care the words become lessons to the heart and a desire to be blessed by giving the fruit of love away.

What is more unusual to me is that my first poem was penned while I was out to sea, and thoughts of blue water, huge waves, enemy rockets, and foreign shores have since lost their attraction to me.

The days that I spent sailing the seven seas were exciting at first to me; but it takes time and many nautical miles to become a "salty" sailor don't you see?

There is much which can be said about a sailor and life on the seas; the same can be said of life with my sweetheart, my B-O-B-B-I-E; now-days, when I introduce her, I call her my "Baby Ruth", because that is what she is to me! We were wed, on Saturday, 8 November 1952; what a day that was in Nashville, Ten-O-see.

Life and living for Baby-Ruth and our two baby boys (at that time) was too much for a sailor at sea, so the sailor, with Bobbie, and the deep blue sea, worked out a plan to eliminate one of the three.

The sailor and the deep blue sea weighed anchor and got underway; crossed the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean to sail the big blue seas no more, and with a "deep-blue-sea" desire to be a land-lover for-ever-more.

To let you know that it's true and dates prove it to be; it is now 2007, fifty plus one year ago; and two more babies, [girls], two careers, and birthdays that add up to eighty-five for me. There are no regrets, not one, for giving up sailing the deep blue seas!

Bobbie did right well but the Sailor, who became an Air Force man, did better; than me, and if you don't know what I mean, well...I answered the call to be a soldier for my Creator who made the good earth and the deep blue seas.

Sailor, Airman, Soldier, either one of the three is a good profession if you asked me; but a soldier, fighter for the Lord, by, walking His way in following the straight and narrow, and by His loving grace you will be blessed to enter 'His place' for eternity.

Our four, two boys and two girls grew to be, good soldiers for the Cross like Bobbie Ruth and I. Our oldest a boy, is now a man of fifty-three; the youngest, a girl, in 2008 will be forty plus three.

Count the Grand's, they number seven, coming into the world they turned out to be just right—two pair of boys, one pair of girls plus one; but that also was just right for Grandmother Bobbie and Daddy-Bill, that's what the grand's call me.

Add up the Great-Grand's and they total four, two boys and two girls, but the odds are great and grand will become to be more; but the great-great Grand's I'll probably never see, because I see the exit sign glowing red for me.

Should you ask me the question, "If you had it to do all over again would you"? My answer, without hesitation, would be, "A resounding, echoing, yes-yes-yes, many and many times over and over again"! We all know that could never happen, because that is why Heaven was made for—you all and me...I say come on up and see, I'll be there; just waiting for you 'all to see!

It was a great trip for me, you 'all have one too; the God of Heaven with Bobbie's help has given me a wonderful life of bliss! My Christian Family had their part to play, and all of us have been traveling the straight and narrow way.

This is not all I have to say, but you all will have to wait for another time..... another day. My rhyming words and slow thinking mind needs a rest from time to time. So now in closing and with this my final say, "God's blessing of love to all. *I-LOVE YOU ALL* and I pray that HE will be with all of us in life's journey as we all hold to "God's unchanging Hand"

By: *William Thomas Richardson, Jr.,*

(AKA—Bill; Wild-Bill; Daddy Bill; W.T.; Duddy-T; and Hey-You) (December 2007)