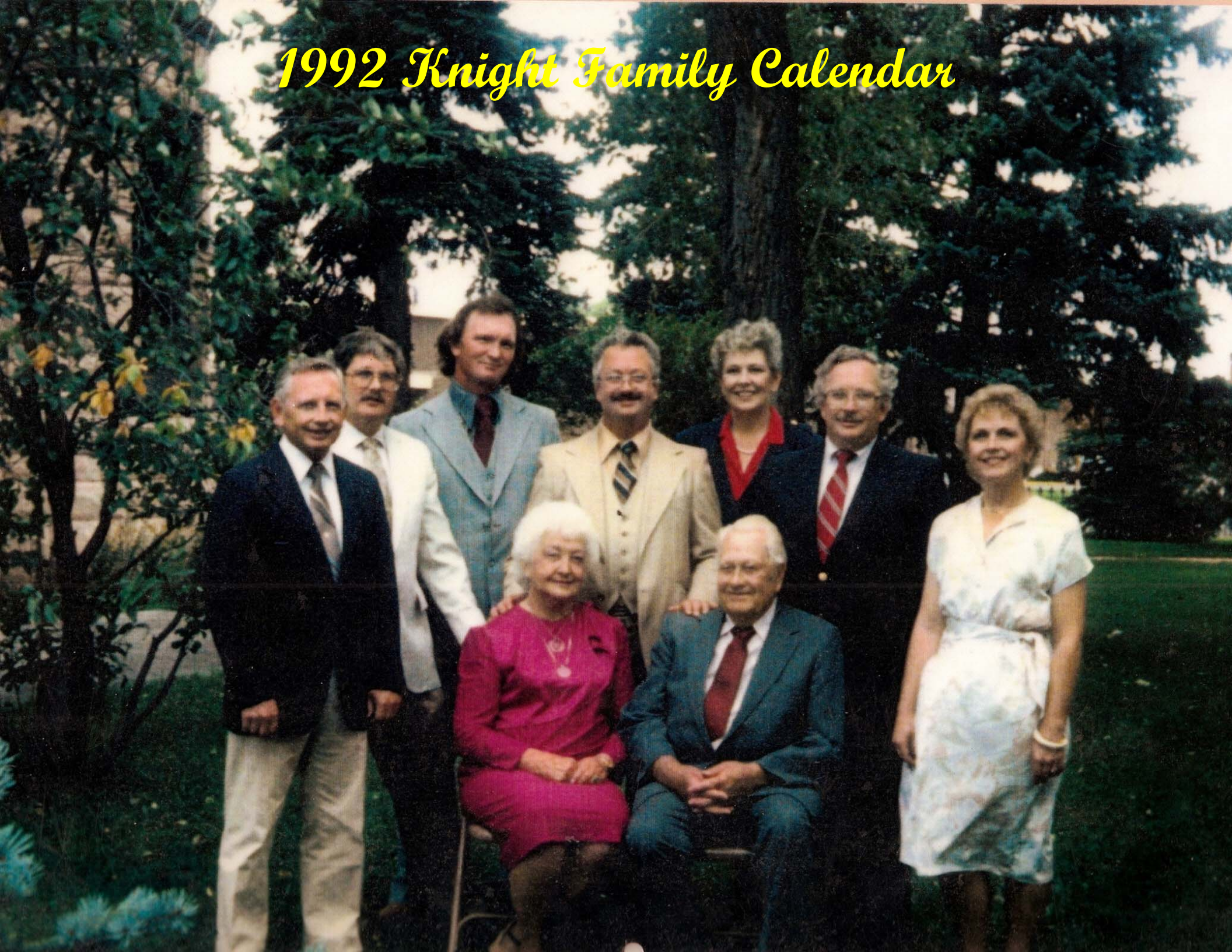


1992 Knight Family Calendar



My Gift.

*You, my children, I'll not bequeath
A wealth of jewels and gold,
Nor will you find upon my death
A horde of coins, to hold.*

*The riches that will follow me
Need not be counted for
Division of my property
To grasp and wish for more.*

*The gems I leave will only be
A store of memories
To overflow each cask of love -
My dears, I give you these.*

G. Knight

This Child

Where can I lead this child, I say,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child down a garden way
Where roses bloom and a butterfly
Sips the dew.

And God is there!

Where can I lead this child, I plead,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child high up in a tree
To see, but not touch, the four blue eggs
In a nest.

And God is there!

Where can I lead this child, I trill,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child atop of a hill
Where the good green earth goes tumbling
Down to the sea.

And God is there!

Where can I lead this child, I speak,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child to the forest bleak
Where ghosts and goblins and branches bare
Tease the fog.

And God is there!

Where can I lead this child, I rave,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child to a dark, damp cave
Where our torchlight's gleam wakes the
Birds and the bats.

And God is there!

Where can I lead this child, my sweet,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child to a busy street
Where shops entice him to spend his dime
On a treat.

And God is there!

Where can I lead this child, I dream,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child to a murm'ring stream
Where a dragonfly points to a trout
Down below.

And God is there!



Where can I lead this child, I wonder,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child to the school over yonder
Where teachers and books will curdle his brain,
So he thinks.

And God is there!

Where can I lead this child, I pray,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child to the church where lay
A Babe in his Virgin Mother's arms.
The Baby sleeps.

And God is there!

Where can I lead this child, I swear!,
Where can I lead this child?
I can lead this child to the rocking chair,
And snuggle his small, brown body close
To my breast.

And God is there!

Where can I lead this child, I sighed,
Where can I lead this child?
I've held his hand and we've traveled wide,
But now, I find, he's leading me
Straight to his heart.

And God is there!

G. Knight

Begged, Borrowed or Stolen

Someone stole off with my heart last night.
I didn't see it go,
But he left an empty, aching space.
How could he treat me so?

Did he only mean to keep it for
A while, and then, ere long
Return it to me, as good as new,
Before I found it gone?

Perchance the thief should show himself,
Admit the damage done,
Would I retrieve my own dear heart,
Or pursue his stealthy one?

G. Knight

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie

Cash doesn't grow upon a tree,
I've heard it said since I was three.
So that leaves fruit and nuts to be
The reason why you'll never see -
Me, no never me, no, not me! -
You'll never see me shake my family tree.

G. Knight

My Hangup

The moon, the stars, and occult signs
All hold no mysteries.
I love to study maps and charts,
Plot travels overseas.
From miles to knots and meters, too
Is really quite a breeze.
But when I see a detour sign,
My brain begins to wheeze,
At once I'm in that well known stuff,
Far up above my knees.

G. Knight

I Remember Her When

The gray little house sits there high on the hill.
Forsaken, forgotten, forlorn and unknown.
Through sunshine and storm, she rocks on in the wind,
A prim little lady, grown old, all alone.

The hanky she flutters at those who look up
Is only a tatter of lace, long since white.
But treasuring yet the pure joy of the day
When once, at the window, it hung, starched and bright.

What are the mem'ries she's longing to share
With those who pass by on the road down below?
Was she cherished, cared for, and too soon outgrown
By those who had loved her, and then had to go?

Who were the last to bid her hail and farewell?
When and where did they go, and why did they leave
The dear little house sitting high on the hill
With no one to tend her, and no one to grieve?

When she shudders and sighs and finally falls,
I hope there is someone to weep, and who will
Spread a blanket of green, and plant a rose on
The grave of the gray little house on the hill.

G. Knight

Help Wanted

Those who step within my walls,
For bed or board, or just to lurk,
Most often join with me, to make
A quick resolve of all my work.

Because I'm never ready early,
My cry for help is evident.
The offer of a helping hand
Precludes the question imminent.

When my Final Guest raps on my door,
The welcome is undiminished,
As I explain "I have some tasks
That cannot be left unfinished."

Smilingly, He accepts the towel,
The dusty window panes He shines.
As I remove my earthly grime,
He gently closes all the blinds.

"Ah, now, at last I'm ready, Sir,
To follow to those Promised Lands.
I'd never, ever made it, Lord,
Without the gift of Helping Hands."

G. Knight

Phantasma

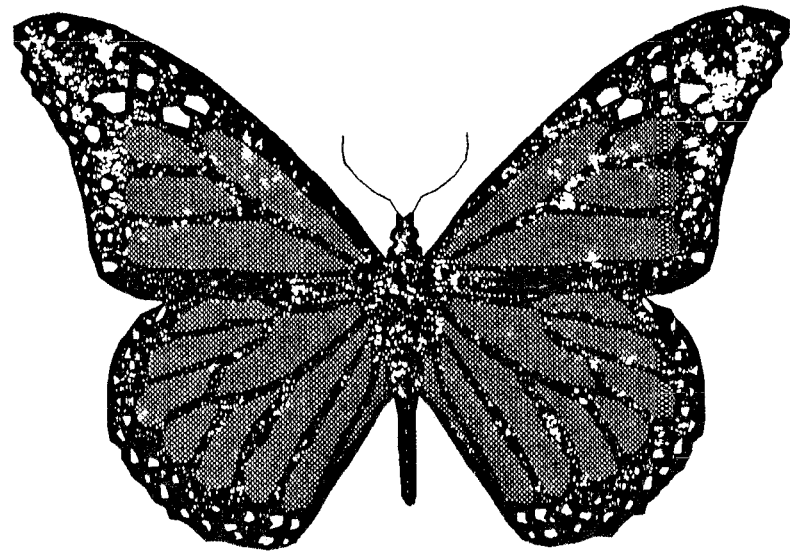
I heard you call my name last night.
The voice was yours, but you weren't here.
I felt your fingers brush my face,
Your heart beat wildly on my ears.

Awakening, bemused and warm,
To ponder thoughts I'd laid to rest,
Recalling tender memories
Of days gone by, of joys unblest.

Our poignant, stolen fling was brief.
Long years ago, and long years passed.
We had acknowledged from its birth,
Based not on love, it couldn't last.

We murmured sweet, though empty words,
Vowed no regrets on either part.
Why did you call my name last night,
To rudely wake my slumb'ring heart?

G. Knight



Rural Education

Genetics, hydroponics,
Economics and bionics.
Irrigation, germination,
Fumigation and mutation.
Propagation and gestation,
Artificial insemination.

*He can spell them and pronounce them.
Definitions, he has got.
If you'd like a demonstration,
He'll oblige you on the spot!
Is this eight year old a genius?
No, although he's rather bright.
This year his grades are much improved,
And his homework's done each night.
Has someone found a super school,
Or a brand new way to teach?
He's living now upon a ranch
Where television's out of reach.*

G. Knight

The Handicap

*I had gone to the park for a quiet thought
To revel in private the good I had wrought.
My ego was high, I could see not a lack.
Self made man, methinks, earns a pat on the back.*

*But my reverie was startled by childhood laughter,
A ball passed my legs with a small dog after,
A frail boy romped, with the little spotted pup,
Although one of his legs could not quite keep up.*

*When the ball that they shared rolled into the street,
The silent pup brought it to the happy boy's feet.
Together they wandered to a park bench where
Was sitting a girl, who had dark, shining hair.*

*The boy placed the ball in the pretty girl's lap.
She tenderly touched the tanned face of the chap.
She felt the ball's roundness, and bounced it away,
As the dog leapt high to again put it in play.*

*As the friends continued the sport with no name,
I watched and was bored with the silly old game.
Their fun and their laughter was really quite rude.
How dare these young children, my world to intrude.*

*Shyly, the boy reached for the girl's small hand,
And led her away, down a path lined with sand.
The puppy, elated and jumping with joy,
Abandoned the ball, joined the girl and the boy.*

*An elderly man greeted each of the three.
With nuts he was coaxing a squirrel from a tree.
The dog chased and leaped without barking a sound.
The confident squirrel could be seen upward bound.*

*Again, as I watched, I was angry and cross,
My pompous reflection had come to a loss.
Only then did I know that the pup had no voice,
But was free to show love to those of his choice.*

*And the boy, though from birth had always been lame
Could love and be loved, as he made life a game.
The dark haired girl, who's eyes had never seen light
Was beaming and radiant. No tears were in sight.*

*The withered old man who was four score and ten
Had exceeded the life span of all his old friends,
But these younger cohorts were eager to hear
His tales of bravado from a long past year.*

*My pity was roused by the plight of the four
As I pondered the terms that prescribed their score
Inadequate though these may be; Mute, Lame, Blind, Aged.
How else to refer to the fights they have waged?*

*Mute is the one who with truth won't speak out,
But the little dog's tail was wagging a shout.
Lame is the one who'll not walk round the bend,
But the young boy ran, to give joy to his friends.*

*Blind is the one who sees naught below or above,
She felt sun's warmth to see the light of God's love.
Aged is the one who won't live life while it lasts,
This man lives for the future, the present, and past.*

*Now what is the word to encompass them all?
Handicapped, is the term I seemed to recall.
The word wasn't right, for these four, a misfit.
My pride and my ego were hurting a bit.*

*If these are not handicapped, who could it be?
Not these who are old, mute, lame, or can't see.
Who is the handicapped? Which one could it be?
Who's the handicapped? Dear God, could it be me?*

G. Knight

Malapropos

I have never been known
To be in the right place,
It's no matter wherever I'm at.
Like a square little peg
Won't go in a round hole,
Though I've tried it both this way and that.

In a ball game I find
I'm back there on the bench
When I really should be up to bat.
It's distressing to be
The only one standing
When every one in the crowd has sat.

I've puzzled and pondered
The whys and the wherefores.
My program just won't come out quite pat.
Do you think it could be
That my square little head
Doesn't fit in my round little hat?

G. Knight

My Kitchen Prayer

I love my little kitchen, Lord
Its shiny pots and pans
The little rack where spices lend
Their scents from other lands.

The crowded shelves of handy tools,
That slice and chop and grate
Recall the times the family shared
Their food, their love, their fate.

It's here where children come to find
A cookie jar replete
To tell me of their victories,
To nibble something sweet.

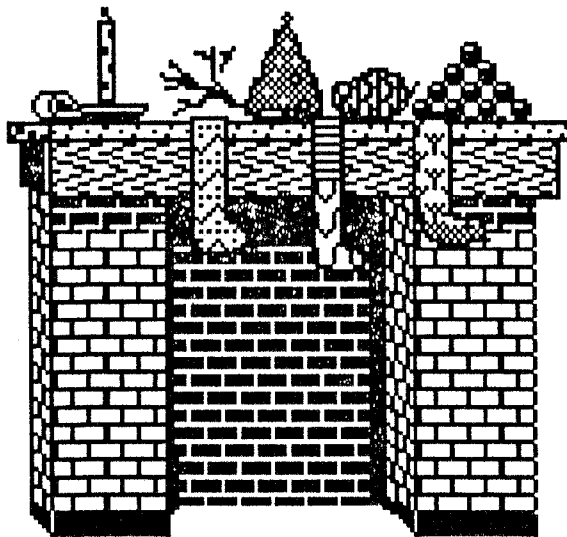
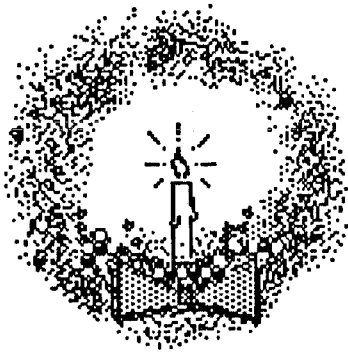
The kith and kin, and strangers, too
Who enter through the door
May soon find themselves befitted
With an apron and a chore.

The aroma from the kettle,
A bubbling on the stove,
Is akin to family blending
In a potpourri of love.

On sleepless nights my kitchen calls,
I brew a pot of tea,
And bask in all the warmth herein
And have a chat with Thee.

So, Thank You, Lord, for these Thy gifts,
I'll never ask for more,
Than every happy memory
My kitchen holds in store.

G. Knight



Where do we go from here?

Where do we go from here, friends?

Where do we go from here?

For the one road is rough,

The other one's steep.

The bridge, it is gone,

And the river runs deep.

So, where do we go from here?

Where do we go from here, friends?

Where do we go from here?

If we go together

We'll never know

If the other way

Was the right way to go.

So, where do we go from here?

Where do we go from here, friends?

Where do we go from here?

If we take separate ways

Well, who knows when

We will find ourselves

Together again?

So, where do we go from here?

Where do we go from here, friends?

Where do we go from here?

Let's all gather round

The loaf and the jug.

In the circle warm,

We'll all be snug.

So, where do we go from here?

Who wants to go from here, friends?

Who wants to go from here?

G. Knight