Songs From

My Heart

by Thomas Redd

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This is a collection of Poetry that has been written since 1987, by myself, or by myself and a group of students in my classroom. Many of the poems are outstanding, and therefore need to be published in some form. This need has caused the creation of this book.

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by Thomas J. Redd

**Aaron**

By Tom Redd

I have a friend who's dear to me, and hope that he won't mind.

He's nice to everyone around. He's thoughtful, sweet and kind.

He always smiles to help me out. He show great care for me.

Now Aaron's still a cherished friend. He shows humility.

My heart is full today you see, because he phoned me here.

I'm sure in heaven we were friends because he is so dear.

I like to feel his spirit near, like when we were above.

I miss the time he gave to me. I miss his Christ-like love.

I think of all the fun we've had, of games we often played.

I think of Swimming in the pool. I think of times we prayed.

Twas neat to have you call today, and talk of things we've done.

I love your fun and loving heart. My heart, you see, you've won.

I hope you understand, Aaron, I really care for you.

I hope you always grow and live as Christ would have you do.

I know He wants us in His plan for all eternity.

The Gospel's plan is right for us. It makes us truly free.

We need to live the life Christ taught and do the things we should.

And when our lives on earth are done, I hope it's mostly good.

We all will make mistakes, you see, and that's the dreadful part.

Forgiveness comes from Christ the Lord. Repentance is our part.

Be good and live a loving life. That way you'll surely see

The face of God when life is done for all eternity.

He'll say, "It's good to have you back. I trusted you to be

The kind of son I hoped you would, a light for all to see."

The lives of many friends you've touched as time has marched along.

When you were near to help them out, their grief was turned to song.

I'm glad that you're a friend of mine and hope we'll always be

Close as friends and brothers, too. You're very dear to me.

Thanks for all the things you've done to help me see the light.

The love I feel within my heart's a mellow shining light.

I love you dearly, as you know. I hope that you don't mind.

I want to be like you someday, all loving, warm, and kind.

**Accept my Broken Heart**

by Thomas Redd

November 24, 2002

I wonder as I go through life what it is all about.

And overwhelmed, I long to find a quick way to get out.

I wish that everything I did was right in Father’s plan

The plan that brings salvation and true happiness to man.

It seems that as I go through life sores trials are my lot.

It takes a lot of strength and all the courage that I’ve got

To overcome the obstacles that in my path are found.

I’ll keep my shoulder to the wheel – my feet upon the ground,

And slowly I’ll move forward through the valleys of despair.

My shoulders droop with worry and the burdens that I bare.

Please, Father, stand beside me. Help me always do thy will.

Help me to see life clearly and my mission here fulfill.

I want to be found worthy to return again to thee.

Thy warm embrace to feel and they loving face to see.

Forgive me for my errors and my broken heart accept..

Within thy realm forever, may my humble soul be kept.

**Action is Best**

There was an old lady who sat in a chair.

She sat there so long that she lost her hair.

There was an old man who stood by her side.

He stood there so long that he lost his hide.

Their dog lay beside them, his head on his paws

He does nothing at all, but his bone he gnaws.

The moral we learn from this story of grief,

Is don't sit or stand. Be ACTIVE Good Grief!

**All About The Temple**

by Cardston Third Ward Primary

February 26, 1993

Somewhere in a house of God and in a sacred way,

There's a person getting married now right on this very day.

Others go and get baptized for those already dead.

They get the Holy Ghost for them with hands placed on their head.

Jesus said to wear white clothes to show our purity.

With God we make some covenants to set our spirits free.

I hope I'll go inside someday for that's what God would want

When I'm twelve I'll go inside and enter in the font.

Before my mission at nineteen, I'll go inside one day.

I'll make some promises with God. I'll promise to obey.

I must remember daily prayer and reading scriptures so

I'll learn Book of Mormon stories that were written long ago.

When I'm eight I start the trip into that holy house.

I get baptized and learn to be as reverent as a mouse.

I go to church each Sabbath day and take the sacrament.

We learn of Christ, our Savior dear, who God the Father sent.

The temple is a quiet place. It's Heavenly Father's home.

To go inside we wash our face. Our hair we have to comb.

We get dressed up in Sunday clothes and walk so quietly.

'Cause Heavenly Father's House is a reverent place to be.

My Mom and Dad were sealed there for all eternity

And that is Heavenly Father's way my family ought to be.

One day I'll go inside the temple. I'll be married too.

And in the temple I will wear a special kind of shoe.

The Bishop is the man to see before I go inside.

He asks if I keep all God's laws. I tell him I have tried.

He gives to me a recommend for the temple I'll go through.

The President of the Stake, you see, will ask me questions too.

I want to be prepared right now for all the things I'll do.

I want to live the gospel now and to Gods laws be true.

So I will go to primary and learn about God's law.

As I walk past the temple, I'll remember what I saw.

**Allen Nelson, a Man of God**

by Thomas Redd

May 13, 1997

When I think of Allen,

My memories are pure gold.

He was once my student

When he was not so old.

He wasn't just a student

Like all the rest I've got.

He set a good example

Of Christ, and what He taught.

I still, with fondness, think of him

And good times that we had.

Without his drumming talents,

Our band would sound so bad.

But music was a little thing

Compared to all the rest.

His kindness made a friend of him —

A friend that was the best.

I still can see his nibble hands —

A sparkle in his eye.

He had a smile for everyone.

He was a special guy.

I'm sure that he is still the same,

A friend to all around.

His goals he sets for heaven on high.

His feet are on the ground.

With faith in God he holds his course

That leads to heav'n above.

Where Christ will welcome him again,

And say with Christ-like love,

"Come enter in and dwell with me.

For you my life was spent.

To save all men from wickedness,

And Satan's grasp, I'm sent.

Come now and live eternally

In Royal courts above.

Well done, thou good and faithful son.

Come dwell within God's love."

Now, Allen, by the life you live

You show that you will try

To do all that you know you should —

To be that kind of guy

That carries on when life gets hard.

You'll always do what's right.

And I will try to follow you.

I'll try with all my might.

As brothers in the priesthood

We must help each other out.

If ever I can help you,

I hope you'll give a shout.

Thanks for your example —

For all the things you do.

I pray that God will bless your life,

That you'll be always true.

I pray that we will meet again

In joy and happiness.

And thank you once again, I say,

For all your friendliness.

**The Alphabet Poem**

by Tom Redd

June 2, 1997

A is for Animals, big or small.

B is for fun that we have with a Ball.

C is for Candy that I like to eat.

D is for Dogs trailing at my feet.

E is Elephant big and strong.

F is for Frogs that croak a song.

G is for Goat with a silky coat.

H is for Horse that I get in my throat.

I is Igloo, a cold place to live.

J is for Joy that presents give.

K is for Kitten, a cuddly cat.

L is for Light showing where he's at.

M is for Mouse living in my house.

N is for Nancy in her new blouse.

O is for Octopus big and strong.

P is for Playing we'll do before long.

Q is for Quiet — the rule at school.

R is for keeping our classroom Rule.

S is for Sandbox where we like to play.

T is for Treats that I'll eat today.

U is Under the trees where there's shade.

V is for Victory and a big parade.

W stands for Weather and such.

X is for adding the eXtra touch.

Y is for You, a special friend.

Z is the letter that comes at the end.

The alphabet really is neat to know.

From it all the words that we know, can grow.

I'm glad that I know all the alphabet.

If I didn't know it, I couldn't read yet.

And reading is something that I love to do.

Come sit by me, and I'll read to you!

**The "Armes" of Heavenly Father**

by Thomas Redd

May 3, 1995

The sweetest boy I've taught is Armes.

I loved him lots, you see.

Eight years have passed since I taught him,

And he's still dear to me.

He was, almost, a perfect boy.

His heart was free from sin.

I loved to see his glowing smile

Whenever he came in.

But time has ways of changing things,

And now we're far apart.

But that young man's still wonderful!

He's still dear to my heart.

And now he's grown into a man

And still he's kind and neat.

My heart still yearns to hug him close.

His friendship can't be beat.

Because he still is doing right,

And doing all he can,

He sets a good example of our

Savior. What a man!

Dear Armes, I want to be like you.

I want to do what's right.

Continue, please, to show the way

That leads to heaven's light.

A lot of people watch you now,

And follow in your path.

Keep leading us and show the way

To God and all He hath.

I'm sure the Lord has chosen you

To lead us all some day.

'Twas nice to know you as a child.

Then, too, you led the way.

Your quiet, calm example that you

Set for all around,

Has shown us all our Savior's love.

Your good works still abound.

Yesterday I went to town

And Armes, I chanced to see.

Thanks so much for saying "Hi."

It means so much to me.

Not everyone I taught back then

Is kind enough to smile.

Some still believe that I'm no good,

And me, they now beguile.

But you do things that help me grow

Into a better man.

An athlete, I'll never be,

But I'll do what I can

To follow in your foot steps, Armes.

You see, I'm still a child,

And God has placed me here to learn

From teachers meek and mild.

A special few have touched my heart;

There's Steven, Armes and Chad.

The Lord has let them touch my life.

I'll be forever glad.

I don't know how to thank you Armes,

But I want you to know

That you're a very special friend,

And I still love you so!

Perhaps in heav'n again someday

I'll feel a warm embrace

From the "Armes" of Heavenly Father,

With a smile on your face.

**The Arms of My Father**

by Thomas Redd

May 18, 1994

Love is a blessing that comes from above

From Father in Heaven, the author of love.

He sent us to earth now to learn how to live,

To keep his commandments, to share and to give.

He warned us of challenges while on the earth.

He said there'd be challenges right from our birth.

He said He would help us if we would obey

The spiritual whisperings He sends us each day.

How kind is our Father, for in His great plan,

He sent us a Savior to help redeem man.

The Savior has suffered the weight of our sins,

And by true repentance our spirits He wins.

He brings us back home to our Father above

To live there in Heaven; to bask in His love.

I pray I'll be worthy to one day return

To dwell in His presence--a blessing to earn.

May I do good all the days of my life.

I pray that my actions will never spread strife.

Dear Father, please help me learn all that I must.

Help me to follow Thy spirit with trust.

Help me be ready to enter Thy arms.

Thy love will surround me and guard me from harms.

Until life is over, please stay by my side.

To keep Thy commandments, dear Father, I've tried.

So may I return to thy presence someday

Is the prayer that I offer. Please show me the way.

Continue to guide me and help me along,

That I may return to Thy love ere long.

**August Snows**

I woke up one morning and what did I See!

Snow falling off the bow of a tree!

Twas the middle of August. It landed on me.

I shivered and shuddered. Twas cold as could be.

Even though it was August, winter was here.

We had waited for snow for almost a year.

It seemed that in winter the snow never came.

But now that it's August it came just the same.

So we built some snowmen and had a snow fight.

The snow packed so firmly--for snowballs just right!

I looked everywhere for my snowsuit and hat.

But all I could find was my baseball and bat.

But that wouldn't work in a snow storm you see.

You could only go out if you knew how to ski.

For lessons in swimming I had to be bold.

So I went to my teacher and said, "It's too cold!"

It was the last day so I couldn't go home.

The class wasn't there, so I swam all alone.

The pool was so cold that it froze round my neck.

I broke through the ice and I got to the deck.

I thought of my baseball game that afternoon.

I hoped that the weather would change really soon.

Shivering cold, I ran in to change.

A snow storm in August! It surely was strange!

**Austin**

by Tom Redd

November 18, 1994

Austin is a special man.

He always does the best he can.

He works until his job's all through.

He's ready when there's more to do.

He always tries to do what's right.

He never wants to start a fight.

He likes to play with all his friends.

And when they need it he defends

The kids that need his help. You see,

He is a special friend to me.

I think that I will always try

To be a lot like this kind guy.

Now Austin, please believe me now.

I want to let you know, but how?

The quickest way this job to do,

Is just to say that I love you!

**Autumn Leaves**

by Tom Redd

September 18, 1994

I watch as the leaves on the trees are touched by autumn's hand.

Some shine gold like the priceless blessings of the Lord.

Some red, like the atoning blood of our Savior, Jesus Christ.

Some hold the warmth of love,

A yellow glow like the light of the sun.

A diligent strong willed few still dressed in summer's green

Hold fast to the precious gift of life.

Oh that I may be like the leaves--

True and faithful; radiating the glory of God;

Diligently holding on to my mission and calling in life.

Beautiful, Changing, and ever lasting.

**The Background Hero**

Thomas Redd

March 26, 1998

When we were playing ball today, I was impressed by one.

He showed me by his actions that his goal was to have fun.

He did his best, and tried to shine, but that was only part

Of what that ball game showed to me about this young man's heart.

Playing fair, he showed to me, is more than keeping rules.

You have to know the goal each time you try to use game's tools.

But more than that you have to want to help each person grow.

You have to be so subtle that the person doesn't know

That you gave the chance to him to shoot and make a score.

Cause if you really wanted to, you could have scored once more.

But quietly this kind young man was lifting other souls.

He passed the ball to someone else, though he could have made goals.

This brave young man was Justin Jones. Oh, my! I'm proud of him.

And after all he did for Chase, his smile would not grow dim.

I'm sure he never knew I saw the thing that he had done,

But even though he lost the point, I knew that he had won.

You see to win at playing ball is not to have high score,

But being thoughtful and uplifting teammates and much more.

A man I saw in Justin then when he was playing ball.

Though his body may be short, his spirit stood up tall.

Cause playing fair is more than simply keeping all the rules.

It's more than having noted skills at using that game's tools.

Some people play fair all the time, and others don't know how.

For all he's done to help us out, I'd like to thank him now.

Dear Justin, you are kind and wise. I'm glad you are my friend.

I hope our friendship never fails but lasts until the end.

You are a special, brave young man. You know I love you too.

I'm thankful for the way you live, and for the things you do.

You're always there to smile when my heart is feeling blue.

It is the happy way you live that makes me turn to you.

Thanks for your example and the way you lived today.

I'm glad we're friends, dear Justin Jones. We're friends in every way.

**A Balanced Meal**

by Thomas Redd

March 30, 1994

Making pancakes is an art.

Get a bowl and then we'll start.

Pancakes are so fun to make.

Then some sausage we will take.

Put some flour in a dish.

Add some water with a swish.

Stir it up and make it thin.

Use a big long spoon of tin.

Then we'll bake them in a pan.

Perhaps we'll make a pancake man.

My teacher puts one on my plate.

It smells so good and it looks great.

I put some syrup on its top.

When eating pancakes, I can't stop.

But first the sausage I must get.

There'll be enough so please don't fret.

In the pan the sausage goes.

When it's cooked, its brown skin shows.

It steams and cooks for quite awhile.

Waiting for it is a trial.

But when it's done I get to eat.

I'll take my food back to my seat.

I must be careful not to spill

My juice and milk, or then I will

Make teacher mad, and I'll be through.

I'd not like that right now, would you?

I'll have some cold fruit juice to drink.

It's Fruits and Vegetables I think.

I need some milk to end the meal.

The milk and cheese group--what a deal.

The basic food groups are the way

To be real healthy every day.

I must eat food from every group

To be real healthy. That's the scoop.

A pancake, juice and sausage too

With ice cold milk's a meal for you.

So lets start eating right away.

Let's not read poems the live long day.

Make that food so we can eat.

'Cause food, to me, is really neat!

**The Beautiful Day!**

by Thomas J. Redd

May 11, 1993

Today is a day that I should be outside.

Maybe I'll sneak out. From teacher I'll hide.

I don't want to be in this school all day,

I'd like to be running, outside now, in play.

The sun is a-shining like never before.

There's no wind at all. Now who could ask more?

The bubbling brook seems to beckon to me,

"Come jump in my waters. Go Swimming. Be Free!"

Alas, here I sit in this hot stuffy room.

My heart's filled with sadness, with doom, and with gloom,

But My mind is a-sailing outside on a cloud.

I hardly hear teacher who's blabbing so loud.

I wish that he'd stop and have nothing to say.

So I could keep day-dreaming in my own way.

But no, he says working is good for my brain.

But really it can't be. My strength it does drain.

My sitter is tired of sitting so still.

My legs want to run freely down a big hill.

I'm trying my hardest to hold them in place.

It sure is a pain and it shows on my face.

I can't wait till recess when I will be free

To run and to jump and to soar like a bee.

Like a log I'll go rolling and bouncing along.

I'll hear all the birds as they sing their spring song.

Now won't that be better than sitting right here,

In front of my teacher, my mind full of fear

That something will happen and teacher will say,

"You stay in all recess and work hard today

"To make up for the time that you day-dreamed away.

"You must do it now -- neatly -- in the right way."

I guess that I'd better get busy right now.

But how can I concentrate? How, oh, How?

**The Beaver Trip**

We went to see a beaver pond,

And trouble followed far beyond.

I got wet from head to toe.

What Mom would say, I did not know.

I had to go to town that day.

All Wet? Oh no!! Please not that way!!

I stripped my clothes at Grandma's house.

I was naked as a mouse.

My clothes were dried for me to wear.

No more girls at me would stare.

More trips like that I will not go.

I do not want my bod to show.

I hope we end this silly stuff,

For Truly, I have had enough!

**Bed Time**

by Thomas Redd

Twas a bit before bed time, and all through the house

The children were stirring--much more than a mouse.

The children were told to get ready for bed

All kinds of excused went straight to their head.

With "Ma" holding Dallin, and him all a-squirm,

And medicine given to concur a germ,

We tried then to settle the kids all in bed.

Now that is the thing that out children most dread.

When down in a bedroom there 'rose such a chatter,

I sprang from my chair to see what was the matter.

Then what to my wondering eyes should appear

But a passel of kids who were yelling out clear

With a little ring leader so lively and quick,

To keep them all quiet, I might need a stick.

Now Heather, and Kari, and Dallin, and Aaron,

Melissa, and Laurel at me now were starrin'.

You've got to be quiet, and all go to sleep.

Your mother's so tired that she now could weep.

But she took up her broom and went straight to work.

She swept up the kitchen, and turned with a jerk.

For Dallin had pulled all the lids from the drawer.

They clattered and banged as they fell to the floor.

As quickly as lightning, he went to the shelf.

He soon had it empty--and all by himself.

Then laying himself on top of the pile,

He fell sound asleep--On his face was a smile.

And I heard Mom exclaim as she put him to bed,

"I love you, my dear," and she then kissed his head.

She tucked in the covers all snugly and tight.

She made sure that Dallin was sleeping just right.

She then went to cleaning the mess from the day.

Why is it so often our days go this way?

**A Beloved Friend**

by Thomas Redd

October 21, 2001

Russell is an athlete. I love to watch him play.

I love to have him hold my hand his warm and special way.

He always is a happy boy who tries to do what’s right

When trials of life are hard to bare, he helps me see God’s light.

I love to have him hold my hand. It means so much to me.

He is a very special friend. I love him, don’t you see?

And when he smiles, he lets me know that I am his friend too.

A great young man, this Russell is. He’s honest, kind, and true.

He always does the best he can at everything he does.

Which teacher would be picked for him? I’m grateful that I was.

I love to have him close by me. I love to have him near.

For me, he is a special friend. His memories I’ll hold dear.

I love this little friend of mine. I really think he’s great.

To be with him and hold his hand - for me, it’s hard to wait.

I hope that I can help him learn the stuff I teach at school,

But more importantly I hope he’ll learn the golden rule,

And how to do the things God asks, and always choose the right.

I’m grateful Russell is my friend. I’ll bask within the light

Of friendship kindled in our hearts, a warm and glowing fire.

I think I’ll always cherish him long after I retire.

Thanks, dear friend. The things you do make me a happy man,

And I will try to pay you back. I’ll do the best I can.

So let’s be friends for ever more and help each other out.

“I love you Russell. You are great!” is what I want to shout!

Thank you, God for letting this dear Russell be my friend.

I’ll try my best to teach him, and I’ll love him to the end,

And then when life is finally done - this race of life is won,

In heaven, may we hear Thy words, “Come dwell with me, my son.”

**Ben's Home Above**

Thomas J. Redd

October 4, 1999

A friend of mine is a wonderful kid.

There are so many good things that this boy did.

He likes to work hard and do things right

In his he eye there's a sparkle. His smile is bright.

His name is Ben and I like him a lot.

He's one of the best friends that I've got.

I like to be with him - to be by his side.

To live a good life, is what he has tried.

His dark eyes are pretty. His hair is brown.

He likes to have fun when he acts like a clown.

But he is a good boy and always polite.

There's never a time that he gets in a fight.

I hope that he grows up to be a great man.

I pray that he always will do what he can

To live his religion and be close to God.

With the gospel of love, his feet will be shod.

For if he continues to be do what is right

I'm sure that he someday will enter God's light.

And God will embrace Ben and tell him with love,

"Come enter into my mansion above."

**Blake**

by Tom Redd

November 18, 1994

Blake is working hard this year.

His brain he really put in gear.

He's done that best work he can do.

Now Blake I have a note for you.

That note says that you are my friend,

And I will love you to the end.

You are a special kind of boy.

Into my heart to carry joy.

I like to have you in my room.

With you in here, there is no gloom.

It really is a happy place.

I love to see your smiling face.

Now, thank you, Blake for all you do.

And please believe me. I love you.

You are a special kind of friend.

And we'll be friends right to the end.

**The Book of Mormon**

A new book of scripture has come from the ground.

A more correct book is not to be found.

Through Joseph, the prophet, a true man of God,

Our lives with the scriptures right now can be shod.

He read from the plates that were hid in a hill.

The words were recorded. They're dear to us still.

We now call this record, the history of men,

A new book of scripture, The Book of Mormon.

It starts with the story of Lehi and sons

Who went on a journey without many funds.

They took what was needed out into the sand.

They let the Lord lead them to a promised land.

But first before leaving their home and estates,

Young Nephi, from Laban, obtained the brass plates.

The brass plates were needed to teach them their tongue,

And help them live Christ's law when the were among

The trials and dangers of this promised land.

With scriptures the people were holding God's hand.

The sons were divided, but Nephi lived right.

Lamen and Lemuel, against him did fight.

When God gives commandments this young Nephi knew

That God, too, would help him his bidding to do.

When out in the wilderness food became short,

This Nephi went hunting. He was a good sport.

His bow became broken so he knelt in prayer.

The spirit did guide him while praying out there.

Some wood was located. A new bow was made.

He then caught some meat, because he had prayed.

His family was humbled and turned to the Lord.

They came to an ocean that they could not ford.

A boat was constructed and they climbed aboard.

Their journey was guided by the hand of the Lord.

A nation of righteous men soon they became.

To keep God's Commandments was always their aim.

But Laman and Lemuel had some different thoughts.

They tied up young Nephi. They bound him with knots.

The Lamanites later were blessed with a curse.

The Nephites, when wicked, faced judgements much worse.

Later to wickedness good Nephites turned.

The prophets kept warning of curses they'd earned.

But that didn't stopped them. They turned from the Lord.

They did much more sinning than they could afford.

The Lamanites came and decided to fight.

If only the Nephites would turn and do right.

But oh no, they wouldn't, and that was their fall.

They soon were destroyed, their children and all.

So now from the scriptures this lesson we learn.

Follow the prophets so you can return

To live in God's presence and dwell with him there.

Keep his commandments, for He will be fair.

The scriptures so teach us and tell of rewards

And teach us of blessings we're moving towards.

Let's always remember to study each day.

This new Book of Mormon will show us the way

To gain exaltation and live in God's sight.

The decision is ours. We must learn to do right.

**Brandon**

By Mr. Tom Redd

November 17, 1994

I have a very special friend

He likes to give me notes.

And it is true his little notes

My love for him promotes.

I like to have him close by me.

He has a tender heart.

In all the work we do in school,

He's sure to do his part.

I wish that I could really show

The way I love him so.

To let him know a little bit,

This poem to him will go.

He is a special son of God.

He tries to do God's will.

The way he lives is good to watch.

I'm sure God loves him still.

I want to be like him someday.

I want to do what's right.

If I live right and be like him,

I'll win life's hardest fight.

Perhaps someday we will return

To live with God above.

And we'll be friends for evermore

In God's eternal love.

"I love you Brandon. Yes, I do!"

Of that there is no doubt.

Thanks so much for all you do

To help this old man out!

**The Broken Chair**

October 28, 1993

Halloween night was scary for me.

An old screech owl was in our tree.

I ran outside and had a big scare.

Witches and goblins and ghosts were there.

I ran inside and went to bed.

While getting there, I bumped my head.

I got up fast and went to mom.

I cried and cried. She made me calm.

She sat me on her comfy lap.

And then the chair began to tap.

It scared my mom. It made her jump.

We hit the floor with a big bump.

Both of us cried, "Now, what did that?

I'm sure that we are not too fat."

The witches and goblins tipped the chair.

And broke it all to pieces there.

It scared us bad. We didn't know

What had really scared us so,

We had to call to 9 1 1.

We told them how we had no fun.

They came to check the goblins out.

They came in fast and heard a shout.

They got so scared they turned and ran.

My mom called them a sissy man.

The ghosts went home and went to bed.

It was a dream. I'd bumped my head.

Now Halloween is fun for me.

And from bad dreams I'm truly free!

**The Buffalo Jump**

We went out on a field trip to see the Buffalo Jump.

We saw four big brown buffalo, each with a big hump.

They looked to us so very big but really they were small

Compared to the other buffalo who must have been quite tall.

Our guide told us some stories, some legends from the past

Of Napi and the rolling rock and how he ran so fast.

Napi gave his buffalo robe so the rock would never shiver.

The moral of the story is "Don't be an Indian giver."

The legends were important in raising up their kids.

They used the buffalo pieces instead of bowls and lids.

There were 300 uses for buffalos back then.

Minute Rice could not be bought from dear old Uncle Ben.

They used the horns, the bones, the brain, and, yes, the bladder, too.

The eyes and other parts in things that they would have to do.

They cooked the meat with roots and things to make a tasty stew.

The buffalo were so very big, there's lots for me and you.

The hides were very useful in making thick warm clothes.

They used the hides for moccasins to warm their little toes.

The hides were used to sleep in but not to wet the bed.

Dried moss was used for diapers, at least that's what he said.

The women worked the hardest at setting up the camp.

The mother changed the baby's moss whenever it got damp.

She had to put the tepee up and make the fires glow.

She had to keep it going especially in the snow.

The women had to scrape the hides with all their guck and goo.

Scraping off the fur was also very hard to do.

And then she had to dry the meat and smoke the buffalo tongues.

She must have got a lot of smoke into her eyes and lungs.

Our tour guide, the old wise chief, had even lost a finger,

But when the drumming time arrived, he was a super singer.

We learned a lot while we were there. It never cost a dime.

The trip we took the other day was really worth our time.

**The Call of the Lord**

The Lord now has called a beautiful girl

To serve a mission for him.

The desire to serve, you have deep in your heart

Is more than just simply a whim.

Your life has been filled with the chances to learn

Of our Savior's great mission and plan.

And now that you're ready, it's finally your turn

To share what you know with all man.

I know that you'll keep all the rules He gives

To help you succeed in the field.

You always must follow the promptings within.

To the Spirit of Christ you must yield.

Go humbly and teach of our Savior's great love

To all of the children of men.

The plan of salvation was laid out above

To dwell with our Father again.

A mission is filled with sorrow and pain.

It also is filled up with good.

It's filled with God's blessings for all that you do,

As long as you do what you should.

Remember that you are a daughter of God.

He sent you to earth to be tried.

In all of your trials, He promises, too,

That He will be right by your side.

And so when your mission is hard to endure,

With family and friends far away,

In prayer, turn to God for your comfort and help.

He'll strengthen you all through the day.

Remember to pray to your Father above

Each day as you get out of bed,

And plead for his guidance to help on your way.

From the scriptures your soul must be fed.

Go seek out the friends that you knew once before

In our home before coming to earth.

You promised to help them return to God's light.

Those memories were clouded at birth.

The Lord, in his goodness, has shown you the way.

He told you your joy would be great,

Just bring Him one soul to heaven above,

Before it's forever too late.

Remember you're loved by your family and friends.

We want you to do what is right.

Go faithfully--serve Him with all of your might.

Be humble and you'll win the fight.

Our love for you deepens as we watch you grow.

Our Father is pleased with you, too.

You'll get back to heaven to dwell in his light.

Be faithful, 'cause boy! We love you!

**Canadian**

by Thomas Redd

June 12, 1997

Our flag is wonderful to see.

It tells the world that we are free.

I love to see it flapping there.

It looks so pretty in the air.

I'm proud to have the flag I do.

It means so much to me and you.

So now I'll say it once again,

"I'm proud to be Canadian!"

**Challenges**

The trials that come to each man in his life

Are permitted by God and are more than for strife.

They help us to grow and to show God our love.

If we cope with our trials, we'll meet Him above.

Peter, the president of Christ's ancient church,

Gave us some scriptures to help in our search.

We must seek what's lasting to help us return

To our Heavenly home of which we now learn.

Be patient in trials, and God, you will please.

This life wasn't meant for all comfort and ease.

Christ was the leader who showed us the way.

He taught us with kindness and taught us to say

That it doesn't matter that some may offend.

Turn the left cheek and let that be the end.

Don't suffer and stew over what some may do.

The sooner forgiven, the sooner it's through.

Now, Peter talked on to the husbands and wives.

Show kindness, be loving through all of your lives.

The husbands must honor and stand by his wife.

Honor and service are earned in your life.

By living a life of kindness and love,

You can be exalted in God's home above.

Pray often together and seek the Lord's hand.

You'll be blessed together in this goodly land.

Not all the blessings that come in this life

Are given for living an outstanding life.

The same as with trials that may come our way,

It's not because we were not righteous that day.

Faith is the first rung and virtue is next.

That's what we get from the words of that text.

Virtue and knowledge and temperance come.

Wisdom is knowledge that's not used too dumb.

Kindness and charity make the top stair,

When climbing the ladder and staying up there.

If we don't do all of the things that we're taught,

It's blindness or darkness or sin that we've bought.

When sin is upon you, you truly can't see.

Confess to the Bishop and turn and be free.

You then will see clearly and know what is right

Repent and live worthy of God's Holy light.

A well without water is useless to man.

Be fruitful and helpful; the best that you can.

When sin comes upon you it makes you go blind.

With bondage and sorrow your soul is entwined.

To hell it will drag you and keep you from joy.

To Satan and followers you're a new toy.

Be faithful and follow the plan that you should,

And God will reward you with all that is Good.

**Challenging Trials**

Thomas Redd

July 31, 2000

I can't believe the pressure that this life has put me in.

The game of life is difficult. I'm trying hard to win.

But everyday I'm crabby or I hurt someone I love

And I'm sure that isn't pleasing to our Father up above.

My children all avoid me and from me they stay away.

Please dear God in Heaven, keep them in the righteous way.

They always want to do their thing and don't want me around.

It seems they want to push me down and stomp me in the ground.

I really love my children and I wish they loved me back.

Instead of doing things that hurt and give me quite a whack.

I wish that they would always do the things God says they should.

I want them to live righteously and always do what's good.

I pray that they will follow when I do the best I can.

To teach them why we came to earth, the truths from God to man.

When they make a choice that's wrong, it breaks my tender heart.

It makes me wish I hadn't lived -- I'd never had my start.

Why is it so hard to take when I have done no wrong?

Why do I feel it's me they fight? For love from them I long.

I pray that life will quickly pass and I may go back home.

To live with God in heaven, never more from him to roam.

Dear God please help me hold to thee forever to the end.

And may I hear from thee someday that I have been thy friend.

And may I feel thy warm embrace that shows my father's love.

May I return to live with thee in peace, dear God above.

**Changing the Light Bulb**

by Thomas Redd

September 15, 1997

Changing a light bulb is easy to do.

At least it seems easy to me and to you,

But people make even a simple job hard,

Like changing a light bulb, or raking the yard.

Some say that the Mormons like planning things out.

They like to have meetings to plan things — no doubt.

The meetings are needed to plan out the work.

Assignments are written when made, by the clerk.

But how many Mormons are needed to do

The job of replacing a light bulb or two?

The Relief Society now enters the race.

They do all things nicely, with poise and with grace.

To get the job done, they would make out a plan.

With simply four women, they'll do what they can.

One lady is needed to set up the scene.

She'll lay out a tablecloth pretty and clean.

Another sweet sister will decorate too.

Her job is the center piece, pretty and new.

She'll plan and she'll labor for many a day.

She'll make it just perfect and in the right way.

Two ladies are busy, but that's not enough!

Another is needed for cookies and stuff.

Refreshments are planned and they're laid our with care.

Without those refreshments, there'd be no one there.

Another sweet spirit must also attend.

This sister's a worker and able to mend

Everything broken in her humble house.

She's quiet and diligent like a church mouse.

It's she that with care, will take hold of the light.

She'll put a new bulb in and she'll do it right.

Four sisters it takes to get that job done.

Four sisters together are better than one.

Four elders would also be needed; for three

Of these elders from duty would flee —

And one faithful elder would get the job done.

To get all the work done, he always must run.

The diligent elders have much work to do.

They help out their neighbors like Tom, Dick and Sue.

One elder will do it! Three won't show their face.

That's just how the elders work in this life's race.

The High Priests are different. They're more faithful too,

But still there'll be four of them, this job to do.

Two will come slowly in their wheelchairs.

They'll have to use ramps to get 'round the stairs.

One will be pushing his oxygen cart.

The need to be faithful, he has in his heart.

He barely is able to stay on his feet.

The two in the wheelchairs gladly he'll greet.

One man who is *able* will also be there.

With no need of crutches or a wheelchair.

'Tis he who will change the light bulb that is out.

He's the only one able, without any doubt.

The Bishopric charged with changing the light

Will delegate duties with sighs of delight.

No! They'll never do it, but it will get done,

And a chance to report back they'll give to the one

That they ask to labor and put the light in.

No chance to report back, to them, is a sin.

A Deacon, or Teacher, or one who's a Priest

Could get the job done — with labor the least.

One boy would take hold of the light bulb with pride

And the world would turn round him while he takes his ride.

For these young men know they're the center of all,

No matter how strong, or even how tall.

Two Home Teachers surely would get the job done.

They'd go out together and never as one.

Lights out in December, though, truly I fear

Could only be changed the last day of the year.

For Mormons found faithful a light bulb to fix

Need planning together to mingle and mix.

This poem tells how each the light bulb would change.

To replace your light bulb, which would you arrange?

**Charity, the Love of God**

Thomas Redd

November 1, 1998

I try to help my fellow man.

I try to help the best I can.

Sometimes a smile is all they need.

A simple smile their soul can feed.

A loving arm around someone

When the day is nearly done

Can help them feel our Savior's love —

The love that comes from God above.

Not only must I lend a hand

To friends and brothers in this land.

I, too, have need of friends who care,

Who help me out — my burdens share.

I long to feel their arms 'round me.

The kind of friend that Christ would be.

And tells me that I have a friend —

That he'll be with me to the end.

You see, we all were sent to earth

To gain a body at our birth —

To learn to love and share and grow,

And learn the gospel. This I know.

We learn of Christ and all he taught

That Charity is what He brought.

And we must learn to share it too.

In all we say and all we do.

**Chase**

by Thomas Redd

April 21, 1997

School is fun, as fun as can be.

Except when Chase makes a problem for me.

Chase likes to hit hard and chase me around.

Sometimes I fall right flat on the ground.

Right after he kicks me, I hit him right back.

I give him a poke with a great big long tack.

Teacher comes in and she gives me some heck.

That's why I would like to break Chase's neck!

**A Cherished Friend**

by Tom Redd

August 30, 1994

I thank the Lord for friends I've got,

And for Deon that I once taught.

I thank the Lord that he's still true

To things that Christ taught us to do.

A special boy in every part --

And still he's neat within his heart.

I pray that he will always be

The kind, dear friend he was to me.

I think of him when he was young.

No evil word escaped his tongue.

His happy smile I loved to see.

Fond memories now flood over me.

He was so kind to all around.

His skills and talents now abound.

His love for music still is strong.

He loves to write and sing a song.

I loved that little boy I taught.

I thank the Lord that I have got

The memory of that little man,

And he's now doing all he can

To live a life that's good and full.

His share of every load he'll pull.

I'd like to keep in touch with him,

Though time may make our memories dim.

Deon, please now, lets stay in touch.

To hear from you would mean so much.

I love to hear you're on the path

That helps avoid sin's aftermath.

I'd like to be a friend of yours --

Not one that only meets in stores,

But hears from you from time to time

So we may meet in heaven sublime.

Perhaps in heaven we then will know

Just why our lives touched here below.

True friendship is a gift from God.

I know your heart won't find that odd.

Keep doing right both day and night.

Walk within God's holy light,

And we'll return to live with him.

Please may our friendship not grow dim.

Now please forgive this humble poem.

May God be with you as you roam,

And in your heart, may there be love

For me, your friend from Heaven above.

**The Chicken Pox**

by Thomas Redd

November 20, 1994

As I was sitting down one night and feeling rather tired,

The animal I am to be somehow had got cross-wired.

The chicken pox came popping out and covered me with spots.

I really think that isn't fair, 'cause I had had my shots.

But here I sit all itchy now and wish that I could scratch

All those little chicken pox that on my skin now hatch.

I have to stay at home you know and always miss the fun.

I cannot even go to school until the pox are done.

It really isn't very fun but soon I will be through

With sitting here all itchy-like with nothing much to do.

So if you are the wisest guy that you can ever be,

Never get the Chicken Pox. Now take that word from me!

**A Child's Hand**

By Thomas Redd

November 4, 2001

The hands of friends who touch our lives,

The hands of parents, friends, and wives

Are dear to us and help us grow.

How dear to us, they'll never know.

I love the touch of friends who care.

In love they reach to me to share

The love they feel within their hearts.

With gentle touches, friendship starts.

Another hand that leads us on

When all our strength is spent and gone

Is that of Christ, our Savior true.

He leads in all the things we do.

Some other folks whose hands I know

Are hands that guide and help us grow.

And we in turn must lend our aide

To all the children God has made.

A little child's hand in mine

Is like the touch of God, Devine.

So warm and trusting is that touch,

It lets me feel their love so much.

Just as my Savior's hand leads me,

And gospel's light, He helps me see,

I pray that I may be a guide

To you, dear child by my side

Whose hand I gently squeeze with love,

And for your hand, thank God above.

Your little hand, God placed in mine

From his beloved hand devine.

God asks that I will gently lead

And try to fill your every need

As here in life you learn to know

The Gospel plan that helps us so.

Help you return to realms on high,

Is what God asks that I will try.

Dear little friend, who's hand I hold,

Our mutual love must not grow cold.

I pray that we will always strive

To help each other while alive.

You help me, and I'll help you.

A gentle beacon, strong and true

Is what I'll always try to be

For you, dear friend, who walks with me.

Please know that you're a special friend.

And that my love for you won't end.

I'm grateful that our paths now cross,

From me to you, the torch I'll toss.

You'll be the leader strong and true.

With trust and faith, I'll follow you.

But now my mission and my goal,

To teach and guide your precious soul,

Is something I, with faith, will do.

Because, dear friend, I love you true.

I pray that we'll both hold the rod

That guides us back to God above.

And there together we'll be friends

Where love and friendship never ends.

Then in God's kingdom we will be

Together for eternity.

This is my humble, sacred plea,

God help us both return to thee.

**A Chocolate Thanks**

by Thomas Redd

June 6, 1997

I got a chocolate bar to eat.

I really thought that that was neat.

The kind I got was yummy too,

And for that bar, I now thank you!

**Choose the Right Ring**

Thomas J. Redd

March 20, 1995

I bought this special ring for you.

I'm not sure it will fit.

And if you need to take it back,

The store won't mind one bit.

There's pink and yellow, blue or green,

Purple, black or white.

You get to choose the ring you want--

The one that is just right.

So leave the tag around the ring

And try it on your hand.

Then to the book store you must go,

And pick the ring most grand.

The ring will help us choose the right,

Which makes us truly free.

I want that you should have it

As a sign of love from me.

**The Christmas Computer**

Computers are neat

Computers are smart.

Computers can print

And can also do art.

I wish that I had

A computer today.

To do all my work

While I go out to play.

When it is science

There's too much to do.

The teacher writes notes

I sure hate it too.

He sits in his chair

Like a bump on a log.

And types in those words

Like an old beaten hog.

He thinks that we write

All the notes that he makes.

But all that we write

Are really just fakes.

We scribble and doodle

And have lots of fun

But teacher's so stupid

He thinks we are done.

He sits there and looks

At the front of that thing

From eight twenty-five

Till the home bell does ring.

Now look at my teacher.

He's dumb as can be.

The computer has made him

That way, can't you see?

So why should I get one?

To make me dumb too?

I'd use IT for games!

That's just what I'd do!

I'd use it to play

Chess and checkers and more

I'd never get up

To answer the door.

Then Oregon trail

I'd play for an hour.

I'd play other games

That give me great power.

I wouldn't need super

Nintendo at all

Cause with my computer

I'd sure have a ball!

I guess that computers

Really are good.

As long as you use them

Just as you should.

But not to write notes

And all of that stuff,

But for all of those games

That we don't play enough.

So Mother, I need one

For Christmas this year.

Instead of new clothes

And More school gear.

And if I don't get one,

You'd better watch out.

I'll scream and I'll holler

And knock you right out.

Is that what you want

From your dear darling kid?

Get ready for Christmas,

Or I'll knock your lid!

**Christmas Concert 1998**

Milford Colony School

Cast:Mother

Father

Lyla: Bad Girl

Amellia: Bad Girl

JoAnne: Bad Girl

Betty: Good Girl

Santa

Mr. Redd

Mrs. Nalder

Student One

Student Two

Student Three

Student Four

Student Five

Student Six

Slap Shot Santa

Son One

Son Two

Son Three

Shepherd One

Shepherd Two

Mary

Joseph

Wise Men One

Wise Man Two

Wise Man Three

Angel of the Lord

Inn Keeper

Herod

Additional Angels

Caesar

Staging: The stage is divided into three separate acting areas that

are lit separately. Lights are used as curtains. As one scene closes the next needs to be ready to begin.

**Scene One**

*Mother is knitting while three of her children are fighting about everything. One daughter is a good little daughter and is trying to finish a gift for Grandmother.*

Lyla: Mom, I had that doll first. Make her give it to me!

Amellia: But Mom, I want it! She shouldn't be such a pig!

Lyla: No! I had it first!

Mother: Will you kids stop fighting right now! I've had all the fighting I can handle!

JoAnne: That's my doll. You stole it from me!

Betty: Here, why don't you play with my doll. It is just as nice.

Amellia: No! I want that doll!

Mother: (taking the dolls away from the girls) Lyla, you sit right here and don't you move. And Amellia, I've had all I can take from you. Get yourself over here right now. JoAnne, you go and sit over there.

JoAnne: You better give me a doll and perfume for Christmas. If you don't, I won't like you any more.

Mother: Kids, Kids! Santa knows what is best. He'll bring you what you deserve when he comes tonight. You had better straighten up, or it won't be good either.

Betty: Mom, could you please help me finish this gift I am making for Grandma? I need some help getting the eyes on.

JoAnne: Why are you so worried about making gifts. Santa will bring everybody everything that they want.

Amellia: Yah! I know Santa will bring me some perfume and lipstick.

Mother: You know you're not allowed to wear perfume and lipstick.

Lyla: But Mom, Santa will bring us anything we want!

Betty: Instead of worrying about what we're going to get, why don't we plan what we can give away to other people this year. It sure would be a lot more fun than worrying about ourselves all the time.

JoAnne: I'm not giving anything to anybody this year. I'm letting Santa worry about all that.

Mother: Kids, it is getting close to twelve o'clock. You should have been in bed long ago.

Amellia: But Mom, we just can't sleep on Christmas Eve, so why should we go to bed?

Betty: I'm sorry Mom. I didn't know it was so late. I'll go to bed right now.

*(The Betty leaves to get ready for bed.)*

Mother: That's a good girl, Betty.

*Jingle Bells are heard*

Kids: It's Santa! He's Coming!

Amellia: See Mom! I told you he would come and bring us presents!

*Santa enters. Bad girls crowd around Santa grabbing at the boughs pushing and shoving as they speak.*

Lyla: Give me that Santa. I love that kind of candy.

JoAnne: That's not for you Amellia. It's not yours. It's mine.

Amellia: Those candies are for me.

Santa: Whoa there. You kids just hold on. I've heard there is a really good girl named Betty living in this house. Are you Betty?

Lyla: No. I'm not Betty. I'm Lyla.

Santa: Are you Betty?

JoAnne: No. I'm not Betty either. I am JoAnne.

Santa: Then are you Betty?

Amellia: No. My name is Amellia.

Santa: *To mother* Where is the good little girl, Betty?

Mother: I just asked the girls to go to bed, and Betty is the only one that went. Just a minute and I'll call her. Betty. Come here quickly. There is someone here to see you.

*Good girl enters.*

Santa: Ah! So you are the good little girl I've been hearing about. I've brought something special for you.

*Gives her the bough with candies on it.*

Betty: Oh thank you Santa. This is beautiful. How did you know that these were my favorite kind of candy?

Santa: I know everything about all the boys and girls in the world.

Betty: But I don't have anything to give to you for Christmas Santa.

Santa: I don't want anything from you. I just want to make you happy.

Betty: I know! I will give you a cookie. (*Runs and gets a cookie)* Here Santa. I hope you like them. I just made them this afternoon.

Santa: Thank you Betty. *Eats the cookie.* That was delicious. You are such a good cook! But right now I have kind of a sad job to do. This is a vinacten bough. I had to tie coal on the boughs for you three girls instead of candy.

*Gives the boughs to the three bad girls.*

Lyla: Oh no! And now Dad can use this as a strap because we were bad.

JoAnne: I wish I'd been a better girl this year. Christmas would have been better.

Amellia: I'm going to try harder next year.

JoAnne: Me too!

*Kids Sing I'm Getting nothing for Christmas*

Betty: I'll be happy to share my candy with you girls.

Santa: Now that is the spirit of Christmas. We can make everyone a bit happier just by trying to do what is right. Well, I have to hurry on. There are lots of other families to visit! Good night, and Merry Christmas to you all.

*Santa leaves*

Girls and Mother: Good Bye Santa, and Merry Christmas to you!

*Lights out*

**Scene Two**

*Scene opens with Mother and Father sitting and talking together about Christmas time.*

Father: Isn't Christmas a wonderful time of year!

Mother: Yes, it is. It is a time for families, for loving and giving.

Father: It is fun to remember the things we did at Christmas when we were young.

Mother: Thinking about Christmas brings back so many wonderful memories. We always had so much fun at Christmas.

Father: Remember the time we went sleigh riding in the fresh falling snow? The moon light sparked on the snow in such a pretty way!

Mother: Yes, I remember.

*Sing Walking in a Winter Wonderland*

Mother: And I remember the little Christmas Cards we made for our friends at school.

Father: I'll never forget the songs we sang about the first Christmas when I was a boy.

Mother: Do you remember Mr. Redd and Mrs. Nalder. They sure did love to sing.

*Lights down on Mother and Father and up on the schoolroom.*

Mr. Redd: Oh! That was so beautiful! Let's sing it one more time just for me!

Mrs. Nalder: Yes! The girls did such a beautiful job of the harmony part. Did you hear that Mr. Redd?

Mr. Redd: It was wonderful! OK kids. Let's start again.

*Kids sing Christmas Bells are Ringing.*

Student One: Let's sing Away in a Manger.

Student Three: When we sing that song, I like to think about what it was like when Jesus was born. I would like to have been there when it happened.

*Lights come up on Manger Scene while the kids sing Away in a Manger.*

Student One: I like that pretty song.

Student Three: I'm glad we have songs that help us remember Jesus and what he was like. Can we sing another song?

Student Two: The song I like the most is "When Joseph went to Bethlehem."

Student One: Let's sing that song now!

Mr. Redd: Yes. That's a pretty one too.

*kids sing When Joseph went to Bethlehem.*

Mrs. Nalder: That was really nice kids. Lets sing Mary's Lullaby too, Shall we?

Student Two: Yah! I like that one.

*Kids sing Mary's Lullaby.*

Mrs. Nalder: We should sing the song about the nativity too. How did it go?

Student Three: You mean, Picture a Christmas! I like that one.

Mr. Redd: Let's sing that song and think about the manger scene we made in our classroom while we sing, shall we?

*Kids sing Picture a Christmas and the lights go out on the school and Manger Scene.*

Father: And I'll never forget the funny looking Santa we had in Slap Shot Santa.

*Slap Shot Santa comes in and kids sing "Slap Shot Santa."*

**Scene Three**

*The lights come up on the Family scene as the boys are coming home from sleigh riding.*

Son One: Boy! That was fun! I just love Sleigh riding!

Son Two: My Sleigh sure went fast!

Son Three: But my sleigh was the fastest of all. I beat you all down the hill.

Son One: We sure had fun out there, but I am freezing! Mom, could you make us some hot chocolate?

Mother: I'd be glad to. Hot chocolate is always good after sleigh riding.

*Mother leaves to get Hot Chocolate*

Son One: I bet Dad used to go sleigh riding too when he was a kid. Did you used to do the same things for fun that we did Dad?

Father: We used to go sledding too. Where did you boys go?

Son Two: We went sledding down by the sheep barns. That is the best Hill!

*Mother brings hot chocolate. Boys sit down with cups.*

Father: That used to be my favorite place to go too. I guess boys will always like doing the same kinds of things. You know, your mother even liked that hill!

Mother: Isn't Christmas time wonderful. It is such a fun time. It is always nice to be with friends and family!

Son Two: Mom, what special things did you do at Christmas time when you were a little girl?

Mother: Well, I guess I liked to hear the stories that my mother and father would tell. They would talk about when they were little children. It was just like we are doing now.

Son One: What was your favorite Christmas story, Mom?

Mother: I liked it when my dad would tell us the story about the first Christmas. He would get the big family bible out, and we would all gather around to hear about Christ's birth.

Son Three: Dad will you tell us that story now, just like grandpa used to do?

Father: Yes, son. That is the most important part of Christmas, isn't it. Bring me the family bible and I'll begin.

*Sone Three goes for the bible and the lights go out on family.*

**Scene Four**

*Mary sitting on stage doing domestic chores.*

Mary: Hum. I wonder where Joseph is. I sure like him. I wonder if he likes me? I wish I could marry him. Oh, he probably doesn't even like me.

Angel: (Appearing. Mary looks surprised.) Don't be afraid, Mary. You are blessed among all women. You shall have a son and you will name him Jesus. He will be the Son of God, and his kingdom will never end.

Mary: I am glad to serve the Lord. May it be as you have said.

Angel: You are truly blessed, Mary. Many women have wanted to be the mother of Christ.

(Lights out)

**Scene Five**

**Joseph on stage alone.**

Joseph: I wonder where Mary is. I wonder if I should marry her. I really like her but she probably doesn't even like me.

Angel: Joseph, Joseph. I bring you a message of happiness. Mary will have a special child. You will name him Jesus. He will be the savior of the world. So take Mary for your wife.

Joseph: I will do what ever God wants.

(Lights down.)

**Scene Six**

**Caesar's taxation law.**

Caesar: I wonder where I will get enough money to keep my army, Caesar's Army — the greatest in the world. I think we are running out of money. What can I do? I know! I will tax every person in my kingdom. Yes, that should work.

(writing) To the people of my kingdom, I hereby decree that every person in my kingdom will be taxed. Every person is to go to their own city and pay their taxes. So let it be written. So let it be done. Signed, Caesar.

(Lights down.)

**Scene Seven**

**Mary and Joseph going to be taxed.**

*Kids sing The Road to Bethlehem.*

Joseph: Come on Mary. I know it is difficult.

Mary: Oh, but I am so tired.

Joseph: It isn't much farther. Look! I can see the light of an Inn just ahead. We'll take a room there and rest for the night.

Mary: Oh, we finally made it.

Joseph: It won't be much longer and we can sleep. I'll get us a room. (knocks at the door)

Inn Keeper: Yes? May I help you?

Joseph: We need a room. Have you got any?

Inn Keeper: I'm sorry, but our Inn is full. You'll have to try another one.

Joseph: But we have already tried all of them. They're all full.

Inn Keeper: I can see your wife is very tired. I do have a clean stable you could use. It's just behind the inn.

Joseph: And how much will you charge?

Inn Keeper: I won't charge you for the use of my stable.

Joseph: Thank you sir. My wife and I will be happy to have a place where we can sleep.

Inn Keeper: Come with me. I'll show you where it is.

(leave to go to the stable together)

**Scene Eight**

**In the Stable**

Inn Keeper: Here it is. You can use some of that fresh clean straw to make you some beds. I have to hurry back to the Inn. Good night. If I can help you, just come get me.

Joseph: Thank you and good night.

(Lights down. Get baby. Lights up.)

Joseph: Oh Mary. He is so wonderful!

Mary: The angel said we are to call him Jesus. Isn't that a beautiful name. He will be the Savior of the world.

Joseph: Yes, He is a wonderful child. But Mary, you need to rest now. I've put clean straw in the manger. Lets put the baby there to sleep. Try to get some rest now Mary.

(lights out)

**Scene Nine**

**Shepherds in the fields.**

Shepherd One: Isn't it a beautiful night. I just love to look at the stars.

Shepherd Two: They are nice — the stars. Oh look! There's a falling star. I'll make a wish on that falling star. I wish we had peace in the whole world.

Shepherd One: And I wish I could see a king. That would be so neat!

(angel appears)

Shepherds: Yikes! What is that?

Angel: Kind shepherds, I am the angel of the Lord. Please don't be afraid of me. I have a very important message for you. A baby is born in Bethlehem and his name is Jesus. He will be the Savior of the world. Look! There is a new star. Follow it and you will find him lying in a manger and wrapped in swaddling clothes.

(other angels come)

Angel Two: Glory to God the most High, for Jesus Christ is born.

Angel Three: Let there be peace on earth.

*Sing Glory to God in the Highest.*

*(angels leave)*

Shepherd One: Wow! That was neat! Let's go see this baby that the angel told us about. I'd really like to see him.

Shepherd Two: I want to see him too, but shouldn't we take him a gift?

Shepherd One: What gift would be fit for a king, the Savior of the world?

Shepherd Two: I want to give him my favorite lamb. That would be the best gift I could give him.

Shepherd One: And I will give him this beautiful blanket that my Grandmother made for me. It is pretty, and will help to keep the little baby warm.

Shepherd Two: The sheep are sleeping well. I'm sure they'll be OK. Let's got to Bethlehem and see the baby the angel told us about.

Shepherd One: Come on. Let's hurry!

*Sing Stars Were Gleaming*

(lights die as they hurry off the stage)

**Scene Ten**

**Shepherds arrive at the stable**

Joseph: Mary there are some shepherds outside. They have come to see the baby. Should I show them in?

Mary: Yes, Joseph. I am ready.

Joseph: (to the shepherd) Come in, gentlemen. Come and see the baby Jesus. He will be the Savior of the world. He's sleeping now, so you'll have to be quiet.

Shepherd One: Isn't he wonderful. It makes me feel so peaceful to be here.

Shepherd Two: I know I've seen the Christ child. What a privilege that is. I brought my favorite lamb to be a gift for him. (to Joseph) Here. You can keep him for the baby.

Joseph: Thank you so much. It will be a good pet for Jesus while he grows up.

Shepherd One: And I have brought this beautiful warm blanket. Here, Mary. Put it around your shoulders. It's getting chilly tonight, and you have wrapped your baby in your shawl. Please tell him when he grows up that it was a gift from my grandmother.

Mary: Oh, thank you. It is so warm and soft. It is just the right gift for the Savior of the world. His love will keep us all warm just like this blanket is keeping me warm now.

Shepherd Two: We need to go now. Our sheep are sleeping in the field.

Shepherd One: We need to hurry back to them to keep them safe. Thanks for letting us see the baby.

Shepherd Two: I will always remember the peaceful feeling I had seeing the Savior of the world. Good night.

(Shepherd leave — lights dim. Mary and Joseph peacefully watch the baby. Lights out.)

**Scene Eleven**

**Herod's palace.**

Herod: And why do you trouble me at this time of night?

Wise Man One: Good King Herod, we have been watching the stars. The new star announcing Jesus' birth has appeared. We saw it and have come to see the baby who will be the King of the Jews.

Herod: Where did you see that star?

Wise man Two: We saw his star in the east. We have been following it for many days. We thought you would be able to tell us where this special baby is.

Herod: I don't know where that "king" is, but I would like to see him too. When did you see this star?

Wise man Three: We have followed the star for many days. We come from far away.

Herod: Go and find the baby. When you find him, come tell me where he is so I can see him too. Hurry now. It's late and I need to get some sleep.

Wise men: Thank you and good night King Herod.

Herod: A new star? A new King of the Jews? But I am the King of these people!

(Herod exits obviously perplexed.)

**Scene Twelve**

**Wise men arrive**

Wise man One: We are wise men who have traveled far. Is the baby Jesus here?

Joseph: Yes. How did you find us?

Wise man Two: We saw the new star in the sky, and followed it. It led us to the Baby Jesus.

*Kids Sing Little Star*

Joseph: Would you like to see the baby? Come in. Mary, here are some wise men from the east. They want to see the baby.

Mary: Come and see him if you wish.

(Wise men, one at a time kneel and present presents to the baby. Musical back ground of Christmas music. Wise men get up and leave during the music. They thank Joseph on the way out — all silently.)

Angel of the Lord: Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings for great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

Music: Other Christmas Carols are sung.

*Beautiful Savior*

*I Am a Child of God*

*As I Have Loved You*

(Light on the baby, Mary, and Joseph only, and the spot lights die. All come on for the curtain call.)

The End

**Christmas Friends**

F is for FUN that abounds in this season.

R is of RINGING of bells in the steeple.

I is for ICICLES hanging on trees.

E is for ELVES--those cute little people.

N's for the little NEW king who was born.

D's for the DONKEY who carried his mom.

S means the star that shone until morn.

H is for hilltop where angels had been.

I is for ITEMS the Christ Child received.

P is for presents and aren't they all keen.

Yes, friendship at Christmas time is truly nice.

Be grateful for friendship. It's sweeter than spice.

**The Christmas Test**

Santa is real!

I know that is true!

And here's how I know it.

I'll tell it to you.

Two days before Christmas,

And all through the school,

The students were working.

Outside it was cool.

The snowflakes were falling

Right down from the sky.

The birds were so cold

That they couldn't fly.

Not a child was roaming

Outside in the snow.

They all had a test

But they didn't know

The answers to questions,

For Santa came first.

Their thoughts were on Christmas.

That test was the worst.

Now they didn't care

What they got on that test.

Their thoughts were on presents,

And all of the rest.

The tree in the corner

Was quite a delight.

It sparkled and glistened.

Its star shone out bright.

The boys had brought presents.

The girls had too.

They chose them all carefully,

And hope that they'd do.

When all of a sudden,

What did they hear?

They knew in a moment

That Saint Nick was near.

His bells were a jingling.

His pack he held tight.

He said, "Merry Christmas!

To all a good night."

For soon is the night

That he makes his great trip.

Don't blab out in school

Just zip up your lip.

He popped through the window —

A great crashing burst.

"Please give me a drink,

I'm dying of thirst.

And so are my reindeer.

They're up on the roof.

So Give us a drink,

And we'll leave with a poof."

"That's all that he came for?"

The children all said.

"I can't wait 'til Christmas!

I'd sooner be dead!"

They gave him a drink,

And true to his word,

He hopped in his sleigh,

And took off like a bird.

He took off so quickly

It made the kids mad.

They hollered and screamed.

Oh Boy, were they bad!

The teacher called Mother,

The teacher called Dad.

"Shape up or no presents,

You kids. You'll be sad."

"Go home," said their teacher.

"The home bell will ring."

The children ran out

And started to sing.

They sang about Christmas,

And good things to come.

They talked about candy

And cookies--Yum yum!

Then next day a blizzard

Had started to blow.

"Would Santa now make it?"

The kids worried so.

True to his history,

Santa Claus came.

He gave gifts to the children,

For that was his aim.

The kids now were happy

How great were their joys.

They all ran outside

To play with their toys.

Now this Christmas season

Be sure that you try

To be kind as a kitten,

And wise as a spy.

You'll surely get presents

If you do your best,

And remember those kids

Who did bad on their test!

**The City**

by Thomas Redd

February 24, 1997

A city is a growing place.

It always has a changing face.

Some people leave and others come.

Who knows where they are moving from.

New stores start up most every day.

New parks are built for kids to play.

Roads and highways link it all.

There's telephones to make a call.

A city building comes along.

An Opera Hall to sing a song.

A bowling alley's lots of fun

After peoples' work is done.

A restaurant is where we can eat.

A slaughter house to cut up meat.

A grocery store to sell us things.

An airport where we take to wings.

A city is a growing place

Created by the human race,

Where we can live our whole life through.

For me no other place would do!

**The Class of '90-'91**

The summer was done, and so was the fun.

We all went to school, for it had begun.

Our class was the same the first day we came.

Our teacher was new, and he's not a dame.

There's two fewer kids than we had last June.

With Christine now gone, we'll all sing on tune.

It's Erin we miss. We gave her a kiss

And sent her to Hill Spring to study in bliss.

The boys are all smarties. The girls are too.

Think of the teacher. Now what will he do?

He never remembers the things that he knows.

Just look at his spelling. Boy, it sure shows!

Kendyn is funny. He looks that way too.

He breaks more bones than other kids do.

Becky's a sweetie and smart as can be.

She does all her work much faster than me.

Brian's a flirt, and likes his friend Bert.

Dustin is happier out in the dirt.

He'd play all day long, if only he could,

He'd play in the trees and get lost in the wood.

John Jensen's a scientist, it's a sure bet.

To be good in school is hard for him yet.

Rod is a naturalist. Nature's his home.

He'll take nature with him where ever he'll roam.

Teran's a hunter who likes to shoot guns.

And Luke is so handsome he's got lots of huns.

John Jacobs likes Football, and Basketball too.

He can play any sport. That's for sure true.

TJ takes care of his nice brand new bike.

And he'll go for a ride whenever he'll like.

Rosyln is pretty and fun to be with.

She is a twin and that's not a myth.

We're bound to have fun in our classroom this year,

Though with troubles and fights, we may shed a tear.

We hope that we work hard and learn all we should.

We probably will cause we're all so good.

**The Class that was Wonderful**

**Right from the Start**

A Tribute to Grade Four

From Mr. Tom Redd

I have a class that is dear to my heart.

I knew you were great kids right from the start.

We've laughed and we've joked. Some sharing we've done.

With all of your giving, my heart you have won.

I think of the time that I first called you mine.

It wasn't for science -- you came in a line.

You kids were all special. You tried really hard.

Your marks were quite pleasing on your report card.

But that isn't what I have come to enjoy.

It's the love that I get from each girl and boy.

Yes, you are special. This class can't be beat.

I now love you all from your head to your feet.

There's Rod who is special -- a really nice guy.

At math he's a whiz, at spelling he'll try.

But the reason I love him is more than all that.

He loves me to pieces in spite of my fat.

Teran's a cream puff -- a softie at heart.

He's shared lots of things with me, even his art.

He's huggable, too, with the prettiest eyes.

His school work gets better whenever he tries.

Jill is the girl that works like a dog.

And when she has money, she's never a hog.

She shares all she has with each of the class

She often has nothing left over, alas.

Roslyn loves reading, at home she's a cook.

One thing she would murder though, is her math book.

She smiles so lovingly most of the time.

In singing, her voice will ring out like a chime.

John Jacobs' my buddy. I hope you don't mind.

To one crabby teacher, you've been awfully kind.

And why you have done it I never will know.

Maybe you do it 'cause I love you so.

Julie is special. She works really well.

Now Julie don't blush when these words I tell.

You're sweet and I like you. I love you a lot.

I'll always remember you gave all you've got.

A boy who tries harder, you never will find,

Than Luke who is clever, and witty, and kind.

His heart is so different than other folks, too.

Now Luke listen closely, for I love you true.

John Jensen's a genius most all the day.

And he never lacks for something to say.

A nicer young man, there never could be.

I love you, John, and I hope you love me.

Dustin loves nature and loves to be out.

Some time in school he may start to pout.

He tries to tell stories of gophers and things.

I bet he'd be happier if he had wings.

We all know the story of packages small.

When I leave Brian I think that I'll bawl.

I love you quite deeply right down in my heart.

You're pleasant and kind, and you're even smart.

TJ's a challenge to me everyday.

You think he might stop and have nothing to say,

But he keeps on smiling and sharing his brains.

With all of his wisdom, my nerves he drains.

Kendyn's the picture of all that is nice.

I've seen him do clogging at least more than twice.

He works really hard at school work too,

But won't he be happy when school is through.

Paula is tall, and she has a big heart.

It's been easy to love her right from the start.

She always is helpful and fun to be with

My love for you Paula, is more than a myth.

One of the girl's that's always the best.

Is a beautiful girl we call Becky West.

She's kind to us all and helps us to learn.

She always is sharing. She helps each in turn.

No wonder I love you, each one in this class.

Let's always be friends in the years that will pass.

I love you so deeply, it's hard to explain.

The thought of you leaving, makes my heart pain.

You've all been so kind to your teacher this year.

You've told me some stories, and talked off my ear.

I thought it was neat though, to hear all you've done.

Your stories and sorrows my heart has won.

I love you so deeply. I think that I'll die.

When summer time comes, I know I will cry.

I'll miss all your smiles, I'll miss all your jokes.

I won't miss the bruises, the bumps, and the pokes.

I wish I could hug you and give you a kiss.

The look in your eyes and your smiles I'll miss.

This year with such great kids, I'll never forget.

Please always remember my love goes on. Yet–

I know that time changes most things that are good.

It rusts out the iron, and darkens the wood.

Our friendship could last if we wanted it to.

It even could last all eternity through.

God sent us to earth as brothers you know.

Maybe that's why that I love you so.

As long as you're living, my brother you'll be.

So here is a kiss to all you, from me.

Please always continue to do what is right.

Stand up for the truth, or die in the fight.

Try to live righteously as we all should.

We'll make it to heaven one day if we're good.

In heaven we'll visit and talk of the past.

We'll speak of the good times and memories that last.

Our Father in Heaven will be proud of you.

And so will this teacher who loves you so true.

Go forward together. The long race we'll win.

Never do evil, for we must not sin.

Pleasures and happiness for you will grow.

You'll make it, dear friends, I know.

**A Class with Memories**

or

**Memories with Class**

by Thomas J. Redd

Spring of 1993

(A Tribute to the Grade Nine Class)

Last night I was asked to write down some things

About the grade nine class. What memories that brings!

I fondly remember the chance that I got

To come teach some students that I liked a lot.

You see it was special to come to a group

That was super cool--yes, that was my troop.

The children were innocent like kids should be.

The sins of the world were not theirs you see.

We sang, and we worked, and we had a great time.

We even wrote poems, and Cody brought slime.

Now what I remember about that great year

Was a great group of true friends that I still hold dear.

I think now of Steven who always would talk.

And how, to the hallway, we often would walk.

I'd ask if he meant to disrupt every class.

I hoped that with time that his talking would pass.

The shock of my teaching was given to me

When Steven came crying, and he said to me,

"I'm sorry for talking. I'll try to do better."

I hugged him and said now that I was the debtor.

I thanked him for being so honest and wise.

We then were two friends with tears in our eyes.

Now what would you do with a young man like that?

To Steven with honor, I now tip my hat.

Young Armes, how he struggled to get his work done.

But when he got glasses, his work became fun.

I watched as he changed from the slowest in class

To a boy with high marks. I was sure he would pass.

He too was a darling--a loveable kid.

With fondness I think of the things that he did

To show how he liked me as teacher and friend.

I pray that we'll always be friends to the end.

Brock was a fun boy--a tough nut to crack.

Not many were faster when we ran the track.

He worked really hard and was friendly to all.

And boy what a hero when we would play ball.

And Angie and Ashley were always together

Regardless of work, or play, or of weather.

They helped out the class by showing us how

To do all our homework, and doing it NOW.

They always would ask if they could do some marking.

I wish them success in the life they're embarking.

I'm sure that they'll do all the things that they should.

I'm sure with their efforts their luck will be good.

I always got mixed up with two Jacobs girls.

They both were like angels, their value like pearls.

Now one was called Candice, and Kori the other,

But which one was which? I'd have to ask Mother.

They worked really well in that young grade four class.

And hours together in fun they would pass.

I think of the time that they helped cook the fudge.

And of work they completed with never a smudge.

I still get confused when I see those two faces.

Is Kori right here, or with Candice, trade places.

Yes, Kori's the one with the bright shining smile

And Candice's beauty is more than just style.

Karen was always disgusted with me.

She often would think, "Mr. Redd, can't you see

That my name is Neilson and Nelson it's not."

Each time that I said it, I always forgot.

She was a good worker. She'd slave every day.

When things were quite tough, to God she would pray.

Nothing will stop her as she goes along.

With God on her side, now what can go wrong.

Tina's the girl who struggled the most.

She knew without working her marks would be toast.

I always admired the way that she'd try.

She never would give up or sit down and cry.

Chad was my prophet. He always did right.

To do what God wanted he always would fight.

I really did love him for all that he did.

Right from the beginning he was a neat kid.

I think of the time that he started to cry.

Ninety-eight percent! He thought he would die!

Why did he make such a stupid mistake?

Those tears in his eyes were never a fake.

The Savior said perfect is what we should be.

Until Chad was perfect, he never felt free

To take any time off his studies and books.

Who cares if the other kids gave him bad looks.

Brad was the new boy who came in the spring.

He struggled with courage to do everything.

He always was willing to run out and play

When school was finished and out for the day.

A man of such stature is hard to be found,

His heart full of dreams and his feet on the ground.

The working he does slow and steady each day

Will help him to heaven, along the straight way.

Melissa read books and she wrote many too.

School was no problem! Her work she would do.

She wrote many things and she'd show them to me.

She needed a pat on the back, can't you see.

With that pat on the back to help her along,

She'd work all day long. In her heart was a song.

She'd try really hard to fit in with the girls

But sometimes the boys would pull hard on her curls.

Eric was quiet, and timid, and shy.

For nature and gardening, he had an eye.

He dug up his garden down close by a tree.

How happy I was when he showed it to me.

His cactuses came to our classroom one day.

There wasn't much light. By the window they'd stay.

And boy was he happy when one was in bloom.

When he worked with courage, his marks sure did zoom.

Kris was the scientist taking apart

The things that were found in the room, except art.

He wanted to know how and why all things work.

From his school work, he never would shirk.

He worked with computers and TV's and stuff.

Of things electronic, he'd not get enough.

I wish that all students would work like he does.

With knowledge our school would certainly buzz.

Deric was magic. His foot he'd remove.

There always was something that he tried to prove.

He, too, was a student who tried hard to please.

But sometimes the girls he surely would tease.

The memories I carry of those good old days

Are happy ones for me in numerous ways.

I think of the kids riding high on my back.

When teachers played basketball I sure did lack

The skills that would let me have fun at the game.

At me all your laughter and teasing you'd aim.

I think of the lessons in swimming that year.

I, too, took those lessons with trembling and fear.

That was the first swimming lessons I'd take.

I think of the gifts that for me you did make.

A kiss in the mouth of a little gray frog.

A trip to the river and burning a log.

I played you a song at the end of the year.

You were a great class and I still hold you dear.

Fond memories of great friends is what I have got.

I want you to know that I like you a lot.

Sincerely Yours,

Thomas J. Redd

**Come to the Fun!**

Here is a poem that's not worth a dime.

It's not very good 'cause the words do not rhyme.

But it tells you the message, that you need to know

On Feb. 26th, your talents will grow.

The Primary activity will be real cool,

So come to the church Friday, right after school.

The opening prayer is at 1:55.

And then with adventure we'll all come alive.

We'll travel to talent land four different ways.

Then music and fun will end talent days.

Tom Parkes is ready to join us in singing.

With Jim Gander's magic the fun will be ringing.

Come early to get your assignment and group

Before we have prayer. Now this is the scoop.

Your friends and your parents can join in our fun.

On Friday at 4 o'clock it will be done.

We hope that we see you and know you'll enjoy

Talents there taught to each girl and boy.

So please do your best to come out to this.

If you are not there, your talents we'll miss!

**Communicating**

by Tom Redd

October 26, 1994

Talking is really quite easy to do,

But you're never sure that the massage gets through.

We talk all the time and we think others know

The thoughts that we have in our heads, and so

We blindly go walking on life's bumpy trail.

While others are wishing at life we would fail.

And I was entwined in that old talking trap.

I dumped all my worries and thoughts in your lap.

I said we would only be able to fall,

Unless we improved how we served that white ball.

I tried to impress on your minds what I meant.

A bit of comparison--thoughtless--I sent.

I said that my daughter could serve the ball low.

At that she is good, but the best, that's not so.

She really is not quite the player you think.

And some on her team have told her, "You stink."

The message I wanted to give you back then

Was to try to control and keep low the ball when

You stand up and serve it. For then we can score.

Of this little fact is one thing that I'm sure.

The message was given, and I thought you knew

The thought I intended to carry to you.

But I was a failure. I made you feel bad.

You went home and talked to your mom and your dad.

I found from a parent the message you got.

I wished when I found out, that I had been shot.

A sickening weekend I past then at home.

And to your bad feelings, my thoughts then would roam.

I'm sorry I made you feel bad way back then.

It's me that is poorest -- a fool I've been

To take on this challenge. It's more than I know.

Perhaps you'd do better if I didn't show.

So please now forgive me. Lets try to move on.

I'll try to do better and not ramble on

About other teams that I know we will face.

Continue; be careful, and you'll win the race.

You really are great in the way that you play.

You give all you've got to the team, I must say.

I really am happy with you now you know.

And all that I want is for you now to grow.

And that's why I say all the things that I do.

It's only to help give improvement to you.

Please, never go home when something's been said

That makes your heart hurt and your mind fill with dread.

Just tell me right out that I said something wrong.

Then you can go home; in your heart is a song.

And we will be sure that our meaning is clear.

Your wonderful team, now, to me is so dear.

I want you to work hard, the best that you can.

And what you are doing sure pleases this man.

And I'll be more careful in all that I say.

A great team, united, you are when you play!

**Continental Divide**

by Thomas Redd

November 9, 1997

The top of the Mountain is where we decide

The water that goes to each ocean.

Some flows down the slope to the west it is true.

But why? It hasn't a notion.

It came from the rain that fell west of the top,

Though an inch would have made quite a difference.

You see if it fell just an inch farther east,

To Atlantic it goes, is the inference.

The deciding point is the top of the hill.

"The Divide" it is called in this nation.

The side of the hill where rain falls, don't you see,

Determines its end destination.

As time rolls along, life's the same for us all.

Where we end, it depends where we started.

Which side of the hill did we start to roll down,

Which side of life's trials when departed.

In life we go bumping and tumbling along

Down one side of life's numerous trials.

The end result of the life that we live

With all of it's trouble in piles

Depends mainly on the place that we start.

The truths that we learn when we're little.

It's there we determine the place we will end,

And not some place stuck in the middle.

The Pacific is peaceful and calm, so they say,

Like the Kingdom of God up above us.

The Atlantic is not quite the same, in this way

The winds and the waves cause much more fuss.

The rain that went west, or the rain that went east

Got started on top of the world.

The men who go east or the men that go west,

Were determined by which way they're hurled.

Some men will get stuck going bumping along

The rivers that lead to disaster.

But others will go down the slope to the west

Where the rivers flow smoother and faster.

The spot that determined the place that we'd end

Was the place that the path was diverging —

On top of the mountain of life's greatest trials —

From there, other lives with ours, merging.

Which side of the hill are you rolling down —

Which ocean are you bound to get to?

The one that is peaceful and calm up above,

Or the one that is hardest to sail through?

Be prayerful in life as you sail along

And follow the voice of the spirit,

'Cause heaven's the place that you'll end up at last.

With faith, you'll surely be near it!

**Convention "92**

I sit and listen to this man.

I'm trying hard, as hard I can.

To me he hasn't said enough.

A true Guru has pulled our bluff.

I wish he'd tell some stories now,

Instead of talking of the bow.

I'm lost, you see, about those boats.

I don't care how or why it floats.

No jokes to tell--he's rather dry.

My mind goes wandering, but I try

To get the point he tries to make.

Am I Listening? It's a fake.

Enough, enough, I've had enough!

To leave this room is rather tough.

I guess I'll stay and look around

At all those eyes upon the ground.

Why we put up with what we do--

When, oh when will he be through?

Behind that curtain lies displays.

To go and see, I dream of ways.

I'm sure there are some in the crowd

Who'd like to leave, but we're too proud.

I guess I'll stay and suffer through.

If you could leave now, wouldn't you?

The day got better as it went.

The story teller's heaven sent.

The ugly princess sleeps today.

We know! We heard the teller say.

Plain Jane got married finally.

She was happy as could be.

The big bad wolf, she then became.

That book will never be the same.

The door fell down. He ambled in.

He had to sneeze! Was that a sin?

The house blew up. The pig lay dead.

He ate him up from toe to head.

The second pig was just the same.

The sneeze blew up without an aim.

The second pig was eaten up.

The sugar! He still needs a cup.

The third pig lived inside some bricks.

He gave no sugar! What a fix!

A Birthday card would have to do.

The pig got mad and told him too.

The police drove up. The wolf was caught.

To save his hide, no one has fought,

And so in prison, he's locked up.

Some sugar--"Please give me a cup!"

**Counting Sheep**

by Thomas Redd

August 11, 1997

It's time to go to bed, I know,

But I don't really want to go.

I'd rather play and have some fun.

I wish this day just wasn't done.

I'd like to have a water fight

Before I tell my mom good-night.

I'd like to take a little walk,

Or with my friends, I'd like to talk.

But since the sun has gone to bed

The world is sort of looking dead.

If trees could shut their tiny eyes,

Like you or me, or other guys,

I'm sure they too, would be asleep.

They'd snooze and never make a peep,

But I don't want to do that now.

I'd play a game, cause I know how.

But mom says I must go to bed

To rest my little sleepy head.

If it is good for me to sleep,

My mom should also count some sheep!

**Dallin’s Smile**

By Thomas Redd

May 29, 2001

A special friend for me this year

Is someone that I think is dear.

He always does the best he can.

He really is a precious man.

It’s Dallin that I think is great.

So quiet in his seat he’ll wait

To hear the things he’s got to do.

He does his best the whole day through.

I like to have him in my class.

But he’ll move on quite soon, alas,

In grade three is where he will be.

And then his face, I will not see.

So I’ll enjoy the time I’ve got

With Dallin, whom I love a lot.

Dear Dallin, you’re a special son.

Thanks so much for all you’ve done

To make our room a special place.

Each day I love to see you face

With your smile so big and bright,

And when I kneel in prayer at night,

I thank the Lord that I teach you.

Thank you for the things you do.

Your special friendship I hold dear.

You’ve made grade two a special year!

**The Day At The Water Slide**

by Thomas Redd

How great it was to be with you and know we had a friend.

My heart is rather heavy as I think about the end

Of all the fun we had one day when we were wet and cold.

How fun it was to watch you as you started to get bold!

You went into the wading pool and slowly got all wet.

To get all wet and cold that way, your mind you had to set.

And then you tried the cooler pool and found it wasn't fun.

You went a little farther, 'til the fear of cold you'd won.

The water slide was waiting and you knew you had to try.

You looked at all the people as down the slide they'd fly.

The climax of the chilly day was climbing to the top.

You waited for the time to go and then you took the hop.

For us there must be treats to eat to finish off a day.

I'm glad that you could visit us--that with us you did stay.

The ice cream that you ate with us was just the thing it took.

We're glad you ate the ice cream--not just politely look.

The trip was long--the company dry and so you went to sleep.

With all the kids asleep behind I never heard a peep.

I think I never took that trip with such a quiet bunch.

Of course you didn't go to sleep till we had eaten lunch.

I really was impressed with Bob. I thought he was so neat.

I was impressed--there was no fight when someone took his seat.

He was the kind of friend to have--a quiet, gentle man.

I really did enjoy the chance to get to know your clan.

I know my kids would start a war if someone took their chair.

They'd say they'd better move away, and say it wasn't fair.

They'd start to say that they were there and call them names and stuff,

But Bob was one who kept his cool, not getting in a huff.

He simply moved and found a spot that wasn't occupied.

I bet there's times when, just the same, his gentle heart has cried.

You know it's little things like that, that show the strength within.

With little things Bob did that day, my heart he sure did win.

I must admit, I liked the friends that spent the day with us.

I feel that we will miss you and the day we traveled thus.

And now that day is over and I have an empty spot.

It seems that we could be good friends but likely we will not.

Its not because we try to stay away from such great folks.

We'll miss the smiles, the songs, the fun, and even Brian's jokes.

Its just because of distance that will keep us far away.

So if you ever want to come and visit us some day,

Our door and hearts are open to your visits in our home.

Yes, we'll cherish times together now wherever we may roam.

Our memories are dear ones of your family in our bus.

Thanks again for sharing love and spending time with us.

**Dear Momma**

Thomas John Redd

December 22, 1997

Of you dearest Momma, I sit down and think.

My thoughts I record now with paper and ink.

A life that was special has come to an end,

And nothing but faith, my poor heart, can mend.

Faith in the Gospel — the plan Father gave,

And memories of Momma that inside I save.

The memory of watching the way you lived life —

The way that you faced all your toils and strife.

You showed by example the things we must do

To get back to heaven and there be with you.

You faced all your troubles with prayer in your heart.

With God there beside you, you then did your part.

And God kept his promise to be by your side.

He helped things work out right when you showed your tried.

That blessed example I'll treasure and hold —

The thought of a mother so noble and bold.

Your life you lived sweetly. Your whistle rang out.

You loved to be happy. Of that, I've no doubt.

And your precious smile you showed me at last,

And then from this world you quietly passed.

You always were willing to show how to do

All the assignments that we got from you.

And death didn't stop you from showing us how.

We watched how, with courage, you faced it, and now

Your mission on this earth has come to an end.

Your memory is cherished by family and friend.

We think of your kindness, your courage, and all.

When God gave a calling, you answered the call.

Through trials tremendous, He asked you to go.

You faced it with courage so no one would know.

The time finally came. From your struggles you're free.

And Momma, your memory, is cherished by me.

I love you so Momma — with all of my heart.

You raised a good family, and I was a part.

For me you have sacrificed all of your life.

'Twas your sacred mission as mother and wife.

Great was your peace as you died in the Lord.

No greater memory could your kids afford.

I want to live worthy to see you again.

From all of my weaknesses I must refrain.

Dear Momma, I love you with love that is true.

I'll cherish the memory that I have of you.

Good-bye for the short time that we'll be apart.

Dear Momma, I love you with all of my heart.

**Del Bonita's Crown**

March 6, 1997

The town of Del Bonita is getting rather small.

There's just not many houses found in it at all.

But there's lots of freedom in our little town.

We like it very much and we think it needs a crown.

We think it is a kingdom fit for any king.

With all the children playing, there's always some that sing.

There's lots of cats around here. We keep them for a pet.

I wish I had a pony, but I don't have one yet.

Some people think our little town isn't very much.

But we know that it's different. It has the master's touch.

And so you see our friendly home is really right for me.

A better town could not be found. One nicer could not be!

**Decisions**

by Tom Redd

October 18, 1996

It's hard to make decisions.

It really is no fun.

If I could, I think I would,

But since I can't, I'm done.

**Depression**

Thomas Redd

The most common, the most wide-spread disease in America can be fatal. Thousands suffer from it daily. Everyone has suffered from it occasionally. Its symptoms: a feeling of emptiness within, a need to be with people, but a desire to avoid them, Sleeplessness, Inability to accomplish menial tasks, Withdrawal from those around him at the time he needs them most, speechlessness, and sometimes suicide. That disease is depression, a common tool of the darker side of the "Force." It strikes your best friends when they are least prepared for it. You can help – you must help. Don't avoid them until their cheerier side comes up. Spend time with them. Talk to them. Let them know that depression strikes everyone at times. For more information on how to help, call 374-HELP. That's 374-H E L P.

**Devin**

(Dedicated to Devin Nelson)

There once was a boy named Devin,

Who wanted to go to Heaven.

He tried it one day.

That's all I can say

'Cause he only lived to be seven.

**Dimples**

Thomas J. Redd

October 1, 1999

Some people have dimples. They're cute as can be.

They jump on their cheeks when they smile, you see.

But some do not like them. So they hide behind

Anything handy that they can find.

If they do not like them, they should give them up.

Perhaps they should catch them inside a cup.

I really would like them to give them to me.

Cause I think they're cute -- as cute as can be!

**Drip under Pressure**

I'm a drip under pressure and sometimes it shows

Like the day of the interviews when my steam blows.

I worried about the time I got here

And saw all the cars. I was so full of fear.

I entered my room and found there a note.

The principal lost his band report note.

"Please make it again," is all that it said.

I was late already, my heart full of dread.

Right then in my fuming, you walked in my room.

And I let you have it right then with a boom.

I should have been kinder and kept my month shut.

But I let you have what was knotting my gut.

I want you to know that I feel really bad

And want your forgiveness 'cause I made you sad.

I now ask forgiveness and hope that you know

I really feel badly for hurting you so.

I'll try to be wiser and keep my mouth shut

When pressure is rising and knotting my gut.

I'll try to refrain from blowing and stewing.

I know I'm to blame for all that I'm doing.

Sincerely Yours,

Thomas J. Redd

**Easter's Good and Bad!!!**

Colored eggs are very fun to roll down bumpy hills.

But when they crack, I'm sure they hurt and wish they had some pills.

I'm glad I'm not an Easter egg, cause that would really hurt

To go right down that bumpy hill, and land right in the dirt.

The Easter bunny hops around and gives the kids some eggs.

All he hears — a screaming kid, a little brat that begs.

You'd think it would be quite the job, and really full of fun,

But — getting up on Easter Morn' before the warming sun?

The chocolate eggs and jelly beans are really very sweet

It makes our mouths all water, for it is quite a treat!

But then your teeth begin to hurt. Your stomach feels sick.

And then you start to ask yourself, "Why did I take that lick?"

It's sometimes fun to be dressed up and go and see your friends.

The greatest time on easter though, is when our preacher ends.

It's with great haste we hurry home to take off all those clothes.

We comb our hair to free it then from all those nasty bows.

But what's that smell I'm smelling coming through my door?

Is it cheerios I smell or is it something more?

Why, it's the Easter dinner! The chicken is the best!

And that's why Easter holiday is better than the rest!

**Easter's Joys**

April 13, 1995

Easter's a good time

With Candy and treats,

But a monster might come

To eat up my treats.

I think that I'll guard them.

And I'll hide inside.

The monster won't find out

The place that I'll hide.

And while I am hiding

I'll eat up my treats

And then if he finds me

I'll stomp on his feets!

He'll run away crying

With tears on his face.

I'll never again have

That monster to chase.

Perhaps that that monster

Was only a friend.

If he ate my treats though,

Our friendship would end.

So if you're my neighbor

And come to my house,

Be sure that you're gentle

And calm like a mouse.

Please don't try to rob me

And eat my treats up.

Be gentle and friendly

Like my little pup.

But if you are gentle

And nice as can be,

I'll give you some candy.

I'll share. You will see!

Another great blessing

Of Easter each year,

Is that there's no school,

Or teachers to fear.

We always like Easter

Because it's so fun,

Oh boy I'll be glad

When school is done!

**Enduring to the End**

Thomas Redd

May 16, 1999

At times my life seems meaningless. I wonder why I am here.

The endless battle of the buck has filled me up with fear.

I wonder how I'll pay the bills and who will make repairs.

If I get sick and cannot work, who'll manage my affairs.

There's things in life I'd love to do and not just pay the bills,

Or fix the car and mow the grass and paint the window sills.

It seems that all I do in life is try to stay afloat.

And when someone needs help from me, I'm then the old scapegoat.

The Savior said it would be hard enduring to the end,

And oh, the truth there is in that without Him for a friend.

I must keep trying everyday to do my very best.

And if I do when life is o'er, I'm promised I'll be blessed.

I cannot let the devil think that he has conquered me.

By God's commandments I must live and they will make me free.

Enduring to the end of life is something I must do.

And I will hear my Savior say, "My son I've ransomed you.

Come home again and dwell with me for all eternity."

And when I enter in above, my Father I will see.

With loving arms we'll then embrace and I will kiss his face.

"You're finished now. You've done your best. You've finished life's long race."

**Eternal Friends**

Thomas Redd

June 11, 1998

Some days I take the time to think about the life I live.

I think of friends, so dear to me, and all the help they give.

Does it not seem a wee bit strange that when we came to earth

We lost the friends we used to have before our humble birth?

We must have been with friends we loved when in our home on high.

We must have shared our joys and dreams and told of how we'd try

To do our best when we can down to earth and mortals be.

We must have thought of earthly trials that we would surely see.

I bet we planned to try and help our friends while here below.

I think we made some promises that right now we don't know.

It might be that those promises are felt on special days,

Like when we see a strange that we seem to know, in ways.

We sometimes meet a person who in life we have not known,

But somehow in the scheme of things the seeds of love are sown.

It's at these times we seem to say we knew that person when

Our lives in heaven were entwined — we were together then.

A common bond of friendship felt for someone we've not met

Must have its roots in heaven above, is what I'd like to bet.

And I can't wait 'til we return and find our friends once more.

I pray that when we meet again, contentment is in store —

Content that we have done our best our promises to keep.

For if we loose our cherished friends, our wounded hearts will weep.

So while we walk our earthly path 'mid strangers on the way,

Lets always try to help them live so they'll return someday

To live with God in joy and peace for all eternity.

Let's help that stranger in the street, for he, our friend, may be.

Live life by helping others find the path to God above,

And God will say to us someday, "Come dwell with me in love."

**The Eternal Test**

Thomas Redd

May 26, 1998

With courage strong, we blaze a trail toward our home above.

We're guided by the Holy Ghost because of Father's love.

He wants each one of us to do the thing we know we should,

For all the souls who dwell with him must prove that they are good.

The promptings of the Holy Ghost are given still and small

In God's great plan of happiness, to each man, one and all,

And so we learn to heed His voice and follow where He leads.

We learn to trust the Lord above — that He will fill our needs.

It's in this way that faith grows strong — we learn to take God's hand.

It's then with faith we forge our way through trials of the land.

And Satan's always there, we know, to slow our upward path.

Our constant quest to do what's right must fill his heart with wrath.

But when with trust in God above we strive to do what's right,

We show that we will faithful be, until we've won the fight.

Our life is fulled with trials and tests so we, our faith, may show.

Be bold. Stand firm and do what's right. Then how your faith will grow.

Sometimes in life we slip a bit, and sin along the way.

We know that Christ's great sacrifice, the price of sin will pay

If we repent and turn again and follow gospel light.

Through Christ the Lord we're cleansed from sin — from sin as dark as night.

Through Christ's atoning sacrifice, we then are pure once more.

This precious gift Christ gives to all. Great blessings are in store

For those who live the gospel plan and walk with trust in God —

Who's hearts and hands are clean and pure — who hold the iron rod.

Be faithful as you toil through life and try God's laws to keep.

Walk onward, upward through the night, though some around may sleep.

The great reward — eternal life within God's realm of love

Will then be giv'n to faithful men — we'll dwell with God above.

How sweet the joy the gospel brings to all the men on earth.

With gospel light we know the plan — the purpose of our birth.

We know the path that we must take to make it back to God.

Be faithful to the end of days and hold the iron rod.

**Evening Campfires**

Thomas Redd

July 18, 1998

Campfires at night are a fun place to be.

The flickering flames bring sweet memories to me.

I think of the camping our family has done.

I think of the hiking and swimming and fun.

We've camped in the mountains beneath stately pines.

We've camped beside sawmills and factories and mines.

The best of it all was the company we had —

My brothers and sisters, my mom and my dad.

And now as I sit here the flames die away.

The embers glow bright like my thoughts of the day,

And just as the heat of the fire lingers on,

My memories of camping will never be gone.

I love to be outside in nature and all.

The mountains and forests to me seem to call.

I pray I will always be favored and blessed

With beauties of nature where camping is best.

**Evening Song**

Thomas Redd

July 17, 1998

The sun is shining strong and bright.

There's not a cloud above.

The rustle of the leaves I hear.

I hear a cooing dove.

The flies are busy buzzing by

In endless looping flight.

A Curlew's call is heard afar.

A Robin chirps it's plight.

The shadows of the evening stretch

Across the cool ground.

Its peacefulness I see and hear

In everything around.

**The Example of a Brother**

by Thomas Redd

August 13, 1994

I sat beside a man named Doug.

His memories at my heart strings tug.

I longed to be like him you see.

He was so truly kind to me.

He always had a happy smile.

With me beside him -- what a trial!

I sat beside him all year through,

And I watched everything he'd do.

I was too shy to say a thing.

To me he almost seemed a king.

But I was glad when he'd say, "Hi!"

I really truly loved that guy.

He taught a class I got to take.

To sing beside him made me shake.

I was afraid to sing it wrong.

I knew, for him, I'd spoil the song,

And he would hear and mark me down.

I didn't want to make him frown.

But still my thoughts of him are good.

I've tried to change as best I could

To be like him in some small way.

Perhaps I'll be like him someday.

Perhaps again someday we'll sing

In heaven above -- on angel's wing.

Perhaps someday he'll know my thoughts.

Perhaps he'll know the tender spots.

As brothers, we'll see eye to eye

In God's good family, if we try

To live the gospel as we should.

We'll live and learn of all that's good.

So, for the present, let me say,

"Thank you, Doug. You've shown the way!"

A Failed Life

Thomas Redd

September 29, 2002

My mother’s name was Laurel Hill

She married Smellie Redd.

And with the shape my life is in

I’m glad she now is dead.

She always did the best she could

To live the Gospel law.

Obedience was key to her

In everything I saw.

She often said I didn’t have

The Patience for a dad.

And she was right. At being one

I really am quite bad.

I want my kids to do the things

That help them do what’s right.

I’d like to have them play at home

And never want to fight.

But I have failed in many ways

To lead my family

Back home to be with God above

For all eternity.

They do some things I taught them

That was wrong for us to do.

They seem to be rebelling when

They do a thing or two.

It hurts to see them do what’s wrong

And toss it in my face

That I’m the reason that they make

Those choices in life’s race.

I know that I have taught them how

To live a higher life.

Avoiding all the pit falls that

Surround them in this life.

I guess I’m not the person that

I really want to be.

I long for death to come along

And really set me free.

I think that things would all go fine

If I was not around.

If I was dead and gone from life

And six feet under ground.

At times a pray and wonder why

I’m not allowed to die.

No, that would be too easy for

This really awful guy.

I guess I must endure some more

Until this life is through.

And always cry within my heart

For things my children do.

Oh please, dear God in Heaven

Lend me strength to do my part.

And lend me patience, peace and love

To mend my broken heart.

And as I go throughout my life

I’ll try to hold Thy hand.

Until at last you take me home

From family, friends, and land.

And then I can report my life

And all the things I’ve done.

And hopefully when that day arrives,

This fight I will have won.

And then I will be welcomed home

To live with thee above.

And then I’ll feel thy loving arms

And Thy redeeming love.

Faithful Mission Service

by Thomas Redd

February 12, 1997

The Lord now has called a priceless pearl

To serve a mission for him.

The desire to serve, you have deep in your heart

Is more than just simply a whim.

Your life has been filled with the chances to learn

Of our Savior's great mission and plan.

And now that you're ready, it's finally your turn

To share what you know with all man.

I know that you'll keep all the rules He gives

To help you succeed in the field.

You always must follow the promptings within.

To the Spirit of Christ you must yield.

Go humbly and teach of our Savior's great love

To all of the children of men.

The plan of salvation was laid out above

To dwell with our Father again.

A mission is filled with sorrow and pain.

It also is filled up with good.

It's filled with God's blessings for all that you do,

As long as you do what you should.

Remember that you are the offspring of God.

He sent you to earth to be tried.

In all of your trials, He promises, too,

That He will be right by your side.

And so when your mission is hard to endure,

With family and friends far away,

In prayer, turn to God for your comfort and help.

He'll strengthen you all through the day.

Remember to pray to your Father above

Each day as you get out of bed,

And plead for his guidance to help on your way.

From the scriptures your soul must be fed.

Go seek out the friends that you knew once before

In our home before coming to earth.

You promised to help them return to God's light.

Those memories were clouded at birth.

The Lord, in his goodness, has shown you the way.

He told you your joy would be great,

Just bring Him one soul to heaven above,

Before it's forever too late.

Remember you're loved by your family and friends.

We want you to do what is right.

Go faithfully — serve Him with all of your might.

Be humble and you'll win the fight.

Our love for you deepens as we watch you grow.

Our Father is so pleased with you, too.

You'll get back to heaven to dwell in his light.

Be faithful, 'cause boy! We love you!

The Faithful Trio

Thomas Redd

April 10, 1998

Three young men I'm proud to know, now live within our ward,

And for the chance to be with them, I kneel and thank the Lord.

They strive to live a Christ-like life and do the things they should.

Their lives they live in righteousness. They're always doing good.

They do their best in all they do. Now who could ask for more?

And for the righteous way they live, rich blessing are in store.

It's simple things that show the world they want to do what's right—

A kindly word, a simple act, a pleasant smile that's bright.

David Bennett teaches me that we must happy be.

The attitudes I have in life are only up to me.

When I am feeling rather blue, the thought of David's smile

Helps me to think about the good that comes my way, awhile.

He's always kind to everyone, including brothers too.

Dear David, what a man you are! I am so proud of you.

B.J. is a quiet boy who knows the voice of God.

With knowledge, truth, and faithfulness this young man's feet are shod.

He knows the things that he must do to live with God above.

He shows, by living righteously, he's grateful for Christ's love.

Michael Bly's a faithful boy who's grown into a man.

If anyone needs help from him, he'll do the best he can.

When there's a job that must be done, he always pitches in,

For not to help with all his might, to him, would be a sin.

A lot of thoughts are in his mind, though he's a quiet boy.

To see him live the Gospel right, for me, is quite a joy.

I'm grateful now to God above that I was blessed to be

Called to work with these young men — these noble, faithful three.

Thank you, boys, for all you do to live a life that's true.

Thanks for your example, boys. I love to be with you!

A Family of Love

Thomas Redd

October 1, 1998

I've taught at this school for almost a month.

It's been a great privilege for me.

The kids that I teach are a wonderful bunch.

It's the best place on earth I could be.

There's Dave and Rebecca who have lots of boys —

The boys that I love to be 'round.

They always help out, and they have lots of fun.

There's no better boys to be found.

A beautiful daughter came first to their home.

An example and leader she is.

Rebecca, I'm sure, has taught her what's right.

And Dave is so happy she's his.

Mary, the young one, is also a help

To Mother and Father alike.

All of her family has helped her at times —

Her sister, her brothers, and Mike.

Mike is the leader at school in our class.

The other kids follow along.

Without his kind guidance my days are a mess —

Without him my days go all wrong.

I love Mike a lot and I'm grateful for him.

When he is not here, days are long.

His smile is great and he teases a lot,

And boy! Can that boy sing a song!

I look at that boy, and I see a great man

He seems like an adult to me.

I pray that he always will do what is right

And from sin, he'll always be free.

Jerry is next in this family so fine.

He always tries hard to do right.

He's quiet and nice, and he follows Mike's lead.

Mike helps him to walk in God's sight.

Be faithful and true while you're living your life.

For, Jerry, there's no better way.

You then can return to live in God's light

If you do what is right everyday.

Hold fast to the truth. Don't falter or flinch.

The pathway to heaven is long.

Please follow your dad and do what is right.

He'll help you and lead you along.

For sins ugly face will appear in the trail

As you walk bravely homeward to God.

Be sure not to stumble but do what is right.

Walk straight for the path in not broad.

And Fred is behind you as you walk along.

He follows wherever you go.

Fred's little body is not very tall

But his spirit's a giant, you know.

His faith and his trust in the Lord he has shown

In all of the trials of life.

He tries to do all that the other kids do

But his life is o'er shadowed with strife.

He's special to all who have known him a while.

He tries to be happy and all.

He always is kind and with everyone shares.

In spirit, this young man is tall.

Yes, this is a family I'm glad that I know.

I think they are special, indeed.

They always are given in kindness and love.

It seems that they know every need.

I'm glad that God gave me the chance to know you.

Thank you for all that you've done.

It's truly a pleasure to visit with you.

My heart, with your kindness, you've won.

Family Ties

Thomas J. Redd

July 17, 1998

It's hot and lonely where I sit

Though people are around.

My kids aren't here — no fights, no fun,

And, oh, I miss their sound.

The sound of feet in running play

And games of tag and all;

The sound of jumping on the tramp,

And games of basketball.

The people here I hardly know.

I feel so lost out here.

I miss my family and my kids.

I miss my Cheryl dear.

A family is a gift from God

I'm learning day by day.

It's strange, but when we're far apart,

We feel more close that way.

I'd love to have a friend with me,

Or maybe two or three,

But most of all I'd like to have

My family close by me.

Father, Are You There?

by Thomas Redd

October 10, 1993

Alone today I knelt in prayer.

I prayed to God. I know He's there.

He hears our prayers and answers, too.

I testify that this is true.

For in my life, I've heard His voice.

Those sacred moments still are choice.

For long ago this knowledge grew,

And how it came, I'll now tell you.

I felt alone. I had no friend

To lend me help nor me defend.

I lived alone -- a single room --

It seemed as lifeless as a tomb.

I tried to get advice from those,

To lead the church, the Lord had chose,

But as I spoke about my plight,

Home teachers changed 'most every night.

At last I went to speak with Lee,

The Elder's President, you see.

He thought it funny as a joke.

My tender little heart he broke.

My Bishop promised us one day,

That problems would be turned away

If we read the scriptures then,

And prayed each dawn and night again.

I did not miss a single day,

To read the scriptures and to pray.

But after three long months alone,

My weary soul began to moan.

I thought that I was worth no good.

Alone and beaten, there I stood.

And so that day when I felt low,

Into God's Temple I did go.

And even there I felt alone,

As though to God I was not known.

Sitting in that Holy place,

With tear drops rolling down my face,

I thought about the life I'd known,

About good habits I had sewn.

I'd read the scriptures everyday.

Each night and morning I did pray.

And in despair, I bowed my head,

And then I humbly prayed, and said,

"Father, are you really there?

For me, Thy child, do you care?[[1]](#footnote-1)"

'Twas then I knew our Savior[[2]](#footnote-2) lives,

And loving care to all men gives.

I felt a tender, warm embrace.

The hug was long. I saw no face.

For five long minutes in His arms

I felt His love, His grace, His charms.

And then these gentle words He said,

"I have to go now, Brother Redd.

For someone else needs me right now.[[3]](#footnote-3)"

And then He left. I wondered how

The Lord could love one such as I,

For I was not a well known guy.

From me the darkness then had fled.

My heart was freed from fear and dread.

For in my heart, I knew at last

That to the Lord I could hold fast,

And that He loved me strong and true,

In spite of all the things I do.

I must live worthy of His love

To feel His hug again above,

And live with Him, who dwells on high.

Yes, now I know God loves this guy.

I feel His love most everyday,

And know He helps along the way.

For when my road is rather rough,

I'd like to say, "I've had enough!"

But if I lean upon the Lord,

No greater peace can I afford.

I know He's there and helps me, too,

In all the things I say and do.

So to this witness that I've got,

I must live true, or I cannot

Return to live with God above,

And feel again that cherished love.

For once again, I want to be

Embraced by God, as He held me.

I want to see that loving face

That helps me through life's trying race.

I want to hear Him say with love,

"My son, come dwell with me above!"

Feelings

I feel all warm and comfy inside

When my dear friends are by my side.

I want to sing and dance and play

When I am with them all the day.

But when they leave and go somewhere

The joy I feel goes in the air.

I miss them 'round me and I'm sad.

I think of all the fun we had.

I long to have them back with me.

For when I'm with them I feel free.

I know that I can do my best

Even at life's hardest test.

So to your friends you must be true

In all the things you say and do.

And they'll support you everyday

In everything they do and say.

Michael, Scott and Devin too

Are kids you'd like to have with you.

They always try to help you out.

They never sit around and pout

About the fact that he like me

Or you like him. You can't like three.

They know their place is with their friends.

They know true friendship never ends.

There's Tav and Matt and Jensen too.

I'm grateful for the things they do.

Their happy faces lift my soul

They help with my eternal goal

To make it back to God at last.

When this short life has come and past.

Together we will dwell above

In His eternal Christ-like love.

So when you meet a friend in life,

Avoid the fighting and the strife.

For life's too short to start a war.

You should be friends for ever more.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

by Thomas Redd

June 3, 1997

Fire, Fire! Where's the fire?

I think that you're a big fat liar!

That smoke I smell is just a joke!

The heat I feel was just a poke.

No it's my pants! They're burning now!

To put them out, I don't know how.

I guess I'll have to take them off

And throw them in the water trough.

So close your eye! I'll do it now!

Don't watch me now or you'll see how

I look when in my birthday suit.

I really think that I am cute.

But wait until I'm dressed again.

When will it be? I wonder when.

I'll find some clothes for me to wear.

When you yell fire again, I swear

I'll listen to you right away.

You'll never hear me laugh and say

I don't believe you speak the truth.

I think you lie, like old John Booth.

I'll simply put the fire out.

I'll even help you yell and shout,

Fire Fire put it out!

I'll help you then, without a doubt!

Firmly United

by Thomas Redd

October 14, 1994

Volleyball; a game of skill,

Or just a game of chance?

It gives each girl a chance to shine;

A time to strut and prance.

I know it is no fun to lose.

You'd really like to win.

But play your best and if you lose,

It isn't any sin.

You still are quite alright you know.

You've really done your best.

You've tried to do the things I said,

Serve low and all the rest.

'Twas great to see you play as one.

You helped each other out.

And for the work that you have done,

Three cheers, I'd like to shout.

Now let's keep going faithfully

And always play with heart.

You know that you can win some games,

So play hard from the start.

Your coach will be so proud of you

And he will sing your praise.

Keep going! Do your very best!

For you, three cheers, I'll raise!

The First

Christmas;

Christmas Concert Play

Cast of Characters:

Shepherds

Mary

Joseph

Wise Men

Angel of the Lord

Inn Keeper

Herod

Additional Angels

**Scene One: Mary sitting on stage doing domestic chores.**

Mary: Hum. I wonder where Joseph is. I sure like him. I wonder if he likes me? I wish I could marry him. Oh, he probably doesn't even like me.

Angel: (appearing. Mary looks surprised.) Don't be afraid, Mary. You are blessed among all women. You shall have a son and you will name him Jesus. He will be the Son of God, and his kingdom will never end.

Mary: I am glad to serve the Lord. May it be as you have said.

Angel: You are truly blessed, Mary. Many women have wanted to be the mother of Christ.

(Lights out)

**Scene Two: Joseph on stage alone.**

Joseph: I wonder where Mary is. I wonder if I should marry her. I really like her but she's going to have a baby.

Angel: Joseph, Joseph. I bring you a message of happiness. Mary will have a special child. You will name him Jesus. He will be the savior of the world. So take Mary for your wife.

Joseph: I will do what ever God wants.

(Lights down.)

**Scene Three: Caesar's taxation law.**

Caesar: I wonder where I will get enough money to keep my army, Caesar's Army — the greatest in the world. I think we are running out of money. What can I do? I know! I will tax every person in my kingdom. Yes, that should work.

(writing) To the people of my kingdom, I hereby decree that every person in my kingdom will be taxed. Every person is to go to their own city and pay their taxes. So let it be written. So let it be done. Signed, Caesar.

(Lights down.)

**Scene Four: Mary and Joseph going to be taxed.**

Joseph: Come on Mary. I know it is difficult.

Mary: Oh, but I am so tired.

Joseph: It isn't much farther. Look! I can see the light of an Inn just ahead. We'll take a room there and rest for the night.

Mary: Oh, we finally made it.

Joseph: It won't be much longer and we can sleep. I'll get us a room. (knocks at the door)

Inn Keeper: Yes? May I help you?

Joseph: We need a room. Have you got any?

Inn Keeper: I'm sorry, but our Inn is full. You'll have to try another one.

Joseph: But we have already tried all of them. They're all full.

Inn Keeper: I can see your wife is very tired. I do have a clean stable you could use. It's just behind the inn.

Joseph: And how much will you charge?

Inn Keeper: I won't charge you for the use of my stable.

Joseph: Thank you sir. My wife and I will be happy to have a place where we can sleep.

Inn Keeper: Come with me. I'll show you where it is.

(leave to go to the stable together)

**Scene five: In the Stable**

Inn Keeper: Here it is. You can use some of that fresh clean straw to make you some beds. I have to hurry back to the Inn. Good night. If I can help you, just come get me.

Joseph: Thank you and good night.

(Lights down. Get baby. Lights up.)

Joseph: Oh Mary. He is so wonderful!

Mary: The angel said we ere to call him Jesus. Isn't that a beautiful name. He will be the Savior of the world.

Joseph: Yes, He is a wonderful child. But Mary, you need to rest now. I've put clean straw in the manger. Lets put the baby there to sleep. Try to get some rest now Mary.

(lights out)

**Scene Six: Shepherds in the fields.**

Shepherd One: Isn't it a beautiful night. I just love to look at the stars.

Shepherd Two: They are nice — the stars. Oh look! There's a falling star. I'll make a wish on that falling star. I wish we had peace in the whole world.

Shepherd One: And I wish I could see a king. That would be so neat!

(angel appears)

Shepherds: Yikes! What is that?

Angel: Kind shepherds, I am the angel of the Lord. Please don't be afraid of me. I have a very important message for you. A baby is born in Bethlehem and his name is Jesus. He will be the Savior of the world. Look! There is a new star. Follow it and you will find him lying in a manger and wrapped in swaddling clothes.

(other angels come)

Angels: Glory to God the most High. For Jesus Christ is born.

Let there be peace on earth.

(angels leave)

Shepherd One: Wow! That was neat! Let's go see this baby that the angel told us about. I'd really like to see him.

Shepherd Two: I want to see him too, but shouldn't we take him a gift?

Shepherd One: What gift would be fit for a king, the Savior of the world?

Shepherd Two: I want to give him my favorite lamb. That would be the best gift I could give him.

Shepherd One: And I will give him this beautiful blanket that my Grandmother made for me. It is pretty, and will help to keep the little baby warm.

Shepherd Two: The sheep are sleeping well. I'm sure they'll be OK. Let's got to Bethlehem and see the baby the angel told us about.

Shepherd One: Come on. Let's hurry!

(lights die as they hurry off the stage)

**Scene Seven: Shepherds arrive at the stable**

Joseph: Mary there are some shepherds outside. They have come to see the baby. Should I show them in?

Mary: Yes, Joseph. I am ready.

Joseph: (to the shepherd) Come in, gentlemen. Come and see the baby Jesus. He will be the Savior of the world. He's sleeping now, so you'll have to be quiet.

Shepherd One: Isn't he wonderful. it makes me feel so peaceful to be here.

Shepherd Two: I know I've seen the Christ child. What a privilege that is. I brought my favorite lamb to be a gift for him. (to Joseph) Here. You can keep him for the baby.

Joseph: Thank you so much. It will be a good pet for Jesus while he grows up.

Shepherd One: And I have brought this beautiful warm blanket. Here, Mary. Put it around your shoulders. It's getting chilly tonight, and you have wrapped your baby in your shawl. Please tell him when he grows up that it was a gift form my grandmother.

Mary: Oh, thank you. It is so warm and soft. It is just the right gift for the Savior of the world. His love will keep us all warm just like this blanket is keeping me warm now.

Shepherd Two: We need to go now. Our sheep are sleeping in the field.

Shepherd One: We need to hurry back to them to keep them safe. Thanks for letting us see the baby.

Shepherd Two: I will always remember the peaceful feeling I had seeing the Savior of the world. Good night.

(Shepherd leave — lights dim. Mary and Joseph peacefully watch the baby. Lights out.)

**Scene Eight: Herod's palace.**

Herod: And why do you trouble me at this time of night?

Wise Man One: Good King Herod, we have been watching the stars. The new star announcing Jesus' birth has appeared. We saw it and have come to see the baby who will be the King of the Jews.

Herod: Where did you see that star?

Wise man Two: We saw his star in the east. We have been following it for many days. We thought you would be able to tell us where this special baby is.

Herod: I don't know where that "king" is, but I would like to see him too. When did you see this star?

Wise man One: We have followed the star for many days. We come from far away.

Herod: Go and find the baby. When you find him, come tell me where he is so I can see him too. Hurry now. It's late and I need to get some sleep.

Wise men: Thank you and good night King Herod.

Herod: A new star? A new King of the Jews? But I am the King of these people!

(Herod exits obviously perplexed.)

**Scene Nine: Wise men arrive**

Wise man One: We are wise men who have traveled far. Is the baby Jesus here?

Joseph: Yes. How did you find us?

Wise man Two: We saw the new star in the sky, and followed it. It led us to the Baby Jesus.

Joseph: Would you like to see the baby? Come in. Mary, here are some wise men from the east. They want to see the baby.

Mary: Come and see him if you wish.

(Wise men, one at a time kneel and present presents to the baby. Musical back ground of Christmas music. Wise men get up and leave during the music. They thank Joseph on the way out — all silently.)

Angel of the Lord: Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings for great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

Music: O Holy Night

(Light on the baby, Mary, and Joseph only, and the spot lights die. All come on for the curtain call.)

The End

The First Snow

by Thomas Redd

The snow has come at last this year.

It makes us want to jump and cheer.

We're glad it came at last you see

Now there's snowballs--play with glee.

Ski-doos are fun to ride around

Watch out you might fall on the ground.

You ride on sleds and go so fast

Right down the hill. It is a blast.

Don't hit a tree, or you won't last

You'd soon be in a plaster cast.

Watch out for fences when you slide

A Fence you hit will rip your hide.

This Christmas was all brown you see.

With not a leaf upon the tree.

I guess it wasn't half that bad.

"Skating's nice." So said my dad.

He fell down flat and got all wet.

He didn't like it then, I bet.

Then what he did, I do not know,

'Cause I went out to play in snow.

The Flat Cat

I had a little cat.

I threw it at the mat.

I hit it with my bat.

And now my cat is flat.

Food

by Tom Redd

My stomach is empty. It's growling a lot.

I wish we could fix something in a pot.

Potatoes and gravy — the best thing in town.

I love to gobble that roast beef down.

There's lots of food in the world for me.

Like carrots and corn and even a pea.

There's hot dogs and pizza and hamburgers too.

Don't worry! There's lots for me and for you!

Food for the Seasons

by Aaron, Julie, Janay and Mr. Redd

April 7, 1995

The weather is good and sometimes its nice.

Some days its bad, and so is my rice.

Today it is dull, all cloudy and gray.

So was the fish that I ate today.

I like it a lot when spring's finally here.

I have a cold drink so cool and clear.

The sun is so hot in warm summer time.

I eat my ice cream that I bought with my dime.

Fall leaves begin dropping right off all the trees.

There's Thanksgiving dinner — Oh! Let me eat please!

We always love winter. We play in the snow.

At Christmas there's candy, and I love it so.

Most seasons are good, along with their food.

We always say grace before it is chewed.

I wish that the weather and food I could plan;

With only the good. The bad I would ban.

Food is Nice

1987-1988

Spaghetti, pizza, French bread too,

Lasagna, turkey, ice cream, stew.

Eating once, eating twice,

Eating everything that's nice.

Pickles, relish, mustard too,

Loaded hamburgers, I like you.

Eating once, eating twice,

Eating everything that's nice.

Chocolate cake with ice cream too,

Lots of chips, they're good for you

Eating once, eating twice,

Eating everything that's nice.

Candied apples, hot dogs too,

Banana splits, you monkey you.

Eating once, eating twice,

Eating everything that's nice.

LET'S EAT!!!

crunch .. . . crunch crunch .. . . crunch . crunch .. . . crunch crunch .. . . crunch . and

CRUNCH!!!

Freedom for Us

November 10, 1993

Our freedom came at quite a cost

By men who fought for it.

The war was long and hard and cold.

They didn't mind one bit.

In Flanders fields the soldiers marched

Round and round for you.

Bang bang went the muskets loud and clear.

Bang bang went the cannons too.

The guns were used to fight for right

Our country now is free.

I'm glad they fought both day and night

For six long years for me.

Boom went the cannons, boom went the guns.

The men were shivering cold.

But they fought on for you and me.

Boy, those men were bold.

And now to show my gratefulness

In everything I do,

I try to keep the rules and laws.

They're made for me and you.

A Friend Beloved

Thomas Redd

March 14, 1999

A lonely heart is what I have because of what I do,

But in my heart, I long so much to be good friends with you.

I notice all the things you do — the way you walk and live,

But shyness makes it hard for me to show my love and give.

So please, dear friend, when I am brave and try to show that love,

Remember we were brothers in our family up above.

And please accept the feeble way I try, with you, to share,

And when you share, I'll thank the Lord that He has placed you there.

For in my heart and mind each day I long to see your smile.

I'd like to share with you my joy and sorrows for a while.

For all the things you've done for me while in this life below,

I'm grateful that you are my friend, and oh, I love you so!

A Friend of Mine

by Thomas Redd

30 April, 2001

Jordan is a friend I've got,

And, oh, the lessons he has taught!

By how he lives his life each day,

He shows to me the Savior's way.

He always is so kind and wise.

I love to see his smiling eyes.

He likes to be the best he can.

He really is a special man.

I love to have him by my side.

My love for him I cannot hide.

I'm glad I get to watch him grow.

To God, he's special, this I know.

My memories of this boy are sweet

And I'm so grateful we did meet.

I'm glad God let me have this friend.

I'll cherish him until the end.

Thanks, dear Jordan, you are great!

To be with you, I just can't wait.

And when I can I'll help you out.

When you need me, just give a shout.

I'm grateful that our paths have met.

In Heaven we were friends, I bet.

Yes, I will always try to be

The kind of friend you are to me.

Then someday when my life is done

You'll carry on the race I've run.

You'll bare the torch with youthful power

Like a standard on a tower.

You'll be the light that shines so bright

Showing others all that's right.

I know you'll do the best you can.

I know you are that kind of man.

And I will ever grateful be

For the time you spent with me.

Thanks, dear Jordan. You're a friend

That I will cherish to the end.

I'm grateful God has let us meet.

My thoughts of you are oh so sweet.

'Twas God who let us meet, I'm sure,

So lets be friends for ever more.

Friends at School

by Thomas Redd

March 13, 2001

Our class is great. I know that’s so.

I’ll tell you things that let me know.

I have the greatest little friends.

I hope our friendship never ends.

I like the kids I teach in school.

All of them are really cool.

They are precious boys and girls.

Boys with smiles, and girls with curls.

Keeton is a special boy.

To be with him fills me with joy.

I like his gentle loving ways.

I like the way with friends, he plays.

Dominique’s a friend of mine.

There never was a girl so fine.

She always does the best she can.

To do her best is now her plan.

Dallin is a kid I teach.

I hope his little heart I reach.

I love him lots, ‘cause he’s my son.

He likes to get his work all done.

Tyler loves to do his work,

And from his jobs, he’d never shirk.

In everything he is the best –

At smiling, Math and all the rest.

Madison’s a quiet girl.

She is, to me, a golden pearl.

She is so nice to everyone,

To be with her is lots of fun.

Dillon likes to talk and play.

He learns the best at school that way.

His active mind is really smart.

He always tries to do his part.

Weston is a super kid.

His best in school is never hid.

He quickly learns the stuff he should.

My, that boy is really good.

Kathryn likes to talk a lot.

She always shares the things she’s got.

She’s meek and kind; a gentle child.

She never likes to be to wild.

Jason loves to sit and draw.

And art, like his, you never saw!

He also likes to sit and read

His hungry little mind to feed.

Carson seems to be real shy,

But he is sure a special guy.

His active mind is really keen.

For sure that boy could not be mean.

Josh has done his very best.

He never wants to be a pest.

At Math he is so very smart.

He likes to read and do his art.

Kynan came into our class,

A bright and cheery, happy lass.

He likes to run and play in sports.

He does so well at games – all sorts.

Heather likes to be with friends.

When she does wrong, she makes amends.

Her writing is so very neat.

Until it’s done, she’s at her seat.

Mackenzie Brown is lots of fun.

Her pleasant smile my heart has won.

I always like to be with her.

Her special spirit is so pure.

Kinzee loves to smile and laugh,

But of her greatness, that’s just half.

To do her best at school’s her goal.

She’s sweet and kind, a loving soul.

Ben is tall and kind and wise.

He’s smart as any boy his size.

He likes to help the other boys.

At school, he’d rather play with toys.

A girl who likes to work is Shay.

She gets her work all done that way.

She’s quick at everything she does.

She’s just the greatest kid there was.

Sam’s the youngest of us all.

He works real hard as I recall.

He does the very best he can.

He really is a great young man.

Now that’s our class, a great one too,

And I’ll be sad when this year’s through.

I like so much to be in here.

Each boy and girl to me is dear.

But I’ll be glad to watch them grow.

They’ll do the best they can, I know.

And I’ll remember them with love.

They’re dear friends sent from God above!

Friends From BYU

by Thomas Redd

February 5, 1997

I'm looking and searching for several old friends.

To some that I failed, I'll now make amends.

I hope that I find everyone on my list.

That when I am done, there's nobody missed.

Speaking of friendships in which I took part,

Ron Bird was a friend that was dear to my heart.

I loved to be with him. We had so much fun,

I hated to go home when our day was done.

We ate at our table each day after band,

Sang Fresca commercials with Fresca in hand.

We'd sing under sky lights to hear how we'd sound.

I'm sure we looked crazy to people around,

But what could be better than having a friend?

I thought that our friendship never would end,

But I was mistaken. Ron needed to grow.

Our immature friendship, he thought had to go.

I've searched out the runner — his address I've found.

His name, Robert Duncan, my ears knew the sound —

The voice on the phone after many long years.

His chuckle resounded and silenced my fears.

I loved his example, his courage and strengths.

To help out his friends, he went to great lengths.

He used to go running each day at the "Y."

To run just a bit with him, sometimes I'd try.

I never could run with the speed that he did.

He'd slow down to help me — his frustrations hid.

My how I loved him. He was a true friend.

The kind that is loyal right down to the end.

I hope that he knows somewhere deep in his heart

That in my successes, his life played a part.

He taught me of friendship and loyalty too.

If you had a friend like him, what could you do

To show that you like him and think of him still?

I'll write down my memories. These pages I'll fill

With stories and memoirs of times that are past.

When written in journals, these memories will last.

I hope that my memory of him can endure.

I really did like him. Of that I am sure.

I pray that I'll see him. We then can embrace

As tear drops of happiness course down my face.

Now Robert, you're special. You helped me to live.

Your faith and your courage to me you did give.

Dear Robert, I love you, and want you to know

You'll always be special, and I love you so!

Steve Ivie was once a dear roommate of mine.

While we were together my life ran just fine.

We played lots of tricks and had more than one laugh

About all the pranks we pulled, but that's just half

Of the reason I loved him and pray for him still.

He showed that he cared for me — he did his fill

So friendship could blossom, develop and grow.

The depth of my love for him he'll never know.

Finally I found where to talk to his mom.

She said, "Let me tell you of Steven now, Tom."

I found that he suffered a lot in his life.

His path has been covered with challenge and strife.

I wish that his burdens had not been so great.

To talk to him someday before it's too late

Is something I long for. I wish he were near.

I'd give him a big hug, if he just were here.

I'd tell how I missed him since days long ago.

So dear was our friendship, I'd want him to know.

When can I tell him? I just wonder when.

I pray that I'll see him someday once again.

But since we are separate and miles apart,

Please listen to this that I say from my heart.

Dear Steven, I love you. You're one special friend

That I will remember until this life's end.

Jeff Ashman was someone I thought was quite nice.

He was my home teacher one month, maybe twice.

He shared with me methods for finding a friend.

He did all he could for me my heart to mend.

He set an example of kindness and love.

I'm sure, to me Jeffrey was sent from above.

I went down to Texas to see him at home.

To other dear friends on that trip I did roam.

He showed me his city, its parks and its sights,

The freeways congested without any lights.

His city, Fort Worth, with Dallas beside,

He showed it all to me with nothing to hide.

Craig Hutchens, his roommate, was diligent too.

He set an example of what we should do

To be a good student and pass every test,

To study our scriptures and all of the rest.

I'm glad that I knew him. He was a great man.

And now that I've found him, I'll do all I can

To write to him often and keep us in touch.

Yes, now I can thank him for doing so much.

His life and example is dear to me still.

Someday when I'm traveling, I hope that I will

Stop in his city and see him again.

I know that I'll see him, but I don't know when.

My friend Aaron Forbes was the one I found next.

The depth of my feelings are not found in text.

He was like a savior. He gave me a chance.

Where he'd go, I'd follow as though in a trance.

I loved to be with him. He gave me a lift.

A purpose for living was his greatest gift.

He still is a person I love to be by.

Never to see him — I rather would die.

Larry and Jack were two friends on my floor.

I'd like to be with them as friends just once more.

They played in the band. They played wonderfully well.

They were two young men that I thought were swell.

I went to Vancouver to visit them once.

I tried not to make myself look like a dunce.

They drove me around to the sights we could see.

No person alive was as lucky as me.

One day on my birthday, they kidnapped me too.

They took me to dinner for something to do.

We had lots of fun when we lived at the "Y."

When I had to leave them, I started to cry.

Their memory is special to me still today.

I hope that I see them again in some way.

I hope they remember the fun that we had.

I hope that their memories of me are not bad.

A Nicoll, named Alan, was something to see.

He studied a lot, 'cause he wanted to be

The best as a student, the best that he could.

He did all his homework. He always was good.

Mark was his roommate, a special young man.

He too was a worker. From Larry he ran.

Larry would tickle him with all his might.

Mark being ticklish, gave Larry delight.

We all like to go to our meals together

Regardless of homework, or meetings, or weather.

We had lots of fun when we lived in the dorms.

That living together, close friendship it forms.

I still long to see all the friends from those days.

I like to keep contact in some of these ways;

I write to them often. I phone them some too.

I write many poems about things that they'd do.

These are the friends who are dear to me still.

The memories of these people give me a thrill.

I hope that I see them once more before long.

My heart will be happy — my life filled with song.

So please if you're someone that's found on this list,

If I do not see you, you know you'll be missed.

Your memory is special. I love you a lot.

I always will love you with all that I've got!

Friends from the Year

Thomas Redd

June 26, 1998

The students are great that I've had this year.

I like them a lot. Each one is so dear.

Chase, with his smile, has tried to be tough,

And with the big boys, he likes to play rough.

Denton is shy, but he reads really well,

And I love him more than these words can tell.

Janay is so kind — a sweetheart is she,

And many warm hugs she has given to me.

Julie is active, a leader and all.

So many memories of her I recall.

Jeffrey's been faithful in all that he's done.

With diligent efforts, my heart he has won.

Justin, I find, is a special young man.

I like to be with him as much as I can.

Austin has worked hard. I like him a lot.

He's special because of the heart that he's got.

Brandon stands out above all the rest.

At school work and friendship, this man is the best.

Melissa's an angel and fun to be with.

I admire her talent — the one she draws with.

Carol's a God-sent to all of us here.

There's so much she's done to help us this year.

All of you people are special to me.

Happy and cherished your memories will be.

Always remember this year that we've had.

Remember the good, and throw out the bad.

And know that this teacher still loves you a lot.

This gift will remind you of love that I've got!

Friends in Del Bonita

By Kindergarten, Grade 1, 2 and 3

March 11, 1997

Life in Del Bonita is very very fun,

But if we never had it, we wouldn't play and run.

We always play together whenever we're outside.

What we like to play the most is when we go and hide.

"Pile in" is fun to play when someone goes to hide.

Then all the others go to look to find the guy outside.

If you peek while Denton hides, then that would be a sin.

You know, when Jeffrey cheats and peeks, we have to start again.

When the guy is finally hid, it's time to go and seek

To find the place where he has hid — in everything peek.

And when we find the hiding place we simply crawl right in,

And if the hiding place is small, we hope we are all thin.

There's lots of space to play here in our little town;

The slide, the swings, the teeter totter, going up and down.

The things I like to play on are fun the whole day long,

And while I play I like to sing a happy little song.

We know you'd like our little town and all the things we do.

A heart felt cheery welcome, from all of us to you

Is what we'd like to send you and welcome you to come.

Special friends are very nice — and here, there's always some!

Friendship's Endship

Thomas Redd

March 21, 1999

It's nice to have a friend like you,

But now our friendship's done.

To be the one that you pick on,

For me, just isn't fun.

I guess I'll learn to stay away

From you the whole day through,

Because the wounds that reach my heart

All seem to come from you.

You often said for me to leave

And not be at your side,

But all the love I had for you,

I just could never hide.

I'm sorry that it took so long

For me to take the hint.

I guess your plan to make me hurt

Was in your own blueprint.

So Jona, don't expect me now

To do kind things for you.

The days of doing extra things

For you, I guess are through.

Don't try to make me come to you.

My heart can't take the hurt.

The things you did to make me cry

Or make me feel like dirt

Are things I don't want anymore,

And I don't have to take.

I've come to know that as a friend,

You really are a fake.

You never really liked me much

Or you would not have tried

To do the things that made me wish

That long ago I'd died.

I came to be a teacher here

At Milford Colony.

I wanted in my heart for us

To be good friends, you see.

I guess from now on I will be

The teacher to this bunch,

But it will not be fun for me.

Of that I have a hunch.

Please Jona, don't you try to be

A friend with me again.

And I'll forget the friend you were —

The friends we might have been.

It will be better for us both

If we stay far apart,

'Cause then I'll have a chance, you see,

To mend my broken heart.

To say good-bye is hard for me

Because I love you so,

It must be done. Of that I'm sure.

Good-bye. I've got to go.

Friendship's End Revised

Thomas Redd

May 20, 1999

When I first came to Milford School,

I knew God sent me here.

How could I do this job for God?

To fail, was my fear.

A boy in class was awfully tall.

He was a special boy.

I knew at once for Mike I came.

That knowledge gave me joy.

I worked the best I could for him.

I tried to make school fun.

We had some challenges at first,

But finally felt as one.

He was the reason I was here.

I know I help him grow.

He knew I loved him dearly

'Cause I often told him so.

But when he left I tried to find

A friend to take his place.

Jona is a boy I like.

I like your smiling face.

It's nice to have a friend like you,

But is our friendship's done?

To be the one that you pick on,

For me, just isn't fun.

I guess I'll learn to stay away

From Jona all day through,

Because the wounds that reach my heart

All seem to come from you.

You often say for me to leave

And not be by your side,

But all the love I have for you,

I just can never hide.

I'm sorry that it took so long

For me to take the hint.

I guess your plan to make me hurt

Was in your own blueprint.

So Jona, don't expect me now

To do kind things for you.

The days of doing extra things

For you, I guess are through.

Don't try to make me come to you.

My heart can't take the hurt.

The things you did to make me cry

Or make me feel like dirt

Are things I don't want anymore,

And I don't have to take.

I've come to know that as a friend,

You really are a fake.

A fishing rod is what you want.

Not friendship and support.

You try to have me buy you things

Or let you play your sport.

What you can get from me, it seems,

Is all you care about.

It doesn't matter how I feel

You try to leave me out.

Perhaps you never liked me much

Or you would not have tried

To do the things that made me hurt.

So often I have cried.

I came to be the teacher here

At Milford Colony.

I wanted in my heart for us

To be good friends, you see.

Jason is perhaps the boy

Who'd make a better friend.

Or maybe he will be the same,

As Jona in the end.

I guess for now I'll only be

The teacher of this bunch,

But it will not be fun for me.

Of that I have a hunch.

If we cannot be friends again

Please come and tell me so.

So I can start to find a job

And somewhere else to go.

Then Jona, don't you try to be

A friend with me again.

And I'll forget the friend you were -

The friends we might have been.

Perhaps it's better for us both

If we stay far apart,

'Cause then I'll have a chance, in time,

To mend my broken heart.

To say good-bye is hard for me

Because I love you so.

It may be best for you, dear friend,

But I want you to know

That I'll be waiting everyday

If you want things to change.

I'll love you always in my heart.

And friendship I'll arrange

If ever you will have me back

As friend and brother too.

Dear Jona, I will try each day

To do what's best for you.

So let me know if I should try

To venture near your side.

Or if you're better off, dear friend,

Without me by your side.

I'll try to do what you think right

And honor your request.

Dear Jona, please come talk to me

And tell me what is best.

Friendship's Strings

by Thomas Redd

Dedicated to Steven Schramm

August 8, 1997

Friendship's strings that bind the souls of friends together tight

Were spun from countless acts of love within God's holy light.

God helps us all to spin those strings and tie the knots with love.

'Cause He's our loving Father who watches from above.

He wants us to return to Him and dwell with Him on high.

That's why He lets us pray to Him, and we must always try

To live the gospel faithfully so home, we then can go.

To live with God our Father, and the friends that we love so.

Your smile in youth so long ago would warm my weary soul.

To be like you, somehow you see, has always been my goal.

You walked the path of righteousness. You always did what's right.

To be with you somehow back then, would light the darkest night.

I still hold dear those days of youth, and memories of the days

That I could be around you and could watch your kindly ways.

I never stopped to take the time, nor had the courage, too,

To thank you for the life you lived and all the things you'd do.

So with this simple poem you hold, I hope you finally know

That you're a great example and you helped my soul to grow.

Thanks for all you did for me by simply being you.

For you, I'll always grateful be, until my life is through.

Your life has touched and changed the course I've taken here on earth.

I almost feel I knew you once so long before my birth.

I'm grateful for the things you did and still have time to do.

I guess the words I'm looking for are simple, "I love you!"

From Boy to Man

by Thomas Redd

June 23, 1999

Willie has become a man.

He always does the best he can.

He did is work well everyday.

"I'm proud of him," is what I say.

I like the way he always smiles

Even when he has big trials.

He faces what he has to do

He's always kind to me and you.

I'm glad that you were in this class.

And now it's time for you to pass

From school work to what men do.

Dear Willie, I will sure miss you.

It's hard for me to say good-bye.

To such a kind and thoughtful guy.

I'll think of you 'most everyday.

And often when I knee and pray

I'll ask the Lord to help you be

A worthy man-and from sin-free.

I pray that you will grow and live

And happiness to all men give.

We'll miss you lots when schools starts.

Your name will not be on the charts.

But other things I know you'll do

And you'll do well at those jobs too.

So now we say good-bye at last.

I'm please to say that you have passed.

For you these words are really true,

"I love you lots and I'll miss you."

From Our Hearts to Yours

A Tribute to Seniors

Mountain View School has had a rare treat

In our new library after we eat.

Our guests have shared with us a part of their life.

Telling of happiness, sorrow and strife.

Our guests were the seniors that came back to school.

They seemed to be nervous. We tried to act cool.

We listened politely and sat there a while.

You seemed to enjoy it. We knew by your smile.

Little Red Riding Hood went for a walk.

We listen so closely that we couldn't talk.

You read us some stories -- precious to you.

The "Pee little Thrigs" have visited too.

We heard about puppies loving and kind

You've shared the best stories that you could find.

Books are more meaningful now that you're through.

With all of our hearts, we now say thank you.

The Full Book

by Thomas Redd

June 3, 1997

This writing book is almost done.

These writing pages have been fun.

But I'll be glad when it's all through,

And you'd be glad too, wouldn't you?

You see we wrote a lot of stuff.

Some things for me were sort of tough,

But when we're done, I'll sing and yell,

And tell my teacher, "Go to — outer darkness!"

Fun at School

October 11, 1994

School is boring. School is fun.

The bummer is we cannot run.

Inside our room we have to walk.

And all the time we like to talk.

We bug the teacher everyday

Because we like so much to play.

It's hard for us to sit and think

We're not aloud to write with ink.

When in school on school days

The teacher bugs us and he prays

That we will do our school work.

And that we won't be such a jerk.

But it's no use to say his prayer.

Cause we will bug him anywhere.

You see he's really not too bright.

And we could beat him in a fight.

So why should we sit still and work

For our teacher. He's a jerk.

But sometimes he gives smarties out

If you are good and you don't shout.

I like to eat them everyday.

I take them too when he's away.

I know I shouldn't take them too

But they are really fun to chew.

Perhaps I'd better change my ways

And do the things the teacher says.

Then to the office I won't go

And he'll be happy. This I know.

I'll try to do right all the time.

I'll even help out with this rhyme.

I'll do the best I can today.

And I'll be good in every way.

The Gentle Heart

Thomas Redd

November 5, 1998

I love to be with Toby Wipf. I love your gentle way.

I love the kindness that you do to me 'most every day.

I love the way you always work and always do your best.

Until your work is all well done, you never take a rest.

A boy like you will travel far along the path of life,

And may your path be ever straight, and never full of strife.

I pray that God will always walk beside you as you go,

And how to live life righteously, I pray you'll always know.

You have a kind and gentle heart. You always help me out.

You are a friend I like a lot. I almost want to shout.

I'm thankful that the Lord has led me here to Milford School.

I'm grateful that I met you 'cause you live the golden rule

Of kindness to your fellow men. You have a great big heart.

You like to do the kind of thing that shows the Healer's art.

I'm sure that God is proud of you and of the way you live.

You are a friend to everyone. You always want to give.

You'll never know just how I feel about the man you are,

But when we part, I'm sure the pain will leave on me a scar.

Dear Toby, you are special to this old and graying man.

If I can ever help you out, I'll do the best I can!

God's Holy Light

By Thomas Redd

The morning light spreads 'cross the sky--

Another day is here.

Our Savior's love is like that light.

I feel his presence near.

Each time we try to take a step

While on life's weary path,

The adversary's surely there,

And dark is all he hath.

As morning light consumes the night,

And brightens all below,

Christ's atonement shows to us

The way that we must go.

We must abide his holy laws

And try His will to do.

"Well done, my faithful one," He'll say

When e'er our life is through.

We'll then return to God on high,

And live within His light

As long as while we're here below,

We always do what's right.

So let us always strive to have

A life that's free from sin.

At heaven's door, we'll hear at last

The words, "Please enter in."

The Gospel of Repentance

by Thomas Redd

January 4, 1995

At times in life I thoughtlessly

Have done some wicked things.

And when I think about those sins,

My heart within me stings.

The gospel of repentance, though,

Is what I've found in life

That helps me to improve myself,

And overcome all strife.

Confess, forsake, restore the wrong;

Be washed in Jesus' blood.

The spirit's peace comes over me.

It's warmth comes like a flood.

Since every man who walks the earth

Has fallen short someway,

We must repent and do what's right

And walk the Savior's way.

Our Savior died on Calvary

Upon a wooden cross.

And if we don't accept his will,

His life was all a loss.

He bore a load of sin and gilt

For men who walk the earth,

And now we must submit to Him;

Accept our Savior's worth.

He wants us to obey His laws

And read His holy word.

His will, He tells to prophets,

And the prophets must be heard.

Yes, we must live the life they teach

And always do what's right,

And strive to keep our Savior's laws

And walk within the light.

No greater gift was ever giv'n

To all the men on earth.

Thanks, dear Lord, for Jesus' life,

Atonement, and His birth.

May I be ever true to Thee

Is my eternal plea.

I long to here Thy gentle words,

"Please come and dwell with me."

Gospel Vitamins

by Thomas Redd

August 15, 1994

All around us in the world today, we see the signs of starvation. Starving and Malnourished children are flashed on the screens of our TV's during the nightly news. We see the results of wars and tribulations in the papers. Our hearts ache as we wish we could help all the starving people of the world.

Perhaps the most dangerous starvation and mal-nutrition is occurring right around us. We don't need to look very far from home to find spiritual starvation and mal-nutrition.

Sometimes a good dose of Vitamins can help nourish the starving. Perhaps that is true of spiritual starvation also. We need to consume a liberal dose of Spiritual Vitamins everyday to help our spirits resist malnourishment and starvation.

Spiritual Vitamins include vitamins:

A The Ability Vitamins

A1 Ability to lead

A2 Ability to serve

A3 Ability to follow

B Baptism

C Commandments

D Dedication to the Lord

E1 Endowments in the Temple

E2 Enduring to the end

F Faith in the Lord

G Gift of the Holy Ghost

H Honesty in all we say and do

I Inspiration of the Lord

J Justice

K Knowledge

L Light of Christ

M Missionary service

N New and everlasting covenant

O Obedience

P1 Prayer

P2 Power of the Priesthood

Q Quiet, still, small voice

R Researching ancestors and Genealogy work

S Scriptures

T1 Tithing

T2 Temple service

T3 Trust in, and of the Lord

U Unity in an eternal family

V Virtue--Let virtue garnish thy thoughts *and actions* unceasingly

W Word of Wisdom

X Excitement for the miracles of the Gospel

Y Yielding to God's will

Z1 Zeal of youth

Z2 Zion--becoming a Zion people

If we would remember to take our spiritual vitamins daily, and live a life that would help our actions share those vitamins with everyone whose lives we touch, we would truly be helping our Father in Heaven to nourish all of his children. I pray we will all become well nourished and avoid the spiritual starvation so common in today's world.

Grade Four News, and Grade Four Blues

No new teachers, no new fun.

No new students when begun.

Eighteen kids in '89,

All of us were almost nine.

We thought we were, at the start,

Old enough to be real smart.

Then came math and Reading too.

Then our brains we really blew.

School was out Thanksgiving Day.

All the kids stayed home to play.

Thanksgiving dinner was real big.

All of us ate like a pig.

Halloween was really fun

After school work was done.

We partied, ate and played a game.

Treasure hunting was our aim.

Chicken broth and crackers too

I ate on days I had the flu.

Smells of sick kids in our room,

Filled the air with clouds of gloom.

Chicken pox and measles too

Made me real sick, and You?

It itched, I scratched, my skin was raw,

But I stayed home and bugged my Ma!

November brought the memories back

Of men who fought; who's fate was black.

They died for us and freedom bright.

Let it be our guiding light!

Michael came and bugged us all.

He teased the girls in the hall.

We were happy when he went.

No Thank You notes to him were sent.

No more Michael's nasty tricks.

Now his nose he no more picks.

We were happy with him gone.

Now it's safer in the John.

Our first report cards were quite bad.

Our moms and dads got really mad.

We went to work to save the day;

All work at school and no play.

Our marks went up. That made us glad.

Now we dare to go near Dad.

Mom was proud as proud can be.

My marks brought special hugs for me.

Christmas program was a bore.

Pilgrims, Indians, turkeys four.

We danced and sang. We had our fill.

The program night was quite a thrill.

The party people planned some games.

With blindfolds on we took our aims.

We hit the donkey on the head.

We broke him up till he was dead.

The candies rolled across the floor.

We ate and ate and ate some more.

A course to run was very fun.

We had skinned knees when it was done.

Christmas trees all decked with white

Filled the room with glorious light.

Sledding, presents, Santa too,

Boy that Christmas really flew.

1990 started great.

All slow workers had a date.

They worked real hard when side by side,

With fear of being groom and bride.

Flowers and cupids stole our hearts

While all the boys threw poison darts.

Grade four boys don't fall in love

Unless directed from above.

Couples matched in heaven came,

And hoped to have the same last name.

Friendships change from year to year.

You'll find one that you'll hold dear.

Marriage is a long way off.

Hold on tight don't sneeze or cough.

Marriage bells will ring some year,

When you find that lasting dear.

Social notes are quite a bore.

What the heck will they be for?

Science notes were not for me,

And all the little pests from Three.

They came to join our science class.

Most of them could really sass.

We tried real hard our room to share,

But it was more than we could bare.

Three times a week they bothered us.

It wasn't really worth the fuss.

Without them we could really learn

All the facts we need in turn.

Gym class is our favorite time

Especially when we get to climb.

Basketball is fun to play.

On the court I'd stay all day.

Swimming class was wet and cold

But we had fun, cause we were bold.

Our badges we will wear with pride!

Just think of that long school bus ride.

Once a day we went to town.

Christopher was quite a clown.

He entertained us on the trip.

It is sure that he's no drip.

Summer's coming soon we know.

We've worked real hard our thanks to show

Our banquet's spread before you now.

Sit down and eat. We'll show you how.

No forks, no spoons, no knives to use.

We'll give you something that we choose

To eat your meal. Enjoy your food.

Have fun, enjoy, be in the mood.

Grateful Freedom

by Thomas Redd

November 8, 2000

I feel really grateful for the freedom that I’ve got.

So many men have fought for it, and many men got shot.

There are others who have suffered in a thousand other ways.

There are many who went down and crashed on many frightful days.

The bombs were really scary to the soldiers who marched on.

They never really knew if they would see another dawn.

But bravely they went marching on and fought to make us free.

I’m grateful that they fought so hard and freedom gave to me.

A Great Young Man

Thomas J. Redd

September 3, 1998

Mike Wipf's a man I'm glad I know.

He is my grade nine boy.

His smile is a happy one.

It fills my heart with joy.

I haven't taught him very long,

But I'm sure glad he's here.

His kindness shows in all he does.

His eyes are bright and clear.

He tries to live the best he can.

He does the things he should.

He sets a good example too.

He's always doing good.

He knows the way the Savior lived

When Christ was here on earth.

And in His steps he's tried to walk

In righteousness since birth.

Dear Mike, Thank you for all you do.

You truly help me out.

You are a very special man.

"You're great," I want to shout!

Growing Friendship

By Thomas Redd

March 9, 2001

Jordan Zaugg's a friend I've got.

I really like him quite a lot.

He is a fun and loving boy.

To be with him is such a joy.

I love his smile and clear blue eyes.

I love the way he always tries

To do what's right and follow God.

His feet with Gospel truths are shod.

He dresses always neat and clean.

This fine young man could not be mean.

He radiates God's light divine.

I'm glad he is a friend of mine.

He helps me be a better man.

I want to be the best I can

When he is standing by my side.

My love for him, I cannot hide.

He's modest in the things he does.

He never brags, ant that's because

He knows his worth. He knows he's good.

He knows he does the things he should

To live again with God above.

I'm truly grateful for his love.

Your fine example helps me grow.

Thanks, dear friend. I love you so!

Growing Old

Thomas Redd

January 29, 2000

I'm getting rather grumpy as my body falls apart.

There's acid in my stomach, eating holes close by my heart.

Some folks just call it heart burn, but to me I know it's not.

My stomach just keeps sending back the food and stuff it got.

It isn't strong as when I was a young man or a boy.

There's oh so many little things that bug me and annoy

There's many parts of me that seem to be a little worn,

And problems that I've carried since the day that I was born.

So here I sit and swallow back the stuff that's in my throat.

I try to tell the world that I'm as health as a goat.

But really I am wearing out -- My body's not worth much.

But the soul that lives inside of me has felt my savior's touch.

Hair

Hair is pretty nice to have

When long and curly, permed, or short

Dad's head's bald as bald can be.

Without it, Dad is quite a sport.

He laughs and jokes about no hair,

But really wishes it was there.

My hair is nice as you can see.

It's combed and curled for you to see.

It's fluffy curls my head adorn.

Why didn't I have it when I was born?

Halloween

by Thomas Redd

October 15, 2000

On Halloween we dress up nice.

There’s witches, dogs and even mice.

Ghosts and Goblins everywhere

Like to give us all a scare.

I like the scary things I see.

Bats and cats are in a tree.

Witches, too, fly on a broom

And in the yard there is a tomb.

But most of all I like the treats.

I get them up and down the streets.

Halloween is really fun,

And I feel sad when it is done.

Halloween Fright!

October 28, 1993

Halloween is lots of fun,

After all our work is done.

We celebrate our Halloween

Scaring all the people seen.

We hide when all the lights are out.

We jump up fast and really shout!

"Boo!" We shout, and then we laugh,

And then we lead them down the path.

We take them to the attic dark.

We get our dog and make him bark.

And then we make them touch some stuff.

They scream and say they've had enough.

Then we send them all back home.

We tell them never more to roam

On Halloween night, 'cause, you see,

The witches will get you and me.

Boo-oo-ooo!!!

Happiness and Freedom

Happiness comes from true service each day.

Faith in the future is part of the way.

Faith in our Savior gives purpose to life.

It helps us to overcome toil and strife.

If Christ is our leader as we walk the path,

We surely will obtain all that He hath.

Happiness surely is part of his plan.

The purpose of Christ is to bring joy to man.

To nourish our faith is a big job to do.

It is a job for a whole life time through.

Alma has taught us to plant a good seed.

Be careful and take care of each little need.

Your faith will grow stronger as you go along.

Someday in your life you will sing the good song

That it was all worth it to nourish our faith.

Read scriptures and pray and do all that he Saith.

Prayer are important, we learned in our youth.

It draws us to Christ and it teaches us truth.

We study the scriptures at Seven each morning.

The scriptures will guide us and give us a warning.

When we are not doing the things that we should,

We truly are wicked and not doing good.

How can the spirit of God stay with you

If you, to the teachings you had, are not true?

Joy comes from living the ways of the Lord.

It's not found in riches, that bind like a cord

And tie us to worldly treasures that rust.

True joy is giving the Lord all our trust.

Repent of the things we do wrong day by day,

And turn to the Savior, the light, and the way.

Serve in His kingdom with all of your heart.

God truly will bless you for doing your part.

Whatever you do when you try to do right,

And the purpose for doing it's based on God's light,

That is the time that your bosom will glow.

Your faith and your happiness surely will grow.

The world all around us is loaded with sin.

How long do you linger and let bad thoughts in?

To follow the Savior, you cannot take part.

Though some in this world have practiced the art.

What are you doing inside our your home?

Are you loving and kind, or your mouth does it foam?

Treat your wife kindly is what you must do.

Then happiness truly will be there for you.

Be happy with all that you have or have not.

Some feel that others have more than they've got.

The grass is not greener right over the fence.

Trust in the Lord is our only defense.

So follow the Savior in all that you do

And blessings unmeasured are coming to you.

You'll live in His kingdom for eternity.

And then you will know what it means to be free.

Happy Birthday, Cheryl!

March 24, 2000

By Thomas Redd

What I wanted for you was a skirt and a blouse,

But I can't find the ones that will please you

So I'm stuck here with nothing at all in the house,

But the littlest things that I can do.

I made you some pancakes breakfast you see,

And I tried to do some of the house work,

But not many folks are as clumsy as me,

All I am is sort of a big jerk.

I love you a lot and I want to be with you

As long as the earth keeps on turning.

This poem isn't much, but my love is so true.

It is for you that my heart is yearning.

I'll try to help out in every small way,

And I'll do it without even pouting.

Happy birthday to you on this glorious day.

"I love you," is what I am shouting.

Happy Birthday Kari

By Grade One, Two, and Three

March 4, 1997

Kari's birthday is today.

She likes to share her gifts and play.

She hasn't got her gifts quite yet,

But she will get them yet I bet.

I hope she gets a puppy dog.

I hope she doesn't get a log.

A dog would be a lot more fun.

A log would never play and run.

But she's afraid of dogs, you see.

A dog would be thing for me.

Kari needs a pussy cat

To cuddle in her bed like that.

But mom will kick it out the door.

Cat food leaves us very poor.

I guess the gift she ought to get

Is not a truly living pet.

A teddy bear will have to do.

So here's a gift from me to you.

My bear is nice. His name is Joe.

"Happy Birthday!" I must go.

The Happy Elmo Christmas

October 27, 1997

Characters:

Santa Chase Helgeson

Mrs. Claus Julie Morton

Elmo Denton Henry

Karl Justin Jones

Mother Janay Carter

Danny Austin Barnett

Elf Jeffrey Henry

Scene One

*Setting: Young boy and mother in a kitchen of their home.*

Danny: Mom, will you help me write a letter to Santa?

Mother: Yes, dear. Let me get some paper. Let's see. What is it that you wanted to ask Santa?

Danny: Well, I sort of want to ask Santa for a Tickle-Me-Elmo, but Fred says that is just for sissies. Do you think it would be alright?

Mother: I am sure that Santa knows what is best for each boy and girl, and I think that he would like to give you an Elmo.

Danny: Fred says that I should ask Santa for a Karate Karl, because we could play together that way. You know he has lots of wild toys.

Mother: I know he has lots of wild toys, but I really would rather have some tame toys around the house. It is so much more peaceful when you play with Joey and Sam.

Danny: But Mom, it is fun to play with Fred, even if we break things.

Mother: Why don't you ask Santa to send you what he thinks is best.

Danny: OK. That's a good idea.

*Danny busily writes a letter, with mother helping.*

Scene 2

*Setting: Santa's home at the North Pole.*

Mrs. Claus: Santa, are you going to come for hot chocolate before your big trip tonight? I have it ready for you now.

Santa: I'll be there in just a minute.

Mrs. Claus: What a lot of mail you have in those mail bags! How will you ever read them before Christmas Eve?

Santa: Oh my! There are a lot of letters to be read. I guess I'd better get at it.

*Reads some letters.*

Santa: I guess I have time for one more letter before I have my hot chocolate. This looks like a good one. It is from Danny Smith. He is the sweetest little boy in Del Bonita. Lets see.... *(reading aloud)* Dear Santa, My mother says I should ask you what is best for me to get for Christmas. I want a Karate Karl so I can play with Fred, but I want a Tickle-Me-Elmo too. Mom says that Elmo would be a lot nicer to have around the house, but Fred won't play with me if I play with Elmo. Sam and Joey like Elmo, but their moms won't let them play with Karate Karl either. Please help me make a good decision. I will be happy with what you think is best. Yours Truly, Danny Smith.

Mrs. Claus: That sounds like he is a really nice little boy.

Santa: Oh, he is! He is one of the best little kids!

Mrs. Claus: And I bet you know exactly what you will give him, don't you.

Santa: Some kids now-a-days have forgotten completely what it is like to be nice. Oh, I do wish that all the little boys in the world would be just like Sam and Joey and Danny. You are right, dear. I will be giving all three of those boys Elmos so they can have fun playing together, and playing nicely, too.

Mrs. Claus: Let's go have hot chocolate, and then check out the toy room before your make you big trip tonight.

*They exit arm in arm.*

Scene 3

*Setting: The toy shop at the North Pole.*

Elf: Oh, my! It is almost time to pack Santa's Sleigh. It won't be long now and Santa will have to leave the North Pole to deliver presents to all the good little boys and girls.

Karl: What do you mean "Good" little boys and girls. All the kids deserve presents, don't they? Who cares how they act, anyway!

Elmo: Elf Jeffkins is right! Only the good boys and girls should get presents at Christmas. I sure wouldn't want to have to go to Fred's home!

Karl: You're just chicken. Fred's home would be a lot more fun than Danny's home. Danny would just sit around being a "goodie-goodie" all the time. I want some action!

*Karl starts a pretend fight with Elf*

Elf: Stop that Karl! You about knocked the wind out of me. Why are you always picking on everyone?

Karl: Ya-ya-ya-ya ya-yaaa. You're just a big sissy like Elmo. All he can do is sit around and giggle.

Elmo: At least I make people happy when I laugh!

Karl: But you shouldn't. You are supposed to make them tough — Make them fight for survival. That is what life is. One big fight to see who is the toughest!

Elf: I don't agree! I have spent my entire life trying to make people happy, and it has helped me live a very long and happy life. After all, I am 2346 years old. Look at you! You are only a few days old, and you already are making enemies.

Karl: But no one will push me around like I can push you around. You're just a great big wimp!

Elmo: But I like him! He is the one that makes us feel warm and fuzzy. He is the one that makes me giggle!

Karl: But I am the boss of everyone! No body stands in my way!

*Flies into a rage and destroys the toy shop*

*Santa and Mrs. Claus enter.*

Santa: What is going on here? What are you doing Karl?

Mrs. Claus: Stop it now and go back to your place.

Santa: I knew I should never have allowed my elves to make wild toys this year.

Mrs. Claus: You were just doing what you thought would make all the children of the world happy. Kids were asking for Karate Karls.

Santa: I know, I know. But I should have known better. Elf Jeffkins, are you alright? You have a terrible black eye!

Elf: I'm OK. I am just a bit shaken up is all. I don't think we have ever had something like this happen at the North Pole before.

*Elmo is shaking and hiding in the corner*

Mrs. Claus: And look at poor Elmo! I don't think he will even remember how to laugh!

Elmo: I'm Okay too. I was just hiding to save my life, but now that you are here, I feel like smiling again.

Santa: Let's get this place all fixed up. There isn't much time until I leave, and so many children are depending on me.

Karl: Hey! Not me, man! Cleaning up is for sissies.

Mrs. Claus: Oh, Karl! Stop that. You're the one that made this mess. You can help clean it!

Elmo: I have a good idea, Mrs. Claus. Why don't we throw all those wild Karls in the trash can.

Elf: I was afraid that when we made those Karls something awful would happen.

Mrs. Claus: And Karl, no fighting on the way to the trash, the place you belong.

Elmo: I'll be so happy to see those wild toys gone. They really scared me.

Elf: Here, give me a hand Elmo. Help me get them in the trash.

Elmo: Okay. I'll help if I can only stop laughing!

Karl: Hey this is no fair. You're all against me. I think you should be thrown away instead of me, you bag of laughs.

Mrs. Claus: Watch your tongue there Karl. You know you caused the trouble.

Elf: There! We got that all taken care of. It even seems happier around here without those Karls. I don't know why I ever gave in and made them.

Elmo: I feel happier too. I just can't stop laughing now.

Elf: Come on guys. Let's get Santa's sleigh loaded. It's almost time for him to leave.

Mrs. Claus: Santa, you have a lot to do too. Let's go get the reindeer ready while the elves load the sleigh.

Santa: Those Elmos are so cute. Fred would even be a good little boy if he had an Elmo to make him happy. I just might have to give him one. Let me think.

*Santa, deep in thought, and Mrs. Claus leave to care*

*for Reindeer*

Elf: Well thank goodness we doubled the order of Elmos. We'll sure need them now.

Elmo: I guess it will be our job to make even the meanest boys and girls happy this Christmas.

Elf: You Elmos have made us all feel so good. I bet you can make even that wild boy Fred a happier person.

Elmo: We bring great joys to girls and boys!

For that's our job you see.

It helps to have an Elmo friend

Who's laughs a lot like me!

*They all take loads of toys off stage to load the sleigh*

Scene 4

*Setting: Christmas morning around the Christmas tree in Danny's home.*

Danny: Look, Mom! Look, Mom! I got a Tickle-Me-Elmo! I am so glad that Santa brought me Elmo!

Mother: Boy, is that ever cute! I'm glad Santa brought you a nice toy instead one of those fighting toys.

Danny: Mom, can I phone Sam and Joey and see what they got for Christmas? I hope they got Elmos too!

Mother: Go ahead Danny. You should phone Fred, too, and see what he got.

Danny: But Mom, he will think I am just a sissy when he finds out that I got an Elmo.

Mother: Call him anyway. He'll be excited about Christmas, and he'll want to know what you got.

Danny: Do I have to?

Mother: Yes you do.

*Heading to the phone*

Danny: I'll call Fred first then, and get it over with. Sam and Joey will be happy with what I got, but not Fred.  *Dials the phone.*  Hi, Fred! Guess what I got for Christmas! *pause* Yup! ... You got one too?! *pause*  Great! *pause*  And Sam and Joey got the same?! *pause* They are so cute. I just love my Elmo. We'll all be able to play together with our Elmos. That will be great! I'll see you this afternoon. Good-bye! *Hangs up the phone.*  Guess what Mom!

Mother: What, dear?

Danny: We all got Tickle-Me-Elmos! We get to play together, and Fred doesn't even think it is sissy stuff. Oh, I am so excited!

Mother: I am happy to see that you like your Christmas Presents.

Danny: And it feels so good to be nice all the time, instead of fighting. I just wish everyone could come play with Elmo! Come here everybody!

*The whole cast enters*

Cast: *(Singing to the tune of We wish you a Merry Christmas)*

We wish you an Elmo Christmas

We wish you an Elmo Christmas

We wish you an Elmo Christmas

And a laughing New Year.

Friend Elmos we bring

To you and your home.

We wish you an Elmo Christmas

Wherever you roam.

Karl: Hey, being happy really isn't half bad.

Mother: Karl, I knew all along that you had a good heart hidden in that wild body of yours!

Karl: Thanks Elmo, for making me happy.

Everyone: Ya, Thanks, Elmo. You made us all happy.

Karl: And may you discover in your Christmas, Elmo's secret of happiness and joy!

The Harms on Farms

Rural Alberta is covered with farms.

Tractors and combines can cause many harms.

Tommy was young. He played on the trailer.

He jumped off the hay stack and played 'round the bailer.

His dad came along to hitch something up.

The boy tried to help, and his dad said SHUT UP!!!

"Turn off the tractor before you get off.

Pulleys and belts could rip your pants off"

Tom's dad just ignored him, and got off with pride.

He slipped and fell, and it ripped off his hide.

He went to the hospital all in a hurry.

The doctors and nurses were all in a flurry.

They sowed him up quickly with more than one stitch.

Now he knows why to turn off that switch!

A horse in a pasture is really quite nice.

Watch out when you pet him. He might kick you twice.

Tom's dad went to feed the horses one day.

When Tommy went out, there his dad lay.

He wasn't too careful when feeding the horse.

Watch out for their feet. They kick, of course.

When parking the tractor, dad left the key.

Danger is coming. Just wait and see.

Kids like to go on the tractors to play.

When playing with keys, they surely will pay.

They start up the tractor and take a short run.

They hit some big bumps, and it wasn't fun.

Tom fell off the tractor, and on to his head.

A wheel went over him. Now he is dead.

Poor little Tommy lay in his grave.

Why did he show off and try to be brave?

Dangers on farms are found all around.

Augers, and grain trucks are dangers we've found.

Combines and bailers have chopped men in two.

Be careful around them, what ever you do!

Half of the deaths that are found on the farm,

Are mainly the kids that think there's no harm.

If you want to be happy and live a long time,

Be careful, be thoughtful, remember this rhyme.

Tommy is dead now. Just think of his mommy.

You've got be careful, or you'll be salami.

Hearts

by Thomas John Redd

November 4, 1997

Remember the heart of the mother

Of him who fought in the war.

Kissing her son when he left her,

Her heart was broken and sore.

Remember the heart of his father.

With pride it swelled in his chest.

He knew that his son was doing

The thing that he knew was best.

Remember the heart of his sweetheart,

The girl that he left behind.

In letters, she'd try to be with him.

He always would be on her mind.

Remember the heart of his buddies,

The soldiers that signed up that day.

Together they went to war bravely

To fight for freedom that way.

Remember the heart of his family

When they heard that he had been killed.

With sadness and sorrow they trembled

When they heard his mission was filled.

My heart must be quick to remember

That soldier that fought there for me.

He gave up his life in the battle.

He gave me a country that's free.

A Heaven Sent Friend

Thomas Redd

October 12, 1999

I like you! I like you! I like you a lot!

You're one of the best friends that I now have got.

Your eyes are so pretty and sparkly blue.

They're one of the things that I like about you!

I like to be with you and be by your side.

My love for you, truly, I never can hide.

I like how you share all the treats that you get.

You'd give me the clothes off your back, I bet.

I'm thankful that God made our lives intertwine.

Being with you everyday is just fine.

So Don, let us always be brothers, okay?

Let's cherish each other in God's holy way.

And then we will someday be worthy to stand

In heaven together and we'll take God's hand.

He then will embrace us and tell us in love,

"Come dwell in my kingdom of Heaven above."

Holding Fast

Thomas Redd

April 02, 2002

As now another day we start,

I pray that I may do my part

To help my friends who struggle so.

I pray that they, their God will know.

I pray that I will always be

I guiding light for them to see.

May I be my Father's hands

To help in ways each friend demands.

There are so many times in life

When we are faced with toil and strife

And it's on friends that we depend

Until we reach our trial's end.

May I be a guide for some

That to God's presence we may come

Together with eternal love

To live with God in Heaven above,

And may my family be with me,

A long extended family tree.

For it would be eternal bliss

Not to have one person miss

Returning home again on high.

We can, I know, if we but try.

So on together lets us go.

For it's life's purpose, this I know.

And we will share Eternal Life

In Heaven where there is no strife.

Together we'll become like God

With Gospel light our feet are shod.

Continue faithful to the end

Is my request that I now send

To all my friends and family.

I need you on my family tree.

Homework

by Thomas Redd

January 8, 1997

Teachers always give us work.

"To do at home," they say and smirk.

They think we don't do half enough

In Reading, Math, and all that stuff.

They say it must be done on time.

And if it's not it's like a crime.

They drive us hard like we were slaves.

But lots of play, my young heart craves.

Homework is a thing I hate.

I'd rather go out on a date.

But I'm too young to date, you see.

So won't you come and play with me?

I Found Them Well

by Tom Redd

August 15, 1994

We went to visit Mom and Dad.

To see their faces made me glad.

It seems that they were in good health.

Good health, you see, means more than wealth.

To me my parents have not changed.

Their minds are sound and not deranged.

Through years of work and care they go.

Their hair is now as white as snow.

It was so good to talk with Mom.

"We love you so, our little Tom,"

I still can hear her say to me.

"Dear God, for Mom, I now thank Thee."

A better Dad you could not find.

He's sound in body, soul and mind.

To talk to Dad was good for me.

I want to be like him you see.

I really love my mom and dad.

To be with them, I was so glad.

Two better folks you will not see.

I'm glad God gave my folks to me.

I Hate Math

by grade one and two

1993-94

Doing Math is hard to do,

And I'm so happy when it's through.

I hate to do that awful stuff.

Some Math questions are so tough.

I hate the taped tests most of all.

They are so hard they make me bawl.

And when they're done, I fill with glee.

For when they're through I feel so free.

Now after Math it's time to eat.

I love it when I eat my treat.

After that I go outside

And from the teachers I then hide.

They cannot make me do my math.

I run and play around the path.

And then the bell rings. I go in.

I'd like to kick my teacher's shin.

When Mr. Redd begins to talk,

I sneak outside and take a walk.

For that I get in trouble, too.

I tell you, that's not fun to do.

When the day is almost through

And I have homework yet to do,

I take my books and load my pack.

Then I run home to have a snack!

I Love Spring!

by Thomas Redd

May 10, 1994

The sun's been shining all this week.

Up through the ground the flowers peek.

They bravely show their tiny heads

In all the empty flower beds.

The clouds roll in and give us rain.

With rain and sun, it's spring again.

I like the smell of moist brown earth

In spring when all are giving birth —

The flowers, the deer, the bees and things

The cows, the horse, the bird that sings.

Yes, spring is such a lovely time.

The winter's gone with gloom and grime.

So kindly let the spring stay here.

And if it does I'll give a cheer.

I love spring!!

I Was Born About 10000 Years Ago

I saw two of every beast go in the arch.

I saw Noah kiss his wife while in the dark.

And then God sent some rain

There'd be righteousness again

Cause the evil men were eaten by a shark.

I Will Not Work

by Mr. Redd

April 21, 1997

My teacher says to go to work.

Why should I work for such a jerk?

He seems to think he rules me,

But I'll show him that I am free!

I will not get my work all done.

I won't do stuff that is not fun.

I'll show my teacher I am boss —

Into the garbage, work I'll toss.

I will not do that stuff at all,

And if I could I'd make him fall.

I'd hit him hard while he was down

I'd show him I could act the clown.

No, school work is not for me.

I'd rather go outside — be free.

My thoughts will wonder all this day.

Do school work? There is no way!

I'm a Lucky Man

Thomas John Redd

October 15, 1998

I'm lucky I live in a beautiful place

Without all the rush of the city pace.

It's peaceful and quiet. My family is near.

I live with my father and mother so dear.

Our home is protected from worldly harm.

On cold winter nights it is snuggly and warm.

I know my folks love me from all that they do.

I love them a lot, and my brothers too.

When I help my sister as much as I can,

My sister says I am a working man.

I really am lucky to live at my home,

I'll cherish home memories wherever I roam.

**I'm Thankful**

November 10, 1993

I'm thankful for the sun.

I'm thankful for the sky.

I'm thankful for the rain.

That falls from up so high.

I'm thankful for my food.

I'm thankful for my home.

I'm thankful for my clothes.

And even for my comb.

I'm thankful for my pets.

I'm thankful for my school.

I'm thankful for my mom.

And for my dad so cool!

I'm thankful for the men

Who died for me and you.

They fought and gave their lives

And even women too.

Now this Remembrance day,

I think about the war,

I'm thankful that they fought

For freedom and much more.

An Incredible Friend Named Lyndsey

Lyndsey is nice, you can count on her!

She's like a little kitten with a quiet pur-r-r-r.

She's fun to play with. I like her around.

When singing her voice makes a beautiful sound.

She's generous, pretty, and lots of things more.

All people who know her, like her for sure.

At football and basketball she is a star.

When catching the football, she runs really far.

A team with this girl is likely to win.

No matter what kind of thing she joins in.

Her lovely brown hair is a pleasure to see.

Her sparkling eyes are as brown as can be.

Isn't it nice to be right by her side?

Why do we hide our friendship inside?

A girl like that is as kind as can be.

And everyone likes her--especially me.

In School or in Jail

School is fun as fun as can be.

It's almost as fun as jail would be.

When you sit behind those nasty bars

They look much nicer than that teacher of ours.

The food in jail is T-bone steak.

It's much much better than the lunch I take.

In jail the TV is on to watch.

But Mom leaves ours off because she's too scotch.

In school I have to sit quietly,

But in jail they talk when they want, you see.

Homework from school is no fun to do.

In Jail no home work is given to you.

But how would it be to be locked inside,

With no place to go, and no place to hide?

I think that jail's no place for me.

My school and my home are the places to be.

Insults

Thomas Redd

May 13, 1999

I sit and think about my work.

I think my teacher is a jerk.

Another poem I have to write

Before I go to bed tonight.

Poems are awful things to make,

So teacher go jump in the lake!

It's Finally Done

Thomas Redd

May 13, 1999

Poems are really dumb to write,

Especially when it's late at night.

Tomorrow I must hand this in.

I'm sure no contest it will win

Because it's short and rather dumb,

And I got help from Dad and Mum.

But it is done. What can I say?

I'm glad it's done. Hip Hip Hurray!

Janay

by Mr. Tom Redd

November 18, 1994

Janay's a girl I teach this year.

To me that girl is rather dear.

I love to have her in my class.

And I am sure that she will pass.

She does her work so carefully.

Her smile fills all our hearts with glee.

I'm glad that she can read so well.

She likes to talk in show and tell.

She gets her math done quick and right.

She's not the kind to start a fight.

She likes to help her friends a lot.

She's always sharing what she's got.

Janay I love you lots you see.

You are a special friend to me.

We'll help each other more and more,

Cause that is what good friends are for!

Jason's Smile

Thomas Redd

February 26, 1999

Jason Wipf, I love a lot.

I love the happy smile he's got.

He's always nice to be around.

No better boy in school is found.

I love to have him by my side.

My love for him I cannot hide.

He always does the best he can.

He proves by that, he is a man.

His wisdom's greater than his years.

With courage strong, he faces fears.

There isn't much that boy can't do.

I love him lots, now wouldn't you?

I'm grateful that he is my friend.

I hope our friendship has no end.

With faith he tries to do what's right.

He tries to walk within God's light.

A man like that cannot be turned

From his God, and life he's learned.

A cherished friend, to me, he's been.

I hope in heaven, we'll meet again.

And we can live forever then

As honest, true and faithful men.

Dear Jason, with this poem I write

Please know that you can win life's fight.

In righteousness, please live your life.

With courage strong meet toils and strife.

I love you lots, I hope you know.

God wants you too, to learn and grow.

In life our troubles help us grow.

To you, I'll pay the debt I owe

By helping you when e'er I can

The way you help this grateful man.

I pray in heaven we will meet

At our Savior, Jesus' feet.

Together we will know at last

That life's trials we have past.

I long to be with you on high.

So while on earth, let's always try

To help each other do our best.

So we can have eternal rest.

And there together we'll embrace.

I'll see, again, your smiling face.

No greater joy my pen could tell,

And in God's presence we will dwell.

Jeffrey

by Mr. Tom Redd

November 18, 1994

Jeffrey is an active boy.

He always seems to have a toy

To keep him busy like a bee.

I really like that boy, you see.

He works so hard at all he does.

When working he makes quite a buzz.

He hustles here and hustles there.

He move around most everywhere.

I like his smiling face so kind.

I like the way he'll always mind.

He likes to do the things he should

My, Oh my, that boy is good!

Now, Jeffrey please believe me now,

I love the way you are right now.

I like you lots. I really do.

I love you with a love that's true.

Jennifer's Lament

by Tom Redd

November 6, 1994

Today I'm rather lonely, and I'm in a foreign land.

And I've got the biggest case of "blues". That you can understand.

I'll tell you something special that I really think is grand.

It's that I have a husband who will always hold my hand.

He can talk about the weather. He can talk about the news.

He can somehow pay the light bill, and he keeps us all in shoes.

He has wit as quick as lightning and he likes to make me laugh,

But the sweetest thing about him is he sees my better half.

Yes, I am so glad I've got him. He's the apple of my eye.

And I thank the Lord in Heaven that he let me find this guy.

I'll be forever grateful to our Father up above

For the tender loving kindness from the man I truly love!

Jona's Example

by Thomas Redd

June 20, 2000

Jona has been a great student I taught.

He works very hard and does all that he ought.

I like him around. He's such a good boy.

His sparkly smile brings comfort and joy.

I'm glad that I taught him. I like him a lot.

For every assignment, he gives all he's got.

He is an example of how kids should act.

He is a great leader. Now, that is a fact.

I want you to know that you'll always be missed

By me, as your teacher, but here is the twist.

Your life will go forward, and you'll be a man.

Try always to do the best that you can.

For others will follow you. It's sure thing.

Be like our Savior, who heaven did bring.

Your light is a good one, so let it shine bright.

Remember to do everything that is right.

Always be honest in all that you do.

Be certain that others can always trust you.

Be faithful and stalwart. Do all that you can

To set an example and be a great man.

The day has arrived when from school you're free,

Now, thanks for the kind things that you did for me.

I love you, dear Jona. I want now to say

To me you are special in every way.

Journal Entry — Notes to Myself

Tom,

You felt what it's like to be a child again. You felt the spirit and you were told your position in this life and you need to forget the past and go forward. Once again you could look at people and see how neat they are. Remember how neat it was to sit by Scott Herd and feel his spirit radiate to you. His love and example are great. Strive to be like him in spirituality.

Tom,

How can you deny the testimony of the spirit you felt when you bore your testimony — simply and quickly. God lives. Jesus is the Son of God. They live and direct this church. We have commandments to follow and if we follow them we can go back to the presence of our Father — Heavenly Father. The church is true and contains all the principles of the gospel of Christ. In the Name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Tom,

God lives. God loves all of us even when we wonder about whether or not we are worth anything. You have to live worthy of having His arms around you and Him telling me, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Christ lives. Spencer W. Kimball is a prophet of God and teaches us God's will. May I always live what he teaches so that I can be worthy to have God hug me like he did in the temple — long and warm. This is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

September 24, 1978

I got the feeling that life is short and I will die before too long. In thinking about it, I wanted to see Aaron once more. Then I got the feeling that I would be willing to die for him.

The Joy of Christmas

By Tom Redd

December 6, 2000

Christmas is fun because there’s no school

The gifts that we get are all really cool.

I like to give presents to all of my friends

Because of the message to love it sends.

We like to see Santa when ever we can.

He’s kind and he’s really a jolly old man.

He likes to bring gifts to good girls and boys.

He brings them without making even a noise.

Down through the chimney he comes quietly.

He leaves all the gifts at the base of the tree.

He fills all the stockings with candy so sweet.

And sometimes we leave him some cookies to eat.

It’s strange how he does it all through the night.

He tries to make every gift just right.

Then on Christmas morning the world wakes up.

They open their presents. Perhaps one’s a pup.

The kids are all happy. Their parents are too

Because there is kindness in all that we do.

Jesus’s birthday brings kindness and cheer.

I’m glad that it’s Christmas at this time of year.

Julie

by Tom Redd

November 18, 1994

Julie is a sweet young girl.

Yes, she is priceless like a pearl.

She is so pretty, sweet and kind.

She always tries her mom to mind.

I like to have her in my room.

Her smile drives away all gloom.

I'm glad she's here I like her so.

I wrote this note to let you know.

Julie you are quite a kid.

I thank you for the things you did

To make our room a happy place.

I thank you for your smiling face.

I like you lots as you can see.

I like it when you're close by me.

Keep working hard in all you do.

I like you lots, and that is true!

Justin

by Mr. Tom Redd

November 18, 1994

Justin is a cheerful boy.

He works so hard he can't annoy

The teacher of this perfect class.

He works so hard that he will pass.

I love to have him close by me.

I really love that boy, you see.

He is a special friend and all.

With him around we'll have a ball.

He likes to play and share and stuff.

He's not too mean, but he is tough.

His smile is the happy part

That wins a place within my heart.

I really like to be with him.

He's really quick, and he is slim.

He really is a handsome guy.

I love the way he'll always try

To get his work done perfectly.

He tries so hard to work for me

That I can't help but love him, so

I write this note to let him know,

"I love you!"

Kasie

by Tom Redd

November 18, 1994

Kasie Newton likes to work.

At doing work she is no jerk.

She likes to do her very best

At Reading, Math and all the rest.

I'm glad I have her in my class.

She works so hard she'll have to pass.

You know! She's kind to everyone.

She plays with them and has some fun.

We like to have her for a friend.

When she goes home at school's end

I sit and think about that kid

And all the kindly acts she did.

I really like her you can see.

I like her best 'cause she likes me.

Friends are really fun you know.

I guess that's why I like her so.

Keep working! Don't Stop!

by Thomas J. Redd

There once was a boy in grade four,

Who stopped doing work like before.

His mother got mad,

And so did his dad,

And now his poor bottom is sore.

He thought of the spanking he got

And fun, it surely was not.

So he did his best

To ace every test,

His work was done right on the dot.

So if you are tempted to stop

And if your work's looking like slop,

Be sure you begin

To throw out that sin

Or it surely will make you a flop.

Keeping the Peace

Thomas Redd

October 6, 1998

Together we walk as brothers on earth.

Our lives intertwine from the days of our birth.

And somehow we have to walk bravely and true

Treating others like they should treat you.

To live, as we walk on the pathway of life,

It takes lots of work to avoid needless strife.

We need to be kind to the friends we're around.

Being the best friend that ever is found.

It takes lots of work to always be kind.

We have to overlook things that we mind

And blend our feelings and thoughts as one.

There's no other way "keeping peace" can be done.

A Kiss

by Thomas Redd

February 20, 2002

Your so great

You need a kiss,

‘Cause when you leave,

It’s you I’ll miss.

Kleenex's Praise

by Thomas Redd

April 23, 1997

My nose is running. Please catch it, I say!

I'll use a Kleenex to catch it today.

If it keeps on dripping, it might get me wet.

Now I wouldn't like that, for sure, you can bet.

My shirt would be covered with green globs of snot.

The snot on my shirt would make my shirt rot.

My shirt could fall off as it rots from my chest.

My pants would be next, and then all the rest.

Now that is the state that I'll be in 'er long

Without any Kleenex and one blow that's strong.

My Kleenex will stop it before it runs much.

Sing praises to Kleenexes for their soft touch!

LA CHUTE

par Thomas Redd

Mon chef m’a parle du projet.

Je louai l'occasion présente.

Je travaillai toute la journée

Pour accomplir son bon désir.

Du matin jusqu'à l'heure de dîner,

Je fis tout le travail prescrit.

On parlant au chef de mon succès,

Son silence m'a blesse le coeur.

Il partit.

Je pleurai.

The Late Date

September 6, 1997

It's time again to sit and wait.

The hour now is getting late.

I don't know why I let her go

To be with friends and watch a show.

I wish she'd try to be on time.

It's twelve o'clock. I hear the chime.

To be so late just can't be good.

I wish she'd do the things she should.

But here I sit and pray she's safe.

I pray for my dear little waif.

I love her truly can't you see.

I wonder where that girl must be.

Why can't she understand my thought —

With worry now, my mind is fraught.

"Dear God please bring her home to me,

With soul that pure and from sin, free.

I love that girl. I really do.

I want to take her home to you.

She is out. I know not where.

So keep her safe now," is my prayer.

A Leader and Friend

Thomas J. Redd

March 3, 1999

I've watched you dear Robert for more than a year.

Your love for the gospel shines brightly and clear.

I'm grateful I know you and you are my friend.

That gratitude in me will last to life's end.

The light of the gospel, with me now you share.

In Sacrament meeting your witness you bare.

Your love for your Savior, you share from your heart.

What ever your calling, you act well your part.

I look for your smile each day we're at church.

To find your kind smile, the whole ward I search.

In choir I love to sit right by your side.

Dear Robert, my love for you, I cannot hide.

When you testify that the Gospel is true,

There's hardly a soul who could not believe you.

You help all the members of our ward, you see,

But mostly, dear Robert, I think you help me.

Thanks for the kindness you show me each week.

It helps me a lot, when with you, I can speak.

You truly are precious in God's sight and mine.

For you are God's child — a leader divine.

Dear Robert, forgive me if I bother you,

For that is the thing that I don't want to do.

I like to be with you. I'm older by far,

But that doesn't matter, for you are my star.

Please Robert, remember that I love you true

And no other friend could be better than you.

Thanks for the help that you give me in life —

For helping me face all my troubles and strife.

I'm grateful I know you and God let me be

A person who knows you and loves you dearly.

Now you are my hero — a person I love.

I think that I knew you when we lived above.

Be faithful. Have courage, and always you'll know

That this older friend will be watching you grow.

Go forward. Be humble and always do right.

Together in heaven we'll dwell in God's sight.

A Leader's Prayer

Thomas Redd

June 16, 1998

A special trip we took today

Within the temple walls.

We felt the spirit of the Lord

Within those sacred halls.

Baptism is the gate to heav'n.

We opened wide that gate

For many men who now are dead

And for baptism wait.

Each young man went into the font

And stood with humble heart

And waited while the prayer was said,

Then meekly did his part.

Beneath the water he was laid,

A symbol of the grave.

He then came forth washed clean and pure.

Another soul to save.

With twelve young men and leaders too

We went to serve our God.

Our hearts were pure, our hands were clean.

We held the iron rod.

The spirit whispered to our hearts

That we were doing right.

The worthy men within those walls

Felt wisdom, truth and light.

Young men, this was a sacred time

To feel the spirit warm.

Live worthy of the blessings there

And shield yourselves from harm.

You are the valiant sons of God

Saved for the latter-days.

And Satan wants to pull you down

To his unholy ways.

Continue living righteously

And always do what's right.

With worthy hearts and hands and thoughts

Walk boldly in God's light.

Young men, your leaders pray for you.

Their love for you is pure.

They want to help you do what's right

Avoiding Satan's lure.

Reach out and take the hand of God

By walking where they guide.

The holy Ghost is there to help.

Be always on his side.

Live worthy of a recommend

Each day of life you trod,

And you will know you're on the path —

The path that leads to God.

I saw the good within your eyes —

The innocence of youth.

With faith and courage you hold fast

To all the gospel truth.

I'm humbled that I'm called to be

A leader of you men.

I pray that we may all return

To live with God again.

I pray that my example, too,

Will help you choose the right.

And may we up in heav'n above

Embrace within God's light.

It's there we'll fully understand

The Christ-like love we share.

Dear God, please help these pure young men.

For them I truly care.

Please help them as they go through life

That they may worthy be.

Please help them stand for truth and right

That they may dwell with thee.

I love these boys, these sons of God.

They help me such a lot.

Dear God, I thank thee for these boys,

And for the call I've got.

Let Me Free!

March 4, 2002

Mr. Redd has got a class

And we are sure that we will pass

‘Cause we do work that’s not too hard

Before we play out in the yard.

I know my Math and all that stuff.

Social Studies is not tough.

I learned it all, while in Grade One,

But Grade Two work has just begun.

Language Arts, we do not like.

Why can’t we go out on a hike?

Today we’ll do some awful work

For Mr. Redd, who is a jerk.

Creative writing is the best.

What I don’t like is all the rest.

Spelling is the worst for me.

So why don’t you just let me be.

We will not do the work you say

So why don’t you just quit today.

And we’ll go home where we can play,

And there we’ll stay the live-long day.

Life in Del Bonita

or

Tales of horror from Del Bonita School

Del Bonita School is getting rather small.

There's hardly any students left in it at all.

There's 39 students spread in every grade.

You'll also find three teachers and one teacher's aid.

Window breaking is the class That Dennis does so well.

Watch out for Brooke when throwing shoes. She'll make your nose swell.

Gary and Pat are fire hazards, lighting rugs on fire.

We know their love of lighters will never quite expire.

The things that we destroy you see, are really big and grand.

The materials in our school seem to quiver in our hand.

We can't forget the racquets and the radios we smash,

It really was the floor or wall that seemed to make them crash.

One day there was some white out found upon the wall.

But no one would admit that they had done it at all.

Remember all the teachers we sent screaming down the hall.

Curtis didn't really mean to make Miss Davies fall.

In the kitchen, time has shown that Sarah's not the best.

Melting butter made it Burn and put her to the test.

Skiing into caution signs is one of Reena's traits.

For turning and stopping is something that she hates.

When working on computers, The teacher said do more.

But we all got together and we threw him out the door.

Feeding our computers with more than just one disk

Makes the teachers angry, but you have to take a risk.

Del Bonita's population is decreasing rapidly.

Because of junior high kids who play mischievously.

Hiding in the closet is something we all did.

And if Rabbit tooth had found us, she'd really flip her lid.

Oranges and apples were splattered on the board.

You must admit we shared our lunch, our fruit we did not hoard.

Paper clips in stereo cords were welded to the floor.

Electric toasted apples, bananas and much more.

Teachers that are teaching now, have even taught my dad.

That must be why they're cranking and always look so bad.

With age like that it's hard to be a happy jolly soul

To make them even madder, has always been our goal.

The decrease of innocent faces is quite a common sight.

Everybody's guilty. You must admit I'm right.

So if you come to Del Bonita, always act your best.

Be sure you have insurance, and a bullet proof vest!

Life is a Challenge

No matter how hard life gets every day,

Remember there's hope and that God knows the way.

Someday we will understand all we've gone through,

As long as we always have faith and be true.

So follow your leaders--You can't go astray.

They will lead you onward to heaven some day.

The Lord wants to help in all of life's trials.

He gave for you references--many large files.

The scriptures were given as files that we use.

They tell how the wicked will get their just dues.

But so will the righteous for all that they do,

And finally they'll enter in heav'n when life's through.

Press onward, be faithful, repent and be strong.

In all of life's trials no matter how long.

Yes, sometimes you're weary--right through to the bone

But through all those trials you surely have grown.

No matter how weary you get on the way,

It's worth all the effort that it takes to stay

Close to our Father, our Savior, our light,

Even when trials are darken than night.

Stay close to your Savior, your Master and King,

And then when life's over your voices will ring

With praises of gratitude for all he did

To save you and all of those you're found amid.

The roadway to heaven is covered with strife

Take courage, be faithful as you go through life.

It's worth all the trouble you meet on the way.

Since we can return to our Father some day.

Life's Mission

by Thomas Redd

August 22, 1994

Each of us was called to serve a mission here on earth.

The purpose of our mission, we were told before our birth.

I think we were all listening in a meeting up above

As Father told the plan of life and told us of His love.

He said while we were on the earth, to seek the Gospel's light.

And when you are converted, serve the Lord with all your might.

Some people on the earth, He said, are walking in the dark,

So use your life and influence to share the Gospel's spark.

Your brothers on the earth below all need the gospel so.

'Cause following God's teachings is the only way they'll grow

In light and understanding of the Gospel plan, you see.

The gospel and its covenants can make all men live free.

So please fulfill your mission in the best way that you can.

And if you do it faithfully, you'll show God you’re a man.

A man that He can trust on earth to serve and help mankind.

And Oh, the joy when we return! Our Father's love we'll find!

Life's Snow Storms

Thomas Redd

March 22, 1998

Snow flakes are falling like moments of life.

Some snow flakes are small like the smallest of strife,

And others are larger and harder to miss,

Just like some trials in life loom and hiss.

Whither they're large, or whither they're small,

They all pile up and cover us all,

And just so in life, the trials we get

Seem to pile up deep and get us all wet.

We wonder if ever the springtime we'll see.

The time from the snow fall, we know we'll be free.

Just so in our life as we journey along,

We hope for the sunshine and pleasure and song.

It surely must come as the day follows night —

The time when our burdens are lifted from sight.

It happens like snow as it melts in the spring.

It melts away quickly and birds start to sing.

It's then that the glories of spring start to show.

The grass will turn green, and the flowers will grow.

Likewise in springtime of life trials fade —

We bask in the warmth of the price Jesus paid.

For He lived a life that was free from all sin.

Then died on the cross all God's children to win.

His suffering was great in the garden that day.

The price of all sin for mankind He did pay.

How grateful I am for my Savior above!

And for His atonement and His perfect love.

And now in a snow storm I see in the snow

The path that I'm traveling on earth down below.

The snow will all melt and my troubles will fade.

And in gospel knowledge I'll bask unafraid

Knowing my Savior will fill in the place

Wherever I've fallen in life's sacred race.

And one day in heaven I'll meet Him once more.

I'll throw my arms 'round Him and kneel on the floor

And thank Him most humbly for all He went through

For all of God's family — for me and for you.

Like David of Old

Thomas Redd

May 11, 1998

David of old was a faithful young man.

When facing a giant, he bravely began.

With faith in his Father, his Lord, and his guide

He marched forth to conquer, with God on his side.

With courage he found some small stones that he took.

'Twas faith in the Lord that had caused him to look

To his Father in Heaven in faith and in prayer

Before meeting Goliath, his challenger there.

A young man I know, who like David of old,

Is a treasure of life. He's much dearer than gold.

This young man named David, I'm so glad to know.

He's my brother from Heaven, and I love him so.

Dear David, of you now I sit down and think.

I write down my thoughts on paper with ink.

I want you to know that of you I am proud.

I'm proud of your life, and I'll say it aloud.

I'm grateful I know you. You are a great boy.

To be with you, often has filled me with joy,

But to call you a boy, is not very fair,

For no greater man could be found anywhere.

Your perfect example of kindness and love

Reminds me of Christ and our Father above.

You always are pleasant. You smile a lot.

You always are kind to the friends that you've got.

You try to live righteously all of the time.

I'm sure you pay tithing on every small dime.

You're kind to your mother. Your brothers you love.

I'm sure that your family was chosen above

To come to the earth when the gospel was here.

You chose to live with them, 'cause they were so dear.

You not only help out your family and peers,

But also this man who is older by years.

I love to be with you and want you to know

That your great example is helping me grow.

The way that you live is a message to all.

By watching your standards, I hear the Lord's call.

Be faithful in all that you do everyday.

Do it correctly and in the Lords way.

But if you fall short and in error go wrong,

Repentance is given to help you along.

No man is perfect and free from all sin.

The Savior's atonement the sinner will win.

Each of us falters as we go through life.

No one is free from all toils and strife.

But we must remember the way to return

To our Father in Heaven while we live and learn.

Repentance must always be part of our days.

It's the way we return to God and His ways.

The path may be rocky, is what I have found.

Keep plodding along with your feet on the ground,

And surely as rainbows that follow the storm,

Forgiveness from God will be welcomed and warm.

Dear David, I love you. I'm proud of you too.

Keep marching along — to the Gospel be true.

Keep going, dear David. Endure to the end,

And thank you for being my brother and friend.

The Lord's way to Serve

Thank you so much for helping us out.

You said you would do it without any doubt.

You may never know all the help that you've been,

But I saw the mess that we left your home in.

I know we should have helped clean up the toys

That were left all around by three little boys.

I'm sorry that I didn't take time to stop,

But to make it to Lethbridge, we really did hop.

Melissa was scheduled to check out her teeth.

What a pile of toys we left you beneath!

But please be advised that we liked what you did,

And our hearts pour out thank you's without any lid.

Lost in a Desk

What kind of things can get lost in a desk?

I'm sure that I really don't know!

But when I am looking inside for my pen,

I find things where mold starts to grow.

There's sandwiches, cookies, and apple cores too.

There's paper and pencils galore.

There's candy bar wrappers and all of that stuff.

There's plenty of garbage and more.

I dig through my desk and I touch something green.

I jump when I touch it. It's gross!

I pull out my hand and I wipe it off fast.

That contact with mold was too close!

I venture again to put in my hand.

I move it around. It gets poked.

My compass was laying right out of its box.

"I bet that John did that," I joked.

My hand moves again and gets stuck to the top

In big gobs of pink bubble gum.

Who would be mean and put that gum there?

It had to be somebody dumb!

But, no, it was me that had put it inside

When teacher said throw it away.

But I wanted to save it to chew on again.

Perhaps I would need it someday.

My desk is too small. It won't hold a thing.

I can't even stuff in my books.

My teacher says mean things about it each time

That inside my desk, he looks.

The need for my pen is passing with time.

I'm sure that I'll find it, but when?

Now, it's in my desk, and there it will stay

Until my desk's cleaned out again.

Love Thy Neighbor

Thomas Redd

September 27, 1998

God made us neighbors, and I wonder why?

Cause friends we would be, if only we'd try.

Perhaps we were friends in the world before —

That world above — we remember no more.

Now, if we were friends in our life long ago,

We might have committed to help down below —

To nurture and care for the ones that we love,

To teach them the gospel of God up above,

To set good examples to help them return,

To share all the lessons of life that we learn.

There might be a reason that we feel as one

When pre-earth's forgotten and life is begun.

Perhaps we have promised to help in life's woes.

By helping each other, our love grows and grows.

And when this life's ended and we then return

To heaven above us, it's then we will learn

Of all that we promised each other above.

We then will discover the depth of our love.

So please now dear brother, please help me along.

Help me face trials with smiles and song.

Help me to do all the things that I should.

Help me to live right and always be good.

And I too will help you as much as I can,

For the depth of our love is the measure of man.

Lunch Time

My orange shot me in the eye.

I think I'll sit me down and cry.

My yogurt got me on the nose.

Now it's pretty like a rose.

Food is hard to eat, you see.

Without it we would all be free,

Except we'd starve, and that's no fun.

I'll solve my problems one by one.

**Making Friends**

Thomas Redd

September 27, 1998

At making friends, I'm not too good.

I don't do all the things I should.

I sometimes try to hard, you see,

And all the people flee from me.

I wish I knew the things to do

To make closes friends when I'm with you.

I like you lots, 'cause you are great.

To be with you, I just can't wait.

So won't you please endure me now.

And let's be friends. Please so me how

To be with you and share my love —

The love that comes from God above.

**A Man of God**

by Thomas Redd

September 25, 1994

At times in life some other folks have touch my life with love.

Perhaps I knew them once before when in our home above.

I've watched as some I really liked have done the Christ-like thing.

Perhaps it was a great big deed or just a little thing.

But always I have watched a few and followed what they've done.

The kindly acts of these few men, my heart has truly won.

Often it is watching how the youth within our ward

Have shown by their example that they want to serve the Lord.

It's not the big and flashy act that shows their heart is right.

But little things they do each day to walk within God's light.

I've watched as Michael Hegedus has grown into a man.

The life he lives shows everyone he knows God's master plan.

It's odd that one as old as I would follow in his ways.

At least I've tried to be like him on very many days.

He's always kind to everyone and knows the things to say

To help them on their way to God. He truly shows the way.

His quiet, kind example is outstanding for us all.

And if we learn to be like him, We'll better hear God's call.

No closer to the angels, could anyone be found

Than youth that's clean and wholesome, and kind to all around.

Michael you have been a star that I have often seen.

I want, right now, to thank you for the kind of boy you've been.

Continue to live righteously and you can then return

To be with Heavenly Father. That fact is one we learn

From reading holy scriptures and by keeping God's command.

Not only are we blessed in heav'n but here while in the land.

It isn't very often that we share our feelings true,

But thanks for your example and I really do love you.

Continue to be faithful to the teachings of the Lord.

And I will try to be like you while I am in this ward.

Your light may be a little one, but candles in a storm

Can help to guide us home at last. They'll even keep us warm.

Again I thank you Michael for the light you are to me.

Your life and your example are so wonderful to see.

Continue and be faithful. Don't let your light grow dim.

You'll make the Lord so pleased with you, and you'll return to him.

**Meaning of Friendship**

F is for FAMILY where we have our fun.

R's for RELIABLE till work is done.

I's for IMPORTANCE to others around.

E is for EFFORT in my friend found.

N means he's NICE to me all of the time.

D is for DARING to avoid every crime.

S is for SHARING — what he does with me.

H means he's HELPFUL, as helpful can be.

I's for INTEGRITY that all friends hold.

P is for PURITY that must not be sold.

Friendship's important you see from this rhyme.

We should hold and cherish it all of the time.

**Meetings**

Let's go! Let's go!

Let's get this done!

Two long meetings

Are not fun.

My mind's asleep.

My stomach's full.

The sounds outside

My mind does pull.

Enough! Enough!

I've had enough!

I cannot think

About this stuff.

So I propose

This meeting ends,

And lets go home

While we're still friends.

**Meetings**

(A variation of the poem Meetings written earlier)

Let's go! Let's go!

Let's get this done!

Big long meetings

Are not fun.

My mind's asleep.

My sitters numb.

I sit and twitter

Either thumb.

Enough! Enough!

I've had enough!

I cannot think

About this stuff.

So I propose

This meeting ends,

And lets go home

While we're still friends.

**Melissa**

by Tom Redd

November 18, 1994

Melissa Foggin is the girl

With dark brown hair that has a curl.

A happy smile adorns her face.

I like to have her in this place.

A famous artist she will be.

Just give her time and you will see.

She likes to draw most anything.

And boy, oh boy, that girl can sing.

It's nice to have her here at school.

You know that girl is really cool.

She has a very happy smile.

She always goes the extra mile.

I like you lots. I'm glad you’re here.

'Cause to us all you sure are dear.

I like you lots. I hope you know.

And thanks for friendship that you show.

**The Mentor**

by Thomas Redd

August 23, 1993

The mentor's job is never done

Before the daily work's begun.

He watches for the work that's best,

And tries to help with all the rest.

His skillful eyes he uses well.

His words he carefully picks to tell

The changes that he'd like to see

To make the learner truly free.

When the job is done quite well,

And helpful things he has to tell,

The two become a helpful pair.

With honest work you'll soon be there.

So keep on trying, both of you,

To work real hard, and you'll pull through.

You both will grow. You'll gain a friend.

Now don't you want that in the end?

**Message to the Sun**

Thomas Redd

October 1, 1999

Sun Sun go away,

We want snow to play today.

Never never come again

When there's snow instead of rain.

But when it rains, please come and play

And chase away the rain that day.

Please keep us warm all summer long

And help the Robbins sing their song,

For we like sun instead of rain

Splashing on my window pain,

Except in winter when it snows,

And snowflakes land upon my nose!

**The Messy Desk**

Messy desks are fun you see.

My school teacher's mad at me.

She says there's too much junk in there.

There isn't any room to spare.

My math book's lost inside there too.

It must be found before it's due.

If I'm a little late for math.

My teacher will be filled with wrath.

I laughed and joked about no books.

She clucked and squawked with dirty looks.

She said I was to do more work.

I sat and thought she was a jerk!

I told her, too, and that was bad!

She came to me and she was mad!

She hit my desk with pounding fist.

I really wished that she had missed.

The junk spilled out onto the floor.

She took my desk right out the door.

She said I had to clean it now.

Or she would really have a cow.

I started out to clean that mess.

With garbage gone there was much less.

The books I piled neat and straight.

I even found my fishing bait.

My pens and pencils now are found.

Inside they stay, not on the ground.

I finally found my math book too.

An hour's work is left to do.

When I get done, I'll keep it clean.

That way my teacher won't be mean.

A tidy desk makes me feel good.

And I can work, now, as I should.

**Milford Delight**

Thomas Redd

September 19, 1998

There once were some people who worked really hard.

After they worked hard they played in the yard.

They played all together and had lots of fun.

Then they went home and they ate a big bun.

Mike was the oldest of this happy bunch.

Mr. Redd he would tease and on him he would punch.

Willie is next in this wonderful class.

He likes to drink lemonade from a cool glass.

Jason is smart and he works really well.

I'm glad that I know him, 'cause he's really swell.

Jona is kind and he does what is right.

He likes to help out and he stops every fight.

Jerry is quiet and smart as a whip.

He always is eating his candy and chip.

Jack likes to work and knows what is best.

His work he gets done before he will rest.

Lisa is happy and helpful and all.

She always will help if you give her a call.

Annie's a tease and she like to have fun

After all of her work is well done.

Diane likes to play and take care of the kids.

She likes to do dishes — the bottles and lids.

Leah is next in this beautiful class.

With how she is working, I'm sure she will pass.

Toby's a smart kid who always works hard.

I sure he'll be proud of his report card.

Fred is a special boy. We like him so.

To be around Fred is a blessing you know.

Joe likes to work on the combines and truck.

To Joe, it seems school is sort of like yuck.

Justina is always so happy and bright.

She, too, likes to work hard and she is polite.

Ben is a happy boy. He likes to work.

From all of his school jobs, he'll never shirk.

Don likes to wander and to other things.

He'd move around better if he could grow wings.

Barbara is pretty, a friend to us all.

She likes to do school work, math and all.

Tammy is quiet and likes to read books.

After she's read, at the pictures she looks.

Rita's a sweet heart. We're glad she is here.

To all of her friends she is really dear.

Mary is shy but she does really well.

Her reading and writing is really quite swell.

Annie, the young one, does well in our class.

With all of her work, we're sure she will pass.

Jake is worker who likes to learn lots.

He likes to go read in his reading spots.

Dorthy is quiet and timid and shy.

Her eyes are a bright and as blue as the sky.

Susanna is learning and working so hard.

she also likes playing our games in the yard.

What could be better than teaching this class?

With all of their efforts I'm sure they will pass.

I'm glad that I'm teaching this wonderful group.

I like all the students in my classroom troop.

**A Mission Farewell**

Based on the hymn "We Ever Pray for Thee"

Modified May 1992

We ever pray for you, our Parents dear,

That God will give to you comfort and cheer;

As the advancing years furrow your brow,

Still may the light within shine bright as now.

We ever pray for you with all our heart,

That strength be given you to do your part,

To guide and counsel us from day to day,

To shed a holy light around our way.

We every pray for you with fervent love;

And as your children's prayers are heard above,

May you be ever blessed, and may God give

All that is meet and best while you shall live.

**Mom**

by Thomas Redd

April 21, 1997

A poem, a poem. Please not a poem.

I'd rather write about my home.

Cause mom is there and she loves me,

And that is better, don't you see.

She makes me cookies everyday.

She shows her love to me that way.

I do things to help her out.

"I love you mom," I'd like to shout.

But in my home I'm not aloud

To yell and scream and shout out loud.

So to my Mom and give a kiss.

I show my love to her like this.

I know she loves me too you see,

Cause she gives kisses back to me.

I'm glad she's mom. I'm glad I'm me.

There's no one else I'd rather be!

**The Mosquito**

Thomas Redd

July 17, 1998

The Mosquito with his stinger is buzzing 'round my head,

And my, oh my, I really wish that little beast was dead.

He likes to stop and suck my blood. He likes to make me itch.

With him around my attitude is rather like a witch.

He dive bombs at my forehead. He lands upon my ear.

My pants are no protection 'cause he even bites my rear.

I slap away and hit my arms and face and neck and back.

I think I've finally got him when on him I land a whack.

It seems that when you smash him flat, he sort of comes apart,

And suddenly there's millions more a drilling for your heart.

We wear that stuff that's sold as "off" to drive away the pest,

But not until we go back home, can any camper rest!

**Mr. Redd**

Thomas J. Redd

M is for monster, a great big mean man.

R is for roaring as loud as he can.

R is for rotten. That's just what he is.

E is ears none are ugly as his.

D is dunce and dumb, too, you see.

D is danger when he is with me.

With a teacher like that, how can I learn?

He gives me no chance and he gives me no turn.

I hope that he dies before the year passes.

I'm sure all the kids would be happy in masses.

So maybe I'd better help out in some way.

I could help to shoot him and put him away.

But no, on the other hand, he's a good friend.

So I'll stand with him loyally until the end.

**My Birthday Suit**

by Thomas Redd

October 30, 1996

I like to wear my birthday suit.

My birthday suit is very cute.

But since it's cute, I've kept it hid.

You should be awfully glad I did.

I'd take my suit for show and tell.

But I'd get very cold. Oh well,

I guess you'll have to wait to see

My birthday suit decked out on me.

**My Brain**

Thomas Redd

June 27, 1998

Where is my planner? Oh where can it be?

Where I laid my brain down, I just cannot see!

It's black and it zips shut to hold my thoughts in.

Yes, it is more useful than my head has been.

It carries the addresses of friends that I know.

It tells me my meetings and when I should go.

If I have a thought I want not to forget,

I write it inside it — now that's a sure bet

That I will be able to call it to mind,

If ever again, my planner I find.

I feel lost without it. It's like I've no clothes.

Where ever I travel, I'm sure that it goes

To be my companion in all I go through.

It tells me of tasks and of jobs I must do.

Some private things also are found in that book,

And that's why I never let anyone look.

I just have to find it before the day's done.

Without it I'm sure that I'll never have fun.

My need for it's greater than my need for food.

I hope that no animal on it has chewed!

I need it. I need it! Oh, please help me look

For my little brain in the form of a book.

I need all the guidance and peace it will give.

With no brain to help me, I just cannot live.

So please help me find it and I'll pay you well.

Of your tireless efforts, the world I will tell.

What's that? You are sitting on top of my brain?

I hope, just for that, you get hit by a train!

**My Clothes**

Thomas J. Redd

April 27, 1998

I like my clothes,

But not on my nose.

They help me a lot

On my private spot!

**My CTR B's**

by Thomas J. Redd

My Primary class of CTR B's

Is trying so hard the Lord to please.

I'm glad I'm their teacher, as glad as can be.

You, too, would like them if you were me!

The class is a large one, but each child is great.

Most of them never would want to be late.

They come with the spirit of kindness and love.

They come to learn of the Lord above.

Please let me tell you about every child.

Some are so quiet and meek and mild.

I love them a lot; I'm sure you would too!

Let me tell you about what they do--

Jon is a special young boy that I teach.

I hope that my love, his heart does reach.

He loves to sit close, and tries very hard

To do what is right--his life is not marred

By the evils and weaknesses found in the world.

Evils dark sins from him will be hurled.

He tries hard to do all the things that he should.

He follows God's plan and tries to be good.

Another dear friend that I teach is Tim.

May he be faithful. May God help him

To always be worthy to be called God's son.

If he stays worthy his race will be won.

A tender young heart dwells within his breast.

He's loving and kind and all the rest

Of the things that he should be, God's love to win.

He keeps himself worthy and free from sin.

Keston is special. A Royal Young Man.

He likes to be here as much as he can.

He comes with his grandmother once in a while.

It makes me so happy to see him, I smile.

He is a gentle and quiet boy.

He never tries his friends to annoy.

I love you dearly and want you to know

That your teacher and God love you so.

Mario Atwood is one of the boys

Who quietly listens. He never makes noise.

I hope that he learns from the lessons I teach.

I pray that the spirit his heart may reach.

He seems to be special; so quiet and shy.

I know that our Savior loves this young guy.

Please help me be worthy his life to touch,

Dear Father in Heaven. I love him so much.

Robert is active. He loves to have fun.

He really digs in when there's work to be done.

He knows of God's teachings and tries hard to be

A great young example for you and for me.

He is such a helper for Jackson, you know.

Their love for each other, surely does show.

I so want to help him to learn of God's plan,

Those teachings he needs to be a great man.

One of the girls so gentle and nice,

Is Tricia, and boy, does she ever add spice.

She listens intently to everything said.

And many good answers come out of her head.

Bubble and sparkle she adds to the group.

She is awfully nice, now this is the scoop,

She'll always do right, and she'll always be good.

She'll learn all the lessons in life that she should.

Heather is smart. She knows what is right.

She'll fight against sin, and she'll turn to the light

Of God's holy teachings. For this way she knows

The spirit within her grows and grows.

She tries really hard to sit on her chair.

She knows that Christ's spirit in class will be there

If all of the students behave as they should,

And do all the things that they know to be good.

Andrea Roberts tries hard to succeed.

To all of God's teachings, she surely gives heed.

She listens intently to all that I say.

She knows she is learning our lessons that way.

A more polite person is not to be found.

She never starts talking or running around.

I'm glad that I have her and want her to know

She's a daughter of God, and I love her so.

Taniel Wilson's a lively young sport.

Her spirit is tall, though her body is short.

Her faith in our Savior she shows everyday

By helping her friends and her family obey.

She sings and she smiles each day when I teach.

She truly does lengthen her stride and her reach

As she serves the children right there in our class.

I'm sure that the trials of life she will pass.

Now what could be better than teaching this bunch?

Could it be parties, or going to lunch?

No, nothing could beat the rewards that I get

From teaching these children, and that's a sure bet!

When Jesus said children are what we must be

To enter in heaven and God's face to see,

I'm sure that he knew all these children of mine.

With courage and trust in the Lord, they'll do fine.

I'm grateful our Father has given to me

The privilege each Sunday your teacher to be.

I love you all dearly, you children of mine.

Hold on to God's teachings, and you will do fine!

**My Dad**

by Tom Redd

June 7, 1996

I have a friend, a big one too.

That friend, dear Dad, is only you.

When I grow up to be real old,

I hope I have your heart of gold.

You're always doing simple things

That shows your love and gives it wings.

You help me do the things I must.

Your great example I can trust.

Thanks, dear Dad, for all you do.

I really want to be like you.

My thanks to God above I give

Because He sent me here to live.

**My Faithful Pioneers**

by Thomas Redd

April 25, 1997

My ancestors were pioneers who live so long ago.

They wrote in journals many things that they want me to know.

They told of many challenges they faced throughout their life.

Those that pulled their handcarts, faced many toils and strife.

They told of how they joined the church and how their faith had grown.

Their faith grew to a solid oak from trials that they had known.

They trusted that the Lord would be forever by their side.

Their faith was like a candle that they never tried to hide.

And still their faith goes shining on for all of us to see.

I'm grateful that they sacrificed to bring the church to me.

The gospel in its purity was taught to them one day.

Conversion and baptism, then, were done the Savior's way.

Their lives became much harder as they tried to live God's plan.

Persecution, trials and turmoil, were heaped on them by man.

It's strange to see that Satan tries to stop the work of light

By heaping trials on saints of God. Trials seem as dark as night.

A legacy of faithfulness is what those brave saints gave.

Their bloody footprints marked the snow. Their shoes they could not save,

For they had worn right through the soles. Their feet were cut and sore.

They knew they must keep plodding on for many miles more.

They walked and pulled their handcarts filled with everything they could.

They camped beside the rivers and they gathered scraps of wood

To light their nightly campfires so they could cook their meal.

Their hardships and their trials there, were kind of like a seal

That showed to God their willingness to serve him faithfully.

They went through all God asked them to. They did it willingly.

Their faith, you see, was very strong, or they could not survive.

'Twas prayer and trust in God above that helped them stay alive.

The snow had caught these handcart folks and made their life real hard.

Their hands and feet and faces too, throughout their lives were scarred

From freezing there upon the trail. Faith helped them carry on.

Many people froze to death. They buried them at dawn.

Their journals tell that campfires were used by pioneers

To cook their simple meals on — to predators give fears.

Then when the fire had died away, the ground was warmed for sleep.

They used so little bedding that it makes you want to weep,

And in the morning those that lived could used the softened ground

To dig a grave for those that sleep — who's spirits death had found.

Those shallow graves they toiled to dig were often found by beasts.

The bodies that were left behind became the coyotes' feasts.

Oh, how it must have hurt the heart of every pioneer

To leave behind, for wild beasts, the ones they held so dear.

'Twas not in vain they made the trip and showed to God their trust.

They stored up treasures up above, beyond the moth and rust.

To heaven these souls have surely gone to dwell with God on high.

To be with them again someday, is what I want to try.

I, too, must prove my faithfulness in everything I do.

I'll live like my dear ancestors. My faith I will prove true.

I then will go to dwell with God, and with those faithful souls.

I must hold tightly to my faith and to my worthy goals.

I want to be with them above, those faithful pioneers.

Go forward, then, with faithfulness until the end of years!

**My Friend**

By Tom Redd

I have a friend who's dear to me, and hope that he won't mind.

He's nice to everyone around. He's thoughtful, sweet and kind.

He always smiles to help me out. He likes to share with me.

A friend like John has made me feel as lucky as can be.

My heart is full today you see, because I'm glad he's here.

John, when you're sick, or when you leave, I often shed a tear.

I like to have you close by me. John's sent from God above.

I miss the smiles you give to me. I miss your Christ-like love.

I think of all the fun we've had, of games we often played.

I think of all the waters fights, of all the people sprayed.

It's fun to have you here today and think of all we've done.

I love your fun and loving soul. My heart, you see, you've won.

Now John I hope you understand I really care for you.

I hope you live and grow and give as Christ would have you do.

I know He wants you in His plan for all eternity.

The Gospel's plan is right for you. It makes you truly free.

We need to live the life Christ taught and do the things we should.

And when your life on earth is done, I hope it's mostly good.

We all will make mistakes, you see, and that's the dreadful part.

Forgiveness comes from Christ the Lord. Repent with all your heart.

Be good and live a loving life. That way you'll surely see

The face of God when life is done for all eternity.

He'll say, "It's good to have you back. I trusted you to be

The kind of son I hoped you would, a light for all to see."

The lives of many friends you've touched as time has marched along.

When you were near to help them out, their grief was turned to song.

I'm glad that you're a friend of mine and hope we'll always be

Close as friends and brothers, too. You're very dear to me.

Thanks for all the things you've done to help me see the light.

The love I feel within my heart's a mellow shining light.

I love you dearly, John, you know. I hope that you don't mind.

I want to be like you someday, all loving, warm, and kind.

**My Gift to You**

By Tom Redd

December 17, 2001

Each day this teacher’s heart you touch,

And this small gift just isn’t much

To thank you for the things you do.

Dear friend and student, I love you.

**My Heart's Peace**

by Tom Redd

January 15, 1995

Thy Spirit, Lord, has touched my heart.

It's quiet peace it brings.

My heart is filled with gratitude

And praise to Thee, it sings.

May my life reflect Thy will,

And may I do my part.

Lord, may thy peace abide with me

Forever in my heart.

**My Little Friend**

Thomas Redd

June 9, 2001

Keeton is a kid I teach.

I hope his little heart I reach.

I like the kid. I think he's grand.

I like it when he holds my hand.

I like his smile. He makes me laugh.

Of things I like, that's only half.

He always does the best he can.

He shows that he's a real man.

I like the way he does his work.

From something hard, he'd never shirk.

He always tries to help his friends.

When someone's hurt, he makes amends.

His heart is gold. His thoughts are pure.

He always does what's right for sure.

He tries to follow God above.

He's always kind--he shares pure love.

Christ said, "Children, come to me.

Forsake your sins. Be truly free."

Keeton does the things Christ taught.

He tries to do the things he ought.

I'm glad I teach that precious boy.

Into my life, he brings great joy.

He teaches me by all he does

The way our Savior truly was.

I'll follow him in doing right.

Because of him, my sins I'll fight.

And when our lives are lived and done,

Our fight with sin will then be won.

We'll stand before the judgement bar,

And God will know the way we are.

He'll say to us come dwell with me.

And there in peace, we'll always be.

**My Mom**

By Tom Redd

I have a Mother, dear to me, and hope that she won't mind.

She's nice to everyone around. She's thoughtful, sweet and kind.

She always smiles to help me out. She shows great care for me.

Now Mom is more than just a mom. She is humility.

My heart is full today you see, because she phoned me here.

I'm sure in heaven we were friends because she is so dear.

I like to feel her spirit near, like when we were above.

I miss the time she gave to me. I miss her Christ-like love.

I think of all the fun we've had, of games we often played.

I think of meals that you cooked. I think of times we prayed.

T'was neat to have you call today, and talk of things we've done.

I love your fun and loving heart. My heart, you see, you've won.

I hope you understand, now Mom, I really love you true.

I hope I always grow and live as you would have me do.

I know God wants us in His plan for all eternity.

The Gospel's plan is right for us. It makes us truly free.

We need to live the life Christ taught and do the things we should.

And when my life on earth is done, I hope it's mostly good.

We all will make mistakes, you see, and that's the dreadful part.

You taught the plan that God gave us. Repentance is our part.

I must be good and live my life the way that you would be.

The face of God when life is done, I'll see with you by me.

He'll say, "It's good to have you back. I trusted you to be

The kind of son I hoped you would, a light for all to see."

My life was touch by my dear Mom as time has marched along.

When you were near to help me out, my grief was turned to song.

I'm glad that you're my mother dear, and hope we'll always be

Close as friends and family. You're very dear to me.

Thanks for all the things you've done to help me see the light.

The love I feel within my heart's a mellow shining light.

I love you dearly, as you know. I hope that you don't mind.

I want to be like you someday, all loving, warm, and kind.

**My Pet**

My mother asked me at the store,

"What kind of animal are you for?"

I thought and thought and thought some more.

What kind of animal am I for?

A dog is loving, warm, and kind,

But he is mean when he won't mind.

A cuddly warm and furry cat

Sleeps all day while he grows fat.

The thought of long and slithering snakes

Gives my mother tummy aches.

A monkey swinging through the trees

Would run away, himself to please.

My dad would really like a horse,

That only he could ride, of course.

The horse would only buck for me.

A rodeo's too wild, you see.

A gerbil's smelly dirty cage

Makes my mother fill with rage.

Her only words to me would be,

"Clean that cage right now!" you see.

A tiny mouse on four small legs,

Would make my mother lay some eggs.

She'd take the broom and hit him hard

He'd end up flat as a playing card.

A cow would surely give us milk

But it's not soft and nice like silk.

Our house would be a smelly mess,

Even mother's brand new dress.

A bird would chirp and make such noise,

While leaving nasty things on toys.

I'd have to feed and water her,

Or that poor bird would die for sure.

An elephant is much too plump.

The edges of the doors he'd bump.

His head and legs are much too large,

I'd be afraid that he'd take charge.

Slimy earthworms long and dirty,

Would get eaten by a birdie.

My mother's question wasn't fair!

I think I'll keep my Teddy Bear.

**My Pets Love Me**

November 2, 1993

We have a cute and cuddly cat.

She had four kittens on our mat.

I have to leave my cats at home,

And I'm afraid that they might roam.

I wish I had my kittens here.

I like to hold and hug them near.

My little pup is just the same.

Bandit is his special name.

When we get off the school bus

He barks, he runs and jumps on us.

He licks our face to show his love.

He likes to chew upon a glove.

My kittens do not do that stuff.

I cannot play with them enough.

I love my pets as you can see.

And it's a fact that they love me.

**My Poem**

by Thomas Redd

April 8, 1997

My teacher has told me to write a short poem.

It must be about something neat.

"I hate it at school. I'd rather be home,"

I think as I sit in my seat.

Who cares if I follow a theme when I write.

My brain cannot think in one gear.

To write a short poem, I'll try with my might.

It might take me more than a year.

This gobble-de-gook will make you puke.

Who cares if I write a good poem.

If you wear your hat and coat and toque,

Your warm wherever you roam.

Some day when it's cold, your car will not start.

You wish you had plugged it in.

The frost on the window is like modern art.

You scrape it except where it's thin.

When bed time is close you take off your clothes

And hang them all up on your hook.

You brush your teeth and you blow your nose.

And crawl into bed with a book.

I get all the words to rhyme where they should,

But poetry's not very fun.

This poem is all junk. It's not very good,

And boy am I glad it's done!

**My Teacher**

By Thomas Redd

April 11, 1999

My teacher has a great big ear.

The other is quite small.

My teacher is a sort of shrimp.

He really is not tall.

Another thing that's big on him

Is his enormous mouth.

I'd like to have him out of here.

I'd like to ship him south.

He always bugs me when I work.

He pats me on the back.

What he deserves for touching me

Is one enormous whack.

But I must do the things he says

And always do my work,

But when the school year is done,

I'll live without that jerk!

**My Sweetheart True**

Thomas Redd

December 24, 2001

My sweetheart is an angel queen.

I'm glad she is my wife.

She helps me do the things I should.

She helps me get through life.

She always wants to help me out.

She loves me, it is true.

I love to have her by my side.

I love her through and through.

She always does the best she can

To serve the Lord above.

She serves her children all the time

And showers them with love.

Long ago in marriage vows

We pledged that we would be

Together for eternity.

Together her and me.

And now in life we try to do

The things that help fulfill

The promises we made back then

To do our Father's will.

Together we will always be

If we keep doing right.

To be with her, eternally,

I'll try with all my might.

Thanks, dear Cheryl. You are great.

I love you lots you see.

Thanks for all the things you do

And putting up with me.

Together let's go faithfully

And walk our Father's plan.

Until we gain Celestial heights,

Together wife and man.

I love you lots, dear sweetheart true.

And hope that you can see

That you are mine and I am yours.

You mean the world to me.

**My Teacher's Stuff**

Thomas Redd

April 15,1999

My teacher for sure is a great big snot,

Cause he won't let me play with the things he's got.

I like his computer. I like his pen.

I think I'll take it and hide it again.

But I'll get in trouble and he will get mad.

He'll probably go tell my mom and my dad.

Then They'll blow up and throw me out.

And I'm going to hear the coyotes shout.

I'm going to get scared and start to cry.

I might get so cold that I freeze and die.

So maybe I should keep my hands off

All of my teacher's computer stuff.

**My Teacher's Tears**

Thomas Redd

September 30, 1999

Writing time is hard for me.

I wish that man would let me be.

I always have to sit and think.

If I don't write he makes a stink.

He yells at me to make me work.

I think that man's a great big jerk.

I wish he'd go and climb a tree.

Perhaps he'd fall and break his knee.

I'd laugh and laugh about his pain.

I'd say my teacher has no brain.

To 911 I'd never call.

I'd sit and laugh about his fall.

Perhaps he'd cry a lot and scream.

His tears would make a rolling stream.

And down this stream without a boat

That big mean man away would float.

And to the ocean he would go.

If he would drown, I would not know.

But I'd be glad to have him gone.

About his death, I'll just dream on.

And while I dream, I'll do my work.

For my teacher who's a jerk.

So I'll just sit and write away

All this live long horrid day.

**My Testimony**

by Thomas J. Redd

My life, I think about right now,

And as I think, I wonder how

My steps will take me where He guides,

And sweep away the sin that hides

Deep down inside my humbled soul.

Be clean; be worthy is my goal.

I must serve the Lord with love,

To serve as Christ the Lord above.

He came to bare the sins of men

And take us home to heav'n again.

He bore the load of sin and guilt.

"Now Father, I'll do as Thou wilt,"

He prayed and then he humbly wept

While those He loved grew tired and slept.

Dear Lord I pray that I may be

A guiding light for all to see.

May I never fall asleep,

Or give my Savior cause to weep.

I pray that I'll bring men to God,

And with the Gospel truths be shod.

May my life reflect thy will.

May my heart be calm and still.

If I serve with all my heart,

And in salvation's plan take part,

And if I change and turn from sin,

I'll hear His voice say, "Enter in.

You served me well on earth below.

You always tried your faith to show.

You turned from sin. You chose the right.

Your life reflected Gospel light.

And since you served me through your life,

Come, Enter in where there's no strife."

The goal of life will then be done.

The fight with sin will then be won.

And that's the reason why we're here,

To learn that Christ is always near.

Without our Savior's sacrifice

And the scripture's great advice

Our time right now would not be worth

The time God took to make the earth.

But in my heart I know it's true,

The mission that Christ came to do.

We're led today by men of God.

Our lives we plant in Gospel's sod.

These things I know with all my soul.

Our Father's home is now my goal.

May I be ready to live there

Is now my fervent humble prayer.

I want to be with God again,

In Jesus' name, I pray. Amen.

**My Writing**

by Tom Redd

October 21, 1996

My writing, my writing!

Oh where can it be?

I've looked everywhere,

But it's hiding from me!

I looked in my desk

And I looked on the floor.

Maybe it followed me

Out of the door.

I looked in my lunch kit

And under my coat.

Maybe my paper ran

Right down my throat.

I hope that I find it

Before it is due.

If I cannot find it,

I'll be in a stew.

My teacher will scold me.

She'll scream loudly too.

If you couldn't find it,

Oh, what would you do?

**A Neat Class**

1992-93

There once was a class in a beautiful School.

With four awesome boys who really were cool.

And six pretty girls all sparkling new.

The school was found in the town Mountain View

Burgundie Weber was one of the best

She was so smart that she Aced every test.

Brosie came next in this wonderful class.

She worked really hard to make sure she'd pass.

Dena was gentle and quiet you see.

I'm really quite glad that she moved here with me.

Sarah was new to our school this year.

She's pleasant and wise. She truly a dear.

Alexandra Nelson is really cute too.

She tries really hard all her work to do.

Lyndsey's a darling and fun to be 'round.

There's no better girl on earth to be found.

Scott is the oldest boy found in our class.

He works like a charm but he hasn't much mass.

Michael Mackenzie is Scottie's best friend.

I'm sure that this friendship never could end.

Ross is our Marshall. He keeps us in line.

In all of his work he surely does fine.

Devin is cheerful. We like him with us.

And when he is working he's never a fuss.

Now what could be better than this group of kids.

The boys to the girls, they all tip their lids.

They're kind and their helpful in all that they do.

Their teacher, he likes them, and wouldn't you too?

**The News Report**

Thomas J. Redd

October 6, 1998

The news every evening is not very good,

Cause people don't do all the things that they should.

There always are bad things in each news report

Like murder and violence and things of that sort.

It seems that there always is someone who's mean

And often their acts are immoral — not clean.

Sometimes it is money that someone else stole.

It seems that to get rich was their only goal.

You read and you hear about things that shock you.

The news reports tell all the things that folks do.

By hearing the news one would think all was lost,

That out of the window our values were tossed.

But always there's people who walk in God's light,

Who labor with faith to do all that are right.

Why can't the news reports tell of these folks?

The ones who are honest and never tell jokes

That are shady or ugly or dirty or such.

The good that they do is always so much.

I wish that the news would show more of their work.

They always are busy and they never shirk.

If news told of people who do what they should,

Watching the news at night sure would be good.

So let us from now on go forward and try

To set an example for everyone's eye.

If these are the things that we do everyday

We'll make the world better in our own small way.

Perhaps we can make earth a great place to live

Where small acts of kindness to others we give.

For this is the way that our Savior has led.

Show kindness to others is what he has said.

And if we are kind to all others each day,

We know that we truly are living God's way.

It's then that He'll call us. He'll thank us then too

For all of the kindness to others we do.

And in his great kingdom on high we will dwell

With friends and with neighbors and all who do well.

Now wouldn't it be great if news would report

The actions of righteousness, things of that sort?

You can make a difference in this world of sin.

Go forward and conquer. The righteous will win.

**The Night After Christmas**

Thomas J. Redd

December 11, 1997

'Twas the night after Christmas and all through the house,

Each creature was stirring — yes — even a mouse.

Stinky old stockings were thrown everywhere.

The smell of those stockings was so hard to bear.

No children were nestled all snug in their beds.

No visions of sugar plums danced in their heads.

Instead, all their candy was stuffed in their mouth,

And Santa was traveling no more in the south.

Amid all the noise I sat down in my chair.

I looked for my paper, but found it nowhere.

Ma, in her house coat was loafing around,

And tons of gift wrapping was heaped on the ground.

Amid all the noise of the kids playing wild,

I looked at my wife who this day had not smiled.

Why did we buy all the things that we did?

With all of those gifts we have spoiled each kid.

When out in the yard there arose such a clatter,

It didn't take long to see what was the matter.

The kids from the neighborhood all came to call.

Now their coats and boots were all strewn in the hall.

Rapidly all, were then charging about.

The scene was disastrous without any doubt.

But then, just to top all the trouble we had,

The TV exploded, and boy was that bad.

We tried to determine what made it explode.

Each kid had a story on us to unload.

Each said that he was not part of the act.

It seemed that the children had all made a pact

To never get caught if they did something wrong.

My temper was fuming, and it blew ere long.

I screamed and I hollered and I made a fuss.

Each one of the neighbor kids I then did cuss.

I told them to all get right out of my house.

I picked up a trap that was holding a mouse

And threw it right at them as they ran away.

Oh boy, was that ever a terrible day!

The mouse, can't you see, as it flew through the air

Got caught up and tangled in my wife's brown hair.

And she didn't like that. She screamed just a bit.

She picked up the broom and 'twas me that she hit.

The kids got all startled and ran to their beds

And under their pillows they all hid their heads.

Now they were so tired that they fell asleep.

My wife and I crashed on the couch in a heap.

'Twas nice to be with her, and I told her so.

And she felt the same about me, don't you know.

We sat and we thought of that terrible day.

We knew that to clean up was the only way

To make things run smoothly in days yet to come.

We cleaned and we swept up and then we had some

Cookies and ice cream and then went to bed.

We both were so tired we sleep as though dead.

But we learned our lesson from what happened there.

We learned we must clean up the house everywhere

After our Christmas activity's done.

That way we're united and all can have fun!

**Ode of Supplication**

February 4, 1996

Prayers are often answered in the smallest simple way.

It might be by a stranger as he passes us one day.

It's often in a way God knows, but we did least expect.

Be grateful for the answers. To our Father show respect.

So many times a friend of mine has saved me from despair.

When life seemed dark and dreary, that friend of mine was there.

A simple word or act of love has helped me see the light,

And made me more determined to continue doing right.

God loves us and He knows us. He knows when we're afraid.

He reaches out to hold us when our feet from Him have strayed.

I pray that God will help me as I journey on in life.

I need Him close beside me as I go through toil and strife.

I need to feel His presence near while in this dreary world.

I need to have Him help until all sin from me is hurled.

I want so much to live with Him in His Celestial home.

Dear God please stay beside me as through this life I roam.

Reach out, dear Lord, and hold me tight within Thy loving arms.

I need Thee close beside me to guard me from all harms.

And when this life is finally done, this fight with sin in won,

Into Thy arms may I return, a humble worthy son.

**One Redd was Dead**

There once was a guy named Tom Redd

Who liked to stand on his head.

One day he fell down

And broke his poor crown,

Now Tom and his head are dead.

Along came the class that he taught.

"How nice! He is dead!" they thought.

They let out a scream

When they found his ice cream,

And they ate all the ice cream he bought.

John ate the most of the group.

So much that he started to droop.

He sat on the throne

He sat there alone.

For he got so sick of that goop.

One girl in the class was so nice,

She shared her ice cream with the mice.

They ate it all up

And then they threw up

And that was the end of the mice.

So if you are doing a head stand

Be sure that you never lift one hand.

You might fall down flat

And die just like that.

And they'll bury you under the cold sand.

**Our Blessed Freedom**

As the days roll by, and we're burdened with care,

We sometimes forget all the freedoms we share.

We live in a land where freedom abounds.

Its price dearer than life, in our heart resounds.

'Twas given by soldiers who fought in the war.

They all fought with courage, but some gave much more.

Some fathers and brothers who never returned,

Gave to us freedom that they fought and earned.

Some gave their lives before the war ended.

That strife between nations was long to be mended.

Do I do my part to keep freedom alive?

I must stand for the right and with courage must strive

To honor and live by the laws of this nation,

No matter how high, or how lowly my station.

When I don't do all that I know that I should,

Some freedoms I forfeit, and that is not good.

So now on Remembrance Day let us remember

The pact that was signed way back there in November.

With a minute of silence, a prayer in your heart,

Be thankful for soldiers and all who took part

To give us the freedom that we cherish so--

The freedom to learn, to have faith, and to grow

In knowledge and wisdom about many things.

With freedom and knowledge we sore as on wings.

My prayer is that God will be happy with you

As you cherish the freedoms that He gave to you.

My hope's that we'll always be worthy and blessed

With God given freedoms. Yes, FREEDOM is best!

**Our Class**

By Thomas Redd

November 2000

Our class is filled with special kids.

I’m sure we are the best.

We like to do our school work,

Our Math and all the rest.

We always do the best we can

To get our work all done.

And then we like to play some games

And have a lot of fun.

Each child in our special class

Has qualities so great.

Here is why each one is neat

And why he is first rate.

Kinzee has a funny laugh.

We like to hear each day.

She always does the best she can

And in a special way.

We like to have her in our class.

We’re glad she is our friend.

She works real hard at school

But she wants it soon to end.

Ben is such a quiet boy.

He always tells the truth.

He never wants to do what’s wrong.

When playing, he’s a goof.

He really has improved this year.

He’s done the best he can.

He sets a good example too,

He is a special man.

Tyler does the best he can

In Math and all the rest.

He’s really good at basketball.

In Hockey, he’s the best.

He has a smile from ear to ear.

He likes to make us laugh.

He has so many qualities.

This list is only half.

Madison’s a quiet girl

Who wears a happy smile.

She wishes all the students would

Be quiet for awhile.

She likes to get her work all done

Before she stops to play.

A friend, she is to each of us.

She’s kind to us each day.

Dillon likes to talk a lot

And always moves around,

But he’s a friend to all of us.

No better can be found.

He’s really great at doing Math.

He reads extremely well.

We’re glad that Dillon is our friend.

We really think he’s swell.

Dallin does the best he can.

He always writes so neat.

He’s always doing what he should.

He’s always in his seat.

He likes to help each girl and boy

With all the work they do.

We really like this special boy.

We’re sure that you would too.

Dominique has challenges

No other has to face.

But when the race of life is hard,

We’re sure she’ll win the race.

She wants to be the best she can

And tries to do what’s right.

She tries to be a friend to all,

And never wants to fight.

Shay is small, but this we know,

Small packages are great,

And in the school work she does,

She always is first rate.

She has a very tender heart

That hurts a quite a bit.

But we are glad that she is where

She really seems to fit.

Josh has worked so very hard

To learn to read and write.

In math he never makes mistakes.

For this I’d hug him tight.

His smile is contagious, too.

It spreads where e’er he goes.

And when he’s happy, we all know

‘Cause on his face, it shows.

Keeton is a brain in class.

He knows most everything.

He likes to ride his bike and play,

But doesn’t like to sing.

He likes to be with Mr. Redd

When all his work is done,

And when you play with Keeton S.

You’re always having fun.

Weston is a quiet boy.

We’re glad he’s in our class.

He always does his school work.

We’re sure that he will pass.

He likes to go outside and play.

He’s really good at sports.

He likes to wear T-shirts and jeans

Instead of wearing shorts.

Kynan came to school one day.

We didn’t know his name.

We thought his name was something else.

We like him just the same.

He is an eager student

And he does the best he can.

He likes to play outside a lot.

He even has a tan.

Sam sleeps in a lot of days.

He misses lots of school,

But even though he misses lots,

He really thinks he’s cool.

We wish that he would do his work,

His math and all that stuff.

He likes to pick on all the boys.

He really thinks he’s tough.

Jason Murray’s quite a kid.

He’s good at art you see.

He is a very special friend

To you and even me.

He likes to get his work all done

And do it right on time,

And in Creative Writing, too,

His poems he likes to rhyme.

Carson is a quiet boy.

He tries to be a friend

To every person in our class.

We’ll like him to the end.

He always has nice things to say

About his friends and all,

And when you play with Carson,

You’re sure to have a ball.

Mackenzie’s mother comes to class.

We like it when she’s here,

But that is not the only thing

That makes Mackenzie dear.

She thinks a lot of other folks.

She’s thoughtful, sweet and kind,

And when she wants to play with us,

There’s no one who would mind.

Heather’s slow and steady

In the work she does each day.

We know that she will get it done

And in her special way.

Her smile is big and beautiful.

She radiates her love,

And for her as a friend of mine

I thank the Lord above.

Kathryn is the last one

Of the students in our bunch.

We’re glad she goes to school here

Before and after lunch.

She always wants to be a friend

To every one of us.

She always does the things she should

She never likes to cuss.

With kids like those found in our class,

We are a lucky bunch.

We do our school work all day.

We even have some lunch.

We like it in our special class

Because we know we’re great.

It’s been fun in school this year,

But Summer, Don’t be late!!

**Our Classroom Personalities**

June 26, 1997

The first day of this school year the kids were really shy.

Especially Denton Henry, who was a timid guy.

He was afraid to come to school to start the school year.

To meet his grade one teacher sort of filled his heart with fear.

His teacher was a man you see — not Glenda Lodermeier.

Would he be kind and full of love or simply full of fire?

Into the classroom Denton came, and sat down in his seat.

Jeffrey came and sat with him. He thought that that was neat.

Soon Chase arrived, his loyal friend. He knew he'd be Okay.

There was no rest or snack time there for that entire day.

Chase played with him at recess and even lunch time too.

Chase was a real cool kid in every thing he'd do.

Chase started out in writing and reading little books.

And all the kids admired him because of his great looks.

He always had a happy face. He was a cheerful boy.

But by the things he did some days, he Julie would annoy.

They had a fight or two this year, or maybe even more.

The rest of us are not quite sure just what they're fighting for.

Janay is quite the peace maker. She tries to stop the fight.

She seems to be a leader when she's always doing right.

When Julie tries to be the boss, Chase really gets quite mad.

And soon a fight is brewing, and all of us feel sad.

But Julie Morton can be nice when things are going right.

At doing Math and Reading too, she's always very bright.

In show and tell, she likes to tell the things that Dennis does.

She says he was a menace too, but we're not sure he was.

Julie Morton is quite nice, and we're sure glad she's here.

We like the great example that she's been to us this year.

And speaking of example, Janay's a shining light.

She's always being friendly and she's always doing right.

She sets a good example for everyone around.

She always has a happy face, is what our class has found.

We like to have her be our friend. She is a special girl.

Her friendship to us all this year has been a priceless pearl.

We're glad Janay is in our class. We're glad she is our friend.

We hope our friendship will endure. We hope it has no end.

Jeffrey is the other one who's in our grade three class.

With all the work he's done this year we're sure that he will pass.

He does his work correctly, thought it take a lot of time.

He's never one to pick a fight. He never does a crime.

Kari was the only student found in our grade two.

But all the work we got this year, we're sure that she could do.

She always helps the others out, yes, even our grade three.

She is the greatest teacher's aid that she could ever be.

She always does her school work as quickly as she can

So she can play computers with that little cartoon man.

She likes to write her stories and she's written quite a few.

She always tried her hardest at everything she'd do.

Rikki Smathers stayed with us for several months this year.

She was a special friend to us. We still think that she's dear.

She had to leave our school. She moved out to Magrath.

But she'll be coming back next year to work with us in Math.

With all these students in our class no wonder it was great.

We did a lot of work, you see, though Darrel's bus was late.

So Denton would be here on time, the Henry's changed their house.

And now he comes on Henry's bus. He's quiet as a mouse.

We're happy that these students here have finished all their work.

Though Mr. Redd, the teacher here, was sometimes quite a jerk.

Now summer time will take them home to spend vacation there.

And at this time of parting, there is sadness in the air.

We all will miss each other and that's what makes us sad,

But there'll be no more school work, and that will make us glad.

So now we part with sadness and happy memories too.

This was the greatest school year for us and maybe you!

**Our Parting Grief**

Thomas Redd

September 13, 1999

They say that time will heal the hurt that comes when loved ones die.

Some suffer long before they die. Their families wonder why.

Why has God made death so hard for all of us on earth?

For family now beyond the veil, it's like a second birth.

With arms outstretched they welcome back the dear one we let go.

But in our grief we dumbly stand, for oh, we loved them so.

The empty place death leaves behind will linger in our heart.

We miss the voice of wisdom that has helped us from the start.

A hundred other little things remind us of the past.

A kindly word, a welcomed smile, will in our memories last.

It really isn't quite the truth that time, our pains will heal.

But oh, the joy in heaven when in family prayer we'll kneel!

**Our 1994-95 Class**

by Thomas Redd

June 12, 1995

This year was full of changes

In Del Bonita School.

To start the year we had to learn

A brand new teacher's rule.

He came here in September.

He taught grade One, two three.

The kids in class were helpful.

As good as they could be.

They tried to do their school work.

They did their very best.

They worked so hard in math you see,

On every single test.

We didn't go on field trips

To being the school year.

At Halloween the kids dressed up

And gave their teacher fear.

We wrote a play for Christmas

It was about Christ's birth.

We played we were the shepherds

Who were living then on earth.

The angel came and scared them

In the darkness of the night.

But told them happy tidings.

She stood in radiant light.

A cake we baked for Smathers.

We all hid in their room.

The scare we gave to Darrel,

'Bout put him in the tomb.

We went to climb the Hoo-doos

In a distant park.

We didn't know the bus would stop

Before we did embark.

We had two extra hours to play —

To play or all get hurt.

Julie's arm was hurting

When she fell into the dirt.

The playground was most dangerous,

But we had lots of fun.

When playing tag in hoodoos,

We really had to run.

We hiked to see some pictures

Drawn so long ago.

The stories and events of life

The natives tried to show.

Now each one of the students

In our Del Bonita school

Does his best at school work.

The teachers think they're cool.

Brandon is a great big boy

With lots of love to give.

Without him in our classroom,

Our teacher could not live.

Justin is a friend of mine

Who fills my heart with joy.

I love to have him near me.

He's such a special boy.

Austin likes to work hard.

He always does his best.

He always gets his work done

Before he takes a rest.

Melissa is an artist.

She's drawing all the time.

She fancies up 'most everything.

She'd even fix a dime.

Kasie needs her glasses

To do her work each day.

It seems she's always working

And never stops to play.

Aaron came to be with us

Three short months ago.

He really does outstanding work.

Now that, I surely know.

Jeffrey is a darling.

A really special boy.

I like to have him with me.

He fills my heart with joy.

Julie like to read a lot.

She really does it well.

She always keeps right busy

Until she hears the bell.

Janay is quite a girl.

She always likes to write.

But one thing that she'll never do

Is get into a fight.

Blake has done a good job

Of learning what he should.

He never causes problems.

He's always very good.

And finally we are at the end

Of this long school year.

Thank goodness for the holidays.

Let's all give a cheer!

Lets hurry up this poem

And start to eat our lunch.

But please remember, everyone,

You are a special bunch!

**Out to Play**

by Thomas Redd

June 3, 1997

I want to go outside to play.

Can't I please go out today?

The weather's nice and warm I say.

So let's go out right now to play.

It isn't nice to stay inside.

I'd rather go outside and hide.

I'd like to stay there all day long.

But teacher's sure to come along,

And he'll be mad at me you see.

He never more will set me free.

I'll have to write a thousand lines.

There may be even great big fines.

But still I'd like to be outside.

So I'll sneak out! I'll go and hide!

I won't come in for anyone.

I won't come in till day is done.

My teacher then will only think

That I am sick or turning pink.

He'll phone my mom to check on me.

There'll be trouble then you see.

So I had better stay inside.

I'd better not go out and hide.

I'll stay inside and do my work.

For my teacher — he's a jerk!

**The Pain in Spain**

Thomas Redd

Once upon a time in Spain,

I slipped and gave my knee a pain.

If I slip and fall again,

I might pain my little brain.

**The Parting Time**

Thomas Redd

September 26, 1998

It's time, dear Mike, for you to go,

And this old man will miss you so.

You have always been my guide.

It's you, my friend, I stood beside.

You showed me how to have some fun

After all your work was done.

Your smile was a welcomed sight.

You always tried to do what's right.

I hope you have a happy life —

Learn and grow, avoiding strife.

For life's too short to live it wrong.

Be Happy. Face it with a song.

You loved to sing. I know you did.

You sang right out. You never hid

Your strong bass voice. I heard it all.

And now you're gone, I'll miss your call

For country songs I did not know.

And, yes, dear Mike, I'll miss you so.

Remember me when you are gone.

Fulfill your role. You're moving on.

And may you always know and see

That from this school you are free,

But in my memory, you will live —

All the kindness that you'd give.

I pray that I may be your friend

For ever onward to the end.

I pray that some day you will be

Grateful, too, that you knew me.

Perhaps in heaven we'll embrace

After we have run life's race.

And there together we'll be friends

Where God's kingdom has no ends.

Yes, then we'll know we won the race.

And I will know you set the pace.

With God above, we'll always be.

Thanks for all you did for me.

**A Peanut butter Sandwich**

1991-1992

Lunch time is coming,

I think that I will starve

If it was thanksgiving

A turkey I would carve.

I looked in to my lunch kit

And guess what I did see.

A peanut butter sandwich

Was looking up at me.

I thought that I could eat it,

But much to my surprise,

I looked down at my sandwich

And a tear was in its eyes.

Then It was my cup cake

It gave me quite a blow

I wondered what had hit me.

How was I to know.

I bit into my apple.

It gave me lots of heck.

It jumped right up and hit me.

Right square in the neck.

A lunch like that is all I need

To make me stop and think.

Does my sandwich have a name,

And what about my drink?

**A Pearl of a Girl**

October 5, 1999

Tammy is a friend of mine who always does her work.

She likes to get it done on time and she will never shirk.

She does her best in all her work, and who could ask for more?

I'm glad that she is in my room, cause Tammy I adore.

I like her bright and shining eyes. I like her happy smile.

I like the way she talks to me and stays by me a while.

She always wants to go to work and get her tasks all done.

And then she likes to read a book or play a game for fun.

Tammy, thanks for all you do to help me out at school.

The things you do to help in class show that you're neat and cool.

I glad that God has let me be the teacher of this girl.

You are a treasured gift from God as priceless as a pearl.

**A Phone Call in the Night**

I have a lot of feelings all welled up in my heart.

I want to let you know of them, but don't know where to start.

Should I tell of yesterday; the joy I had inside,

When you had chosen no one else but me to sit beside?

All day I thought of having you come over for some fudge.

But when it came to calling you, my feelings were a smudge.

Would you want to come again, or would you rather not?

Had you other things to do? All jumbled was my thought.

For many days I thought of you and all that pain you hold.

To do the things you had to do has shown that you are bold.

The gospel has a way, you see, to get within your heart.

Somehow it brings us back again when other things we start.

Its plain to see that you're a man who wants to do what's right,

And so with all your inner strength your weaknesses you fight.

You're not alone, I hope you know. I think of you a lot.

I hold your trust and friendship dear--a golden gem I've got.

And so to have you call me in the middle of the night,

Was really quite an honor and I hope I did what's right.

I want so much to help you as this burden you must bare.

A warm embrace was given then. I hope you know I care.

As you sat there, your heart in pain, our thoughts were all as one.

The blessings of our Savior's love upon your worthy son.

I hope you understand my thoughts as I was called to say

The words the Lord would have me say, and in a father's way.

I wanted then to understand the feelings in your heart.

The Holy Ghost was there to guide and help me do my part.

We both could feel the gentle peace that what was done was right.

But just the same it's hard to have your son sick in the night.

The sleep you loose as parents, though is worth the time it takes,

It helps us understand Gods love and helps us feel his aches.

I'm sure his love is constant. He wants us to do right.

And so he helps us struggle through repentance's long fight.

Thanks so much for calling me at two or was it three,

For that is how our love we show as God would have it be.

It wasn't hard on me at all to come and help you then.

The pain within your heart I shared. My heart was crying when

You had to say, "I cannot help." But Oh, you gave great strength.

Your faith and prayers are strong I'm sure. You'll go to any length

To show our Heavenly Father that to him you will return.

The Holy Ghost is guiding you. His voice you do discern.

I pray I said the words that God would have me say in prayer.

My heart was full of love for him, while he was sitting there.

If I fell short of saying words a father's heart would say,

I hope you'll let me make it up sometime, another way.

And thanks so much for your embrace when everything was done.

It means so much to me, you see, because my heart you've won.

I really think you're quite the man, and glad that I can be

A friend and brother in your need when feeling oft flow free.

I hope your understanding heart will find the words I lack

And too, please let me share with you the load upon your back.

The phone will help us keep in touch. Please use it day or night.

To help a friend in times of need is truly a delight.

And thanks so much for helping me with Laurel yesterday,

And sharing with me thoughts you had in words along the way.

It warmed my heart to have you share the burden of a kid.

You showed you understood my needs by little things you did.

Yes, true friendship is a bud that we should tend and care for.

I hope that it will grow in us, and we will each be there for

One another when we need a helping hand from others

That can't be filled right then, you see, from loving wives or mothers.

It's strange how life has had us meet together in this way.

Perhaps we were good friends before. It's really hard to say.

But one thing's sure to me right now--As sure as God's great love

That my support you'll have from me, at times you need my love.

Sincerely,

Tom Redd

**The Pig Who Died**

October 4, 1999

Butchering pigs is fun to do.

I like to watch them kill them too.

They make more noise than a little pup.

They squeal a lot and wake us up.

The men go catch them and hit their head.

They cut their throats so they are dead.

One ran away without his head.

The creek outside became his bed.

The race with life, he thought he'd win.

He fell through the ice cause it was thin.

When he fell through they caught his leg.

"Please let me go," he seemed to beg.

They tied him up with good strong rope

To get him out was their only hope.

The kids all laugh and scream and shout.

The tractor came and pulled him out.

They got him out and hung him high.

They drained his blood so he would die.

I'm glad I'm not that weird old bore.

I'll stay a boy for ever more!

**Please, Not Again!**

**It's Haircut Time...**

June 15, 1994

Haircut time is hard to take.

I wonder what a mess I'll make.

Will I cut your hair too short,

Or cut it bad and you will snort?

I hate to get those clippers out.

I hate it when you start to pout

And say I hurt or pulled your hair.

You squirm and make me nick it there.

I tell you not to wiggle so.

When we'll get done I do not know.

So please sit still. Don't move about.

Don't do those things that make me shout.

I say at last we're done with this,

And all that hair down there you'll miss.

You look at me with evil eye.

You look on top and start to cry.

It's not the worst. You don't look bad.

And now we're through I feel so glad.

But you, you seem to not feel good.

I did the best job that I could.

Oh, please don't cry and feel so bad.

I wish your barber wasn't Dad.

There's nothing crying changes now.

To face your friends, you wonder how

You'll ever stand to go outside.

Right now you'd rather go and hide.

Oh what are we to do right now?

Grow new hair for you, but how?

Maybe we could move away.

Somewhere else you might go play.

Maybe you could stay in bed,

Play you're sick and nearly dead.

Please look again. It's not too bad.

Even though it's cut by Dad.

So run outside and have some fun

Since your haircut now is done.

I bet your friends won't stand and stare,

Even though I cut your hair,

Because you see, they have a Dad

Who gives them haircuts--just as bad!

**Praise be to Smarties**

Thomas Redd

March 16, 1998

A smartie is a little thing that I use everyday.

It tells my kids that they did right in just a little way.

I hand them out for school work that's finished, neat and right.

And when I give a lot of them, my students show delight.

It's funny that they work so hard for such a little thing.

It's neat to see the happiness that little thing can bring.

the kids will slave the whole day long to do their neatest work.

With smarties that they work toward, they very rarely shirk.

Sing praises, then, for smartie treats and all the help they are

To get the students working and to help them go so far.

Without those little smarties I give to kids this way,

I'm sure I'd never to the close of work each day.

**Priests in White**

March 9, 1998

In robes of white the Savior came

To visit Joseph Smith one day.

That glorious visit lives for us

Each Sunday in a simple way.

The priests who bless the sacrament

Are dressed in shirts of white.

They represent the Savior there

With hearts and hands so pure and right.

It's nice to have them represent

The Christ, the Savior of us all.

They show how Christ will lift us up

When into sin we sometimes fall.

The humble, simple way they serve

And put us under covenant

Reminds us all of Christ the Lord

And of the reason he was sent.

We see the priests in purity

Each Sunday stand before us all.

And in the service that they give

We hear our Savior's loving call.

The priests who wear white shirts and ties

And for us represent the Lord,

Help us renew our covenants.

No greater gift can we afford.

I'm grateful for young men who serve

Who stand with faith in sparkling white.

May I always be like them,

And always do the thing that's right.

I then will see my Savior's face

When I return to Heaven above.

I'll there be blessed to live with him

And thank Him for His endless love.

I'm grateful for His sacrifice

And for the sins be freely bore.

Because of His atoning gift,

I'll live in heav'n with Him once more.

**Primary Stars**

Thomas Redd

April 10, 1998

Memories of Childhood now flood o'er my mind.

Of teachers so helpful, of leaders so kind.

I think of the way that they helped me to grow.

The way that they taught me my Savior to know.

Some memories are bright in the eye of my mind,

Like dear Sister Brown who was faithful and kind.

She always showed reverence in all that she did.

Her love for the children could never be hid.

I still see her standing in front of us all —

A smile — with arms folded — so stately and tall.

She helped us to know that our Savior was there.

The strength of her faith seemed to hang in the air.

I almost could reach out and take Jesus' hand,

And walk up the isle from the door to the stand.

And sweet Flora Torrie, once gave me a heart.

While teaching young children, she gave me a start

On the pathway to heaven where our Savior lives.

This blessed assurance the Gospel now gives

That we can return to our Father above

And live there forever within his great love.

These memories are precious — these memories of mine.

'Twas there I was taught of my Savior divine

By these gracious women, who gave me their heart.

I'm grateful forever for their loving start.

**The Pros and Cons of Living**

The teams were formed. The game began.

I guess I'm not much of a man.

I'm scared to join the games they start.

To do them well I lack the art.

Ashamed to be around the kids,

The game cries out, and me forbids.

Upon the floor I will not step,

Though others, from the game find pep.

It often lets the message ring,

"I'm really not worth anything."

You wonder if it's really true,

All those things they say of you.

The man who never plays that way

Is told by some that he is gay.

A question in my heart has grown.

"Am I the same as men I've known?"

Does it matter if I'm not?

It seems to matter in this spot.

Now I often think of death

And if I could, I'd stop my breath.

Perhaps I then would feel no pain

When people play those games again.

It's hard to be left out you know,

And hard to have no skills to show.

I do not know the rules nor way,

The game of volleyball to play.

And just as bad is basketball.

And most teams sports with balls and all.

I guess I'm not cut out for sports

To run around and play in shorts.

I just need to know that I

Am good at other things I try.

I long to have a friend with me,

Who sees the things I see in me.

Who never stoops to call me names.

To lift me up he always aims.

Is it wrong to feel like that?

Or should I always be the mat

That others wipe their feet upon,

And will not miss when I am gone.

I wish I knew the things to do,

Or things to say when I'm with you.

At making friends I do not shine.

I fear those weaknesses of mine.

For me the friends have always been

The younger children that I've seen.

The games they play are right for me.

The monkey bars fill me with glee.

Toy cars and trucks are fun to play.

Yes I could play with them all day.

I cook and sew and all that stuff.

To others I don't seem too tough.

It's hard to be a sissy too

Because of what you dare not do.

But I would rather be like this,

And all those awful games I'll miss--

Than go and make a fool of me

For all the kids in school to see.

I guess I'll always be alone,

As all my years of life have shown.

I too will face the things they say

That I'm a sissy, even gay.

But it is hard to face alone

When all your peers from you have flown.

There must be some on earth today

Who understand the words I say.

I long to find that lasting friend

With thoughts like mine, my heart to mend.

I must have had a friend with me

In heaven before I came to be.

It might have been that you're the one.

And that's the way my trust you've won.

Do you understand my thoughts?

Do you know the tender spots

That make me hurt and cry inside

And make me want you by my side?

Your gentle word and warm embrace

Has brought a smile to my face.

You've helped the pain to go away

When you, to me, have come to say

That I'm OK or I'll pull through.

You'll be the friend that I'll turn to.

Please accept my humble praise.

You warm my heart, my spirits raise.

It's nice to know you really care

That in my problem you did share.

You talked to me and touched my arm.

Your words were gentle, kind and warm.

I'm glad you came to be with us.

I hope I've not caused too much fuss.

A Gentle pat upon my back

Gives confidence that I might lack.

If ever I can help you out

Please feel free to give a shout.

My debt of gratitude is great.

For how you lift my heavy weight

Thanks for all you do for me.

I love you lots, as you can see.

I hold dear your tender love.

For love comes from our home above.

**The Quest Was the Best**

by Tom Redd

March 1, 1995

The other day we had the chance

To go to Lion's Quest.

We found new ways to help kids learn

That they are all the best!

We want to thank those generous

Enough to give their time.

Materials and lesson plans

They gave without a dime.

The Lion's Club gave service

To the teachers in our school.

They showed by their example

That they live the Golden rule.

As teachers now we have the task

Of helping children grow.

With all the self esteem they gain,

Their faces now will glow.

As teachers we must help them see

Their strengths and qualities.

To let them know, when they do right,

Their mentors they will please.

All this we do with new found tools

That came from acts so kind

From members of the Lion's Club,

The best club that you'll find!

**Rain**

Listen to me.

I've something to say!

The sky was all black

And it rained today.

It soaked all the grass

As it fell to the ground.

It splashed on the streets

And left puddles around.

With laughs of delight,

The children ran out.

They jumped in the puddles,

And splashed all about.

They slipped on the grass,

And got soaking wet.

Their mothers were angry,

It's a sure bet.

The children were happy,

And showed no concern.

But their mothers kept scolding,

And hoped that they'd learn.

The mom's were relieved

As the clouds rolled on by.

The Children sat down

And started to cry.

Why is it fun

To get wet in the rain,

But when mother says bath time,

The fun's down the drain?

**Rainbow Clouds**

by Thomas Redd

April 21, 1997

Clouds make rain and clouds make snow.

Clouds make hail that kills, you know.

Clouds are dull and dark and grey.

They hide the warmth of sun that way.

I wish the clouds would stay away

So we could go outside to play.

It's much more fun to play in sun

Than clouds that seem to stop the fun.

But clouds that bring a gentle rain,

Not flooding rain that plugs the drain,

Bring rainbows that we love to see.

Now that's the kind of cloud for me!

**Rainy Day**

The day we all met Mr. Redd was when we started camp.

The Weather when we went to school was rather wet and damp.

The summer sun we had not seen for such a long long time.

To have the sun come back again, I'd give more than a dime.

But since the weather's wet and damp, I guess I'll stay inside.

Instead of sitting in this class, my bike I'd like to ride.

But since there's puddles all around, I guess I'd better stay

Inside the school all day. We'll read and write and play.

The best part of camp for me was playing all the games.

When Jordan plays his mini golf, the ball he carefully aims.

The chocolate milk and doughnuts, too, made such a tasty treat.

You see, when I'm at summer camp, I really like to eat.

Getting up at nine o'clock is really hard to do.

I'd rather be in bed right now and waking up at two.

My parents make me go to bed when we're at summer camp.

But when I lay in bed I cheat, and turn on my bed lamp.

I like to look at comic books. I read them all through twice.

And then I think I need a drink. I go and get some ice.

I accidentally spilt the juice right on the kitchen floor.

And then I have to clean it up so I stay up some more.

I finally put me back to bed, and it was getting late.

My cat came in and jumped on me and that was my bad fate.

I jumped. I screamed. I yelled a lot. T'was such a scary thing.

With all that racket in my room, my mother it did bring.

She yelled at me, "You go to sleep, you naughty little guy."

I tried to go to sleep again, but it was hard to try.

The clock struck twelve. I heard it sing. I heard it's pleasant chime.

I finally fell asleep at last, I dreamed a long, long time.

And then my Mother called to me, "It's time to go to camp."

"Get up, get up you sleepy head. Dress warm. The weather's damp"

"But mom, inside the school warm and I don't want to be

hot and sweaty all the time or kids will laugh at me."

"Can I wear shorts to school today and just a T-shirt too?"

"No, no," my mother says to me. "The rain will get to you."

So I go off to school today, dressed all warm and hot.

And since I'm hot and miserable, I think I'll be a snot!

**Reaching the Student**

By Thomas Redd

1999-2000 School Year

Sometimes in our teaching, we have little experiences that help us to know that we have missed the point of what we have taught, or tried to teach. Just last week, I had one of those special times that let you know that you had better start over again, or the point of the lesson will be totally missed.

In my language Arts lesson, I had the students read an article about a young boy who was waiting for an important organ transplant. If he did not receive the transplanted organ in time, he was sure to die. I thought I was doing well with my lesson, and had explained to the students what transplants were, and how important it was that people sign organ donor cards. I then asked the students to write a letter to the editor and express their personal feelings about the subject. Here are some of the responses that I received that showed me I had missed the point of my lessons.

Dear Editor,

I am for the life saving organ transplants. I think that it really helps children who need a heart or anything to survive.

To the Editor,

This is how I feel about the organ transplant. I am for it. I feel that if a man is sick they should hurry it up with operating. They are way to slow now-a-days with operating. We should keep on transplanting organs so we can save more peoples' lives. But they should hurry it up with the operating. It is no use trying to transplant peoples' organs when you have to wait for the doctors. This is my feeling about transplanting organs.

Editor,

This is how I feel about the organ transplant. I wish everybody wouldn't donate their cards. I wouldn't cause I think God gave us our organs and we don't need anymore. If you would be in a car accident and you needed a kidney, maybe I would have to give it to you. But, I'm sorry. You're not getting mine cause I didn't sign my card because God wants us to live as long as he thinks. So you see I am not in favor for it.

Hi Editor,

I am not in favor for giving organs because God gave us the organs, and when He takes away our heart or what ever it takes to die, we should die -- not take somebody's heart or whatever it takes so the other person can't live as long as it would if we wouldn't have taken it away. So that is why I am not in favor.

Editor,

My name is Toby. I live in Raymond, Alberta. I think that we should not transplant organs because God made my own stuff, and I believe they shouldn't transplant organs. We will have to die someday anyway so we might as well do it right away. Please do not donate your driver's license.

**Remembering Them**

by Tom Redd

November 6, 1996

I'm trying to remember

All the men that fought

For freedom and our country.

I'm grateful quite a lot!

The soldiers fought in sunshine.

The soldiers fought in cold.

They fought in rain and snow storms.

Boy, those men were bold.

They fought to give me freedom.

They fought so I could live.

They fought to stop the spread of bad.

Some men, their life did give.

I thank them very nicely

For all the things they did.

They fought for right and freedom.

They never ran and hid.

They watched the friends they fought with

Fall; their life blood cease.

And now we have a country

Where we can live in peace.

**Remembrance Day**

(They fought for Right)

November 10, 1993

Remembrance day's a day to think

Of soldiers who have died.

They went to war to fight for right.

They really, truly tried

To make our country free again

So we can go to school.

To keep our country free and safe,

We must obey the rule.

When the soldiers went to war,

They knew they might get shot.

They risked their lives to make us free.

And freedom's what we've got.

The land we've got is wonderful,

This Canada, our home.

The animals we have outside

Are also free to roam.

Let's keep our country truly free.

Let's always do what's right.

And then another war like that,

We'll never have to fight.

**Resolutions**

by Tom Redd

April 28, 1994

A year is beginning. I want it to be

The greatest of years for you and for me.

And how can I make it the greatest of all?

By doing things right, and fulfilling my call.

My call as a father's a big one to fill.

To do it correctly, I must know God's will.

I'll try to be prayerful and listen to him.

I'll try to be faithful, though faith may grow dim.

I'll set an example. I hope it is good.

I pray that I'll always do all that I should.

My children will follow as life goes along.

I pray my example will not lead them wrong.

For if we are faithful, we all can return

To live in God's presence. This knowledge we learn

From scriptures and teachings of prophets today,

Who guide us and teach us and show us the way.

So all through this new year I'll try to live right.

I'll fill all my callings with all of my might.

For if I am faithful, I know I will see

My father in Heaven, and with him I'll be

Privileged to live for the rest of my life

Without any worry. Without any strife.

Now that is the goal we came here to meet.

To live in God's presences. Now won't that be neat!

**Reunion Time**

Thomas Redd

July 18, 1998

A family reunion — now who could want more?

Birdhouses, big Balls and food galore,

Water balloons and flags to make,

Family to meet, and pictures to take,

Hot dogs and marshmallows over the fire,

Visits with cousins 'til we all retire,

Sitting around with nothing to do,

No meetings to be at, no phone calls for you,

A time to relax and enjoy family ties

Reviewing the kids — and the "wheres" and the "whys."

A wonderful time is had by all.

At family reunions we all have a ball!

**Ron Bird, A Special Friend**

by Thomas Redd

February 25, 1997

At times in life some other folks have touch my life with love.

Perhaps I knew them once before when in our home above.

I've watched as some I really liked have done the Christ-like thing.

Perhaps it was a great big deed or just a little thing.

But always I have watched a few and followed what they've done.

The kindly acts of these few men, my heart has truly won.

Ron Bird was young and faithful as he carried heaven's sword.

He showed by his example that he'd always serve the Lord.

It's not the big and flashy act that shows his heart is right,

But little things he does each day to walk within God's light.

I once watched a son of God, a faithful, stalwart man.

The life he lived showed everyone he knew God's master plan.

It's odd that one as old as I would follow in his ways.

At least I've tried to be like him on very many days.

He's always kind to everyone and knows the things to say

To help them on their way to God. He truly showed the way.

His quiet, kind example is outstanding for us all.

And if we learn to be like him, we'll better hear God's call.

No closer to the angels, could anyone be found

Than some one clean and wholesome, and kind to all around.

Ron Bird has been a star for me that I have often seen.

I want, right now, to thank him for the person that he's been.

Continue to live righteously and you can then return

To be with Heavenly Father. That fact is one we learn

From reading holy scriptures and by keeping God's command.

Not only are we blessed in heav'n but here while in the land.

It isn't very often that we share our feelings true,

But thanks for your example and I really do love you.

Continue to be faithful to the teachings that you give,

And I will try to be like you while on this earth I live.

Your light may be a little one, but candles in a storm

Can help to guide us home at last. They'll even keep us warm.

Again I want to thank you for all you've done for me.

Your life and your example were so wonderful to see.

Continue and be faithful. Don't let your light grow dim.

You'll make the Lord so pleased with you, and you'll return to him.

I pray that I will see you before this life is done.

To talk with you and reminisce would be so very fun.

I want to feel your spirit. I want to shake your hand.

The day I meet you once again will be so very grand.

I'd like to know our friendship is still alive and well.

The joy I'd feel to be with Ron is more than tongue can tell.

I hope that he won't mind it if I show up at his door.

I pray the Lord our friendship will be like it was before.

I know that time has changed us both and made us different men.

But still I hope our friendship can be like it was back then.

Please forgive this little poem. It's easier to say

I love that friend I used to know in this poetic way.

Thanks, Ron, for all you did for me. You'll never fully know

The things you did to help me out and how you made me grow.

I pray the Lord to bless you in everything you do —

That He will say "Come dwell with me," when your life is through.

**Roses are Red**

Roses are red.

Violets are blue.

Sugar is fattening,

And rots your teeth, too.

**Roses are Red**

Roses are red.

Violets are blue.

You are nice,

And presents are too!

**Roses Are Red**

Roses are red.

Violets are blue.

My face is pretty.

What happened to you?!

**Rules for School**

October 1991

The year is just beginning. It's the start of school.

Open up your ears and listen to this rule.

We must be honest all the time in everything we do.

That is real important, and so is number two.

Disobey this rule, and you'll find you will be decked.

And next thing you know, you'll learn to show respect.

Show respect to everyone, for that's the way to be.

And now that you know it, we're on to rule three.

A banana peeling on the floor could drop you on your face.

Rule number three says put it in its place.

Put litter in the garbage, and not upon the floor.

And the next thing you know, we're on to rule four.

We'd like to take a holiday, and go and use the can.

But first before we leave the room we have to ask that man.

Permission is good if you want to stay alive,

And now before you know it, we're on to number five.

You've got to keep your books and things, tidy clean and neat.

For when they are a mess, you see, you're in the dunce's seat.

Eat where and when you should, you know, or you'll be in a fix.

That is so important, that it is number six.

If you mind this rule, you're sure to go to heaven,

And now that you know it, we'll move on to number seven.

Throwing things around the room's hard on the human race.

If you hit them hard enough, they'll have stitches in their face.

If you throw some water, it's sure to be too late,

So now that you know it, lets move on to number eight.

This rule is a simple one, it simply says be kind.

We know that you will live it cause this rule you have signed.

When you signed the rules, you said that they were mine.

We know we must accept them so we're on to number nine.

Running is not good you see, we walk inside this room.

If you run and break this rule, you'll have detention's gloom.

Now we're on the last of rules, its rule number ten.

This rule is use good language, and you'll be happy when

You know you live this rule, and all the rules above.

Follow all the rules, and this school year you will love.

**Russell, A Friend Beloved**

by Thomas Redd

October 21, 2001

Russell is an athlete. I love to watch him play.

I love to have him hold my hand, his warm and special way.

He always is a happy boy who tries to do what’s right

When trials of life are hard to bare, he helps me see God’s light.

I love to have him hold my hand. It means so much to me.

He is a very special friend. I love him, don’t you see?

And when he smiles, he lets me know that I am his friend too.

A great young man, this Russell is. He’s honest, kind, and true.

He always does the best he can at everything he does.

Which teacher would be picked for him? I’m grateful that I was.

I love to have him close by me. I love to have him near.

For me, he is a special friend. His memories I’ll hold dear.

I love this little friend of mine. I really think he’s great.

To be with him and hold his hand – for me, it’s hard to wait.

I hope that I can help him learn the stuff I teach at school,

But more importantly I hope he’ll learn the golden rule,

And how to do the things God asks, and always choose the right.

I’m grateful Russell is my friend. I’ll bask within the light

Of friendship kindled in our hearts, a warm and glowing fire.

I think I’ll always cherish him long after I retire.

Thanks, dear friend. The things you do make me a happy man,

And I will try to pay you back. I’ll do the best I can.

So let’s be friends for ever more and help each other out.

“I love you Russell. You are great!” is what I want to shout!

Thank you, God for letting this dear Russell be my friend.

I’ll try my best to teach him, and I’ll love him to the end,

And then when life is finally done – this race of life is won,

In heaven, may we hear Thy words, “Come dwell with me, my son.”

**Safe Summer Fun**

by Grade one, two and Three

May 3, 1995

Summer is fun when school is done.

All of the kids go out to have fun.

They ride their bikes through alleys and streets.

They go to the store and get lots of treats.

The pool's the place that they like to be.

They get a good tan for people to see.

Out in the river they get soaking wet.

They try to catch fish in their little fish net.

They jump on the tramp and bounce way up high.

They always are trying to touch the sky.

But if they fall off and land on their head,

It's a sure thing that they will be dead.

Flowers will bloom all around their tomb.

If all the kids do it, they'll run out of room.

So when you are jumping, be sure you stay on.

Cause if you fall off, you'll soon be gone.

The grass in the grave yard is green and nice,

But your body when dead is as cold as ice.

So while you are playing outside in the sun,

Be sure that you're safe when you're having fun!

**Santa and the Seven Dwarfs**

A Play for Christmas 1995

Characters

Santa Austin

Doc Janay

Grumpy Jeffrey

Happy Justin

Dopey Aaron

Sneezy Julie

Bashful Kari

Narrator Mr. Redd

Scene: Santa's workshop at the North Pole. His sleigh is in the corner. The Seven Dwarfs are busily trying to finish toys for Santa, but accidents are happening everywhere. Sneezy is working by Grumpy and sneezes on his work as the curtain opens. Sneeze is working on a toy boat, Dopey is working on princess doll. All the other dwarfs are working on a toy of their choice. Santa is seated at his desk reading letters.

Costumes: Santa Suit and The Seven Dwarfs suits, possibly with names on them to make them more recognizable.

Narrator: It's the Twenty-third of December and Things aren't going quite as well as they should be at Santa's workshop. Santa's Elves are doing their best to help out, but with the seven dwarfs as helpers, this Christmas isn't going as well as Santa would like. Sleepy has just come down with a rash and has to stay in bed. Let's take a peak in Santa's Workshop and see what is happening.

Sneezy:  *sneeze sneeze (Sneezes at Grumpy's work bench.)*

Grumpy: Would you stop sneezing on my paint job. You're blowing the paint off!

Sneezy: I didn't mean .... *sneeze sneeze sneeze*. I -- *sneeze* -- am -- *sneeze* -- sorry! *(Blows nose in large handkerchief)*

Happy: Oh take it easy Grumpy! Lighten Up! Just use Sneezy for a paint sprayer!

Dopey: There's still lots of time before Christmas. After all, it's only the 23rd.

Doc: Maybe I'd better go check on Sleepy. You know, he's awfully sick. He's got little red spots all over. I bet it's chicken pox!

Bashful: Hey, Doc! I hope you can fix him. I'd sure hate to see somebody sick on Christmas day.

Doc: I'll try to do my best! *(Doc Leaves)*

Santa: Hurry up, my little friends. It's just about Christmas. You know I have to leave tomorrow night. I need those toys finished and in my sleigh by the time I leave! Get at it!

Dopey: Whoops! I just knocked that toy off the work bench again. I guess I'll have to start all over.

Happy: Maybe I'd better go cheer up Sleepy. I just know he's really sad. I just can't stand to see unhappy people at Christmas time. *(Happy Leaves)*

Santa: Come on! You can't all go running off. We've got to get some work done around here. Now get at it!

Grumpy: Aaaa Shut Up! Why should we?

Santa: What did you say?

Grumpy: Aaaa, I said, let's get busy, shouldn't we?

Sneezy: *Sneeze* But Santa, *sneeze* *sneeze* I'm doing my best *sneeze sneeze* but I just can't *sneeze* stop sneezing. *sneeze*

Bashful: Awe. She's so cute when she sneezes.

Doc: *(Returning)* Santa, I checked on sleepy. He looks awfully sick. I think you should go check on him and you better hurry.

Santa: OK. I'll go see how he's doing, but you dwarfs better get some toys made before tomorrow night. You know, you haven't got one single toy ready yet, and I'm getting really worried. *(Santa Leaves)*

Bashful: Sneezy, Have you got that train that you're making for Santa finished yet? I sure like all those engines and cars you made.

Dopey: Shut Up Bashful. Don't spoil the Surprise! You know were all making gift for Santa, but we don't want him to know.

Sneezy: *sneeze* Yes, I'm getting it *sneeze* done, but *sneeze sneeze* everybody keep quiet *sneeze* *sneeze* so Santa won't find out about our surprise for him. *sneeze* *sneeze*

Happy: *(Returning)* Hey everybody. I can't seem to cheer him up so I had to leave him so I could stay happy.

Grumpy: Hey, Happy, we've just been talking about our gifts for Santa. You'd better hurry up and get your Teddy bears finished.

Happy: Oh, Grump-o, Don't you worry about a thing. I've got a lot done already. I've got a Happy Teddy bear, a stuffed giraffe, and the cutest stuffed pig you ever saw. And you'd even want them for Christmas.

Dopey: Stop bragging Happy. You know we all have as much as you. We've all been working in our bedrooms every night to get things done for Santa's Christmas surprise. I sure hope he likes them.

Sneezy:  *sneeze sneeze* I have an idea.  *sneeze*  Bashful, you are the best baker at the North Pole. *sneeze sneeze*  Why don't you help us all make some special  *sneeze* Christmas cookies for Santa, too?  *sneeze sneeze*

Bashful: OK. I'll help you make a great big jolly Santa cake. You know, he just loves my spice cake.

Doc: And no one makes better hot chocolate than I do. I'll make a big batch of hot chocolate for our surprise party. It will be so fun tomorrow night before Santa leaves, won't it!

*(The dwarfs pretend to bake a cake and make hot chocolate. All the cooking things are hidden away, and Santa enters the room just as the dwarfs are all huddled around the hiding place for the cake and Hot chocolate. All this happens during the next Narration.)*

Narrator: Even though the work in the workshop wasn't going too well, the dwarfs had been spending every spare minute they could find to make special gifts and toys for Santa. Most of the toys were hidden away under each of the dwarf's bed while they waited for the big surprise party. The excitement was tremendous, and even Grumpy wasn't quite as grumpy as usual. Sleepy was spending most of his time in bed, but that only made it easier for him to finish his Surprise gifts for Santa. The Dwarfs worked hard all that day, and were still working on Christmas Eve. Let's check in again, and see how the tension is mounting in Santa's workshop.

Santa: *(Returning, sees the dwarfs away from their work.)* Get Busy dwarfs. There's only a few hours left, and I haven't got any toys to take to the good little boys and girls around the world. Oh, what will I do?

Happy: Don't worry Santa. We'll get them done. You've never missed Christmas yet, have you?

Sneezy:  *sneeze*

*(Dopey jumping from the sneeze hits Grumpy's Boat and breaks the sail off. Dopey's Doll gets paint splattered.)*

Grumpy: Dopey! You ran into my boat again... and you broke the sail off. Why can't you watch what you are doing?

Dopey: Well I had to get out of the way. Sneezy was sneezing and blowing paint all over the doll I was trying to make. Now it looks more like a clown than a Princess doll. What a mess!

Sneezy:  *sneeze sneeze* Well it was  *sneeze* ugly before I  *sneeze* splattered the paint.  *sneeze sneeze* Maybe you should just *sneeze* throw it away  *sneeze sneeze* and start over. *sneeze sneeze*

Santa: *(Stopping the dwarfs fight.)* Stop your fighting! I sure wish Sleepy was well. With him here we might get enough toys ready in the sleigh before I leave. I think I'll see how he is doing before I get the sleigh ready. *(Santa Leaves)*

Bashful: Look at the clock! Isn't it time to have our surprise party for Santa? We'd better go get all of Santa's Christmas presents.

Doc: Listen everybody! We'll never get these toys done so we may as well just stop. This Christmas will be a special one for Santa. I'm sure all the children in the world won't mind if Santa gets gifts instead of them.

Happy: Go Get your surprises Everyone! And hurry!

Dopey: First lets clear off all the work benches. Just push everything into the garbage. We need room for the cake and toys.

*(All the dwarfs push the work benches clear of toys and clean up.)*

Grumpy: Move it everyone. Get your things.

*(All the dwarfs run to their rooms and return with piles of toys and gifts for Santa. The gifts and cake are put on the work benches.)*

Sneezy: I'll watch  *sneeze*  for Santa. *sneeze sneeze*  I'll sneeze five times  *sneeze*  when I see him coming. *sneeze sneeze*

*(The Dwarfs are setting up for Santa's Surprise Party and there is time between Sneezy's two speeches.)*

Sneezy:  *sneeze sneeze sneeze sneeze sneeze*

Bashful: He's coming! Get ready to sing!

*(All the dwarfs stand in a group facing the door ready to sing to Santa as he enters.)*

All Dwarfs Sing: "We wish you a Merry Christmas."

Santa: What is all this? What is going on around here? Where did all these toys come from?

Happy: It's all for you Santa. We did it for you. You are always taking gifts to everyone around the world, and no one every remembers to give you gifts.

Bashful: We want you to be happy this year.

Grumpy: It won't hurt all those kids around the world to skip Christmas this year. Don't worry about them.

Santa: But don't you see! You have given me the best Christmas present ever. You have made it so that I can take toys to all the children everywhere.

Sneezy: What do you mean Santa?  *sneeze*

Santa: Well you know that we are too busy all year round to play with toys. The best gift I could have is to have all the toys I need to take around the world. You have given me enough toys to fill my sleigh before I leave, and I have to leave in just ten minutes. Lets all eat this cake and have hot chocolate before I leave.

Happy: I'll cut the cake while you all load the gifts into the sleigh.

Grumpy: And hurry everyone!

*(Happy cuts the cake while everyone else including Santa loads the gifts into Santa's Sleigh. Then they all go over to Happy for a piece of cake and glass of hot chocolate. They all need to be eating front and center as the narration ends.)*

Narrator: And so you see that this Christmas, just like all the others, was going to be just as wonderful as ever. The Dwarfs had given Santa that gift of love, the greatest gift we all can give. They too had given everything they had to the person they loved most. May your Christmas be filled with love, and giving. If you are sharing your love with others, Santa will think that you too have given him a great gift of love. You have followed his example to make others happy, and that makes him happy too.

All: Merry Christmas Everyone!

Happy, Dopey, Sneezy, Doc and Grumpy: And a Happy New Year!

Bashful: And to all, a Good night!

*Lights go out as the cast bows to the audience.*

**The** **Savior's Way**

by Thomas Redd

My heavy heart, within my breast,

Is aching from a load of care.

I often wonder what is best.

I search for answers, now, in prayer.

I know I have done wicked things

That should not have been done.

At times my soul within me stings

When thinking of the life I've run.

I talked to Priesthood men of God,

To help me start my life again.

With courage true, my feet were shod.

I went to tell it all and then

I thought I sure would courage lack,

But I divulged my awful pain.

A load was lifted from my back

And I faced life with joy again.

To think no more about those thoughts

Was council I was given.

But now with pain I feel those shots.

Am I locked out of Heaven?

I kneel in prayer and ask the Lord

To help me find forgiveness.

My Savior's love; can He afford

To help me with my weakness?

His strength I feel. He guides me now.

He wants me to be worthy.

I ask in humble prayer, "Just how,

Dear Savior, can you love me?

Am I worth the sacrifice

You made upon the cross?"

I now avoid that evil vice

To which, before, my life I'd toss.

With tears of grief, you showed the way.

And in Gethsemane you knelt.

Those sins were mine you bore that day.

What horrid pain you felt.

I felt that pain you had to bare,

And thank you for thy love.

My love is deep for you up there

In your exalted home above.

I've walked the path you showed us all.

I've trod the rocky way.

"Please forgive me," is my call.

"Help me go not far astray."

My sins forsaken and confessed

To men you called to lead.

With pangs of grief my heart was dressed.

My heart cried out in need

To seek the strength I lacked, I begged

To feel your presence near.

I've tried to keep those thoughts I dragged

From heaping me with fear.

The devil in his cunning way

Has tried to make me listen.

He tries to make me sin today.

He seems to make sin glisten.

But, No! I will be strong today!

I can't afford to weaken.

And I will hear my Savior say,

"Your sins are now forgiven."

**School**

by Tom Redd

October 18, 1996

I went to school the other day.

I went to school so I could play.

But teacher said I had to work,

So I called her a great big jerk!

**School 1991-92**

I didn't want to go to school when it had just begun.

Summertime had ended. We were missing all the fun.

We met our brand new teacher. His name was Mr. Redd

We wanted to skip school. We wished that he were dead.

We did not think that four and five would be a happy mix.

But we were put together. We were in an awful fix!

We added stupid ugly slobs for music, gym, and art.

They wouldn't sing or work that hard if they were moved apart.

We had to work extra hard when we were in their group,

And we were so exhausted that we fell right in our soup.

If we didn't work that hard our names were on the board

But all the information, the grade sixes they would hoard.

In September we were hoping that there'd be a lot of snow.

We also hoped right with it that the wind would surely blow.

We hope the road would be snowed in and keep us home from school.

It didn't come, and we got mad. We couldn't keep our cool.

We had a little party. We had a lot of fun.

John Jacobs shot poor Mrs. Maerz with a big water gun.

But then she shot our teacher, just to get him back,

For telling John to squirt her, right behind her back.

A brand new program was begun in our school in the fall.

It was to study animals, their homes, their food and all.

We called it continuity. I don't know what that means.

But it was great, except to be outdoors without latrines.

We went to view a beaver pond and hoped that we would see.

A group of furry beavers who'd be busy as could be.

But all we did was stand and get all dirty, cold, and wet.

But we had fun out there because no homework we did get.

The year progressed. Two teachers came from Lethbridge for awhile.

We tried to work our very best. For them it was a trial.

They helped us learn about the world at Christmas time you see.

They helped us do our program part as good as it could be.

We like to have them in our room and when they had to leave

A dozen cards and presents, too, I'm sure they did receive.

It was so hard to see them go. We wished that they could stay.

Now school goes on without them in the same old boring way.

On Valentines we had a ball! We played some games and stuff.

We ate a lot of cookies too, until we'd had enough.

We played some games and had some fun before we had to go.

Could we get tired of partying? I'm sure the answer's "No!"

At Easter time we were unsure of what we should take home.

The teachers went on strike right then. To school they would not roam.

We didn't know if it would last a day or month or more.

It wasn't till the news came out that we were really sure

That we'd be back in school to finish out the year.

We were glad the strike was o'er. We needed no more fear

About the way that we would end the grade that we were in.

And if we worked and did our best, a passing mark we'd win.

Right now as we draw near the end of May we start to think

About our swimming classes and the pool we will drink.

I just can't wait until that time to have some fun in town

I hope I learn to swim my strokes, or I will surely drown.

And then there will be two weeks left before the end of school.

Then summer starts! We'll all go home! Oh Boy! That will be cool!

I guess I'd better buckle down and do my very best.

So I'll do well in school this year on every single test!

**School Daze**

Thomas J. Redd

September 10,1998

School is boring with work that's too hard.

I'd rather be playing outside in the yard.

The cows and the chickens are out running free.

When I see them running I wish it was me.

But No! I am stuck here in this hot old room.

I wish I could hit Mr. Redd with the broom.

I know if I did that he'd really get mad.

I bet that he'd go tell my mother and dad.

And then my poor bottom would really be sore.

I'd rather be sitting in school. That's for sure!

So here I will sit and I'll get my work done,

And then I'll go out to the yard and have fun.

**School Drool**

by Thomas Redd

September 28, 2000

We like our teacher and our friends.

We hope this school year never ends.

The teacher’s glad to see us here.

He thinks that we are very dear.

We do a lot of work each day.

And when it’s done, there’s time to play.

We like to do our best at school.

We try real hard to keep each rule.

Our teacher gives us treats and stuff

To tell us when we’ve done enough.

We show him that the things he taught

Inside our brains, are really caught.

We like to go to school each day

To do our work the proper way.

We’re glad we’re in this school class.

If we work hard, we’ll surely pass!

**School is Cool**

by Thomas Redd

January 8, 1997

I like writing.

It is fun,

But I can't wait

Till it is done.

I like Math.

I work so hard.

I write the math facts

On a card.

I like spelling

Lists and all.

I, on tests,

The lists recall.

I like Social

Studies too.

I like the maps

And things we do.

Science is

A lot of fun.

We always get

Our work all done.

But gym class

Is an awful thing.

I'd rather read

Or dance and sing.

So school you see

Is really good.

But I'd drop gym class

If I could!

**The** **School Plan**

School is dumb, as dumb as can be.

All of that learning is foreign to me.

Why do we do it? I really don't know!

I'd rather be playing outside in the snow.

Outside we could slide down the snow banks on sleds.

Who cares if the time tables get in our heads.

All that we do is sit in our places.

We can't laugh at all. We have solemn straight faces.

We never can do all things that are fun.

We mustn't be found in the school with a gun.

I'd rather be hunting outside in the wood.

Instead of in school to work and be good.

I'd shoot little bunnies and little black bears.

I'd tramp all around without any cares.

But in school I worry about every test.

I work really hard without any rest.

If teacher was smart and gave papers less.

Inside of my desk would not be a mess.

But he hands out papers and homework to do.

Oh boy, do I hate it, and wouldn't you too?

Man! Is school boring and useless for me!

Science and Social are dumb as can be.

We have to take notes that are five pages long.

In Music we sit and we sing one dumb song.

Phys. Ed. is the subject that's best of them all.

We do it in periods. Boy, are they small.

We really should play in the gym all the time.

And not write these poems with words that do rhyme.

If school is good, and brings great results,

Why don't we leave it for all the adults?

I'm sure that they'd like it. Their children would too.

And all the adults would have homework to do.

Then all of the parents would know what we do.

They'd work all night long their work to get through.

We'd check out their homework before they could play.

With us as their helpers, they'd have to obey.

So I think its right that we change it around.

With only adults in the school to be found.

The children would play all day long and have fun.

I'm sure you'll agree that our plan should be done!

**School Work**

by Thomas Redd

January 29, 1997

Our school work is never done,

But still we have a lot of fun.

We sing and run and roller skate.

For our Phys. Ed. we just can't wait.

There are a bunch of other things

That we must do each day at school.

When it's done we get to play

Computer games. They're really cool!

I like to work hard all the time.

I like to do the best I can.

I guess that working is the thing

That turns a young boy to a man.

**Scott and his Friends**

By Thomas Redd

May 1993

There was a great class in the town Mountain View

Tom Redd was the Teacher and what did he Do?

He yelled at the class and he got really mad

Because all the students were acting real bad.

But most of the kids were ready to work.

There was not to be found, in that class, a jerk.

Please let me tell you about what they do.

They do all their work the whole day through.

Michael Mackenzie was everyone's friend.

To Scott, Ross, and Devin, good letters he'd send.

He always supports them in everything right.

He always avoids getting into a fight.

Little Scott Smith is a really fun guy.

Whenever he passes he always says, "Hi!"

He leads the class in work every day.

And boy, does he always have good things to say.

Now here's Krystal Jacobs who has a cute laugh.

Of all of her beauty, I'd like to have half.

She is a good friend. We surely know that.

If somebody's hurt, she gives them a pat.

And then there comes Ross. He's one of a kind.

Good friends like him are so hard to find.

His last name is Marshall. It suits him just fine.

His parents are proud when they say, "He is mine."

Devin comes next in that great big long line.

At all of his work, he surely does fine.

At work he is good, but at friendship he's best.

And most of the time he aces his test.

Angelyn works 'til her hands get real sore.

Being around her is never a bore.

She's nice and she's kind. She's even cute too.

If someone needs help, some helping she'll do.

Here comes Brad, the brain of the class.

He's great, too, at sports, and I'm sure he will pass.

He likes Michael Jordan, the one at the top.

From playing basketball, he'll never stop.

Steven comes next. He follows Brads Tracks.

His lips kiss Krystal's, behind all our backs.

He's awesome at sports. He never does lose.

When he goes for the basket, he sure does cruise.

Then comes our Rachel. We're lucky she lives.

All of her kindness and laughter she gives.

All through the day she helps everyone

To get their fair share of excitement and fun.

Dane is a boy who is really quite tall.

He gets to look down on all that are small.

But he's always kind to them and helps them out.

When we write class poems, good lines he will shout.

Matthew, a gentleman, has very sore knees.

But he tries really hard his friends to please.

He likes building stuff out of popsicle sticks.

Without him our class would be in a big fix.

Robin's the best of the girls in all sports.

She'd play really well in Chicago Bull's shorts.

Why don't they hire her onto their team?

The other team's players, she surely would cream.

Dena's an artist. She draws really well.

Some of her pictures, for millions would sell.

Dena likes dogs and also her friends.

To all of the class she'll be true till life ends.

**Seeking Light**

by Tom Redd

October 11, 1994

The world with snow is clothed in white.

It covers more than dark of night.

Its neat to see that light prevails.

And covers up earth's darker trails.

It's true that white is just like truth,

(Learn how to use it in your youth)

And dark is everything that's wrong.

Dark's sinful shadows move along

Keeping out light's joyful song.

So please do good and don't do wrong.

Don't let sin or dark prevail.

Our goal is heaven. Hold the trail!

**Self Esteem Workshop**

At the Magrath School

October 23, 1992

by Thomas Redd

When self esteem is rather low,

It's hard for kids to learn and grow.

To help them do their best in class,

They need to know their worth, alas.

The atmosphere in school's must change

To help a child, his thoughts arrange.

The teacher must feel good at first.

If not, it's true, he'll be the worst.

A kid's self worth, he knows full well.

A baby's smile his feelings tell.

He learns in life in all he'll do.

He knows he's worth your loving, too.

Now self esteem we cover up

Like mud caked on a golden cup.

We need to strip the mud away.

We need to start that work today.

Notes and cards and smiles, too,

Help to lift--share feelings true.

We all do things now everyday

To help our friend's esteem some way.

Listening to the other guy--

It always helps and we know why.

It helps to feel the other's thought.

It lifts the souls of others lots.

Our self esteem, it wavers so.

It's high some days, and others, low.

It grows with age till sixty years.

But when it's down, there may be tears.

Sugar helps to change our moods.

When we get down, we turn to foods.

At times we sit and want to stay

Alone and quiet all that day.

We pull ourselves inside, you see.

We think we're safer; even free.

But it is harmful just the same.

We need some help. It's not a game.

We've all had people through our life

That helped us live amid our strife.

They taught us values we hold dear.

They helped us overcome our fear.

No matter what our problems be,

Worse things have happened out at sea.

We must remember good times, too.

The good will often pull us through.

With kids, we must ask them each day

What will get done and in what way.

It helps them know that they are great,

That, yes, their council has some weight.

We all need people in our life

Who help us overcome our strife.

They're loving loyal trusting friends.

Their list of traits, it never ends.

More important than their love

Is honest trust from those we love.

When we are tired out some day,

A change of task helps on the way.

Energy we gain from fun.

The tasks we're doing one by one,

Can take from us the will to do,

Or gives to us what pulls us through.

We need to have someone to give

The love we need as life, we live.

But most of all we need to risk--

Not things that make us slip a disk,

But things that let us all succeed,

And grow and learn about the need

That's deep inside--the things we hide,

The things we do and burst with pride.

We need to risk a time or two.

A strange new thing that we should do

Is something that we've never done.

We have to stop and have some fun.

Some things about us in our lives

Will make us go — our courage drives.

We may be different than the rest.

Some things about me, I like best.

But all these things I must accept.

That at some things I'm not adept.

Yes, I must like me as I am.

I must be gentle as a lamb

Upon myself--my ego, too,

Or self esteem for me is through.

The thing that helps our egos so,

Are things around us where we grow.

We have demands upon us now.

How to fill them? How, oh how?

We must know now what we must do.

We must be cared for--trusted, too.

We need creative thoughts to grow.

We need each other, too, and so

We need to take the time to say

What we appreciate each day.

When goals are set by someone else,

The erg to keep them seldom swells.

If they were ours, we'd try to keep

The goals we set within us deep.

We must remember what is best

About our jobs and all the rest.

When we see jobs done splendidly,

We must tell others speedily.

We need the praise our peers can give.

We need a lot each day we live.

We need to trim our duties, too.

We must say, "Now I will not do

Another thing. My plate is full."

A teacher's life will often pull

Him to the wishes of the rest--

To do some things he can't do best.

When feeling safe, we get things done.

The school environment can be fun.

We get things done when school is safe.

No person, then, is just a waif.

Each teacher on a school staff

Must get rewarded with a laugh,

A poem, a plaque or note.

When someone's great, it must be wrote.

The boss is also in that need.

We must give praise to those who lead.

We must each validate the rest

For all the things that they do best.

We need to often think of good,

The things within us that we should

Remember, that is part of us.

We are worth a little fuss.

A little note to those on staff,

That might provide a tear, a laugh.

We need to care for others, too.

There's little things that we can do

To help our unity to grow,

And when it grows, it sure will show.

The kids and teachers all will know

They're loved, and then their egos grow.

Most people have a need to fit

Within the group where they now sit.

Do I do enough to aid

The lonely one who is afraid

To reach out to those he's around,

To point out all the good we've found?

Do we speak with pride and trust

About our school staff? It's a must!

Do we celebrate the ones

Who come to us and without funds,

Give to us a taste of fun

From all the different things they've done?

We had lunch at this point in the day. Sometimes poems are hard to understand, but I think that the rest of the day was productive too. Even though the beat was different, there still are things that a poem can share.

We must have a sense of purpose in mind.

When working with kids, or hunting we find

If we shoot where the birds are, we only shoot air.

We must do much better to hit birds out there.

Have faith in others and they soon will see

That we all can do it in love and safety.

We don't know the goals of those peers of ours.

Why, all that we know are his kids and his cars.

We need, now, to talk to the heart of our friends.

The staff would be better. We'd all make amends.

The pyramid shown us will work every time,

But build from the bottom or stop on a dime.

You can't build a tower without any base.

We all must be needed to run a good race.

We need to work hard in all that we do--

Get all the kids working to see the job through.

Don't stop at success, but go further still.

Remember to praise them as great leaders will.

When finally we're through with the task that's at hand,

Make sure that you celebrate--make success grand.

Non-verbal messages--stronger than words,

Are sure what we need when we're hunting for birds.

When praising the good kids, the others come, too.

There are only a couple that just will not do

The things that you ask them to do for the class.

Perhaps without discipline some will not pass.

The thoughts were all given and we all felt smart.

We then were reminded of all that took part.

The day was productive. A lot can be changed.

There's time for us all to have plans re-arranged.

If we will listen with more than our ears,

We all will have wisdom, much more than our years.

So let us go forward and work at our station.

Let's all be supportive and give admiration.

Our lives will be better as we go along.

We'll truly be happy our whole lifetime long.

DANCE

(to the tune of Mary Had a Little Lamb)

Loba-daba-daba do,

Daba do, Daba do.

Loba-daba-daba do,

Loba-daba do. Hey!

Large Circle, holding hands, then hands on shoulders, the on ear lobes, and then noses, and then ankles.

**Sick**

I cannot go to school today,

I do not care what you may say!

My hand is feeling very numb.

I think I have a broken thumb.

My braces feel tight and rough.

Breakfast was not quite enough!!

A chicken pox is in my ear,

And it's so sore, I cannot hear.

My toes are getting very blue.

I think I'm getting teddy bear flu.

I'll be sick all through the day.

I will not eat what's on my tray.

My ears are getting all pussed up.

I cannot drink out of my cup.

My throat is feeling very dry.

My temperature has gone sky high!!!

Oh dear! Oh my! What's that you say?

There's something new at school today?

About all creatures great and small,

Tiny ones, large ones, short and tall.

My temperature is coming down.

I have no reason now to frown.

Today we'll use our imagination.

If I don't go, it's hyperventilation!!!

The teachers have some fun things planned.

I no longer have that high, high fever.

I want to go see Barney, the beaver.

I'd better go and lend a hand.

Today will be a special day!

Good-bye! I'm Gone! I'm on my way!!!

**Singing Praises**

by Thomas Redd

October 9, 1994

Once again its time to think about the gifts of life.

We have a country brave and strong where we are free from strife.

I'm proud to be Canadian. I'm glad that I live here.

The gift of life, the Gospel too are blessings I hold dear.

We're blessed in countless many ways each day as life goes by.

For all these blessings we give thanks and here's the reason why.

All things that we enjoy in life come from our God above.

They come from Christ our Savior too, and his atoning love.

And when thanksgiving time rolls round our thoughts are turn above

We think of all the gifts we have. We know our Savior's love.

Without our Savior's constant help and all his life can mean,

We never could be free from sin. Through Christ we may be clean.

So let us all be grateful for the blessings we all share.

For Shelter, food, and families, our homes and all that's there.

Let's bow our heads in humble prayer and thank our God above.

For all the things that we enjoy and for his gracious love.

Without it we could not return to live with Him again.

It's plane to see that we are blessed and all through life have been.

So raise your voice in humble praise and thank your heavenly king.

Hosannahs to our Father sing. Our voices let us ring.

**A** **Smiling Friend**

Thomas Redd

November 5, 1998

Jona is a happy kid who always has a smile.

A fine young man like Jona Wipf will go the extra mile

To make you feel that you are loved and that you're needed too.

Jona is a loyal friend — the kind of friend that's true.

I'm glad the Lord has let me be the teacher of this kid.

I always will remember all the things that Jona did —

A candy bar you shared with me, a smile and a tease.

All these things are wonderful and make me feel at ease.

I like it when you joke with me. Your eyes are twinkling bright.

I do believe that this young man will always do what's right.

I like to see your dark brown eyes and dimple on your cheek.

I like your dark and wavy hair. I like the way you speak.

You see, to me, there couldn't be a kinder, wiser boy.

To be with you has always brought me happiness and joy.

Thank you Jona for your kind acceptance of this man.

And if you ever need some help, I'll do the best I can.

Thank you for including me in fun things that you do.

It's something I don't often say, but Jona, I like you.

I'm grateful, now, to God above that you're a special friend.

I hope that friends we'll always be, forever to the end.

**Snow**

by Thomas Redd

January 16, 1997

It's snowing! It's Snowing!

The snow drift is growing.

The sidewalk is covered.

The grass is all smothered.

As fluffy soft feathers fall

They to us seem to call.

The snowflakes are falling.

The children they're calling.

A snowman will take form.

Come out in the snow storm.

With children to help me

Our snowman, we'll soon see.

We'll give him two eyes.

From his pipe smoke will rise.

His nose is a carrot.

The work we will share it.

It's always a fun day

When snow storms come our way.

With joy that it's giving.

It's great to be living!

**Snowman Friend**

Thomas Redd

October 1, 1999

The snow has finally come today.

I play outside and shout hurray!

I like to play outside in snow.

I like to make a snowman grow.

But when sun comes out he'll melt.

His pants fall down without a belt.

And finally there is nothing there.

He disappeared into thin air.

My snowman friend is lost for good.

I wish that he was made of wood

So he would stick around and play,

Even on a summer day!

**Soldiers**

by Thomas Redd

October 27, 1997

Soldiers marching in a row.

Soldiers marching. See them go.

Soldiers marching off to war.

Some of them return no more.

Some for freedom gave their life.

All of them saw toil and strife.

Boy, I'm glad they fought for right.

Because of them, our future's bright.

I want to thank those soldiers now.

To give them thanks, I don't know how.

I guess I'll live with freedom blessed.

Those soldiers truly were the best!

**The** **Song of Lament**

The Lord has challenged you in life.

The past few months were filled with strife.

Heaped upon your weary back

Were troubles that you had to pack.

The year began as most years do

With lots of plans that you thought though

What classes should I join in one?

Some people questioned what was done.

But that's your job and you stood firm.

Those pressures sure would make me squirm.

A new program we tried this fall.

We studied beavers, bugs, and all.

And then a change came right your way;

You went to work in town that day.

You had to drive the road to work.

You dealt with kids who work would shirk.

A bigger school was given you

The job was big, but you pulled through.

But coming back was hard you see.

"Father, help me follow thee"

Were words you said in humble prayer.

"My load is heavy. Are You there?"

A sweet assurance that he lives

Is what the holy spirit gives.

Thanks to that, you knew you could

Do the things you knew you should.

Fasting helped your faith stay true.

With all that's coming, what to do?

As Job, in days of old, you stood.

"All that comes is for my good.

I will not falter on my road.

With Faith and prayer, I'll bear my load."

Some would have you turn and leave

The job you've done from morn till eve.

They will try your path to thwart.

There still are some who lend support.

Your family still you have intact.

But then a bone in Chris was cracked.

"O Lord, please answer. Why this test?"

But still you did your very best.

And then to help you see the light

The greatest challenge you must fight.

Your wife, you cherish and hold dear

Was gripped in cancer's dreadful fear.

Again you turned to faith and prayer.

Could life go on without her there?

The thought of losing someone dear

Turned you to God and drew Him near.

The priesthood power you humbly hold

Was that by which your blessing told

That all was not to be for naught.

You'll have some time with those you've got.

With blessings given from above,

Your family joined in faith and love.

To ask God's mercy on a mother

That you cherish like no other.

The skillful help of doctors wise

Brought hope and trust into your eyes.

The day for surgery at last

And that whole day with her you passed.

A time to talk with hearts as one.

The Lord was there till day was done.

A nicer day could not have been.

A glimpse of future days you've seen.

You then went back to face your work.

From daily duty, could you shirk?

It's clearer now to see the goal.

You'll not let men destroy your soul.

Our life is only minutes long

But through it comes eternal song

With those we love and hold so dear.

So face the test. Go on. Don't fear!

Remember God is always near

And though life's trials you may fear,

They help you grow and worthy be

So Heavenly Father's face you'll see.

You are not left as Job, I bet.

There are some folks who like you yet.

With grateful heart I give to you

My thanks for all the things you do.

Sincerely,

Tom Redd

**The** **South End**

by Thomas Redd

June 4, 1997

"I love you so much, I wish you were dead.

Maybe I'll shoot you right in the head.

These are the words of the grade three class,

Who all think their teacher is a great big (donkey) .

**A** **Special Group**

Thomas Redd

June 26, 2002

This has been a happy year for students in grade two.

Each child in the class is dear perhaps our teacher too.

We’ve done a lot of school work and also had some fun.

The race of getting through grade two each one of us has won.

I’m thankful that I had the chance to be part of this group.

We worked together all year long. We made a perfect troop.

Each boy and girl within the class is special to us all.

We have our friends with whom we play, and also like to call.

Ashley is a quiet girl who works hard everyday.

And we found out that she can run when we watched yesterday.

She’s always done the best she can in everything she does.

And to the girls, she’s always been the best friend that there was.

Aubrey worked and grew a lot in all her school work.

She did her math and reading too. From work she’d never shirk.

She quietly has done her best and that is all we ask.

She’ll do well in life, we know, at every single task.

Avery is a special boy. He likes to be a friend.

My memories of this precious boy I’ll cherish to the end.

I love his smile. I love his laugh. I love him quite a bit.

And just to show that he likes me, by me, he’d like to sit.

Brooklyn is a loving girl who likes to do her best.

She likes to read, and write, and run, and sing and all the rest.

She loved to around her friends and help them out a lot.

And for the things she did for me, respect is what I’ve got.

Celine is such a special girl who always tried to be

A friend and helper to her class, including even me.

She did her best. She worked real hard to get through her grade two.

I really like this precious girl. I love her. Wouldn’t you?

Cianna was a model child who did the best she could.

In everything she ever did, her work was always good.

She always went the second mile when helping people out.

“I love you lots. You’re really great,” is what I want to shout.

Danae has been a teacher’s dream in everything she did.

Her talents in her school work, she never, ever hid.

She worked quietly all year and always did real well.

To be a scholar is her aim. She loves it, you can tell.

Douglas came to be with us, and boy we’re glad he’s here.

He’s pleasant, kind and always nice. This little boy is dear.

I’m thankful that he was my friend and that I got to be

The teacher of this special boy, ‘cause he is dear to me.

Justin is a hero when it comes to rodeo.

He is someone special that I’m really glad I know.

He is a star in reading and he does real well in math.

I grateful that the Lord placed such a hero in my path.

Katelyn also came to us when school was near through.

I’m grateful, Katelyn, that you’re here because of all you do.

I love to see your pleasant face. I know that you are nice.

Your gentle ways have added to our class, a special spice.

Kolby is a boy to watch because he will not stop

Progressing in his school work until he is the top.

He careful has learned to read and I am proud of him.

He’s kind to everyone of us. He likes to play at Gym.

Matthew is our grade ten boy. At least it seems like that.

For all the work he does so well, his back, I’d like to pat.

I love you Matt. You’re really great. I’ll always think you’re neat.

Thank you for the things you do. I really think you’re sweet.

Mia is a student who excels in all she does.

She likes to do her very best. I like her just because

She seems to smile at me a lot and tries to be a friend

To everyone around her and I hope she’ll never bend.

Mikayla smiles all the time. She’s gentle, kind and true

In all she does and all she says. She’s always helping you.

I’ll miss her kindness in my room when she is gone from here.

The memories of this little girl are memories I’ll hold dear.

Nick is careful all the time in everything he does.

I think the world of this young man. I love him just because

He always does the best he can. He never makes mistakes.

The thought of having him move on, my tender heart, it breaks.

Orrin always see the world and everything around

Through different eyes than other folks because his thinking’s sound.

I’ll miss the way you find the joke in little things I say.

And I’ll bet that in the future, I will miss him everyday.

Russell has a tender heart. He loves to play outside.

I like to have him with me too. My love I cannot hide.

Russell, you are special in a thousand different ways.

I watch the things you do and say, and boy, you have my praise.

Sam is someone special who this year has really grown.

I’m glad that you were in my class. I’m glad that you, I’ve know.

You grew a lot in school work and did the best you could.

Continue, in the future, doing all the things you should.

Samara is a quiet girl that I have watched progress.

She seems to me to be a special girl–a princess.

She always wants to do what’s right and help her friends along.

She’s cheerful all the time you know. She’s like a happy song.

Skylar is a gentle boy who likes to be with friends.

And if he ever hurts someone, he always makes amends.

I like the way he shares his thought about the things he knows.

I’m thankful that I know him and his love for me he shows.

Tanner a happy boy who like to joke and tease.

He is a real scholar so he does his work with ease.

I’ll miss his happy smile when this school year is done.

Thanks, dear Tanner for your love, your smile and your fun.

Zack has done a lot of work to show that he is smart.

I think he likes to read a lot, do math and even art.

I love you Zack. You’re very dear and I will miss you so.

You’ll always be a friend of mine. I just want you to know.

Mr. Redd’s the other one who helped us in our class.

And we helped him the best we could, but he just could not pass.

He’ll have to start again in school. To grade one he must go.

He loves us all. We are his friends, and he wants us to know

That we are special kids to him and he’ll remember all

The things we did to help him in the year that we know call

Our grade two year–a year of fun, and work and other stuff.

I love you all, my precious friends. I can’t tell you enough.

Go onward in your school work and do the best you can.

Make everybody proud of you. You’ll be a special man

And woman in the years to come, and I’ll be watching you

In all the things that you become and all the things you do.

Lets always try to keep in touch and always friends we’ll be.

And when you need a friend to help, please come and talk to me,

And I, in turn will watch for you, because it’s you I love.

And for the chance to be with you, I thank the Lord above.

You really are a special bunch of kids I call my friends.

I’ll love you all with all my heart until my own life ends.

Thanks so much for all you’ve done to help your teacher grow.

I think of you as dear, dear friends, and kids I love you so.

**The** **Spirit's Voice**

by Thomas Redd

June 12, 1997

The spirit's voice has touched my soul.

It helps me see my heavenly goal.

I'm glad He speaks within my heart

And helps me know and act my part.

When we are touched by sacred light

It's time to let our faith shine bright.

We must hold tight, in times of strife

To faith that helps us move through life.

For when we're touched by Him on high

It helps us ever more to try

To live the gospel more each day;

To walk within the Savior's way.

Our hearts and hands are clean you see.

The spirit whispers that we're free

From sins and weaknesses of flesh.

It's time to start our life a-fresh.

The spirit cannot dwell within

A soul that lives and loves a sin.

Repentance lets the spirit dwell

Within the soul that's doing well.

It shows to us that God forgives

The one in whom repentance lives.

So may the spirit ever speak

Within my heart though I am weak.

It's holy presence helps me see

And feel my Father's love for me.

It helps me see that God forgives.

It teaches that my Savior lives.

Christ's atonement helps me grow.

It sets me free from sin, I know.

Now, I must do my part for sure.

I must repent. I must be pure.

When I do this the promise is

That I'm forgiven — that I'm His,

And when the spirit's in my heart

I know that I have done my part.

The promised blessings then will flow.

My faith and trust in God will grow.

So when the spirit's in my heart

I know I've done my sacred part —

That God forgives when I repent.

The spirit's voice is heaven sent.

I thank the Lord He speaks to me,

That with him, I, in heaven will be!

**Spring**

Thomas J. Redd

The warm spring air now beckons me

And calls to me to come and see

That new spring life has come again.

It starts with gentle warm spring rain.

The sun is shining golden warm.

It shields us from winter's harm.

New life we see in buds on trees,

And births of animals that frees

The great excitement for new life.

They're young and so have not had strife.

Why do I now sit inside,

Instead of running free outside?

I never will quite understand,

Cause my, oh my, the weather's grand.

Lets end this meeting right away

So we can go outside and play.

**Spring is Sprung**

April 18, 1997

by Thomas Redd

My mother says go out and play.

"Cause it is warm," she says, "today."

The words she used to tell me so

Are simple these — So you will know,

"Spring is sprung the grass is riz.

I wonder where the flowers is."

I wonder where she learned to speak.

Her grammar's sort of sprung a leak.

But that's okay cause I love her.

She's just the way her parents were.

So I must watch the things I say

Or I'll be just like her someday.

**Spring Clothes**

March 29, 1995

It is nice when spring is here.

We get to ride our bikes.

In the fields and all around,

A kid does what he likes.

We swim in ponds and lakes and pools

In sun that makes us bake.

A cool drink will quench our thirst.

I think I'll have a shake.

I bounce up high on trampolines

Or on my Po-go stick.

The grass is growing green and tall.

The flowers I like to pick.

Spring is neat because it's warm--

No need to wear a coat.

But still I have to wear my clothes.

I'd rather be a goat!

**Springtime**

Thomas Redd

May 18, 1999

In Spring the days are sunny and it's nice to be outside.

The only time it cools off is when the sun does hide

behind the clouds that float above and shade the earth below

the weather that we're having now, sure makes the garden grow.

On days like this I hate to be in school in my place.

I'd rather go outside with Joe and have a little race.

The grass is green and leaves are finally growing on the trees.

I crawl around when playing and get holes upon my knees.

I like to watch the bugs I find beneath each stone and rock.

I like to sit and talk to friends, or even take a walk.

I like to hear the sounds of spring - the birds that screech in flight.

I like to have the days so long with very little night.

The crops are growing in the fields. A cow has got a calf.

This list of things I like in spring is really only half

Of the things that make this time the best of all the year.

Springtime, you see, is wonderful. To me this time is dear.

**Springtime is Here!**

Thomas Redd

A flower is blooming, the bird now sings.

Spring is so joyful. Surprises it brings.

The sunshine is warming the earth down beneath.

With grasses and flowers we'll soon make a wreath.

When spring comes upon us, the green grass is growing.

The ice is all gone now, the rivers are flowing.

The gophers are out with their babies so dear.

We know with the babies that springtime is here.

The cold and the snow in winter's so boring,

And now that it's springtime, the birds are all soaring

People are fishing and swimming about,

And when they go fishing, they're sure to catch trout.

New life is starting the sap starts to flow.

The trees now are budding. The leaves soon will grow.

The weather brings sunshine, and warmth and spring showers.

Put these three together, it helps all the flowers.

Spring only lasts a short time each year,

But if you are smart you won't shed a tear.

The warmth of the summer will soon stay 'round,

For Summer is nice, too, is what we have found.

**A** **Standard of Light**

Thomas Redd

June 8, 1998

David, for me, is a standard of light

'Cause all that he does, he tries to do right.

I'm thankful I know him, for he's touched my life.

He shows how to overcome sorrow and strife.

Now David is handsome, a charming young man.

I like to be 'round him as much as I can.

But he isn't stuck up and snobby at all.

He's just as polite as his body is tall.

But tall is a problem that he's come to know.

It sort of relates to how his legs grow.

The challenge he faces is knees that are sore.

And not just a skinned knee, but a whole lot more.

Something went wrong with the cartilage there.

And David has pain that is so hard to bear.

No one but David knows how much it hurts.

But that doesn't stop him in all his efforts.

I marvel at how he is faithful and true.

I marvel at all the work David can do.

He's just not a quitter. He always tries hard

To play and to work — all his pain disregard.

I'm sure that he wishes his knee was the same

As the knees of his friends who are playing a game

Of basketball, volleyball or soccer too.

His challenging knee limits all he can do.

Now David could crow and complain quite a lot

Because of the trials in life that he's got.

But learning from trials is something he's done,

He faces his trials and test one by one.

I'm proud of this young man for doing what's right.

I'm sure that his prayers he says morning and night.

He knows his Redeemer, his Savior from sin

And sincere forgiveness for sin he will win

As he travels the road that will lead him to God.

His feet with the light of the Gospel are shod.

The scriptures he studies. He lives a good life.

He cheerfully faces his toils and strife.

The things that he does right are many, you see,

Because of his trust in the Lord he is free

To serve in the Kingdom of God on the earth.

He knows that each soul is a pearl of great worth.

His mission will take him to seek out those souls.

With trust in the Lord, he'll complete all his goals.

He'll serve the Lord faithfully for two long years.

With courage and faith he will conquer all fears.

How thankful I am that I work with this man.

To help him be faithful, I'll do what I can,

But his great example will help me do right.

He guides me along like a light in the night.

So David continue to do all you should.

Go Forward with courage, and always do good.

I'm thankful you live right and show me the way.

For your great example I thank you today.

I want to be like you someday in the end.

Thank you for being my brother and friend.

I pray when life's over and we're free from sin

We'll hear our Savior say, "Come, enter in."

**The** **Steaming Dummy**

March 1, 1995

Once there was a dummy

Who came from outer space.

The race this dummy came from

Was quite a funny race.

His mother had two heads,

And his father had two tails.

His brother had eight eyes,

And ears that looked like sails.

Every time this dummy

Went walking down the street,

He always got in trouble

'Cause he stepped on people's feet.

If you chance to meet him,

I hope that you won't scream,

'Cause if you show you're scared of him,

He'll burn you up with steam!

**Steven**

(Dedicated to Steven Coon)

There once was a young man named Steven.

With his brother, he tried to get even.

He beat up poor Brad,

Who then called his Dad

But Dad said the fight was uneven.

**Steven Scott, A Cherished Friend**

by Tom Redd

February 19, 1997

I thank the Lord for friends I've got —

For Steve Scott that I once taught.

I thank the Lord that he's still true

To things that Christ taught us to do.

A special boy in every part —

I hold him dear within my heart.

I pray that he will always be

The kind, dear friend he is to me.

I think of him when he was young.

No evil word escaped his tongue.

His happy smile I loved to see.

Fond memories now flood over me.

He was so kind to all around.

His skills and talents now abound.

His love for football still is strong.

He learned with work, you can't go wrong.

When playing football, he's a star.

Some other things about him are

He loves the Lord with all his heart,

And in Christ's church he does his part.

He walks by faith. He holds God's hand.

And now he's in a foreign land

To teach the gospel for the Lord.

Our Savior's love is his reward.

For two long years the time will fly.

His mission soon will all go by.

And if he does his very best,

We know that Steven will be blessed.

He'll wish his mission was not done.

He'll know that he had lots of fun

Sharing truths with other souls

And meeting all his mission goals.

I love that little boy I taught.

I thank the Lord that I have got

The memory of that little man,

And he's now doing all he can

To live a life that's good and full.

His share of every load he'll pull.

I like to keep in touch with him,

Though time may make some memories dim,

Steven Scott will always be

A very special friend to me.

May we always stay in touch.

To hear from you has meant so much.

Perhaps in heaven we will know

Just why our lives touched here below.

True friendship is a gift from God.

I know your heart won't find that odd.

I think that we were once good friends.

The veil, at birth, my memory ends

Of times we spent together there.

Our Father's love we then did share.

Keep doing right both day and night.

Walk within God's holy light,

And we'll return to live with him.

Please may our friendship not grow dim.

Now please forgive this humble poem.

May God be with you as you roam,

And in your heart, may there be love

For me, your friend, from Heaven above.

**Summer**

This summer was too fun for our family, alas

We went up to the mountains right over Logan's Pass.

It was so very scary, as scary as could be.

The next thing that we knew, we were landing in a tree.

A bird then pecked my head, because her eggs were mooshed.

The car was in a tree, so I got out and pushed.

The car fell with a crash on the ground below.

Out climbed my mother. She was trembling so.

Now bush and brush and pine needles, don't feel good,

So when you're driving Logan's Pass, drive like you should.

**The** **Summer Class We Had to Take**

Camping out inside a school

Wasn't really all that cool.

I really wanted to go to the pool

But my mom said, "You go to school!"

Three boys from five and one from six

Made a rather interesting mix

We wondered who our teacher'd be

So we were going to have to see.

We went on in and found him there

And what a nerd we found in there.

He told a poem about a bird

He squashed that little bird, my word!

Three of us went swimming first

And came in late with a sudden burst.

A bike was in our room that day

He told us to go and play.

We road around that track we made

William had trouble, so little he weighed

So all the rest we tried it out

And we found out we could pout

When we hit each other on that cycle.

On that thing we all went phsyco!

We had to read some stories too

And give a short report to you.

We planned about a trip to space

But didn't make it through that race

We took the wrong things on that trip.

We took the water we could sip.

A life raft was no good for us.

We talked about it what a fuss.

Refreshments came at 11:15.

We had to keep the school grounds clean.

Wheel of fortune was really fun

Even though it couldn't be done.

Relays were the things that day.

When they sent us out to play.

We finally made it through the week.

That awesome trike we'd like to sneak

But Rob has claimed it for his own.

To him it is his personal throne.

And so you see we have to go.

And Mr. Redd will miss us so.

We're sad it's done. We had such fun.

Now you see, our school is done.

**Summer Conference 1999**

Thomas Redd

August 11, 1999

I sat in class with Ann and Frank, and Larry too was there.

Some of us are rather old, as shown by graying hair.

We had some plays with actors, too, who showed we'd make it though.

The water o'er the bridge of strife will someday smoothly flow.

A circus is what P.D.'s like, with teachers in the ring.

There could be some who fly around and all our praises sing.

PD is like a mountain climb. With help you'll reach the top.

Rewards will come to those who work and never, never stop.

PD is like a Pentium that stores a lot of facts.

We quietly will do our job. With school boards make some pacts.

PD is like a motor car with many needed parts.

The motor gets the car--some sessions touch the hearts.

A dentist is a bit like us. He ties to help us out.

We need to have our teeth repaired before they all fall out.

A crown perhaps or root canal will be what he must do.

The PD Chair is there to help. What can he do for You?

We learned while we were sitting here that we've a great big job

To help our friends and collogues grow. Yes, we must help the mob

To stretch a bit, to learn and grow within their chosen field.

The tools of PD we use, and we must never yield.

Go forward now with courage bright and sing PD's great song.

As teachers grow with PD's help, our local will be strong.

The ATA is wonderful. I'm proud to be a part

Of this great group of people who have courage in their heart.

They know that they can conquer all the trials that we face

If we are united as we run the teaching race.

This class today as been a help. It gives to all new light.

We'll make it work. We'll do our best. We'll try with all our might!

Thanks so much for all you've done to help us learn and grow.

The depth of all you've done for us, you'll really never know.

This course has help me out a lot. I'm grateful that you came.

To do a better job this year is now where I will aim.

**Summer's Freedom**

by Thomas Redd

June 11, 1997

Our school year is almost done.

School this year has been great fun,

But I can't wait till summer's here.

I hope it's nice and warm this year.

I want to go outside to play.

I'll play outside day after day.

With friends I'll play at hide and seek.

I might go camping for a week.

Perhaps I'll climb a mountain tall

And see a pretty water fall.

I'll hike on cool forest paths.

I'll swim instead of taking baths.

I want to swim and play outside

And on my bike I'll take a ride.

In summer I am truly free,

And that's just how I like to be.

**A** **Super Class**

by Tom Redd

September 26, 1994

The kids in Del Bonita

Are wonderful and kind.

They always do their homework,

Each has an active mind.

Melissa is a sweetie.

I like her in my class.

The way that she is working

I'm sure that she will pass.

Julie is the girl

Who always likes to write

She always does her very best.

She tries with all her might.

Kasie is a helper.

She's always kind and sweet.

She is a super worker.

I really think she's neat.

Jeffrey entertains us.

He's always having fun.

But when he has some work to do,

He works until it's done.

Justin likes to work fast.

He always does his best.

His work is always finished

Long before the rest.

Austin reads and writes well.

A student he must be.

We like him in our classroom.

He's kind to you and me.

Blake's the boy that's happy

He likes his show and tell.

In everything at school

He's really doing well.

Janay's the neatest writer

That I have ever seen.

She likes to play and share with us.

She's never, never mean.

Brandon is our leader.

He is our classroom Rep.

He is so full of energy

He gives us lots of pep.

I'm really glad I came here.

To Del Bonita School

Cause all the kids are super.

They're really really cool!

**Surviving Life's Trials**

by Thomas Redd

January 24, 2002

Alone I stand though crowds surround me everywhere I go

The way to have dear friends near by is what I'd like to know.

I wish that I could talk a bit to someone who's like me.

Included in a friendship ring is where I'd like to be.

If only I could figure out the way to talk with men

Or find a way to have old friends around me once again

I feel I could endure the trials that life has put me in.

With friends' support to help through life, I'm sure this race I'd win.

There's time in life to be alone to ponder think and pray.

But all alone each day of life is really not the way

That men can find true happiness while living here on earth.

Where are all the special friends I had before my birth?

Is life just time to be alone and never have some fun?

I pray that soon my mortal life will finish and be done.

But if there is a chance for joy and happiness below.

The way to find true fellowship, I pray that I will know.

I spend my days with children and the pressure of their care.

I help them out at school, and at church and everywhere.

I never have a chance to talk with other men I know

And oh, I'd love to be with them to help new friendships grow.

Why is life so hard for me is what I often ask.

It seems that living mortal life is such a daunting task.

At times I wish that I was through with trials here on earth.

I wonder what's the span of years between my death and birth.

Will I be a concourer and overcome my trials?

In heaven will I see again my Heavenly Father's smiles?

I pray that I will faithful be until the end of days.

And always live the Gospel in a hundred righteous ways.

I pray that once again I'll hear my Heavenly Father's voice

And feel his arms around me as he says that I am choice.

Come dwell with me in peace and joy is what I want to hear.

And for the chance to be back home, I'll thank my Savior dear.

Dear God please help me always be a faithful worthy son

Until this life is over and the fight with sin is won.

And may I hear your loving words, "From sin, you now are free.

You served me well while on the earth. My son, come dwell with me."

**The** **Teacher**

by Thomas Redd

August 23, 1993

A teacher's job is never done,

Until the Summer has begun.

He watches for the work that's best,

And tries to help with all the rest.

His skillful eyes he uses well.

His words he carefully picks to tell

The changes that he needs to see

To make the students truly free.

The job goes on both day and night.

He thinks of knowledge as a light.

He tries to share his light with all

That come within the school hall.

And finally when the job's done well

And when at last we hear June's bell,

The teacher and the student there

Become a friendly, loving pair.

So keep on doing all you do

The best you can, and you'll pull through.

Your student will become your friend.

Now don't you want that in the end?

**Teacher Trouble**

Thomas Redd

April 1, 1999

My teacher is a donkey.

At least he acts like one.

He makes me do my school work

And that just isn't fun.

I wish he wasn't here today.

I wish that he was sick.

Maybe I should help him out

By giving him a kick.

If I kick him hard enough,

I'd send him into space,

And when he came back down again

He'd land right on his face.

And then I'd like to stomp on him

And bruise him up a bit,

And then I'd hit him on the face,

And on him I would spit.

But Dave would get upset at me

And hit me on the head,

So I'd better do my school work

And be nice to Mr. Redd!

**A** **Teacher Who Loved Us**

Thomas Redd

May 26, 1999

This year has been a good one for the kids at Milford School.

All of us have learn this year, that we are very cool.

When first we started school, we all tried to do our best.

We did our work so carefully; were neat and all the rest.

Our teacher was a new one and we hoped he'd be okay.

He does a lot things at school in a different way.

He likes the work we do for him. He often tells us so.

He writes us notes to share his love. He says that we should know.

His notes say that he loves us, and that we are special friends.

If ever he has hurt us, he has tried to make amends.

I'm glad he came to teach us here. I like to be with him.

I think the love I have for him could never become dim.

He doesn't like to use the strap to make us work in school.

Instead he likes to call us friends and tell us why we're cool.

He says he really likes us all - the girls and the boys.

He likes to share sad times with us. He also shares his joys.

I'm grateful that this teacher has been here for this year.

The memories that I have of him for me are very dear.

I glad he came to teach us and I want to say thank you

For all the things you do for me. I really do like you.

**Teachers are Cruel**

Thomas J. Redd

October 16, 1999

I hate it when the teacher says I have to do my work.

I'd like to punch his lights out 'cause I think he is a jerk.

I do my work so quickly that I know it can't be right,

But I want to go outside and play before day turns to night.

My teacher often catches me when he checks all our stuff.

He makes me do it all again until it's right enough.

I'd like to kick my teacher out and send him out of school

Because he makes me do my work. Now, don't you think that's cruel?

**Teaching Poems**

by Tom Redd

October 1993

If poetry is hard to teach,

I've found a trick that's sure to reach

The heart of him--the toughest one,

And you'll have poems before your done.

My viewer and my overhead

Have helped my class; their thoughts have led

To help them write some poems and stuff.

I'll show you how! It's not too tough!!

**Tears**

November 3, 1997

When war was declared the righteous shed tears.

Their minds were all clouded with worry and fears.

They knew that their sons would soon go to war.

Their tears they would shed as they walked out the door.

The mothers, they cried, and prayed that they'd live.

For Freedom for us they knew that they'd give

Their efforts and time and bravery too.

They did all of this for me and for you.

Some families shed tears when they heard the news

That their soldier son, for freedom did choose

To give up his life to let freedom grow.

How deep were their sorrows? We'll never know.

**The Test**

Thomas Redd

July 19, 1999

Alone I stood to face the day

And how I'd do, I could not say.

I know the Lord has trust in me

And that his light can help me see

The reason He has sent me here.

I'm sure, to Him, that I am dear.

But, Oh, it's hard to face the test —

My broken heart and all the rest.

I long to have my family be

With me for all eternity.

I want them all to do what's right —

To walk within God's holy light.

And when they wander off the path

The Devil gives them all he hath.

A life of grieve and sorrow, too,

Is all he wants for me and you.

It hurts so deeply when one strays

Or home from church, in bed, he stays.

It then is hard to see the worth

God gave to me at time of birth.

I must be strong and do what's right.

To all, I'll be a shining light

That they can follow if they will,

And they, from me, their lamps can fill.

Please Father up above I pray,

Help me live, in faith, thy way.

Give me strength to do my best,

Trusting that you'll do the rest

To take me home to dwell with thee

Surrounded by my family.

Forgive the faults I have within.

Help me over come all sin.

When life is o'er, please welcome me

With open arms. This is my plea.

I long to hear you say once more,

"For you, great blessing are in store.

Come dwell with me in peace and love.

Come enter in my home above.

I love you dearly little son.

To me, you are a chosen one.

You did your best. You passed the test.

The Saviors life will do the rest.

Eternal blessings are for you

'Cause to the gospel, you were true."

**Tests**

Thomas Redd

June 18, 1998

Why do we have so many long tests?

I'm sure that they do us no good!

Someone way up high in the government

Wants to see if we learned what we should.

But some of the questions are written so poor

That it's hard to see just what they want.

I think that those guys that made up the test

Had some knowledge they wanted to flaunt.

I bet that they think that they were so smart

To make up those big stinking tests.

By the looks on the faces of students in here,

I think that were just being pests.

They try hard to fool the kids as they write.

I don't think that's very fair.

So take it from me — I'll lay it down straight —

I just want to clear the air.

I think that these tests are not very good.

They don't really show what we learned

'Cause most of the learning that helps out in life

Was when from our studies we turned

And talked about things important to us,

Like social relations and all —

How to become a friend of someone we like

Ar the lessons that I most recall.

You see, when at school, there's lots we must do

And some of it comes from our class,

But much of the stuff important for life

Is not found in school books, alas.

Why don't the tests see if we can relate

To our friends and our neighbors alike?

Or to things that are best learned in our youth,

Like swimming and riding a bike?

I know I'd do well on a bicycle test.

I'd go really fast and have fun.

And when I get out of school at last,

I'll have lots of friends — not just one.

Now friends are the things I'll cherish through life.

The history of Greece seems no good.

And that's why I think these test are all wrong.

They simply don't test what they should.

A test should discover if I can be kind

To a stranger who walks down the hall.

If I can be nice when at recess I play

And polite on a telephone call.

A test should show that I am learning to give

My time and my efforts for good.

I help out my neighbor in his time of need —

For my friends, that I did what I could

To help them to see that they're special to me,

That I love and respect them a lot.

These test are so dumb that we write here in school.

They simply can't show what I've got!

I know I am kind and able to help.

I like to make other folks laugh.

Oh sure, I can read and multiply too,

But of life's greatest skills that's just half.

**Thankful Hearts**

by Thomas Redd

Thanksgiving Day's in October each year.

With all of our blessing, we're glad it is here.

The Lord is our Father. He blesses us so.

We're thankful to Him and we want Him to know.

We first say a blessing, a Thanksgiving prayer

The spirit of gratitude hangs in the air.

Our heart's full of thanks, and our stomachs are not.

Lets all eat this meal right now while it's hot.

On Thanksgiving Day, we have a great feast

Of turkey with trimmings and bread made with yeast.

The meal is yummy. It really is good.

We often eat way more than we really should.

Salad and turkey is so fun to eat.

Then comes the dressing and usually a treat.

The marshmallow salad is such a delight.

Just think of the cream puffs, they're sweet and so light.

Potatoes and gravy we're never without.

There's corn and some peas, without any doubt.

Pickles and cranberries, Horse Radish too,

Make one lovely meal for me and for you.

We're thankful our school is called off that day.

With all of our cousins, we go out and play.

With all of that food, just look at our gait

We run lots of races to take off the weight.

The day finally ends as every day should

Our stomachs are full and our memories are good.

The people depart and they go on their way.

We're thankful, you know, for our Thanksgiving Day.

**Thank You Mr. Pilling**

by Thomas Redd

June 11, 1995

Let me tell you something--

That you'd be proud to know.

To be with Mr. Pilling

Has made me want to grow.

You've made me want to work hard

And do the things I should.

You've made me reach for heaven

And try to be real good.

You're always there to help me.

You have a tender heart.

The few who really know you

Have liked you from the start.

When sickness crowds upon me,

You lend your faith and prayers.

You're really quite a humble man.

You never puts on airs.

I wish that you could stay here

Another year or two.

I wish you were not leaving.

Another boss won't do

The kinds of things you did for me.

From work, you'd never shirk.

With kind and tender feelings,

You always helped me work.

I thank you for your kindness.

I thank you for your love.

I thank the Lord I meet you,

You're so like Him above.

Now Carlyle when you leave me,

Please take me in your heart,

And know, dear friend, I've loved you.

I've loved you from the start.

**Thanks for Supper**

by Thomas Redd

June 19, 1997

A wonderful lady drove into our yard.

She showed by her actions that she had worked hard.

For most of the day you'd been slaving away.

I'm sure that your efforts took most of the day.

A pan full of food, then, arrived at our door

From someone we seldom do very much for.

It wasn't just food that we found in the pot.

'Twas filled with much more — all the love that you've got.

The salad was made with your sweet tender care.

Ingredients placed — not just thrown all in there.

A roast was surrounded with vegetables too,

Arranged to show beauty — that beauty from you.

A smile you brought when you came in your truck.

You said that you loved us and wished us good luck.

For supper, more costly than you could afford,

And also your friendship, we now thank the Lord.

A wonderful lady drove into our yard.

She works all day long and she works really hard.

Marlene, you are precious to God up above.

Because of your actions, we now feel God's love.

I'm sure that you'll make it to heaven some day.

For one simple thing, now, to heaven I pray

That I can be with you in God's holy house

Along with my loved ones, my children and spouse.

So please, now, accept all the thanks that we've got

For all that you sent us today in that pot.

We love you and thank you for being our friend.

We pray that our friendship endures to the end.

A wonderful lady drove into our yard.

To show that we're grateful, we wrote out this card.

Thank you so kindly for all that you do.

Thanks to Marlene, and your husband too!

**Thanks to Soldiers**

October 24, 1997

There once was a war that Hitler commenced.

The soldiers that fought were all very bold.

They fought for the right with courage and strength

And now we give thanks to soldiers of old.

They marched in the cold - for freedom they fought.

They trembled with fear as death lingered near.

Some soldiers have died when fighting they met.

They fought for the freedom that I enjoy here.

For Canada's freedom, they fought in the war.

How can I thank them, those soldiers of old?

The way that I live and the things that I do

Are how I will thank them for being so bold.

**Thanksgiving Dinner**

Thomas Redd

October 5, 1999

Many turkeys died today.

No more will they run and play.

They'll be someone's dinner now.

When they're killed, do they say, "Ou?"

In the oven they will go.

No more will they eat and grow.

But they will make me nice and fat

When I eat. I'm sure of that.

Turkey drumsticks are so good.

I eat more turkey than I should.

I eat potatoes, corn and peas.

Would someone pass the gravy please?

And when I'm finally done my plate,

I eat some pie. It tastes so great,

And ice cream too, is on my pie.

I eat so much I think I'll die!

Thanksgiving dinner is the best,

With turkey, pie and all the rest.

I'm grateful that we get to eat.

Boy! Thanksgiving sure is neat!

**This School Year**

June 17, 1994

We all went to school at the first of the year.

We took all our pencils, erasers and gear.

Dressed in new school clothes, we thought we were cool.

Exciting for us was that first day of school.

We all found our desks and we sat ourselves down.

Our first look at teacher made some of us frown.

That morning we talked about rules. Who cared?

At last it was lunch time. Our lunches we shared.

We did lots of work when we sat at our place.

We had lots of letters that we had to trace.

The days we worked hardest were days of a test.

But recess for us was the thing we liked best.

Halloween came and we each made a ghost.

Our room looked so scary, we liked it the most.

We went to each classroom and showed off our suit.

Dressed up in our costumes we really looked cute.

That day was a party. We had lots of fun.

We ate lots of treats when that day was done.

One morning at school we got on a bus.

The teachers were crabby and made a big fuss.

We all looked around for some places to sit.

Grade threes got the back seat. It's not fair one bit.

We rode up to Waterton singing a song.

We walked on a trail that wasn't too long.

We went to the fire hall to make a fake lake.

Our goal was to count all the bugs we could take

Out of that water we poured on the floor.

We put them all back and we did it some more.

The bugs were all poured in the bucket again.

To take them all home to the lake, and then

We got on the bus and came back to the school.

That day was as fun as a swim in a pool.

Christmas time's fun and the time went so fast

Except for our program. It wasn't a blast.

We practiced our program. Our part was a bore.

Our teacher said do it some more and some more.

We all were so frightened up there on the stage.

We felt like a bird that's locked up in a cage.

Our part finally ended and we felt so glad.

But when the night ended we sort of felt sad

'Cause santa was gone now right after the show.

What gifts he would bring us, we just did not know.

Our Valentine's Party came next in the year.

And we got some valentines from our friends dear.

Our Easter vacation was fun for us all.

Without any school we sure had a ball.

From Easter to swimming we worked really hard.

After our swimming we looked at our card.

The last week of school is hardest to take.

We all have to stop us from doing what's great.

When summer time comes I know I will cheer.

But in saying good-bye, I might shed a tear.

Our teacher is leaving our school for good.

I hope our new teacher will do as he should.

This year was a long one for all of us here.

We have many memories to cherish this year.

**Thoughts in Class**

Thomas Redd

April 23, 1999

Today my teacher is a crab.

He sits around with lots of flab.

He's fat, as fat, as fat can be!

And he is even mean to me.

He makes me do my school work,

That great big ugly sloppy jerk!

I wish that he would do it all,

Or on his head, that man would fall.

Perhaps today I'll help him out.

I'll use a bat upon his snout.

I'll hit him hard upon the back

And with the strap I'll give a whack.

I'll push him down and make him fall,

And then the doctor I will call.

I'll tell him that a man is hurt,

And then I'll grind him in the dirt.

I'll run away and leave him there

After I pull out his hair.

But if I do this nasty stuff

My dad might say that that's enough.

He'll punish me for all I'd done.

And that for sure would not be fun!

So I had better do my work

For my teacher. That big jerk!

**Thoughts of my Family**

By Thomas Redd

With many miles between us, I sit and shed a tear.

I miss my sweetheart dearly, and wish that she was here.

My thoughts go back to yesterday, and all the fun we had.

I think of how your heart was hurt whenever I got mad.

I wish I was more kind to you and all our kids as well,

'Cause if I don't do better, I know I'll go to hell.

I want to be with you, you see, for all eternity.

I hope you're feeling quite the same, and want to be with me.

In Manti's Holy Temple, our lives we pledged to share.

To be without you now, my dear, is more than I could bare.

You mean so very much to me. You always have a kiss.

And now that I'm in Utah, it's you I surely miss.

The power of your faith and love has helped me through each day.

I've felt your strength quite often, as you've knelt with me to pray.

I know your prayers are with me now. I feel it as I sit.

And you should know I've prayed for you in Utah quite a bit.

I've learned a lot these pasted two days as I sat here in class.

One thing for sure I learn best was -- I love my little lass.

I can't wait to be with you so soon our car will turn.

I'll try to be a better Dad with new games I did learn.

I'll head for home tomorrow, as quickly as can be.

I'll stop and buy some pictures for all the kids to see.

The other jobs I have all done. I've crossed them off the list.

So now I'll hurry home to you, the family that I've missed.

I missed you at the fireworks on Thursday night you see.

I wished that you could all have come and seen the show with me.

The day was long on Friday. I hoped that it would end.

I wrote you each a post card, and those post cards I did send.

I thought I would feel better at a show then for that night.

I went down to the Varsity, and cried there with no light.

The others at the show you see, had come with sweethearts dear.

I thought more of my Cheryl than the screen in front I fear.

At six am on Saturday, I entered holy walls.

The spirit was quite strong you see. I even felt its calls.

Some sealings I did witness, and heard that holy prayer.

That bound us once together in Manti over there.

I hurried to my class at nine, and past off all my work.

The budgie cord that afternoon, it gave me quite a Jerk.

We finished of our class that day at Alma Heaton's home.

There were some games that help him to have kids that never roam.

I thought about the ways I could do better as a dad.

I bought some books to help me cause I know I'm really bad.

There's books of games for in the house, and even some outside.

There are some things to help the kids enjoy it when we ride.

I want to become better at everything I do.

So now and for eternity I'll get to be with you.

At church I thought about you and the heavy load you bear.

I thought of all our kids and of the call you have up there.

It must have been quite hard for you. I quite enjoyed the day.

Except I really missed you in every single way.

I want to tell you now, my dear, I love you. Love you true.

God bless you and our family in everything we do.

If we keep working hard, you see, we once again can be

With our Heavenly Father and his Holy Face we'll see.

Let's work real hard our lives to live as he has taught us to.

So we can live together when this earthly life is through.

In closing may I tell you that you mean so much to me.

I love you, dear, with all my heart, and know that you love me.

Lets work together ever more to be together long.

We'll go back home to heaven, to that eternal throng.

**Thoughts on Teaching**

Why are we writing so many dumb poems

About little creatures outside in their homes?

It's all because teacher is being a dork.

I wish in his mouth, would be found a big cork.

He surely does blab a lot all through the day.

I wish that he really had something to say.

Our teacher you see has a big empty head.

I think he'd be smarter if he were now dead.

Alas, I must do as he says all the time,

So I sit here and think up the word that will rhyme

With the other dump word that I wrote on the page.

He sure doesn't do much for his great big wage.

Perhaps that is just how our teacher is smart!

He sits all day long with joy in his heart

And tells us to work hard and do stupid stuff.

He always implies that we don't do enough.

Now, that's pretty simple to do for a job!

Perhaps I should try to be like that slob.

If I go to college for many long years,

I could be a teacher, who has many fears.

The kids, will they listen to me everyday?

Will they believe I have something to say?

Perhaps to them, also, I'll be a big slob.

I still think that teaching's a pretty good job.

So I'll go to college and study with care.

I'll learn all they teach me while I'm living there.

Then I'll be a teacher — my students I'll love,

Cause teachers are full of God's love from above.

**Three Boys I Know**

by Thomas Redd

May 28, 1993

This year has been quite hard for me,

The teacher of this bunch.

It's hard to get your minds to think

Of anything but lunch.

I've had the biggest group in school,

Much bigger than I like.

There's even some inside my class

I wish would take a hike.

But on the other hand, you see,

I have some lasting friends;

The special few that do their work

Each day until it ends.

The warm and friendly heart of Scott

Has helped me out a lot.

And Devin is a friend of mine

With all the love he's got.

Michael, too, I've learned to love

And that's the funny thing.

For often it has been these three

Who's voices, out loud, ring.

It's odd you see that they can do

The things that they should not,

While others doing the same tricks

Have made my temper hot.

I guess, somehow, I seem to know

That they -- each one, likes me.

It's easier to love them back

Ignoring things I see.

True friendship is what life's about,

And Friendship's what we share.

In times of need for each of us,

The others will be there.

Now, Mr. Redd can't take a joke

From someone who is mean

The way he takes them all the time

From three he thinks are keen.

When I grow up I want to be

Just like those friends of mine.

To be a little boy like them,

To me would be just fine.

I hope I helped them learn this year

About important stuff.

'Cause Reading, Math, and Science, too,

Are really not enough.

I hope I helped them understand

That they must shun each wrong,

And guard themselves from evil as

Through life they go along.

You see I really like those boys

Who help me out so much.

When Christ spoke of His little ones,

I'm sure He spoke of such.

Thank you, boys, for all you've done

For this old crabby guy.

I love the way you do your work.

I love the way you try

To always do the things that please

Your teacher and your God.

It's plain to see that you hold tight

On to the iron rod.

I cannot thank you quite enough

For all the things you do.

May life be good to you always,

And may God bless you too.

Now I have faith in you three boys.

I wish you all the best

In all you do in life's short run,

And may you pass the test.

Please serve the Lord with all your hearts

And follow in His path,

For then His promise is for you.

He'll give you all He hath.

**The** **Tide Had Turned**

Summer Conference 1999

There was an old PD chair who lived in a shoe.

She had so many challenges.... which one to do?

She got a committee and gave each a task

And turning around took a sip from her flask.

She begged for money. She begged for time.

She spent her life squeezing each nickel and dime.

When it came to PDAC she had good to report.

Afer a stormy journey, she had reached her port.

**Time Flies**

by Thomas Redd

January 17, 1997

The years have passed since long ago.

Where time has gone, I'd like to know.

It seems like only yesterday

That I was young and I would play.

I think of friends from times now past.

There's one I'd like to see at last.

He was a friend while then in school.

I thought Ron Bird was really cool.

I used to love to be with him.

With joy, my heart filled to its brim.

We never had to spend a dime

But we had fun most all the time.

We ate together everyday.

Our bond was strengthened in that way.

We used to like to sing a hymn,

In evening when the light was dim.

He was a friend that I could trust.

To be with him — I thought I must.

I knew he liked me quite a lot.

But soon, our friendship, he forgot.

Another friend then took his place.

'Twas Aaron's kind and smiling face

That I turned to, when time was rough.

We used to swim and all that stuff.

We spent our time in having fun.

We'd say good-bye when day was done.

And to our rooms we then would go.

Perhaps our loneliness would show.

We'd be apart all through the night,

But back together in daylight.

I loved to have him play with me.

When he was with me I was free

To sing or swim or dance or play.

We had a lot of fun that way.

I'd love to be with him again.

Will I see him? When, oh when?

Robert Duncan, I once knew

When I lived at BYU.

He was a special quiet guy —

A look of friendship in his eye.

He ran a lot to keep in shape.

If he fell his knees he'd scrape.

But nothing ever made him stop.

I'd get so tired I would drop

When I ran with him down the street.

But still I thought that boy was neat.

He always had a happy smile.

For friends like that, I'd run a mile.

I telephoned him just last week.

It was so good to hear him speak.

We spoke with fondness of the past.

We talked together once, at last.

I'd really like to see him now,

But all I do is wonder how.

He lives so far away, you see.

But always, he'll be dear to me.

Steve Ivie was my roommate then.

I'd like to see his face again.

But I can't find the place he lives.

I wonder now if he forgives

The crazy pranks I used to pull

Like giving him a pillow full

Of Shaving cream so wet and cool.

And once I threw him in the pool.

We liked to study scriptures too

Like all the missionaries do.

These things we did when we were there.

We even had companion prayer.

He liked to smile and laugh a lot.

And now his address I have sought

But I can't find it. Not just yet.

I think I'll find it, though, I bet.

Kent Barret was a friend I had.

I never wrote to him — too bad.

He was the special kind of boy

That always filled my soul with joy.

I miss those times in days now past.

I'd like to see my friends at last.

Will I see them? Will it be

That time will bring them back to me?

I hope that God will keep them safe,

And prayers he'll answer for this waif.

"Dear Lord please let me see them soon."

I pray again, this afternoon.

"Keep them safe and free from harm.

Hold them always in Thy arm.

Help us all return to Thee.

Help us all, true friends to be.

Perhaps when life is finally done,

And our fight with sin is won,

Together we can enter in

To Thy kingdom, with no sin

And hear thy kind and loving voice

Tell us each that we are choice."

This Prayer I offer from my heart.

"Please Lord, don't keep us apart."

**To Melissa Dear**

Thomas Redd

May 29, 1999

Melissa came to live with us many years ago.

What she would do when she grew up we really did not know.

We watched the way that she grew up. We watched the things she did.

We knew that she would be real smart because she was our kid.

The first day she was in our home, she taught us quite a bit.

We spent the first night changing her and making diapers fit.

We did not have them all hemmed up and folded in a pile.

We wished that she would sleep a bit, and let us rest awhile.

We watched her as she learned to walk and we were really proud.

We watched her when she got upset, and boy, could she cry loud.

She learned to talk and that was good 'cause she could share her thoughts,

And she let us know her feelings when we took her for her shots.

She was a little Hutterite the first few months of life.

The colony gave gifts and clothes to Melissa and my wife.

In Wainwright next we made our home. Melissa started school.

To ride her bike made her feel big, and she thought she was cool.

She liked to ride a lot back then but when she learned to drive

Her parents wondered half the night if she was still alive.

She liked to stay out late at night and be with friends in town.

While mom and Dad would pace the floor all dressed in our night gown.

She was a good kid all alone. She tried to do what's right.

But, oh, we worried many times with her out late at night.

Had she crashed on McIntyre, or had she met a deer?

Or had she found a boy friend there. The thought filled us with fear.

Our fears were right. We should have know when Dave got in her life.

We thought back then that Dave would want Melissa for his wife.

At two o'clock one morning we were sleeping in our bed.

They came to break the news to us - 'twas just as we had said.

We love that little girl lots - the one God sent our way.

Please, Dave, be good and kind to her. With you she now must stay.

She is an angel lady now and knows what she must do.

So she can get back home to God and there be sealed to you.

Go forward living righteously and do the things you should.

And work together through you life. May life for you be good.

We love you dear Melissa, and you'll never stop that love.

Again in heaven we'll embrace. We'll be with God above.

You must remember from this hour to always be as one.

Together you must make your plans. Together make your fun.

Your parents now are second to the one that you have wed.

Together you must face your trials is what the Lord has said.

We love you both. Be faithful as you go through toil and strife.

Together you must always be to have a happy life.

Melissa honor now your man and always cleave to him.

And Dave always be with her. Don't let your love grow dim.

**To "Mom"**

Thomas Redd

You mean a million things to me.

In all this mixed up world,

You've stirred emotions in my heart.

My faith, you have impearled.

When I was sick you cared for me.

When I was sad, you cried.

Although some things were hard to do,

You did your best! You tried.

There have been days of sadness,

And days of joy and glee.

In this old world, I can't express

The things you mean to me.

Sometimes I have forgotten you

And all your deeds you do,

But in my heart, there'll always be

A place, Dear Mom, for you.

I never could repay you

For all the things you've done --

For all the happiness you've brought.

The things for me, you've won.

I never could forget you;

Forget that heart so true.

And always my ambition

Is to be, Mom, more like you.

Although your trials are many,

And mine are very few,

There are three words please don't forget,

Those words are, "I love you!"

**To My Dear Cheryl**

On July 11 in the middle of the day

We got married in the Lord's way.

Our hearts we gave to one another.

We hoped some day, you'd be a mother.

Time has passed and now you are,

But more than that, you are my star

That shines for me and helps me grow.

You help me live and learn and so

I want to thank you for the time

You've given me. Without a dime

You've work so hard to clean our home.

You travel with me when I roam.

You don't complain about your life.

We are not rich--you've had some strife.

But boy I'm grateful for you dear.

I always like to have you near.

No single other girl could be

The one and only one for me.

Our fourteen years of married life

Makes me glad that you’re my wife.

I love you, dear, with all my heart.

I pray that I may do my part

To help you live in joy and love,

So we'll return to God above.

Thanks again for all you do,

And once again I pledge to you

That I will do my very best.

Together we will pass life's test!

**To Rain, or not to Rain?**

**That is the Question.**

By Thomas Redd

June 18, 2002

Water. The most precious resource that we have learned over the past two week to appreciate more than we have ever thought possible. Where did it all start? Under water. Let me explain.

We have suffered in our community from a lack of water for the past three years. It is hard for someone as young as I to remember what rain feels like since it has been more than three years since we had normal rainfalls in our area.

Think back to your youth. Do you remember the joy of standing outside in the rain with your mouth open tasting the fresh falling rain? And puddle jumping! What a blast! Oh, the fun of running wild in the rain, splashing through puddles, careless and free. Those are the joys of childhood.

We have been deprived of these experiences for the past three years, so when it rained two weekends ago, we were hoping for the chance to do those wonderful youthful things. But, because of circumstances beyond our control, we were force to help control water floods in our homes and communities. We were busy with flooded basements when it rained, and we could not enjoy the new pleasures of fresh falling rain.

Now, after boiling water and being limited in our water use, we finally had the chance to be kids and enjoy a rain storm. After a week of limited showers and toilet flushing at home, it was a real treat, and temptation to take just a moment of time to enjoy the feeling of falling rain. We were not at home, we didn’t need to stay out of the shower, we didn’t have to decide not to flush the toilet, but we could be kids. We were away from the pressures of basement floods, and boiling water. We could do the things that kids enjoy most. We could feel the rain. We could jump in the puddles. We could feel the fresh breeze on our faces, and we did have only a couple of minutes between classes to enjoy these pleasures.

Would you really want us to refrain from being kids? Would you want us to walk a stilted life and pretend to be mini- adults? Had you not taught us about the joys of mud in the mud pits at TOGA? Were you not our roll model in the river on our Grade Nine trip? We are good students and we learn well. We enjoy life. We enjoy the rain. We enjoyed it on our class break. To try and show restraint, not preformed in the way we were taught would have been a travesty.

Thank you for your example. The rain was wonderful! If I come down with a cold or pneumonia and you don’t get to see me at school, admit it, you’ll be delighted. Would you really withhold the pleasures of youth for one as adventurous and young as I? Consider carefully the changes you are asking me to make. I am a youth!

**To The Soldiers Who Died**

October 19, 1995

To Soldiers that we'll never see,

Thank you for making us free.

You fought in the war.

And you did much more.

Thank you for freedom for me.

We wish we could help you somehow,

Or give you a feast and a bow.

But what can I do

To give thanks to you

Who are dead in your graves right now?

Perhaps if I keep all the laws,

It'll show you how happy I was

That you fought and died.

Your families all cried.

You truly stood up for your cause.

I hope that I'll be brave like you.

I hope the right things I will do

To keep our land free,

So we'll never be

Caught in a big war like you.

**To Think of Them**

by Tom Redd

October 30, 2001

Remembrance Day’s the day to thank

Of Soldiers brave, on ships that sank.

They fought to make our country free.

I’m glad they fought and died for me.

I hold the key of freedom now.

To keep us free, I’ll show you how.

I’ll live by every rule today,

And help my neighbors. That’s the way.

War’s not peace ‘cause soldiers died.

To give us peace, they truly tried.

I live in peace from what they did.

They went and fought for every kid.

**To Travel**

by Tom Redd

October 18, 1996

I'd like to be a traveler

Traveling round the earth.

Seeing every country

With it's tales and mirth.

If I could go to China,

I think that I would see

A purple baby elephant

Sitting in a tree.

If I could go to Egypt,

I think that I would see

A great big mamma crocodile

Trying to eat me.

If I could go to Denmark,

I think that I would see

An ancient Norseman sea ship

With sailors brave and free.

Japan's another place I'd go

If only I could travel.

But Del Bonita's where I'm stuck.

Living down the gravel.

**Touches of Time**

by Thomas Redd

April 9, 1997

Time touches our lives as it rolls along in many different ways.

We touch some things that also show the wear of by-gone days.

We touch a stone, so hard and firm, and know we touched the past.

Its care-worn surface holds the clues to things that did not last.

A flower we touch in early spring, the present's in our hand.

The flower shows so beautifully the treasures in our land.

But when we touch a humble child, our reach is stretched afar.

We hold the future in our hands, for that is what kids are.

**Transitions**

by Thomas Redd

When I recall the times now past,

I think of friendships that will last.

There's Darcy Mullan -- what a kid!

I smile at all the things he did.

He came to visit me each day.

He always had kind things to say.

He tried real hard his work to do.

My, I liked him! Wouldn't you?

His cheery smile he gave away

To all who met him through the day.

His kindly acts are not forgot,

And now his address I have sought

To write to him and let him know

That he's a special friend. And so

This poem you hold now in your hand,

And I will always think you're grand.

The cherished memory of your face

Will stay with me through life's long race.

For seven years we've been apart,

But I remember still your art.

Those pictures drawn with loving care

You gave to me. You loved to share.

You often stood right by my side.

My love for you I could not hide.

I always liked to have you near.

When summer came I shed a tear.

The High School took my friend away.

Perhaps you'd think of me some day.

I hoped that you had not forgot

A teacher that you loved a lot.

In the future would we meet?

The thought of that was really neat!

The other day I had the chance --

While you were working, I did glance.

Was it really, really true?

Was it Darcy? Was it you?

Our hands we shook. We knew it then.

Our friendship was as it had been.

A hand shake wasn't quite enough.

A warm embrace was more the stuff

To show our friendship wasn't done.

Our hearts were close. We felt as one.

When once again you stood by me,

That little boy I did not see.

A man was standing by my side.

You told me plans. You spoke with pride.

You bought a car the other day

And from your home you'll move away.

A great mechanic you will be.

You'll fix my car, you said to me.

A full time job one year you'll do

For IGA, and money too.

Then off to school before too late.

Your plans will take you off to SAIT.

At Calgary you will study hard

To get your new mechanic's card.

Now I hold dear that talk we had.

The miles between us make me sad.

At letters I am not too good.

I don't write often as I should.

Please keep in touch. It means a lot.

In life true friends are all we've got.

I'll write to you, though not like this,

In letters to the friend I miss.

I'll see your smile again someday.

Your friendship helps me on my way.

So let's be friends for ever more.

Isn't that what friends are for?

**Treats**

by Thomas Redd

June 3, 1997

Ice cream cones are fun to eat.

They're a very yummy treat.

Cotton candy is great too.

The fuzzy stuff all sticks to you.

The treats we have are really great

Especially when you're on a date.

But if you eat too many treats

You'll surely get some great big feets!

**The** **Treats I Eat Are Very Sweet**

October 28, 1993

Treats are fun for me to eat

Because they taste so very sweet.

I get the treats from all around.

I never eat them off the ground.

We go from house to house 'til nine.

The Treats I get are then all mine.

I eat them up. I cannot wait

Because they taste so very great.

I eat until it's awfully late.

All those candies taste so great.

I can't wait to have some more.

Now just what else is candy for?

My stomach then begins to hurt.

I feel it hurting in my shirt.

I think that I will be real sick.

I better hit the bathroom quick.

On Halloween I eat too much.

I must remember not to touch

And eat my candy all at once

Or then I'll be a real dunce.

**The** **Trials of Life**

by Thomas Redd

December 20, 1993

Long ago when I was young,

I longed for friends to be among.

I have not changed with age at all.

I still want friends that I can call.

I used to wish that I would phone

To Tony Kooslik all alone.

I longed to talk to him you see.

I thought a nice friend he would be.

But I could not get up the nerve,

And so I got what I deserve--

A lonely life without good friends.

And even though, my heart, it rends,

I still am glad I did what's right.

I always tried to walk in light.

But can there not be others, too,

Who always strive God's will to do?

There must be others in this town

Who feel alone and sort of down.

There must be someone I could serve.

The kind of friend that I deserve.

Alas I cannot find the men

That I knew once in heaven then.

I must have had a lasting friend--

The kind my broken heart could mend.

I have, at times, met someone neat.

The kind I'd worship at his feet,

But I could never find the way

To get to know him on that day.

I often try to be with him.

My need for friendship's not a whim.

But I am not like other guys.

My heart seems broken when it tries

To reach across the endless space

That bars me from the human race.

I don't know how, a friend to win.

To not know how, is that a sin?

It seems to be my hardest trial--

To find a friend and chat a while.

It's something I would love to do.

To have a friend, now, wouldn't you?

I think of Todd[[4]](#footnote-4), a man of God.

The way he looks at me is odd.

I never know if he'd like me,

Or only all my faults he'd see.

I am not in his social class.

I have more children, so alas,

We never will be friends on earth

We may have been before our birth.

There once was Ron[[5]](#footnote-5) who was my friend.

That friendship surely had an end.

He would not speak to me at all,

When he'd filled his mission call.

Before he left we were as one.

Together we had lots of fun.

When he got home, from me he'd flee.

He would not even speak to me.

That broke my tender little heart.

It sort of tore my life apart.

I wondered, was I any good?

I wondered what to do, and could

I find a friend like him once more.

At finding friends I was so poor.

Then Aaron was the friend I found.

With cords of friendship we were bound.

I long to be with Aaron Forbes.

My pillow oft, my tears absorbs.

I want to be with him again.

Will it happen? When, oh, when?

At sports I do not fit the mold.

It's strange I hate them, I am told.

And for some people I'm too dumb.

They think that I am just a bum.

But deep inside I want to find

The kind of friend that will not mind

The fact that I am not as good

At sports and other things I should

Be better at, to be like most.

My Skills in sports, I cannot boast.

I used to think that I could sing.

And all the time my voice did ring

With words and music from within.

But now I'm told that it's a sin

To sing like that without a cause.

And so I try to hide my flaws

That others see and emphasize.

I've learned from life that that is wise.

I used to be with kids a lot.

True friendship from the kids, I've sought.

But now I'm told that it is wrong

To lead the little kids along

And play with them. I am too old.

There's something wrong with me I'm told.

For bad guys only play with boys,

And no adult enjoys their toys.

I wonder can it really be

That I am bad as others see?

I pray that God will bless my friends,

And that my broken heart he mends.

But it is hard to ask for things.

The thoughts inside me lack the wings

To ever make it to my prayer.

My greatest needs are seldom there

Because it's not too nice to ask

For God to help with every task

Of making friends and finding those

That in my home above I chose

To be my friends on earth below--

Of showing love to those I know,

Without them thinking something's wrong.

And so for friendship, I still long.

I feel alone. I only hope

For someone who can help me cope

With all the trials in life's long race.

I long to see a loving face.

I want to feel that we are one,

And on the way, to have some fun.

To find true joy, I know we're taught,

But joy is something that I've not

Been blessed to find in my short life.

It seems that all I find is strife.

The scriptures say we might have joy.

I might if I were not this boy

Who has no friends to lean upon--

Who helps me up and carry on

Or helps me see that I am good,

Who helps me do the things I should.

The only things I see right now

Are only bad, and also how

I cannot teach my family right.

All they seem to do is fight.

I've failed at home within these walls

And the prophet to me calls

And tells me that I must improve

And make my family fit the grove

That takes them back to heaven above.

The way, he says, is with pure love.

Again I find I'm lacking there.

And failure, now, at me does stare.

No other thing I do that's good

Can make up for the things I should

Have taught my family in my home.

There is no grand and glorious comb

That straightens out life's little woes.

And as a Dad, my weakness shows.

Should I give up and end it all?

Should I shrink from this great call?

I must go on. I need a friend.

I pray I'll find one in the end.

A friend to help me everyday,

In everything I do and say.

I pray that God will help me be

The kind of man my friend will see

And want to come and be with when

I find that friend on earth again.

Please help me stand for truth and right.

Please help me stand and win the fight.

I want to be called home at last

After my long life is past,

And hear the words, "You did your best.

Your Savior now will do the rest

To get you into heaven's gate.

And, yes, my son, it's not too late.

Come dwell with me, my precious son.

The fight with sin you now have won.

Come enter in where peace abounds

And where your friends, your soul surrounds.

You've served me well, my little one,

For all the trials of life you've won.

You were at times, a lonely soul,

But always heaven was your goal.

I love you truly, as you see.

Come enter in and dwell with me."

**A** **Tribute to Aaron**

by Your Dad

Dear Aaron, I'm thinking of you now today.

I think that you're wonderful in every way.

I hope that you always will try hard to stay

As worthy and righteous as you are today.

Remember the world will try hardest to get

A wonderful young man like you to get wet

In sins ugly waters as you grow with age.

So keep yourself clean from sin's ugly wage.

Now Aaron, I love you. I want you to know

That many proud people are watching you grow.

"Please help him be righteous, dear Father," we pray,

As we nurture and guide you on life's rocky way.

There are many people with opposite views.

Who try hard to stop you, and many tricks use

To make you believe that you're missing the fun

With all of the sins that there are to be done.

I see in you smile a contentment for living.

You're kind to your friends. You always are giving.

That is the way that our Savior was too.

Walk in his footsteps in all that you do.

Its always important to set an example.

Dallin will follow you. Be a good sample.

As parents, we're counting on you everyday

To be good and be honest in all that you say.

One day you'll return home to God who will say,

"My son you were faithful. I'm proud of the way

That you kept my commandments while you lived on earth."

Remember his blessings are far beyond worth.

It truly is worth all the trouble it takes

To keep yourself worthy. I'm sure that it makes

A whole lot of difference when from sin you're pure.

Then God will rewarded you. Of this I am sure.

A treasure is Aaron, that boy without sin.

I pray that the true tests of life you will win.

The reason for living is more than for money.

It's more than for pleasure or just being funny.

You are an example of how we should live.

You're faithful, you're honest, you're clean, and you give

To others with kindness in all that you do.

For your perfect example, I now say thank you.

**A** **Tribute to Dallin**

by your Dad

Thomas Redd

Dallin's our baby, a dear little boy.

He brings to our family a bundle of joy.

Our hearts hurt within us when you go to see

The doctors in Calgary and what is to be.

Your foot has been crippled in God's humbling plan.

We pray that it's normal when you are a man.

With faith we rely on the hand of the Lord.

We're doing the best things that we can afford.

We truly are blessed to have you with us.

You take all that comes your way with no fuss.

Please help me dear Father in Heaven above

Be worthy to merit your trust and your love.

**A** **Tribute to Devin**

by Mr. Tom Redd

Dear Devin, I love you. I want you to know

That many proud people are watching you grow.

"Please help him be righteous, dear Father," we pray,

As we nurture and guide you on life's rocky way.

There are many people with opposite views.

Who try hard to stop you, and many tricks use

To make you believe that you're missing the fun

With all of the sins that there are to be done.

But don't you be fooled and fall in their trap.

The Lord gave you scriptures to use as a map.

So follow their teachings. You can't go astray.

Trust righteous leaders. They'll help you obey

The laws and commandments that God gave to us.

You know you must do it without any fuss.

And then when life's over and you go to heaven,

Our Father will hug once again His son Devin.

And as he is hugging you, you'll hear him say,

"My son you were faithful. I'm proud of the way

That you kept my commandments while you lived on earth."

Remember his blessings are far beyond worth.

So Devin, I'm thinking of you now today.

I think that you're wonderful in every way.

I hope that you always will try hard to stay

As worthy and righteous as you are today.

Remember the world will try hardest to get

A wonderful young man like you to get wet

In sins ugly waters as you grow with age.

So keep yourself clean from sin's ugly wage.

It truly is worth all the trouble it takes

To keep yourself worthy. I'm sure that it makes

A whole lot of difference when from sin you're pure.

Then God will rewarded you. Of this I am sure.

I know I can trust you to walk in God's light.

Your life with God's radiance sure will shine bright.

Your friends you will influence all to do good.

You'll help them to live right and do as they should.

You are an example of how we should live.

You're faithful, you're honest, You're clean, and you give

to others with kindness in all that you do.

For your perfect example, I now say thank you.

**A** **Tribute to Heather**

by Your Dad

Dear Heather, I love you. I want you to know

That many proud people are watching you grow.

"Please help her be righteous, dear Father," we pray,

As we nurture and guide you on life's rocky way.

There are many people with opposite views.

Who try hard to stop you, and many tricks use

To make you believe that you're missing the fun

With all of the sins that there are to be done.

But don't you be fooled and fall in their trap.

The Lord gave you scriptures to use as a map.

So follow their teachings. You can't go astray.

Trust righteous leaders. They'll help you obey

The laws and commandments that God gave to us.

You know you must do it without any fuss.

And then when life's over and you go to heaven,

Our Father will hug again His daughter Heather.

And as he is hugging you, you'll hear him say,

"My daughter was faithful. I'm proud of the way

That you kept my commandments while you lived on earth."

Remember his blessings are far beyond worth.

So Heather, I'm thinking of you now today.

I think that you're wonderful in every way.

I hope that you always will try hard to stay

As worthy and righteous as you are today.

Remember the world will try hardest to get

A wonderful daughter like you to get wet

In sins ugly waters as you grow with age.

So keep yourself clean from sin's ugly wage.

It truly is worth all the trouble it takes

To keep yourself worthy. I'm sure that it makes

A whole lot of difference when from sin you're pure.

Then God will rewarded you. Of this I am sure.

I know I can trust you to walk in God's light.

Your life with God's radiance sure will shine bright.

Your friends you will influence all to do good.

You'll help them to live right and do as they should.

You are an example of how we should live.

You're faithful, you're honest, You're clean, and you give

To others with kindness in all that you do.

For your perfect example, I now say thank you.

**A** **Tribute to Kari**

by Your Dad

Thomas Redd

Kari is special--a sweet little girl.

Her value is greater than even a pearl.

She's helpful to Laurel and all of the kids.

She helps with the dishes. She puts away lids.

Her spirit is sweet and her wisdom is strong.

She has faith in Christ and she sings all day long.

Father has blessed her with brains without measure.

She trusts in the Savior. Of this we are quite sure.

Her prayers are a sign of her trust in the Lord,

And true to his teachings her life will accord.

She's playful and willing. She likes to help out.

When helping her mother, she never does pout.

I wish that, like Kari, I'd grow up to be

A humble disciple of Jesus and free

From the dark stains of evil in all that I do,

So I'll live in Heaven when this life is through.

Yes, Kari, I love you and want you to know

That I'm glad you're my daughter and I love you so.

God bless you in all that you do everyday.

May he always be with you as you walk his way.

Remember to pray to your Father above.

You're one of his daughters and you've earned his love.

Be humble. Be faithful, and do all you should.

Go forward with courage, and Kari, be good!

**A** **Tribute to Laurel**

by Your Dad

Thomas Redd

Laurel's a happy young daughter of mine.

I'm sure with God's help she will always do fine.

I love how you help me to try to do right--

To be free from sin and to walk in the light

Of the plan of our Savior that leads back to God.

Our feet with the Gospel of Christ must be shod.

So always be faithful and follow the plan

That God in his mercy had given to man.

Our Father in Heaven loves you I know,

Just as your Mother and Dad love you so.

Go Forward. Be faithful in all that you do.

It's worth all the effort until life is through.

The Lord in his Glory will give you a crown

If throughout your life, you won't let him down.

Go forward. Be faithful. In all things be true.

I'm proud of you Laurel. I really love you.

**A** **Tribute to Melissa**

by Your Dad

Melissa's a treasure--a wonderful lass.

I pray that the true tests of life you will pass.

The reason for living is more than for money.

It's more than for pleasure or just being funny.

Remember the world will try hardest to get

A wonderful lady like you to get wet

In sins ugly waters as you grow with age.

So keep yourself clean from sin's ugly wage.

I see in you smile a contentment for living.

You're kind to your friends. You always are giving.

That is the way that our Savior was too.

Walk in his footsteps in all that you do.

Its always important to set an example.

When we follow you, our good works will be ample.

As parents we're counting on you everyday

To be good and be honest in all that you say.

You see, in my heart I am troubled today

By the things all around us and Satan's dark way.

He leads us so carefully into his fold.

Its sometimes 'cause people are seeking for gold.

And sometimes they wander in sin's stormy path

They're trapped in the darkness of sin's aftermath.

Be sure that the Savior's commandments you follow.

There's no need to sin and in evil to wallow.

Melissa, I love you, and want you to know

That many proud people are watching you grow.

"Please help her be righteous, dear Father," we pray,

As we nurture and guide you on life's rocky way.

I know I can trust you to walk in God's light.

Your life with God's radiance sure will shine bright.

Your friends you will influence all to do good.

You'll help them to live right and do as they should.

You are an example of how we should live.

You're faithful, you're honest, you're clean, and you give

To others with kindness in all that you do.

For your perfect example, I now say thank you.

Remember your Father in Heaven above you,

For He's there to help you in all that you do.

Go forward. Be righteous. This counsel I give,

And you'll be a leader as long as you live.

**A** **Tribute to Michael**

by Mr. Tom Redd

Dear Michael, I'm thinking of you now today.

I think that you're wonderful in every way.

I hope that you always will try hard to stay

As worthy and righteous as you are today.

Remember the world will try hardest to get

A wonderful young man like you to get wet

In sins ugly waters as you grow with age.

So keep yourself clean from sin's ugly wage.

Now Michael, I love you. I want you to know

That many proud people are watching you grow.

"Please help him be righteous, dear Father," we pray,

As we nurture and guide you on life's rocky way.

There are many people with opposite views.

Who try hard to stop you, and many tricks use

To make you believe that you're missing the fun

With all of the sins that there are to be done.

I see in you smile a contentment for living.

You're kind to your friends. You always are giving.

That is the way that our Savior was too.

Walk in his footsteps in all that you do.

Its always important to set an example.

When Jeff follows you, his good works will be ample.

Your parents are counting on you every day

To be good and be honest in all that you say.

One day you'll return home to God who will say,

"My son you were faithful. I'm proud of the way

That you kept my commandments while you lived on earth."

Remember his blessings are far beyond worth.

It truly is worth all the trouble it takes

To keep yourself worthy. I'm sure that it makes

A whole lot of difference when from sin you're pure.

Then God will rewarded you. Of this I am sure.

A treasure is Michael, that boy in my class.

I pray that the true tests of life you will pass.

The reason for living is more than for money.

It's more than for pleasure or just being funny.

You are an example of how we should live.

You're faithful, you're honest, you're clean, and you give

To others with kindness in all that you do.

For your perfect example, I now say thank you.

**A** **Tribute to Scott**

by Mr. Tom Redd

Dear Scott, what a treasure you are in my class.

I pray that the true tests of life you will pass.

The reason for living is more than for money.

It's more than for pleasure or just being funny.

Remember the world will try hardest to get

A wonderful young man like you to get wet

In sins ugly waters as you grow with age.

So keep yourself clean from sin's ugly wage.

I see in you smile a contentment for living.

You're kind to your friends. You always are giving.

That is the way that our Savior was too.

Walk in his footsteps in all that you do.

Its always important to set an example.

When Steve follows you, his good works will be ample.

Your parents are counting on you every day

To be good and be honest in all that you say.

You see, in my heart I am troubled today

By the things all around us and Satan's dark way.

He leads us so carefully into his fold.

Its sometimes 'cause people are seeking for gold.

And sometimes they wander in sin's stormy path

They're trapped in the darkness of sin's aftermath.

Be sure that the Savior's commandment you follow.

There's no need to sin and in evil to wallow.

Now Scott, since I love you, I want you to know

That many proud people are watching you grow.

"Please help him be righteous, dear Father," we pray,

As we nurture and guide you on life's rocky way.

I know I can trust you to walk in God's light.

Your life with God's radiance sure will shine bright.

Your friends you will influence all to do good.

You'll help them to live right and do as they should.

You are an example of how we should live.

You're faithful, you're honest, you're clean, and you give

To others with kindness in all that you do.

For your perfect example, I now say thank you.

Remember your Father in Heaven who loves you,

For He's there to help you in all that you do.

Go forward. Be righteous. This counsel I give,

And you'll be a leader as long as you live.

**The** **Trip to Hawaii**

September 5, 1997

Summer is over and school is here.

I think we should celebrate with root beer.

When the first bell rings the party will start.

Just think of the things that we'll do in art!

We'll all have a party and blow up the school.

We'll murder the teachers cause that would be cool.

We'll cut off their heads and eat up their brains.

We'll take the computers and put them on trains.

We'll take them all with us to Tim Buck Two.

We'll sell them for money. That's just what we'll do.

To Hawaii we'll go with all of that money.

A grass skirt on Carol would surely look funny.

Mrs. Stewart our helper is our brand new slave.

With cooking and cleaning she'll work to her grave.

We're glad she's with us to do all the work.

And sometimes she hates us and says we're a jerk.

We'll auction her off when our money's all gone,

We'll fly home to Canada by the light of the dawn.

But when we get home, just think what we'd do;

We'd work hard for mother and for our dad too.

We'd get up early and go to bed late.

Working all day would be our fate.

School is better than working for me.

School is the place that I'd rather be!

**A** **True Friend**

By Tom Redd

Give me a friend

And I'll worry along.

My life fill with troubles

My luck may go wrong,

But with someone beside me

To lean on his arm,

I'll make it at last,

Without any harm.

**Two Friends of Mine**

Thomas Redd

March 18, 1999

Two boys I know are wonderful.

I love to see them smile.

I like to spend my time with them —

To Sit and talk a While.

I like to have them by my side.

To feel their warm embrace.

But most of all I like to see

Acceptance on their face.

These two young men are Jona Wipf

And Jason Wipf the other.

In Heaven's plan, God's family,

I'm grateful I'm their brother.

I'm sure in heaven we were friends

Before we came to earth.

I'm sure there were some covenants

We shared before our birth.

We solemnly declared that while

We traveled through this life,

We'd do the best that we could do

To overcome all strife.

I'm grateful now for these young men,

The two I call my friends.

I pray that we will brothers be

In love until life ends.

Thanks for all you do for me

You help me out a lot.

And I will try to pay you back

By giving all I've got.

It isn't much that I can give,

But love is in my heart.

I don't know how to give it now,

But let this be a start.

I love you, boys and want to be

With you a lot each day.

If I can ever help you out,

Please show to me the way!

**Two Presidents' Deaths**

By Thomas Redd

October 1, 1997

Lincoln was President; Kennedy too.

Both were concerned about what we do.

They were elected a century apart.

They both died on Friday beside their sweetheart.

Both were shot in the back of the head.

Before their trials, their assassins were dead.

Andrew took over when Lincoln was killed.

Lyndon, for Kennedy, his shoes filled.

Andrew and Lyndon both had the same name.

The last name of Johnson for them was the same.

"Is it coincidence," I ask today,

"That things out of history went the same way?"

Both the assassins were born the ninth year.

Unpopular concepts they favored, I fear.

Both of these people were born in the south.

They spoke against governments with a loud mouth.

Both presidents lost children while in the white house

Oswald shot Kennedy from a ware house.

He ran to the theater to hide from the crowd.

John Booth shot Lincoln with a shot that was loud

While Lincoln attended a theater play,

Then to the ware house John Booth ran away.

Both of the presidents were told not to go

To Dallas for Kennedy — Lincoln, the show.

The number of letters we find in each name

For the president murdered — exactly the same.

Thirteen for the men who took over the post.

And both of the murderers, they had the most.

Isn't it strange that these things came to be?

But history's repeated sometimes, can't you see.

Perhaps there's no reason to worry and prance.

These things, were they done by fate or by chance?

**Utah's Heat**

by Tom Redd

August 1, 1994

In Great Salt Lake

The Weather's hot.

It's draining all

The strength I've got.

In shady spots

I want to sit

And cool off

And rest a bit.

A cool glass

I want to drink--

Some lemonade

That's cold and pink.

It's hard to take

This Utah heat.

Alberta winds

I long to meet.

A way up north,

I'm glad I live.

For Canada

My thanks I give.

For open skies

And cooling breeze,

Her freedom's light --

I bend my knees.

To God above

I say a prayer.

I thank Him for

My home up there.

My house, my home,

My family,

My friends and all,

My land that's free --

I thank the Lord

For all I've got

And thank Him for

My living spot!

**The** **Valleys of Despair**

by Thomas Redd

February 15, 2002

Some people say you're not alone.

At times they might be right.

But Oh, the loneliness I feel

Is rather strong tonight.

I wish that I could have some friends

That I could talk with some,

Who feel the way I do in life.

Who to my house would come.

But no, it isn't meant to be.

Tonight I'm all alone.

I must be faithful to the end

To prove my faith has grown.

The Savior, when He walked the earth

Alone was often found.

When in Gethsemanie he prayed

His friends slept on the ground.

But even to that lonely place

He had some friends to take.

To have someone to be with me--

For this my heart does ache.

I'm grateful for my precious wife

Who helps to pull me through

The many trials of mortal life.

She's loving kind and true.

Without her here beside me now

I don't think I could last

But her support will guide me on

Until the trials are past.

Dear Cheryl thank you for your love.

I need you by my side.

I'm leaning on your steady arm.

Upon your faith I ride.

Please help me be the best I can

And help me understand

The purpose for the trials we face,

And always hold my hand

As on we go together through

The valleys of despair.

Dear Cheryl, thanks for helping me,

And always being there.

**The** **Van with the Drip**

or

**The** **Drip with the Van**

by Thomas Redd

Once Steve put a motor in our van, and then,

The job was repeated again and again.

It dripped out some oil right onto the ground

Whenever we took it and drove it around.

Now what could be done with a motor like that?

Use a big packer and squash it out flat?

Perhaps that would end all the trouble and grief,

But then to the Redds it would be no relief,

Unless their insurance plan really does shine.

A big fat repayment, I'm sure would be fine.

They have a big family--a handful of kids.

They need a container with tight fitting lids.

I bet with repayment that they could go buy

A dozen old barrels from some factory guy,

And then they could load them on back of a truck.

Then load their kids in them and hope for good luck.

Alas for their comfort they need their own van,

So Cetus is working has hard as they can

To put it together without any leaks.

It soon will be fixed up, so new that it squeaks.

I hope when we take it to Cardston today,

That we're glad that the oil stopped dripping that way.

We're sorry we took so much time up this week.

It seems that the van just was destined to leak.

But thanks for the work that you do endlessly,

And after that work, you said it was free.

It was nice to meet you and see how you care

For all of your customers somewhere out there.

The drive is a long one to Calgary and back,

But kindness and patience you surely don't lack.

It has been a pleasure to meet you and know

You're doing the best that is possible, so

I want now to thank you for all that you've done.

The trips up to Calgary for us have been fun.

And thank you for doing it all without charge.

The bill in mechanic's time sure has been large.

I hope now to meet you again in some way,

When not about vans, we have something to say.

Life is too short, now, to live without meaning.

There's more to it surely than fixing and cleaning.

So next time you see me, I hope you say, "Hi!"

I hope that you don't think, "Oh! Here comes that guy!"

So now at the end of our business together,

Here's one great big Thank You, forever and ever.

**Thank you!!!**

Sincerely Yours,

Thomas J. Redd

**A** **Very Merry Christmas**

**with the Ingalls**

by Grade K to 3

1996-97

Characters:

Santa Claus — Laurel Redd

Mr. Edwards — Denton Henry

Mr. Ingalls — Chase Helgeson

Laura Ingalls — Kari Redd

Mary Ingalls — Julie Morton

Mrs. Ingalls — Janay Carter

Mrs. Snodgrass — Rikki Smathers

Mr. Snodgrass — Jeffrey Henry

Scene 1

Setting: *Ma, Mary, and Laura are cleaning the house to prepare for Christmas dinner with the Snodgrass family, the closest neighbors, and Mr. Edwards, a bachelor friend of the family. Pa is out hunting the Christmas turkey.*

Mrs. Ingalls: *(Mixing bread dough for Christmas buns)* Mary and Laura, have you aired out the beds and dusted the mantle? I want it to be clean around here when our company comes.

Girls: Yes, Ma!

Mary: We have the beds all made.

Laura: and we just finished sweeping the floor.

Mrs. Ingalls: Oh, I'm so glad the Snodgrasses can come over tomorrow for Christmas dinner. It's so nice to have company once in a while.

Laura: I can't wait for Mr. Edwards to come. He always tells us such good stories.

Mary: The creek is getting really high with all this rain we are having. I wonder if Mr. Edwards will be able to make it across. He's so fun to play with. It would be awful if he couldn't make it.

Mrs. Ingalls: We'll ask your Pa how high the creek is when he comes home from hunting wild turkeys. I hope he gets one so we can have more to eat than bread and potatoes.

Laura: Maybe Santa Claus won't be able to drive his reindeer across the creek either, and there is no snow for his sleigh. I'm so worried.

Mrs. Ingalls: Don't you worry too much about that. Even if he can't make it, he could leave a surprise for you in the mail in town. I'm sure he will remember you.

Mr. Ingalls: *(comes in from they hunt with a large turkey with him.)* Boy, is that wind a cold one. But it didn't stop me from getting from getting a fine big turkey to put on the table for Christmas dinner.

Mary: That sure is a big one! I bet it weighs as much as I do!

Laura: I can't wait till we eat it. It sure looks good!

Mary: I just love Ma's gravy with the wild turkey.

Mr. Ingalls: No one makes better gravy than Ma!

Laura: And the house always smells so good when it's cooking!

Mrs. Ingalls: Sara Snodgrass said she will be bringing the last of her garden corn tomorrow.

Mr. Ingalls: What a feast we will have, but you know, the creek is still rising. A fellow would risk his life to cross that creek. I'm afraid we won't be seeing Mr. Edwards tomorrow.

Mary: Oh, it just won't be Christmas without him.

Laura: Without him? What about Santa? How will Santa get his reindeer across the creek, Pa?

Mary: You mean Santa won't be able to make it either?

Mr. Ingalls: I don't see how he could possibly make it, girls, but we will still have a fine dinner with our friends, the Snodgrasses.

Scene 2

Setting: *Mr. Edwards is in Independence getting supplies when he meets Santa on the street.*

Mr. Edwards: *(walking down the street)* Let me see. I still need to get some white sugar, some flour, and some beans. I guess I should go to store before I head back to the hotel to get my things and head home. I'll have to leave by noon to walk home before dark. *(walks down street toward store)*

Santa: *(Just leaving the store)* Thanks again, Mr. Olsen.

Santa and Elves: Merry Christmas!

Mr. Edwards: As I live and breath! There is Santa Claus! What are you doing here, Santa!

Santa: Mr. Edwards! I haven't seen you since you were a little boy when you asked for a horse.

Mr. Edwards: You managed somehow, didn't you!

Santa: Yes, I sure did. But this year it will be hard for the Ingalls girls. There isn't enough snow to use my sleigh.

Mr. Edwards: You mean Mary and Laura? You know, I am going to their house for Christmas dinner tomorrow. Could I help you get some things down to them?

Santa: That would solve all my problems. I really want to get these things to them. They have been so good all year.

Mr. Edwards: I'd be glad to take them to the girls.

Santa: And take some sweet potatoes to Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls.

Mr. Edwards: I'll just do that for you!

Santa: Well, that's a load off my mind! Thank you Mr. Edwards.

Mr. Edwards: Good-bye Santa. Good Luck in your travels.

*(Santa leave down the street, and Mr. Edwards goes into the store.)*

Scene 3

Mrs. Ingalls: OK, girls, say your prayers, and hop into bed. Christmas will come faster if you go to sleep.

Girls: Yes, Ma.

Laura: Ma, don't you think we had better hang our stockings?

Mary: Maybe Santa will make it. He never has missed us yet.

Laura: Pa said he knows where all the good children live.

Mr. Ingalls: Go ahead girls. Hang your stockings by the fireplace, and then do as you mother says, and head to bed.

*(Girls pray and get into bed. Pa and Ma sit by the fire talking quietly.)*

Mrs. Ingalls: Charles, I just don't know what we will do for the girls for Christmas. We didn't make it to town like we thought we would.

Mr. Ingalls: Don't worry Carolyn. At least there will be a great big Christmas dinner for them. That will help.

Mrs. Ingalls: But I really wanted to get at least a little something for them. Christmas just isn't Christmas without a gift for the children.

Mr. Ingalls: Maybe we can figure something out. We could put a penny in their stockings. I have those two pennies we saved from last summer.

*(lights go out for scene change)*

Scene 4

Setting: *Snodgrasses house the day before Christmas. They are preparing for the trip to the Ingalls for dinner.*

Mrs. Snodgrass: Peter, I am so excited about going to the Ingalls for Christmas dinner.

Mr. Snodgrass: It was so nice of them to invite us. Sara, have you finished those dolls you were making for the little girls?

Mrs. Snodgrass: I have them all ready. All I have to do is wrap them up.

Mr. Snodgrass: This will be the first Christmas we have spend so far away from our families. The Ingalls have helped us so much since we moved here to Indian territory.

Mrs. Snodgrass: Going to the Ingalls is almost like going home to mothers place. We are so lucky to have them for our closest neighbors.

Mr. Snodgrass: Let's get the dolls wrapped and get the ready for the trip tomorrow. We will have to leave early to get to Ingalls in time for you to help get the dinner ready.

*(They wrap the dolls for the girls.)*

Mr. Snodgrass: Lets put everything we need to take right by the door so we don't forget it in the morning.

Mrs. Snodgrass: You put the dolls by the door, and get the quilts to keep us warm on the way over to the Ingalls. I'll get the corn we bottled last summer.

Mr. Snodgrass: There. Have we thought of everything?

Mrs. Snodgrass: Yes. I think that we have everything. Lets go to bed early and get ready for the trip tomorrow.

*(get ready for bed as the light go out.)*

Scene 5

Setting: *Ingalls house on Christmas morning. The girls are in bed and the stockings are bulging. Ma is working at the stove to get the dinner ready.)*

Mr. Ingalls: *(coming in from the barn)* I have the chores all done. Now we can have our Christmas celebration without worrying about the animals.

Mrs. Ingalls: Could you help me peal the potatoes, Charles? I haven't got them ready yet, and the Snodgrasses will be here soon.

Mr. Ingalls: OK, dear. *(starts pealing potatoes.)*

Mrs. Ingalls: I made some little cakes for the girls stockings. I used the last of the white sugar. I hope they enjoy them.

Mr. Ingalls: Your cakes are so sweet and light, they will be sure Santa brought them.

*(there is a knock at the door.)*

Mrs. Ingalls: That must be the Snodgrasses. Get the door Charles.

Mr. Ingalls: *(answering the door)* Come on in! It's so good to see you.

Mrs. Snodgrass: Here are some gifts for the little girls. Are they awake yet?

Mrs. Ingalls: No. They are still in bed. Let's put they gifts in their stockings before they wake up. Then they will be sure that Santa has come.

Mr. Snodgrass: Charles, help me put the horses in the barn while Sara and Carolyn finish making our Christmas dinner.

Mr. Ingalls: I be right with you. *(puts coat on and leaves with Mr. Snodgrass.)*

Mrs. Ingalls: Oh, Sara! I am so happy you could come. Christmas isn't Christmas without company.

Mrs. Snodgrass: And I was just telling Peter that coming to your house is just like going to mother's for Christmas.

Mrs. Ingalls: Help me finish this dinner, Sara.

*(they work on the meal and the men come in soon.)*

Mr. Ingalls: Now lets have a visit by the fire while we wait for the dinner. The only person we are missing is Mr. Edwards.

Mrs. Snodgrass: He will sure have a lonely Christmas across the creek all by himself.

Mr. Snodgrass: And he probably won't have much of a Christmas dinner either.

*(Loud knock at the door that wakes up the girls.)*

Mr. Ingalls: Now who could that be? *(opens the door.)* Mr. Edwards!

Mr. Edwards: Let me in. I am freezing! I came across the creek with my clothes on my head to keep them dry. Let me get close to that fire! *(goes to the fire and adds cups to the stockings.)*

Mary: *(sleepily)* Who was that? Who is here?

Laura: Is it Santa?

Mary: *(seeing the stockings)* No, Laura. Look at the stockings. He's already been here!

Laura: I told you he would come!

*(girls rush to stockings and start opening Christmas treats.)*

Mr. Edwards: Actually, I met Santa in town, and he said nothing could stop him!

Girls: You saw Santa?

Mr. Edwards: I sure did. And he said you two were the sweetest, little girls in the whole territory.

Laura: Look, Ma! I got a cup, and a doll, and a candy, and a cake.

Marry: And I got the same.

Mrs. Ingalls: Did you look clear to the bottom of your stockings?

Laura: A penny! A penny! I got a whole penny!

Mary: Now I am Rich! I have a penny of my own.

Mrs. Ingalls: Come, everyone! Our Dinner is ready. Lets all sit up to the table and get started.

Santa: *(entering)* Ho Ho Ho! I see I made it just in time!

Mr. Snodgrass: There never has been such a Christmas!

Mr. Edwards: There never has been such a Christmas dinner either.

Mrs. Snodgrass: Nor such wonderful friends to share it with.

Laura: And Santa even came to dinner!

Mary: This is a Christmas to remember!

*(sitting up to the table, everyone is happy and talking)*

Narrator: There never was a better Christmas in Indian Territory with everyone feeling the true spirit of Christmas giving. Surely this Christmas was just as the first Christmas with love, friendship, happiness, and the greatest gift of all, the gift of God's son to mankind. May your Christmas be as joyous as the Ingalls, and may there be room in your hearts and homes for your family, neighbors and friends.

*(After the meal is eaten)*

Mrs. Snodgrass: Charles, do you still have your lovely old fiddle you played at our welcome party?

Mr. Ingalls: You bet I do!

Mrs. Snodgrass: I would surely love to here you play it again.

Mr. Snodgrass: Come on, Charles! Show us your stuff! Get that fiddle out and lets sing some Christmas Carols.

Mrs. Snodgrass: I just love "Silent Night."

Mr. Snodgrass: Let's get started with "We wish you a Merry Christmas." That's a lively tune!

*(All cast members sing "We wish you a Merry Christmas.)*

All Cast Members: Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.

**Waiting**

by Tom Redd

October 25, 1996

I'm waiting. I'm waiting.

And patiently yet.

Will you do writing,

Or did you forget?

You said I must write

What you write on the board.

I've waited so long

That I'm now really bored.

I can't sit all day

And wait for your work.

I need to stay busy,

So write like a clerk.

Now please write the words

On the board I must write.

Don't take too long

Or we'll be here till night.

I'm waiting, I'm waiting,

I'm waiting for you.

Please hurry up!

I need something to do!

**Watch Your Head**

by Tom Redd

March 10, 1994

Long ago when God made man,

He made a few with perfect heads.

And then, to show his master plan,

The hair, from off their heads, he sheds.

But some will say that isn't true.

It's what is found inside they say.

They say it is a perfect sign

If, as it grows, your hair turns gray,

Because, they say, the roots find brain

Absorbing color from that source.

But those whose hair finds nothing there

When striking air fall out, of course.

So when you chance to view a mirror

Examine close, those hairs, and true,

If they are gray, you'll know for sure,

They found a brain inside of you.

Or then perhaps it might be true

That when your hair falls off your head,

That there is nothing found upstairs.

And that you might be called brain dead.

Or on the other hand, you say,

Perhaps my shiny rounded dome's

A perfect head that God gave me

To bless all those within my home.

Gray hair is really not too bad.

I'll comb it well. I'll walk with pride.

For with it, I am still complete.

My gray hairs I will never hide.

I'm glad God gave me hair that shows

The time I've lived upon this earth.

The tint of gray adds dignity

No baby has at time of birth.

Am I glad my hair is gray?

You bet I am. And it's all there!!

I'll wear my hair with pride and Joy.

I'm glad it's mine — my graying hair.

**Weather**

Look at the clouds--

All dull and gray.

What kind of weather

Is coming today?

The weatherman says

It's going to snow,

But that's not the news

That I want to know.

I like to make snow forts,

And snowmen too.

But shoveling the walk

Is no fun to do.

If snow really comes,

I hope it is right,

The kind of snow

For a snowball fight.

**What Christmas Means to Me**

by Thomas Redd

December 15, 1993

Deep within the hearts of all the people on the earth

There's a very special feeling when we think of Jesus' birth.

A scared holy baby was couched in Mary's arms,

With Joseph, his protector, to keep him from all harms.

I'm sure it was not easy to have no room within.

A stable was provided behind a crowded inn.

The greatest gift that God gave man was given on that night.

The angels sang and Shepherds saw a new star shining bright.

A sacred holy moment was felt by all in tune.

The shepherds watch their flocks by night out underneath the moon.

The angel of the Lord came down and glory shone around.

The shepherds watching were afraid and fell upon the ground.

"A child is born in Bethlehem," the angel then declared.

"Now go and seek the baby boy, and do not be so scared.

You'll find the baby warmly wrapped and in some manger hay.

So go and seek the little child before the light of day."

With wondering awe, the shepherds heard an angel choir sing.

The message of the angel choir, now in their hearts did ring.

Starting out in dark of night, they went to seek their king.

They counseled then among themselves about what gift to bring.

They found the baby snugly wrapped and in a manger laid.

And kneeling down to worship Him, their presentations made.

They gave the baby gifts they'd brought to lay before the Lord.

I'm sure they were the nicest gifts that they could then afford.

The sacred view that they had seen was burned into their mind.

No greater gift was ever given by God to all Mankind.

And in return, our gift to Him is doing what we should

To love the Lord with all our hearts and always doing good.

We'll truly live the life that shows we know the Father's plan.

We'll keep all God's commandments in the best way that we can.

Remember Christ was born and lived to suffer for our sins,

But only by obedience our fight with sin He wins.

He suffered on the cross and died that we might live again.

I'm sure the greatest joy we'll know is up in heaven when

Our Savior's warm embrace we'll feel and hear His loving voice,

"Well done, thou good and faithful one." Those sacred words are choice.

I pray that I will always be the one who knows his call.

May I always follow Christ and do His will and all.

I know He lives and loves us too. I'll try to do what's right.

And to the end, I'll pray that I may humbly win the fight.

The thoughts I have at Christmas time are very special, too.

I wish that I would have those thoughts of joy the whole year through.

Cause that's what Christmas truly means. It means that we are free.

It means God sent his Holy Son to die for you and me.

**What I want for Christmas**

For Christmas what I want to get

Are books that I can go and sit

And read of places far away

That I might visit yet someday.

I'd read of places like Madrid;

About a boy and what he did.

I'd read of children far away

And all the things they did to play.

If I had books I'd be so glad,

I'd even try to help my dad.

So give me books on Christmas Day,

And I'll do everything you say!

**Work Before Play**

by Thomas Redd

June 5, 1997

I think I will do all my school work today.

I'll do it for sure in a very neat way.

I'll finish my work before I go play,

For that is the way to have a nice day!

**Working Hard**

by Thomas Redd

October 23, 1997

It's not enough to sit and think

About the things you ought to do.

You have to really buckle down,

And work until the job's all through.

**Writing**

by Thomas Redd

June 3, 1997

I'm Tired of writing out of a book.

I'd rather stop — at the board I'd look.

I like to write all the things I should.

My teacher says my writing is good.

He gives me a stamp when I get it done,

But eating smarties is my kind of fun.

I guess I'll do my work right now.

When I get it done, I'll take a bow.

**Yea Yea and Nay Nay**

by Thomas Redd

October 29, 1997

Gossip is something that travels around.

It makes some men fall right flat on the ground.

Some Gossip is needed, but most of it not,

So think when you speak of the message you've got.

Speaking of others is easy to do.

Before you speak out, be sure that it's true.

And if it is true, be sure that it's kind.

And if it is not, just pay it no mind.

Be sure that it's needed, the things that you say.

Other men's spirits you'll lift that way.

Do unto others as you'd have them do.

The way that you treat them is how they'll treat you.

So cast from your soul the temptation to sin,

To gossip at all, or to let gossip in.

Our speech, is it kind, and needed and true?

If not, change for a nice thing is what we should do.

Never just gossip and cut people down.

Never do something to make people frown.

For this is the way that our God says to live —

Don't gossip at all, but compliments give.

**Your Birthday Gift**

By Tom Redd

March 24, 1997

Your birthday has come so you're now thirty-six.

I've looked for a gift, but I'm now in a fix.

There stores never carry the thing that you want.

They only have treasures and jewelry to flaunt.

I know what you're wanting so much that you hurt.

You want to see Mother and Dad in his shirt.

You want to be with them, much more than have gifts.

I wish we had money all piled in drifts,

But we do not have it – not much we can spare.

We'll need all our money to take us down there.

It may be to Utah to see them we go.

It may be much farther — I just do not know.

But here is the gift that I'm giving to you.

It comes from my heart with a love that is true.

I'll see that you get to see Mother and Dad.

Some way we will do it, so please don't be sad.

We'll drive to the meeting place when school is out.

It will be a long drive without any doubt,

But we will endure all the traveling stuff.

I hope that we get you to visit enough

With your mother and father those wonderful souls.

They know what is right and they set lofty goals.

Together to heaven we then will return.

To live with our Father in Heaven in turn.

I'm sure that the trip will be challenging too.

But no other way for our family will do.

Please know that I love you and want what is best.

My love I can give you, and all of the rest

Is a trip to your parents — A struggle indeed.

But you can endure it, for that is your need.

I love you, my sweetheart. I love you a lot.

This trip for your birthday is all that I've got.

Be happy. It's coming. We soon will depart.

And know that this gift is from deep in my heart.

You're special, my darling. You're special to me.

Together eternally, I want to be.

Happy Birthday!! now Cheryl, I now sing to you.

I love you so dearly. I want to be true

To that trust that you give me in all that you live.

Please think of this trip as the gift that I give.

**I love you!!**

**Your Father's Prayer**

Thomas Redd

July 26, 1998

Melissa, dear, I'm proud of you,

For to the Gospel you are true.

You serve your friends like Christ the Lord.

No better friend could they afford.

You try to lift and help them out.

You show your love to them, no doubt.

I pray your thoughts and acts are good —

That you do all the things you should

So back to heaven you may go

To be with God again, you know.

I want to be with you on high.

To live the gospel we must try.

Be faithful dear. I love you so.

Do all you can to learn and grow

In gospel light so you'll return

To live with God above, in turn.

My love for you is strong and bright.

I pray that I may serve you right

To help you walk the Gospel trail

And that from truth you'll never fail.

Together we'll return someday

To live the Gospel is the way,

And Christ will come to welcome you,

"Come dwell with me, your family too."

Thanks for your example, dear.

I'm grateful that God sent you here

To live with us while here on earth.

Dear God, I thank you for her birth.

**Your Teacher's Prayer**

Thomas J. Redd

September 18, 1998

Father in Heaven, please answer my prayer.

Don't let my words simply vanish in air.

Why am I teaching at Milford this year?

I don't think I'm able to do it, I fear.

Help me to know what my mission will be.

What is the purpose of this year for me?

Is Mike who I'm helping, or no one at all?

Is it endurance I'm learning this fall?

Father, be with me to help me along.

Help me be faithful and always be strong.

Help me to conquer my fear and concern.

The reason for Milford, oh please help me learn.

Help me to love all the students I serve.

Help me to show them the love they deserve.

Help me to do all the things that I should.

Please help out, dear Father, and make this year good.

I know I can't do it alone in my room,

Some days are all filled with sadness and gloom

When I just can't reach them with things that they need,

And sometimes my pleas to be good, they won't heed.

Please help me to treat them as great as they are.

Help me to show them that each is a star.

Help me build confidence in each young child.

Help me teach children how not to be wild.

Help me teach self-esteem to every kid.

Help me to praise all they good that they did.

Help me to pray at the close of the day

And always have good things of Milford to say.

Help me to grow from this challenge this year.

Help me to conquer and overcome fear.

Dear Father, I need Thee to stay by my side.

Help me to know that with kindness I've tried

To reach out to each precious girl and boy.

Help them to learn, and while learning feel joy,

And when the year's ended, I pray 'twill be known

The reason I'm here, and that each child has grown.

I pray that together we grateful will be

That I was the teacher in Milford, you see.

Dear Father, please help me to meet all my goals

Thus showing the children that they're precious souls.

Help me to lead them in paths that are right.

Help me to share all my joys and delight

With each of the children who lives righteously

Dear Father, please help me to lead them to Thee.

**You're Thirteen Now!**

**Wow!**

By Mom and Dad

The teens have hit! That could be neat.

Your birthday is not quite complete.

They say you'll make it hard for us.

They say teenagers kick and fuss.

We've lived with you for thirteen years.

You've never been the cause of tears.

I pray that you will always be

As nice as you have been to me.

I know this card is not enough

To be your gift. This poem's so rough.

But with it you will also get

Another gift. Now, are you set

To go to Lethbridge shopping soon?

Perhaps we'll go right after noon

On Friday when you're home from school.

We'll shop and find a gift that's cool.

The kids could all be left at home.

(Now isn't this a silly poem

To give to you to be your gift?)

We love you dearly! Get the Drift?

So please accept our love in kind.

I hope that you won't really mind

The fact that you must pick and choose

The gift you get. You then can't loose.

So on a date with Mom or Dad

You'll go to Lethbridge. That's not bad,

And you will find the music there

That with your talent, you will share

With all of us and others too.

And with this poem, we say to you ---

Happy Birthday, Dear, and we love you!!!!

**Youth That Is Pure**

by Thomas Redd

October 9, 1994

Young Harold now is sweet sixteen.

Now, he is tall and rather lean

But that's not all that he is too.

For he is kind to me and you.

I wish that I was close to you

I'd wish you happy birthday too,

But since I'm far away from you

This poem will simply have to do.

So have a "Happy Birthday" please.

Just lay around and take your ease.

'Cause you deserve to have some fun.

(After all your homework's done.)

I love you Harold! Yes I do.

You're so special kind, and true.

You know your Heavenly Father's plan.

Yes, frankly you are quite a man.

A spirit tall and true you hold.

At standing up for right, you're bold.

Stay on the path throughout your life.

And you will learn to conquer strife.

Go on to manhood straight and tall.

Always learn to heed God's call.

For He loves you so tenderly,

As does your Mom and Dad and me.

Continue faithful to the end.

Repentance helps your sins to mend.

But please remember one more thing.

My love for you my heart will sing.

I love you Harold tenderly.

That love is deep as you can see.

You're like me in deed and thought.

I almost know the thoughts you've got

About some things the world calls neat.

I'd rather sew, and take the heat

Of all who tease and call me names.

You know that's just how Satan aims

To make you feel that you're no good.

That you don't do the things you should,

But know that Christ was quite a cook.

He fed five thousand--(no cook book).

And in the Garden long ago

He made a dress for Eve, I know.

If He could make a woman's dress

Without it turning out a mess,

I'm sure that He'd be proud of you

For all the sewing that you do.

So go on bravely to the end.

I love you true, and I'll defend

The fact that you are quite a lad.

That in you there is found no bad.

Please serve the Lord with all your heart

His words you'll hear, "How great thou art.

"Come now, my son, and dwell with me."

Keep living right and you will see

That these are words that you will hear.

To God and me, you are so dear.

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1. My exact words were, "Father, are you there?" [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. I did not know then, nor do I know now who it was that hugged me. All I know is that I was hugged by a Supreme Being. I have often pondered about that hug, and wondered if it was my Savior, or my Heavenly Father, or the Holy Ghost sent to fill the assignment, but it was real. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. The exact words were, "I have to go now. Somebody else needs me now." [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Todd Bunnage, a member of Cardston Third Ward. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Ron Bird, a member of Cougar Band, who after his mission, refused to do anything with me. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)