



A TRUE REFLECTION

The section of water
That you see
Are the tears
I would shed for me.

As I reflect the pain
the cost-
the ocean swells
the loss-

Wisdom dawns slowly,
I'm nearly broken
My fading footprints
the only token.

I've had to step back
Life was getting too deep
A wet dress
Is all I reap, I want to sleep.

Standing in fixation
Forced not to leave,
Not finished yet
To the past I cleave.

I stand alone
with sound of waves
smell of salty tears remain.

This life hangs bold
On the bedroom wall,
It's sort of shocking
And certainly mocking.
The memories it hides
Are rarely told.

My back is turned
My head hangs low
A storm is coming
The sky says so.

I wiggle my toes
Biding my time
Sinking in sand with
Burdens only God knows.

Holding my hand
To feel someone close
A year on the beach
Has left its mark.

The sound, the smell
Brings back the thought
War and separation,
So much time
Waiting and watching.

Then came a son
Marching into my heart
With a pry bar
That tore me apart.

The sweet innocence of his play
As I watch through the door
Tender love springs tears
Of a young mother's love.

Then came the girl
I feel complete
She brings me comfort
Each day now, it's neat.

Daylight will find me
Standing here still
With me stripped
Of all but my will.

Pour it out
In great heaves
With uneven breaths-
Refreshed by the breeze.

I've been here a while
The puddle gets deep
From the pressure
Of my sinking feet.

This dusky morning will unlock
The dark forms resembling
Two lifetimes on the rocks.

Keep looking forward
Toward the light...although
Healing sometimes
Comes at night.

Stand still
At the distant thunder.

Stand still
At the fear,
Stand still

The storm's not over
Stand still—I will, I will

Praying and praying
Mouth and mind are one
Desire for my children to know
The God I've seen.

One more look
I see "that" shore
My mind is focused
Beyond the horizon.

Attempting eternity,
Searching for "that" face
I've not seen, but will know.

*By Linda Clark 5-14-00
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There's A Wideness

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With zeal He will not own.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Savior who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in His blood.

Once you know Him, Christ is absolutely irresistible. You can no more help trusting Him than you can help breathing. If the whole world would know Him as He is, sinners would fall at His feet in adoring worship. They simply could not help it. His surpassing loveliness would overwhelm them completely. Hannah Whitall Smith, *The God of All Comfort*, p. 21

In Loving Memory



Linda Lee (Maddox) Clark
June 14, 1947 – October 8, 2008

Today is the summation of your life.

It is my absence that will seem so real, not my death.

*There are victories of the soul and spirit...
Sometimes even if you lose, you win.*

Can the totality of a person be funneled into the size and shape of the grave?

The same divine mind that is working on the things of nature is speaking to the hearts of men and creating an inexpressible craving for something they have not. Ellen G. White, *Steps to Christ*, p. 28



Tears are jewels of remembrance.

