



REVELATION



IN THE



SNOW




INSPIRATIONAL POETRY



BY DOROTHY KLEYPAS



RICHARDSON

Revelation In the Snow

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Dorothy Kleypas Richardson

DEDICATION

Dedicated to the memory of my loving father, Arthur Michael Kleypas, who taught me how to listen to the music of life.

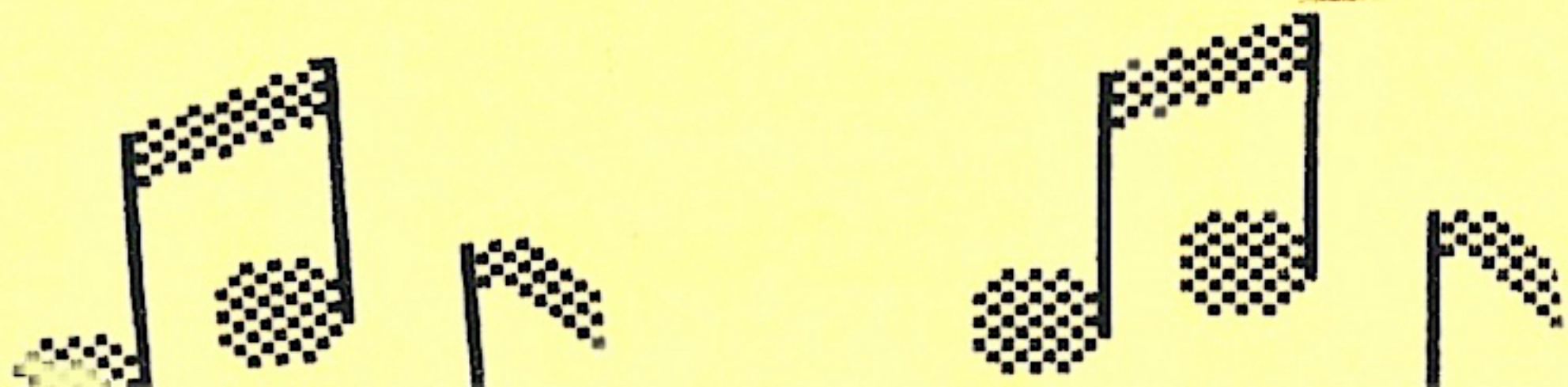
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A heartfelt thank you goes out to my family and friends for their advice & encouragement, without which I would not have written a book at all. A special thank you goes to my husband and four sons who used their equipment and skills to arrange and illustrate both book and computer program.

FOREWORD

My father's examples in life taught me how to listen to my feelings - to reach deep down and learn about myself. Now that he has passed away, it follows naturally that I reach inside again to know my feelings about death. To my surprise what I find is not death, but life - more beautifully projected in flashing memories across my mind. Looking around I see that death was only the channel through which he traveled from one stage of life to the next.

I feel a lifeline of strength that will carry me through the days and nights of missing him - for our loves do stay alive in our memories and in the things we do like them. It is this lifeline of strength I desire to share with all of you. Use my poems to reach inside yourselves, because memories of the good times are the treasures which fill our hearts with joy.



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TIME IS A DANCE

When someone you love has said goodbye,
It's a time to be still and think as
you cry.
Even though you know heaven is now
their home.
Your own shaken spirit has the memories
to roam.

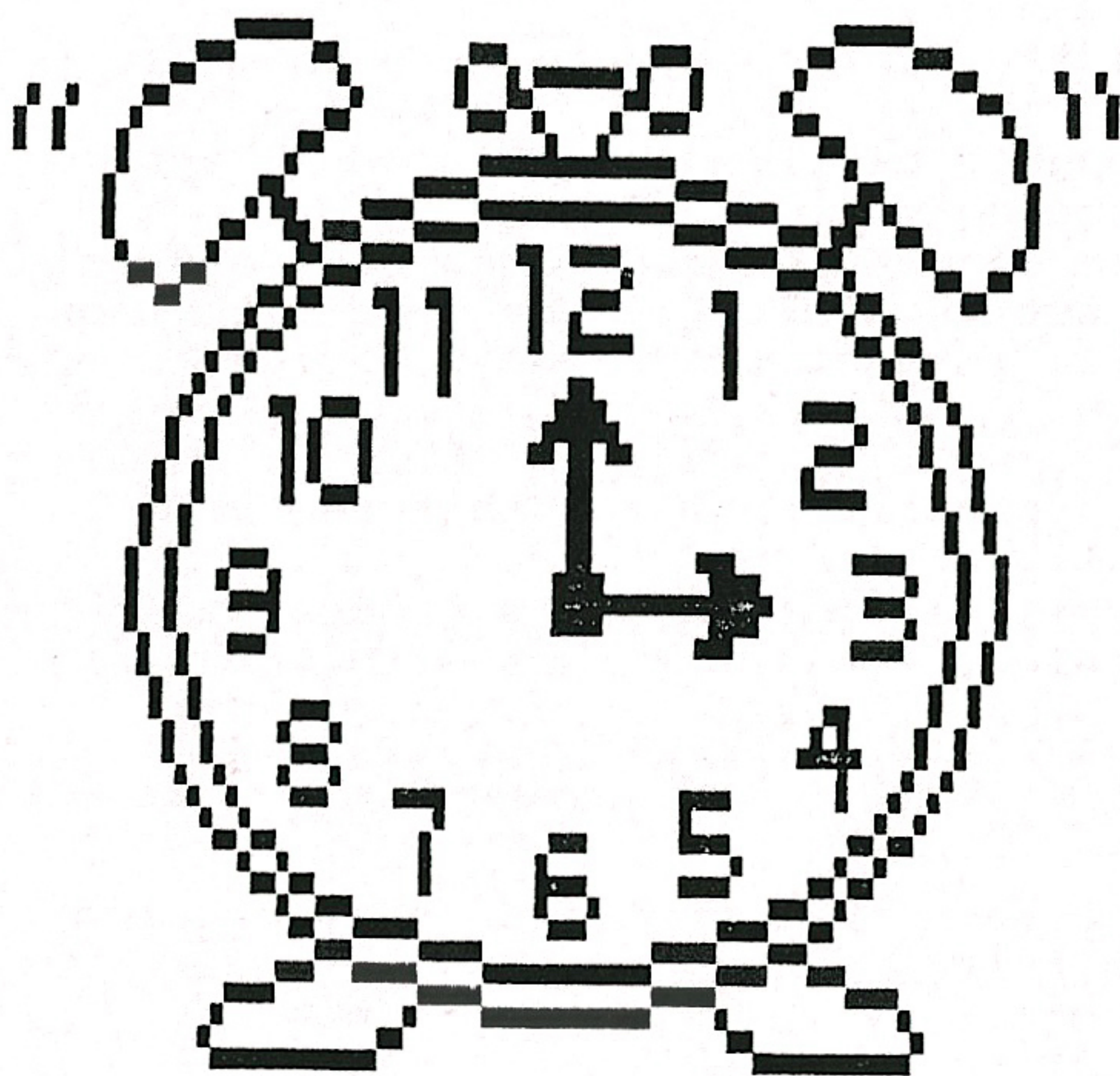
It seems that with their death must be
your own,
For how can life dare go on with the
sadness you've shown?
Yet the very act of life going on,
Eases the pain and shows us the dawn.

Think now, as the baby is born to
earth,
That isn't the beginning, but only the
birth.
For what formed the essence of baby's
background and soul,
Was fixed, as ancestors' actions took
their toll.

Listen when the youth announces love,
And wants a wedding ring.
They say "Come join us, family".
"Let's dance and sing."

For time is a dance in itself.
You have to step fancy, moving to the
end.
It swirls across the floor,
Causing people's styles to blend.

When we've all come together in love,
Our faith and strength increases.
And no one knows but us,
All the joy that releases.



REVELATION IN THE SNOW

The snow is falling down south this
year.
And my emotions, too, shed frozen tear.
Someone I love is gone and yet he's
very near,
Guiding my thoughts to make them clear.

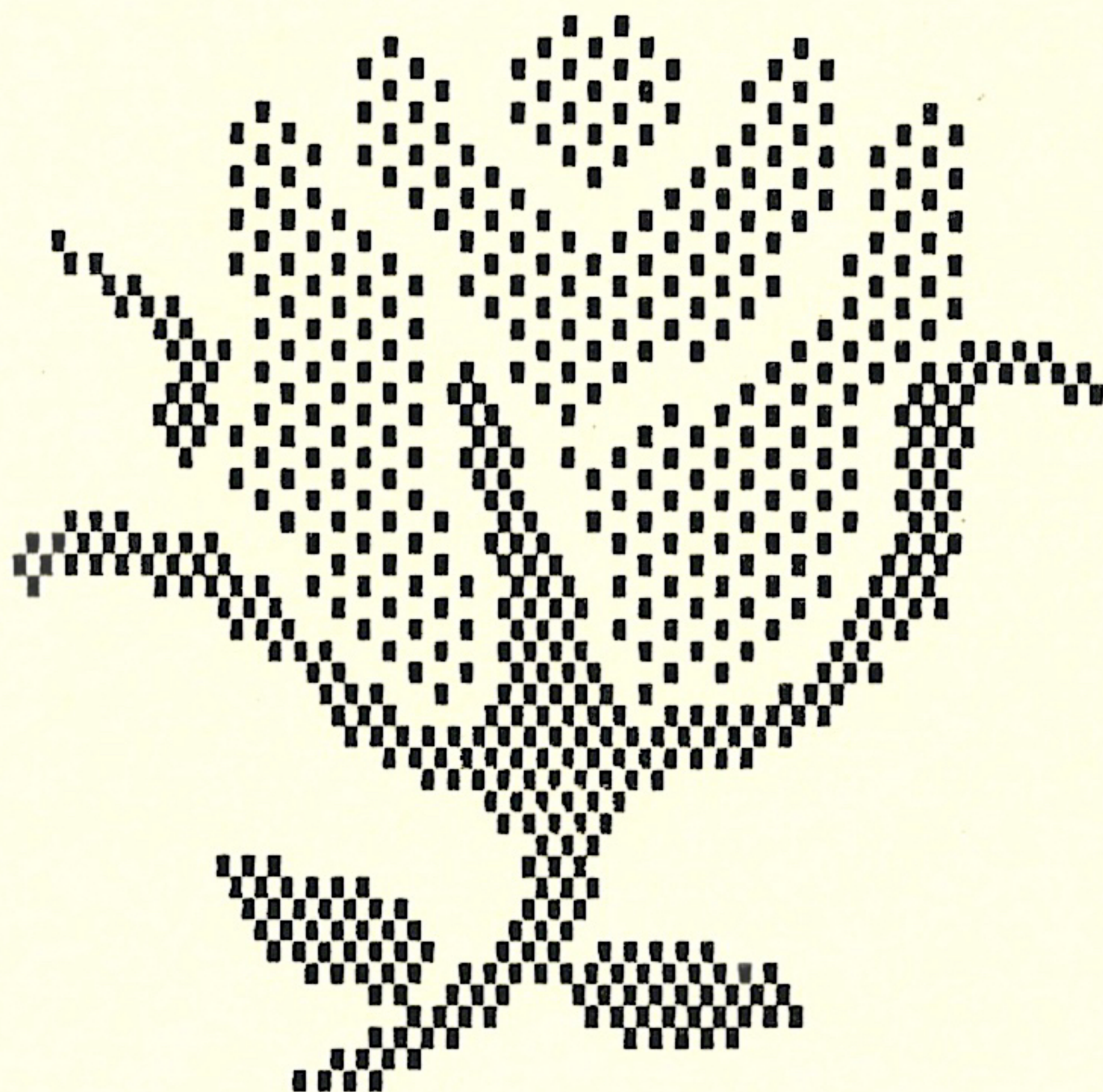
Thoughts of life and it's worth are
changing so.
Much of what he did comes back and lo!
It settles softly on my head like snow.
While love at it's finest begins to
grow.

It begins like flakes that are very
small,
And it falls from God's garden wall.
Straight from His hands with the sound
of a call.
That pierces the blanket of pure
snowfall.

Like snow that protects the green from
the cold,
Thoughts of the past file in and
unfold.
The best reason for living this life
must be told.
For the zest of life forever is like a
treasure of gold.

It's the beauty and the magic of a life
well spent.
It's the sharing with others of the
love that's sent;
From the Father who gave us His
covenant.
That we join Him one day in heaven is
meant.

For we'll know God's been with us to
the very last mile,
When He looks down and says "Come home,
my child".
Then His love will wrap around us in a
glorious style.
And we'll know what we've traveled has
been well worth the while.



GLEANNING HERITAGE

I hear the hens cackling near the barn,
And the roosters yelling that it's
morn.

I hear the dogs barking as they chase
rabbits through the fields.
And I hear the cows mooing between the
sounds of tractor wheels.

Then I hear a boy calling to his
brother,
"I'll have more cotton than you to show
mother."

I see the brother's hands move more
quickly as he rounds another row,
But the first boy's bag is so full he
can hardly tow.

I see the hens settle down at twilight,
While the roosters are eyeing the
coming night.

I see the dogs bemusing where the
rabbits could have gone,
And while the cows enter the barn, the
tractor parks near the lawn.

I see both boys run to dress for the
saturday night dance.
They each have a girl and are ready for
romance.

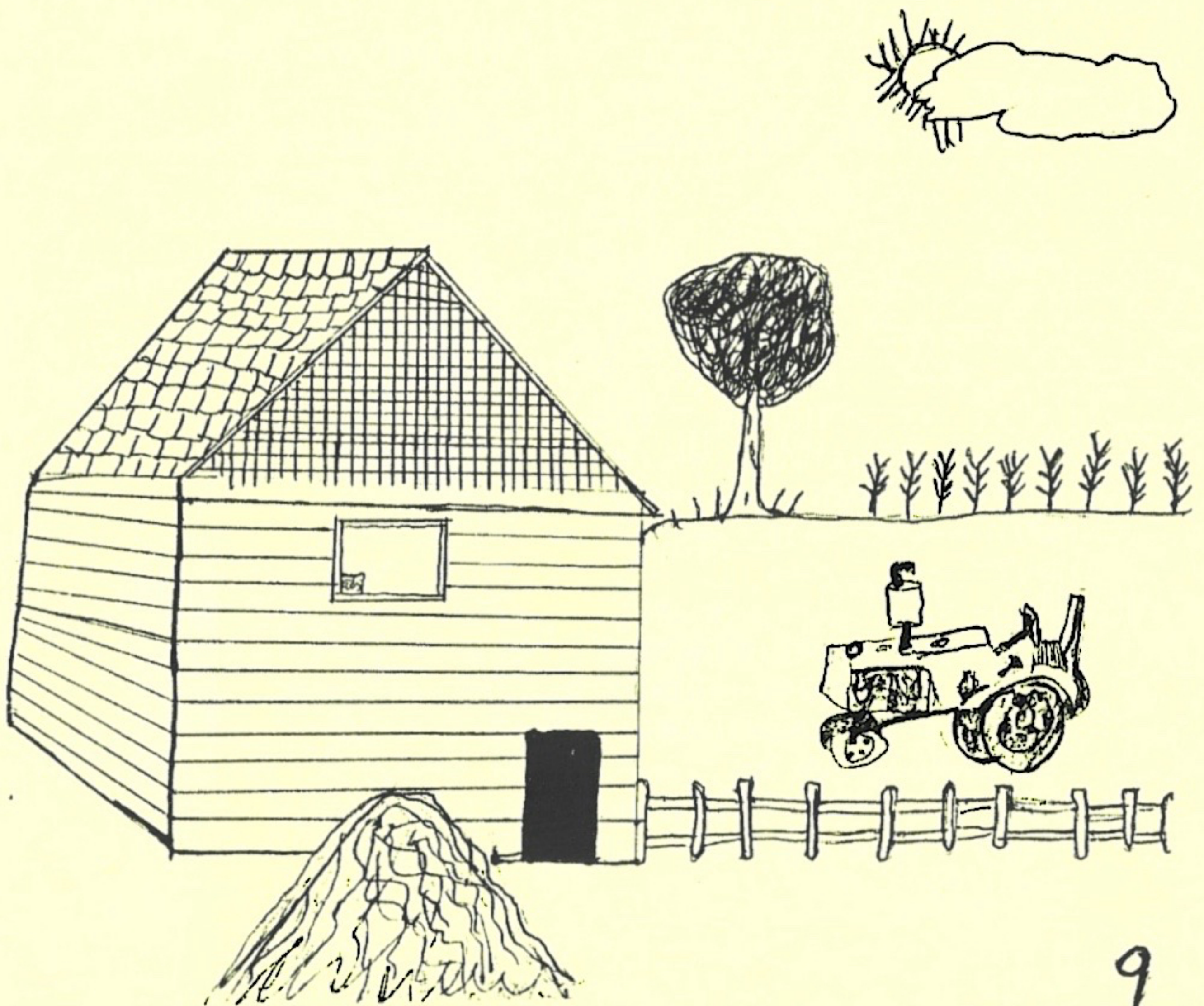
I feel the years passing from this
farmland scene,
But the way of life there gives them
much to glean.

Their success is quite a bit to
measure.
First they marry the girls who gave
them pleasure.

And no matter what business occupies
their hands,
They never forget what they learned on
their homelands.

In the peaceful countryside there's a
place for competition,
But each in his own right deserves
recognition.

In their business they remember the
brotherhood they lived,
And they pass it on to others as they
give.



COUNTRY SALESMAN

The boy Michael walked the country road to school, showing his sister the hickory nuts.

"I know someone in school who will trade me this for pretty rocks."

The sister laughed and said he'd learn from the school of hard knocks.

"Because what can you do with pretty rocks?"

Michael smiled. He had ideas that would knock off her socks.

The youth Michael thrived in the nursery garden.

"Yes, ma'am, these are the best quality of flowering shrubs we have - and easy to care for!"

That's 50 cents now. And let me get that door."

"Thank you, Michael. Tell your mother hello for me."

Michael smiled. He knew good manners was the key.

Young man Michael fell in love with Cil and she said,

"I love you, Michael, I'm sold on you. And I will follow you from country roads to city avenues.

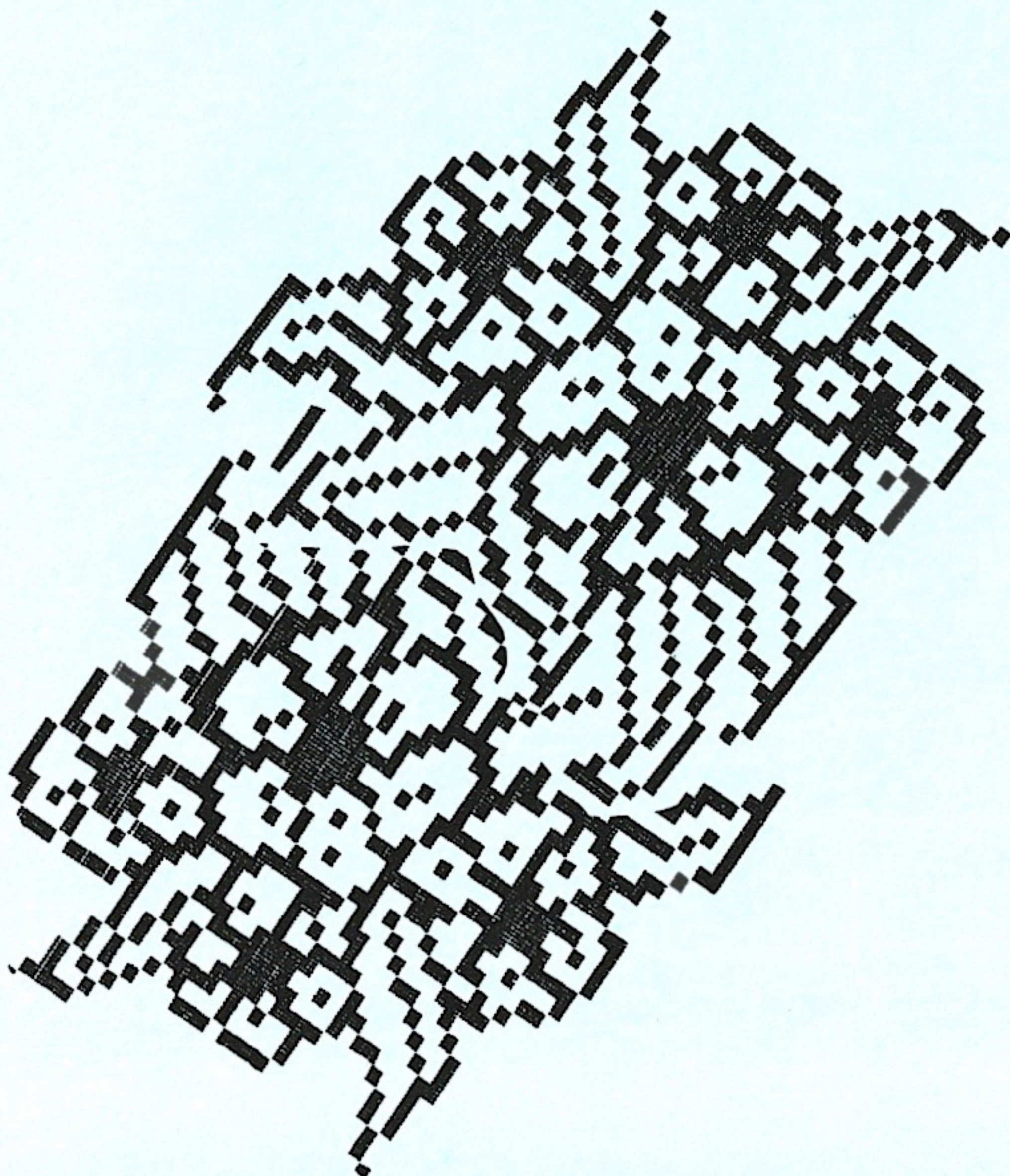
But what with all these rocks will you do?"

Middle-aged Michael had experience and wisdom in his consoling voice.

"Rocks are the symbol of lasting love," he told customers one day.

"We'll carve this monument to the specifications you say."

Then Michael smiled at the new friends he'd just met, and smiled at the rocks on display.



HEAD USHER

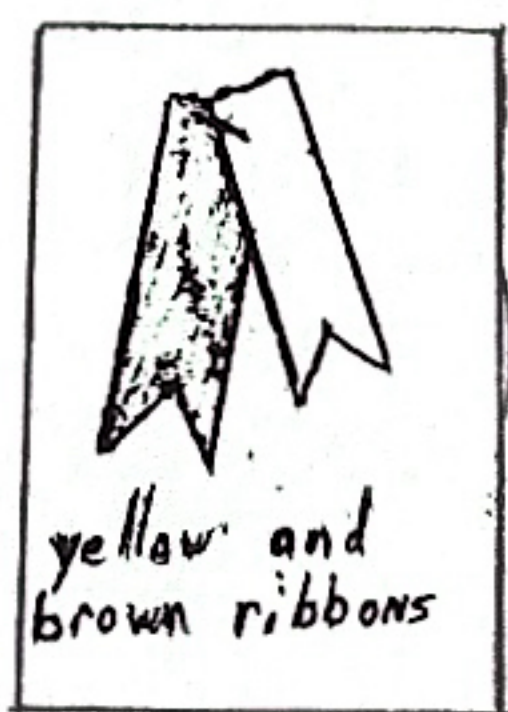
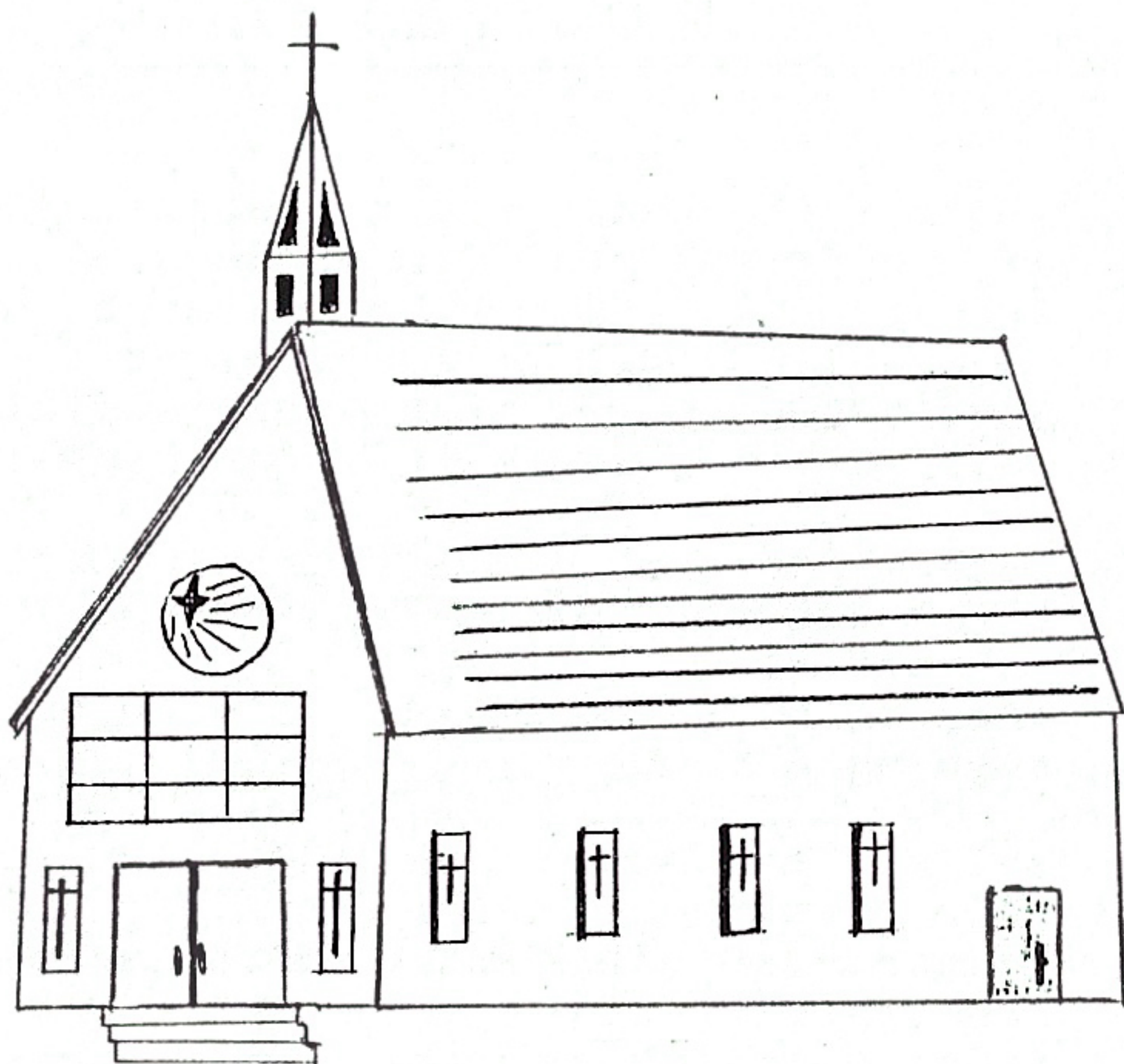
I stare at the yellow and brown ribbons
on my dresser and remember well where
I've seen them before.
As I pass through the portals of
yesteryear, they are pinned to someone's
coat at the church door.

I am younger there, standing in the
crowd, dressed in my Easter finest with
smile of innocent cheer.
And the coat that the ribbons are
pinned to is worn by someone who made
Easter so dear.

Then the page turns and my mind zeroes
in on another time of year.
When the yellow and brown ribbons on
coats again appear.
As I watch the men with them smile and
guide the people along,
It looks almost like a waltz to match
the Xmas songs.

We bought the yards of ribbon from a
dime store twice a year, and cut them
five or six inches each.
They were worn by the ushers who
organized in God's House of Peace.

Yellow and brown ribbons tremble in my
hand, but the symbol that they stand for
is firm trust.
In the man they called Head Usher whose
steadfast patience is written in the
dust.



THE BETTER PRIZE

I wrote the Hail Mary backwards, just as you, father, had bid me pray. I thought it would be more beautiful, much as a hidden treasure might. But it turned out to be non-sensible -- foolish to my sight.

Determined that I was right in part, I tried out the "Glory Be" and the "Our Father", too. They both turned out to be more foolish than my first review.

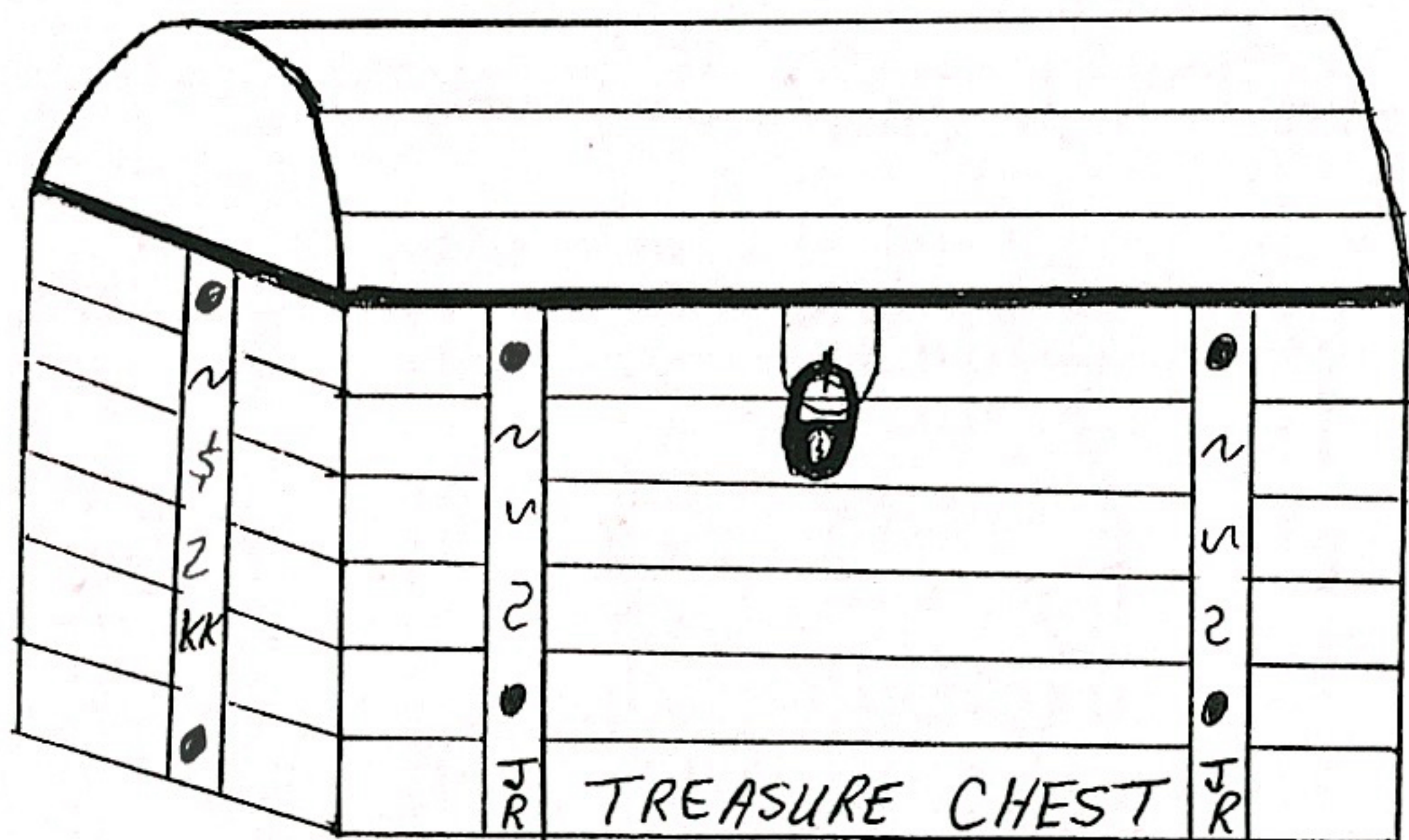
But fathers are often wise, more so than even they surmise. I wonder if you knew I would learn a lesson from this; As if your joking words were teasing me to "taste the dish".

When searching for hidden treasure of some size. We often find that what we had at first was the better prize.

The Hail Mary said straight out is far more beautiful without a doubt. And so with no further words of eloquence, I state to you this fact.

There are no gifts great enough to show my thanks to you, For guiding me and loving me as you always do. But one thing I do have is a mighty love for you. And that, dear father mine, is another fact.

Hail Mary full of grace! The Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.



MY FATHER LOVED

My Father loved the Cardinal and now I
know the reason why.
It looks like a ray of hope as it flies
across the sky.

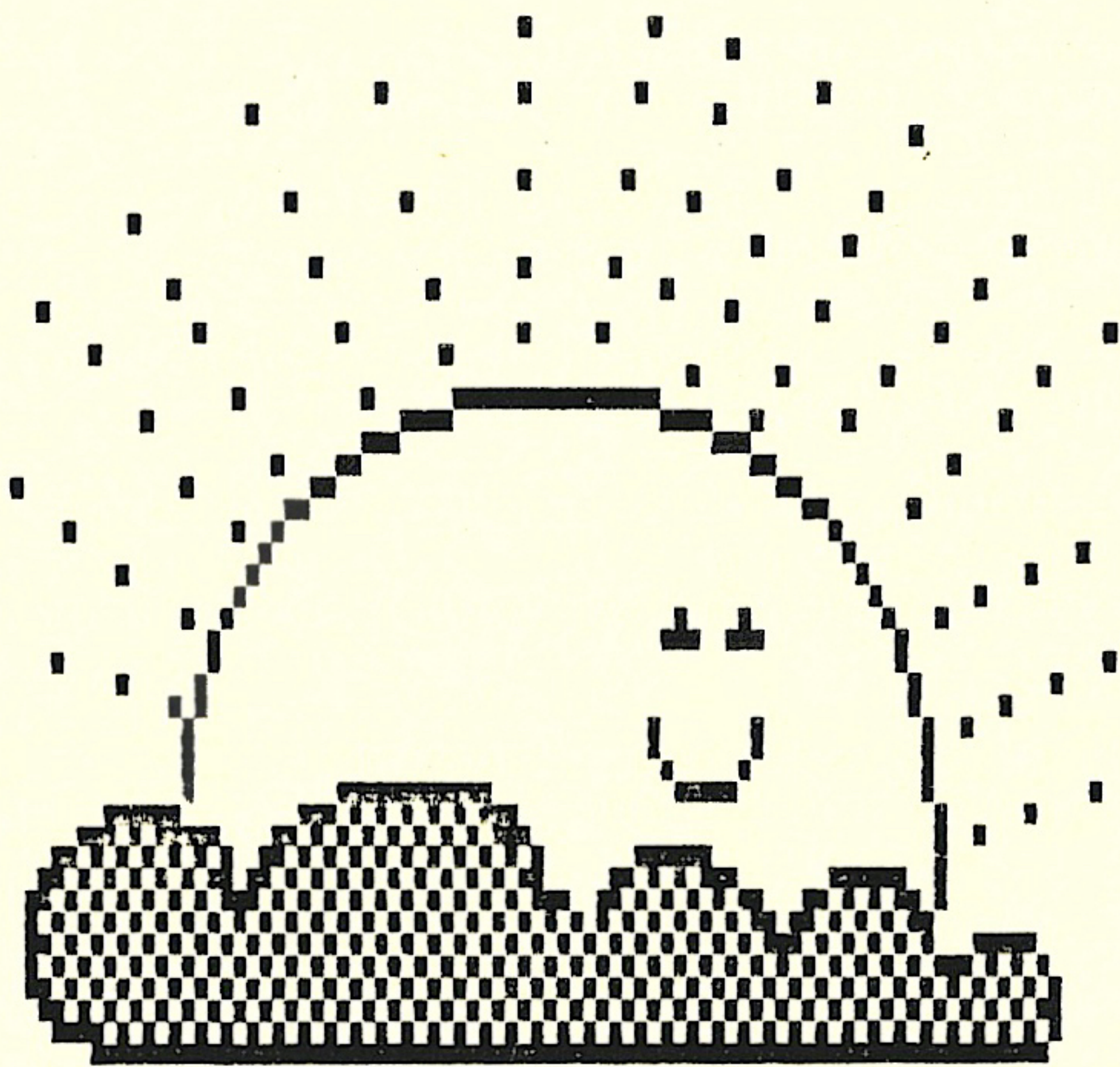
My father loved flowers everywhere, and
the warm colors they display.
For they remind us of the gentle rain
that brought them there.

My father loved the warm glow of the
sun as it heats the window sill,
Where he would stand and watch the
children having fun.

My father loved to talk and say hello.
He saw no strangers, only friends
wherever he would go.

My father loved to play music when
family and friends gather to sing,
For he knew the magic of "together"
that it brings.

My father loved so many things, but
most of all he loved sweet Jesus so.
And I'll spend my life looking for that
same warm glow - that my father loved.



THE TWINKLE IN HIS EYES

My fathrer's hair was silvery grey,
But it curled in a youthful way.
The twinkle in his eyes
Was always hard for him to hide.

The roman nose upon his face,
Gave his features a certain grace.

His lips when curved in a smile,
Warmed my heart in special style.

But the twinkle in his eyes was always
hard for him to hide.

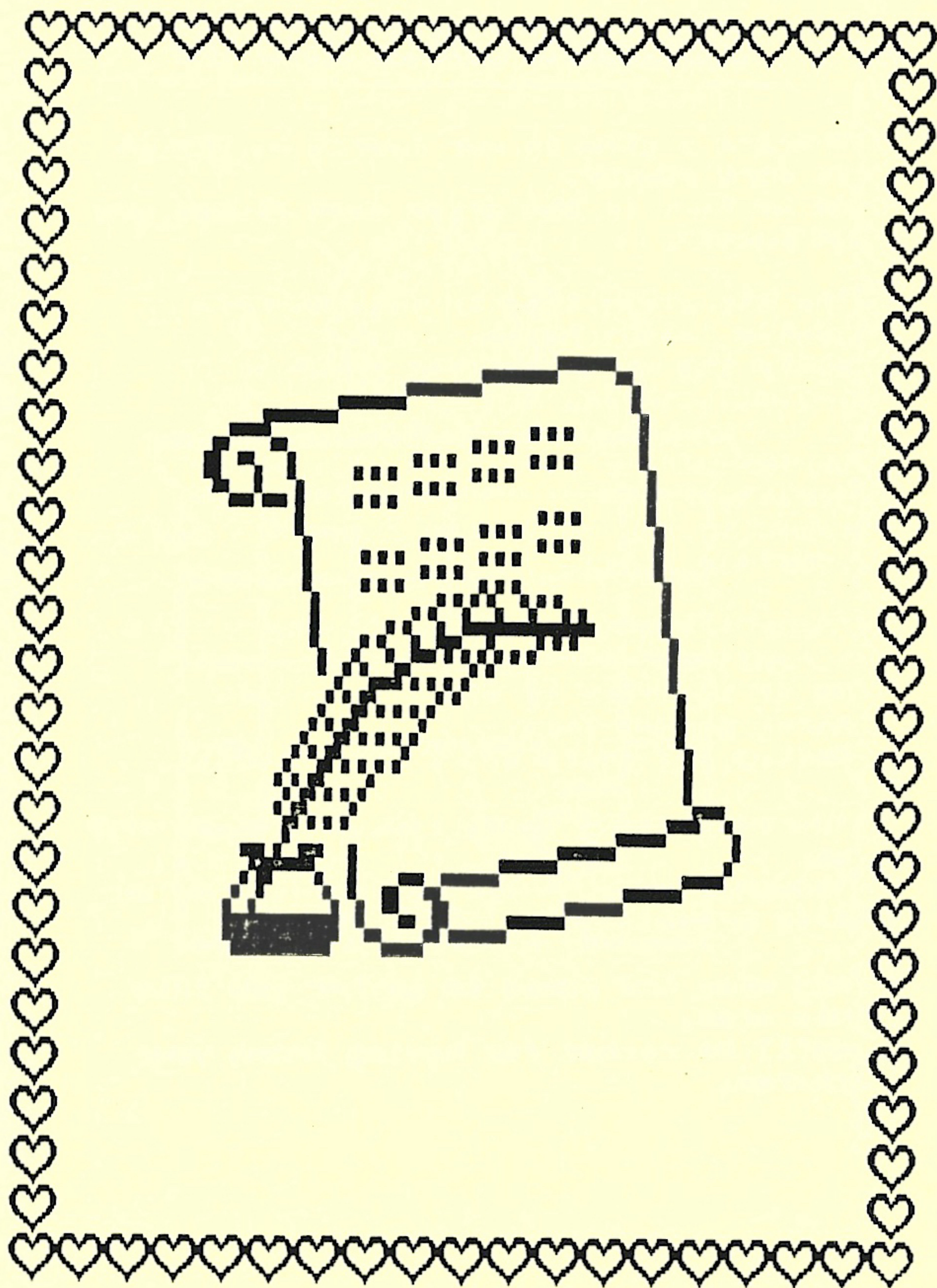
His hands were often busy with a paper
and pen,
Either poetry or love notes or selling
again.

And often with his French Harp,
He'd play music from his heart.

But the twinkle in his eyes was always
hard for him to hide.

His dance was all charm when he held me
near,
And I felt that his love was very
sincere.

But the twinkle in his eyes was always
hard for him to hide.
For the little boy inside stayed
wonderfully alive.



SEASONS COME AND GO

There's a glow in our hearts as though
it were summer.
As we turn in the drive even clouds are
no bummer.

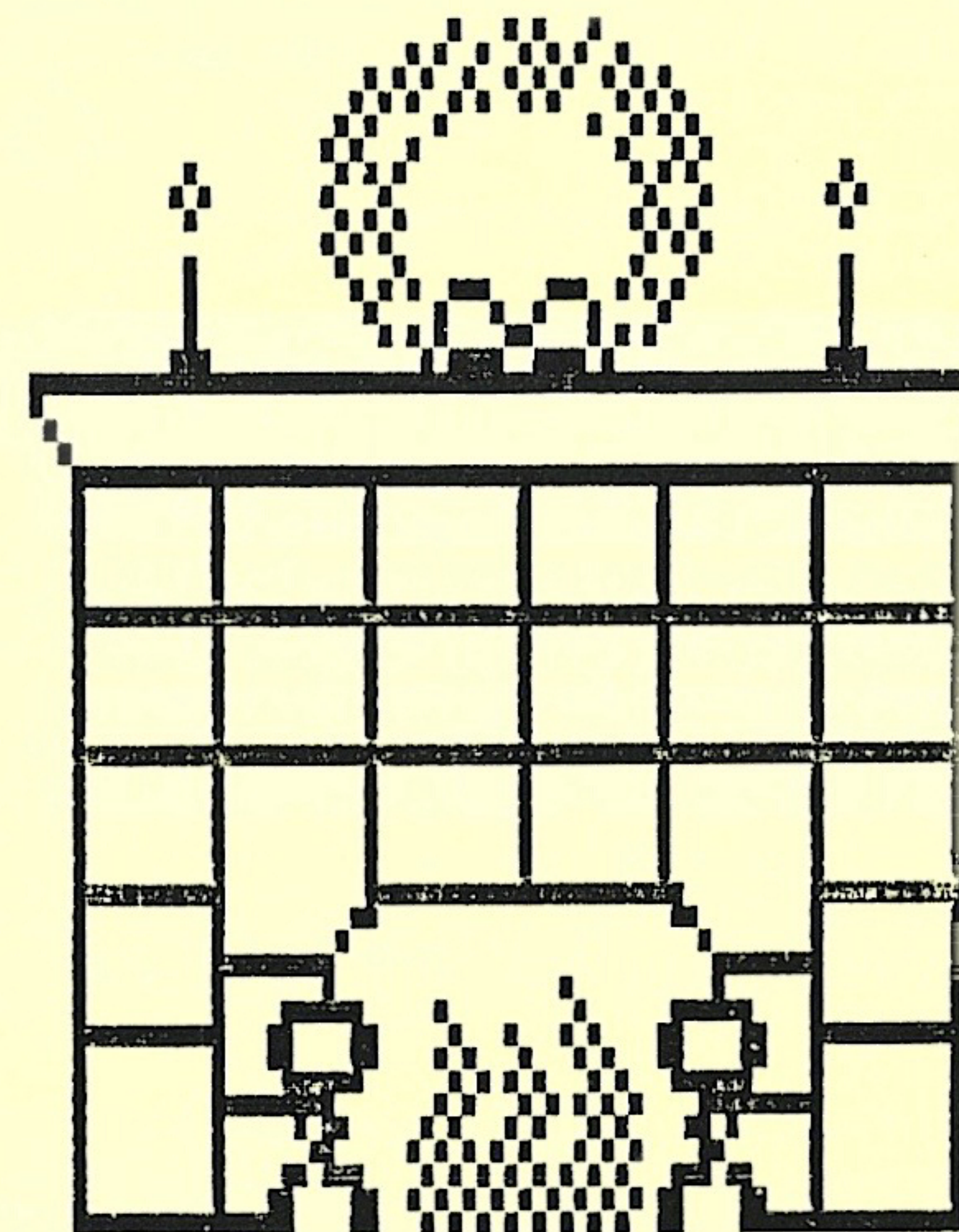
The big shade tree in fall showers
gentle leaves below.
While the birds twitter to us a
friendly hello.

Up the silver path is a walk into
spring,
Laced on the edge with flowers - and a
fountain sings.

There's a winter's glow in the
fireplace,
As it crackles in the living room
warming your face,
Making you smile every little while.

The seasons of your life, they come and
go.
Though, daddy, while you're with us our
life grows.

And when God comes to gather you into
His arms,
We'll be richer for having known your
charms.



RAINBOW OF LIFE

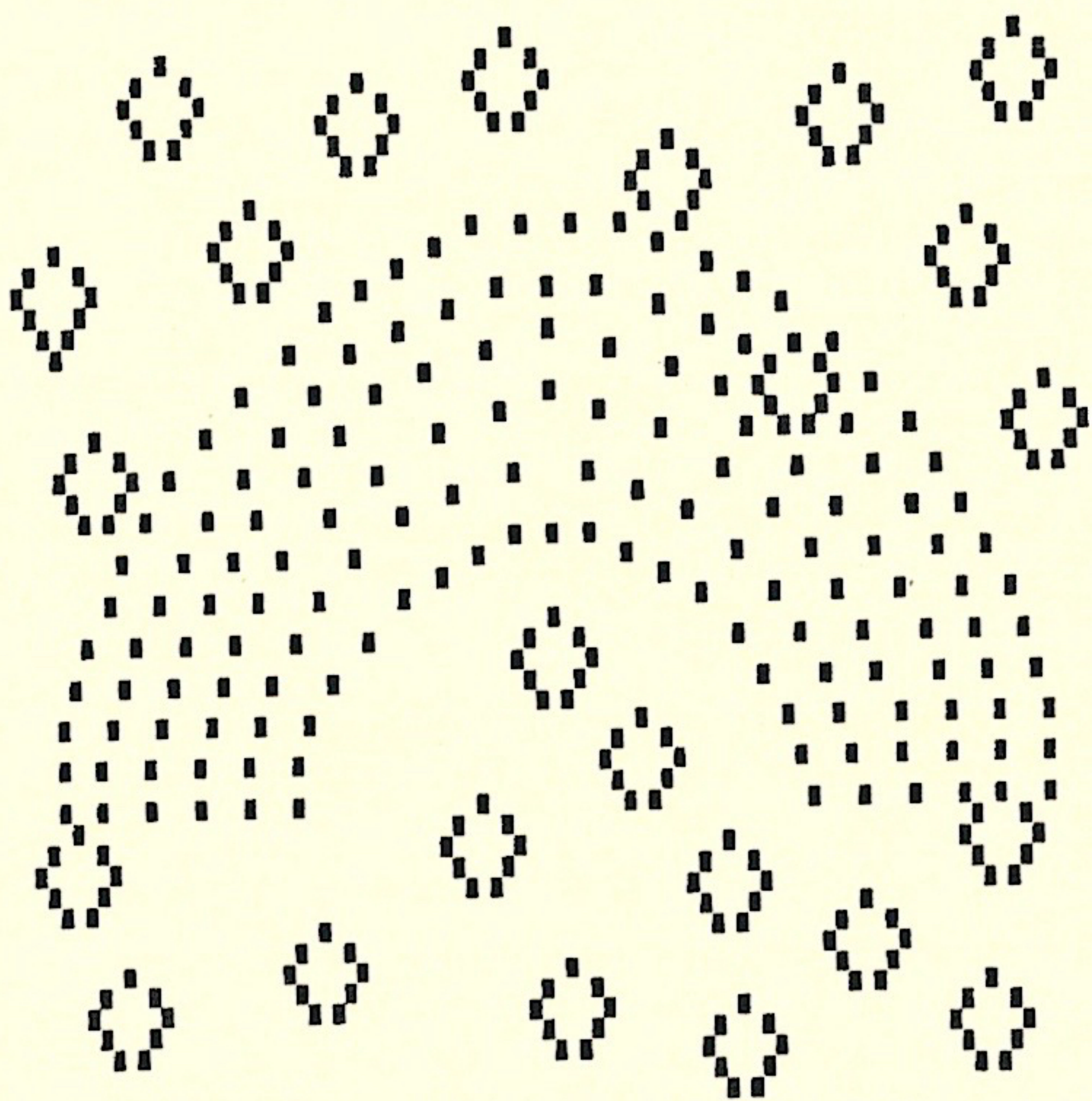
Oh Papa, how we hate to let you go,
And yet it's better this I know.

For God has led you all your life,
And now you can join your loving wife.

I held you in joy and hugged you in
laughter,
danced and sang with you, too.
But the rainbow is not complete -
unless
there are colors of every hue,
So I have felt your pain and tried
to live it, too.

I have longed to see you smile in
peace.
I have longed to hug you and hold you
close,

So I'll hold you close in my heart,
And in everything I do
there will be a bit of you.



MOTHER'S LOVES

Mother's silvery hair always hugged her face in gentle waves,
Then returned in back to the bun that was the fashion craze.

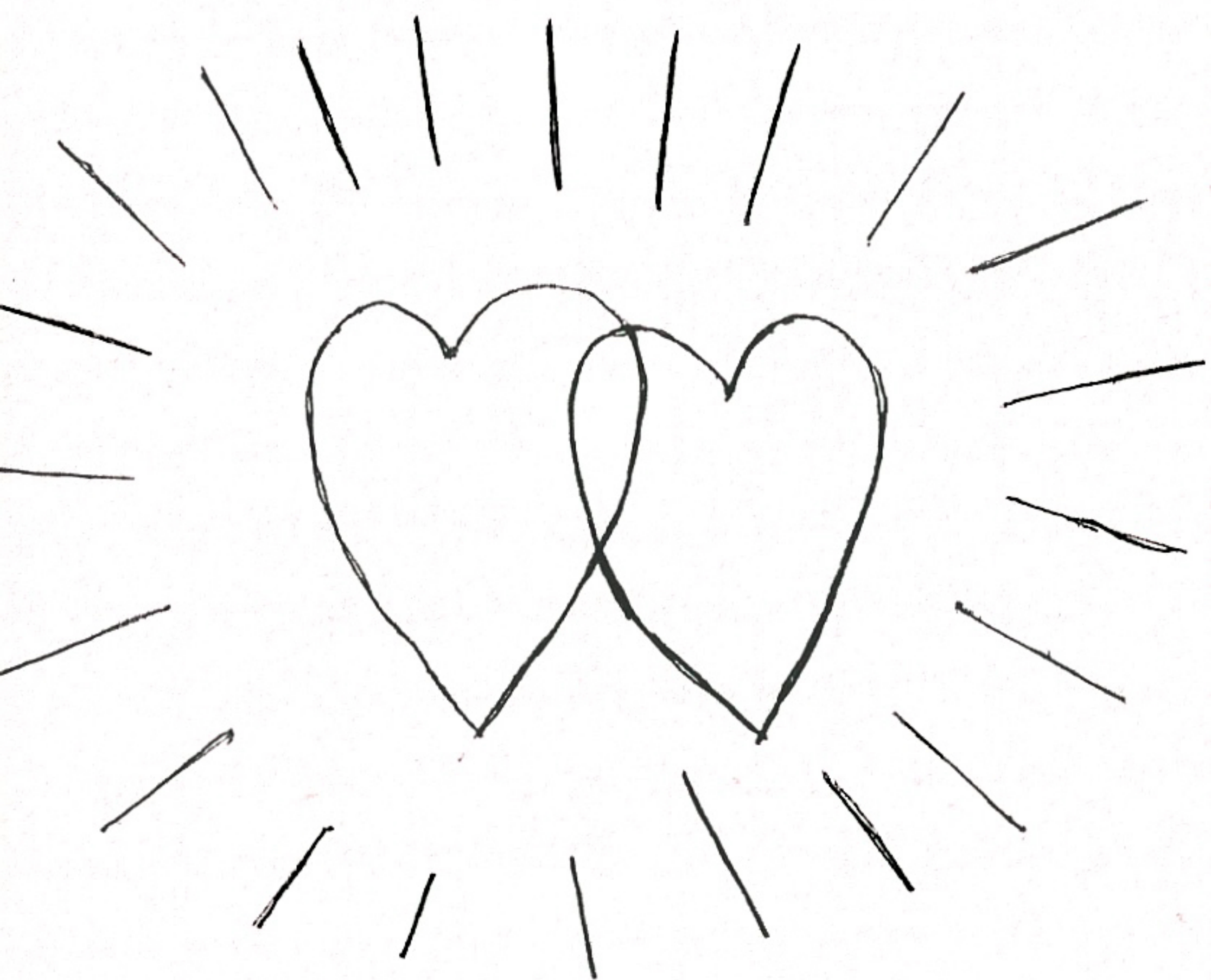
The laugh wrinkles near her eyes told how she loved to have fun.
Why she could dance the Charleston better than anyone!

But her children were the stars in her eyes - and her husband, the glowing moon of romance.
While he worked elsewhere, she made our clothes from homemade patterns and added lace to enhance.

She could whip up a good meal and my father had better not be late.
For she had a caring temper that would set any of us straight.

Though she stayed home she fostered independence. Each of her young was a VIP with talent that was unique.
She knew that one day as we grew up, we'd have our own path to seek.

She instilled in us a faith that would strengthen shaky days.
And a love for the Lord on whom one day she would gaze.



PARENT'S PRAYER FOR BOYS

Oh God, protect those adventurous boys.
Give me the patience to put up with
their noise.

Give them the confidence to seek out
and find,
And give me the courage then not to
mind.

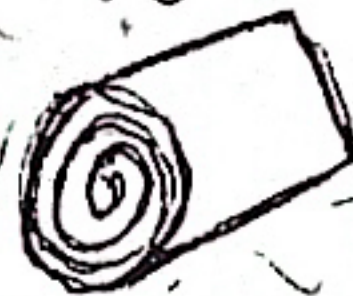
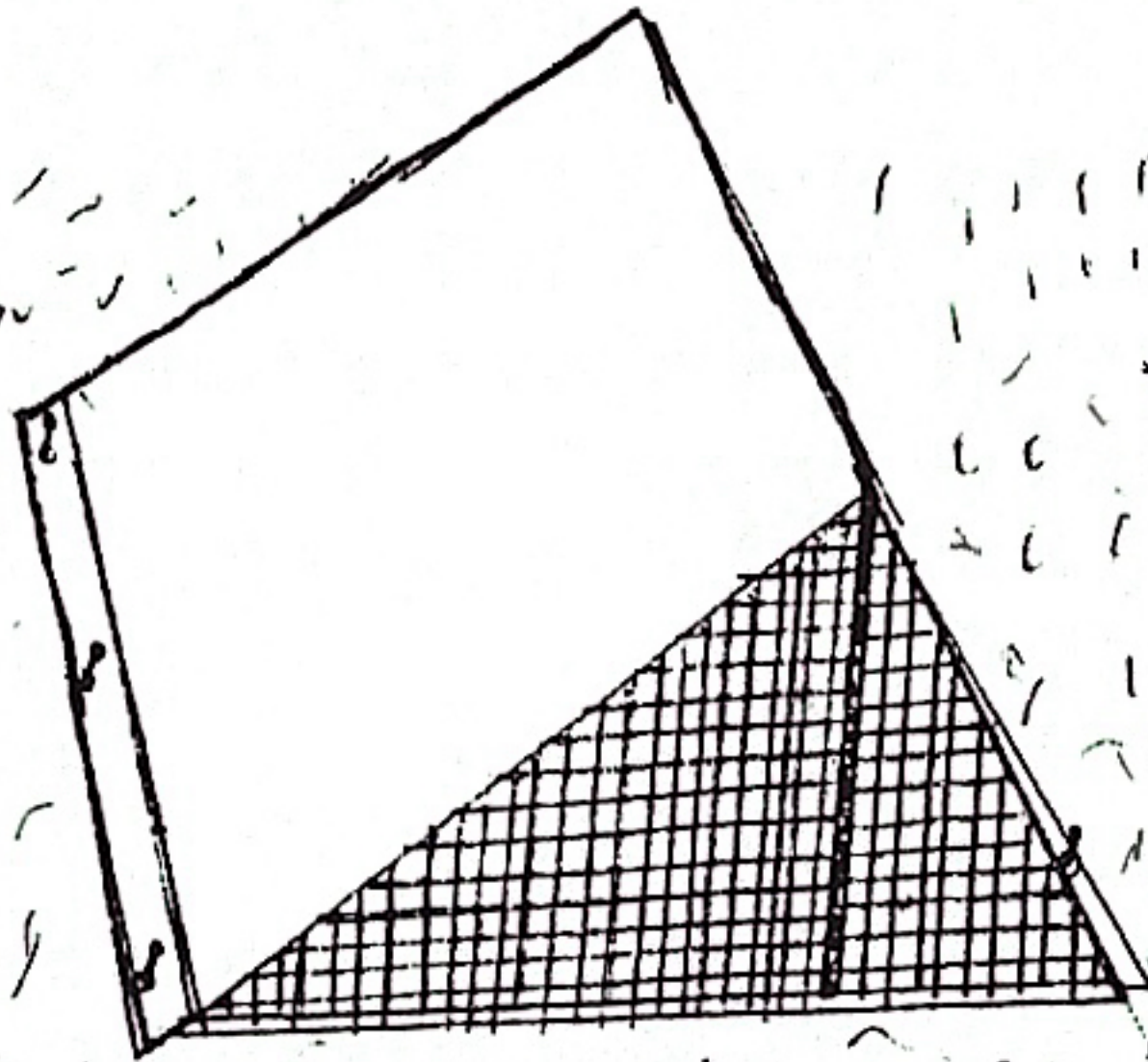
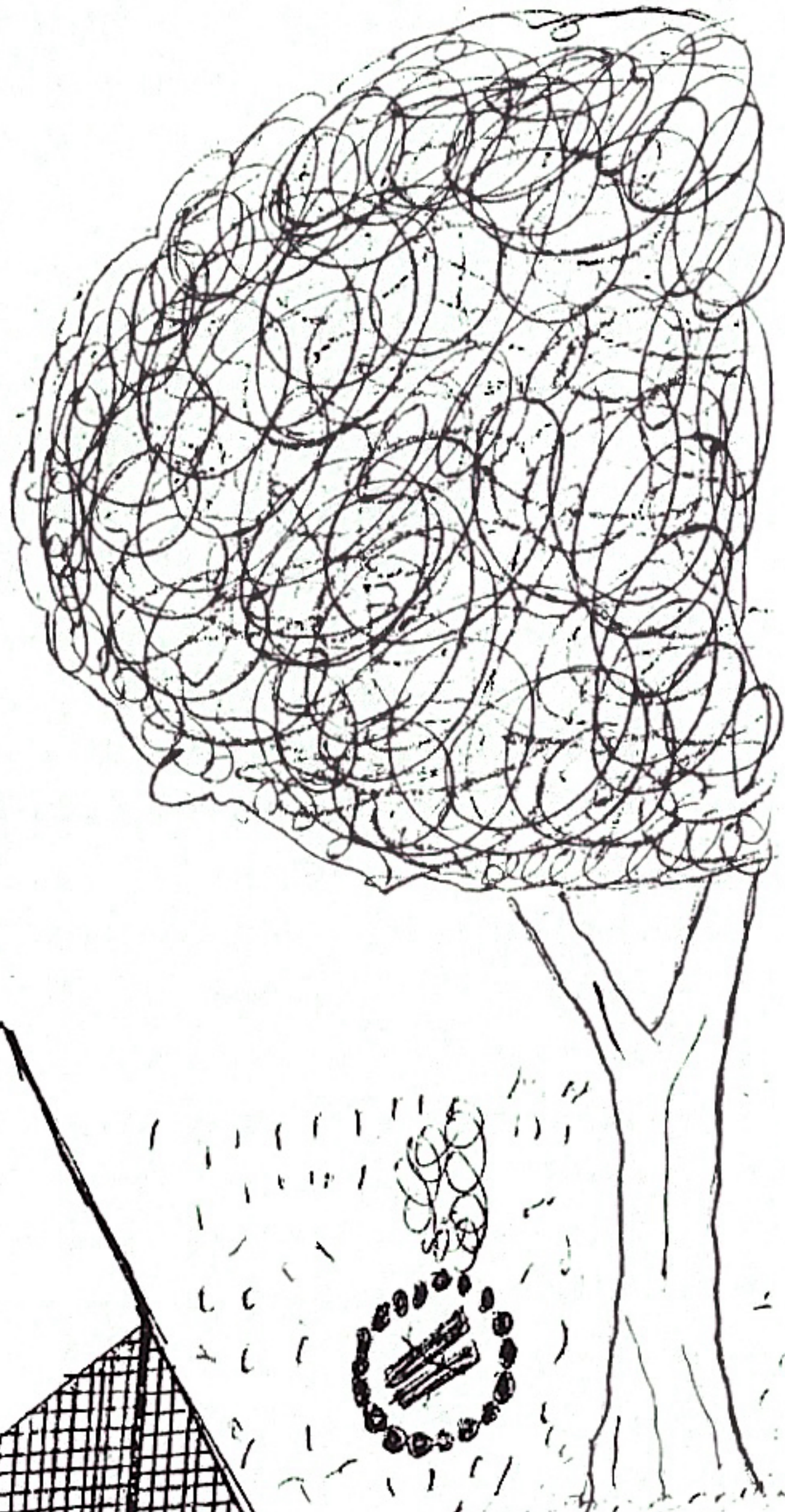
When they point out the greatness of
their treasure,
Help me to understand their pleasure.

When they feel they must do the daring
or die,
Help me to be there for them if they
cry.

Because their project didn't quite
work,
Or maybe it completely went berzerk.

And when sometimes they get hurt,
Help me to be calm and alert.

God protect those adventurous boys
And allow me to share in all of their
joys.



GRANOLA
BARS



FREE TO GROW

Lord, how can I let my children go?
I know they must be free to grow.

But I'm so afraid I haven't taught them
yet enough.
To live in this world one has to be so
tough.

I cared for their every need when they
were small,
And I dropped my work to play with them
at their call.

Then as they grew daily inside and out,
I was the proudest mom without a doubt.

You can do many things I told them with
pride,
As long as God is by your side.

Now as they grow older and certainly
more mature,
They look away from me for more
nurture.

I feel such pain when they go out into
the world.
I want to hold them but my arms stay
empty and unfurled.

Oh Lord, help me let my children go.
They must be free to find their own
rainbow.



TURNING FORTY

My thoughts run deep as I ponder yet my fate.

As I'm nearing forty, I'm wondering if it's too late.

What is my purpose this second half of life?

What is the reason for all this turmoil and strife?

I want my heart to be light and confident for I know God loves me so. Yet tears stream down my face and fears in numbers won't let me go.

I feel so much loss this year, I refuse to lose anymore!

My actions seem barely rational and my pain is at the core.

I've never felt so lonely, left out of things that matter to my loves.

It seems I must walk this path alone and look for my own peaceful doves.

For they have their dreams to find And I - I must find mine.

At forty's door, I feel so old and yet so young.

As if my life has just begun.

Perhaps before I was just a child in my mind,

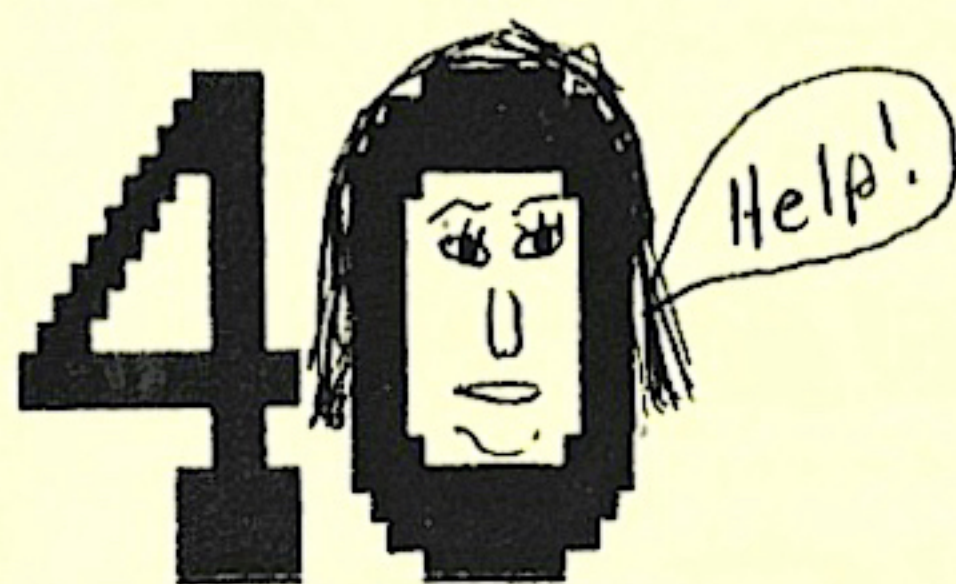
But I see light now where I was blind.

Maybe all before was preparation,
For my life's real dedication.

And maybe dedication will prepare me
for my real life yet to come.
When my all-important soul has victory
won.

You know what? Forty doesn't scare me
anymore.
Because forty is just opening another
door.

So I can walk on and continue to grow.
And find the gold of God at the end of
the rainbow.



SISTER, BROTHER

Sister, brother; your features are like mine,

For we are made from the same design.

To you dare I bare my soul. Together we have laughed and cried.

Since childhood you've lived with my good and bad side.

Look at yourself and know a part of me,
For siblings know who the others be.

Brother, sister; we have differences that we may grow.

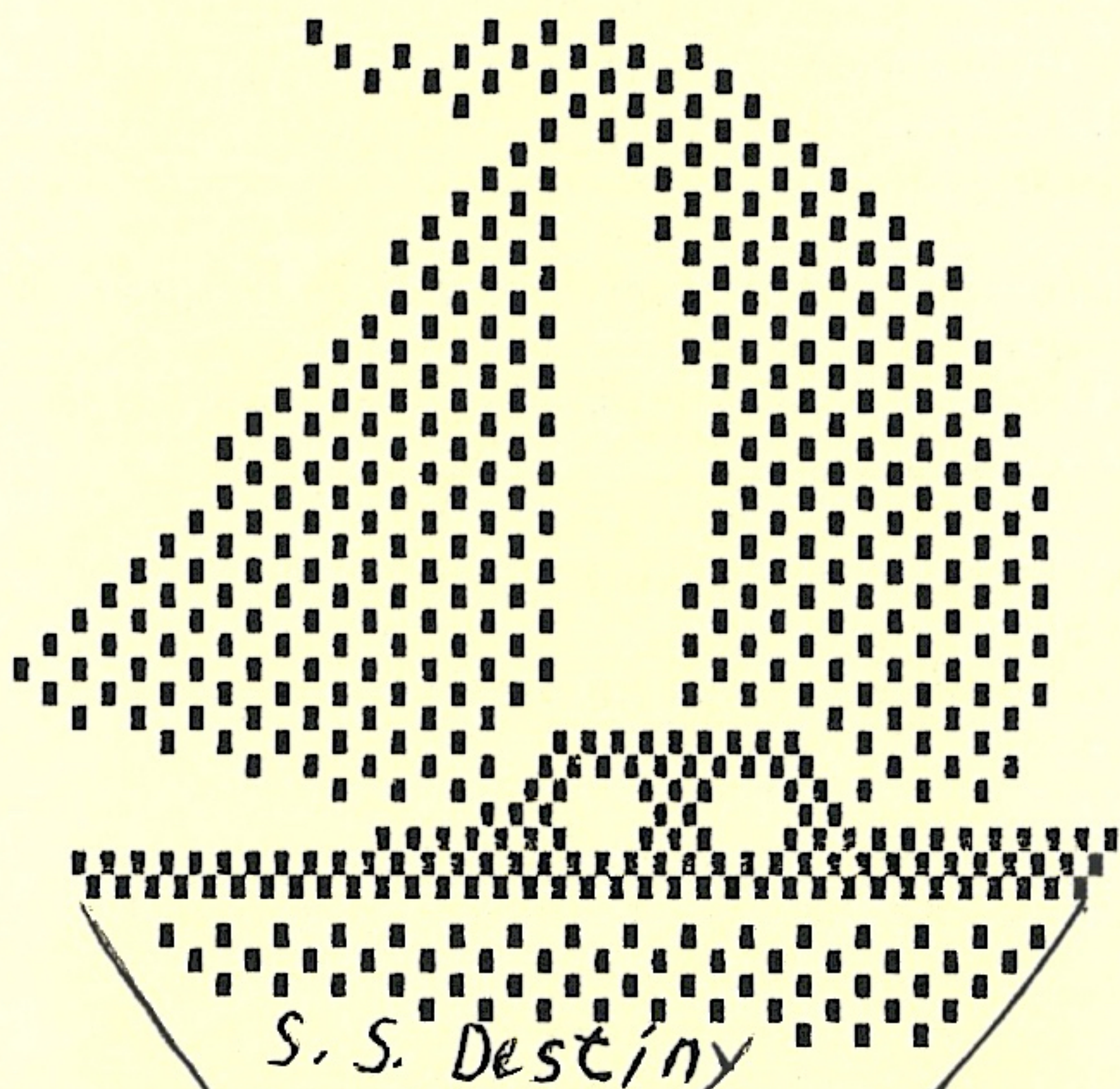
Our souls, set free then to spread and glow.

We seek each other again for guidance on which we depend,
When something special is coming around the bend.

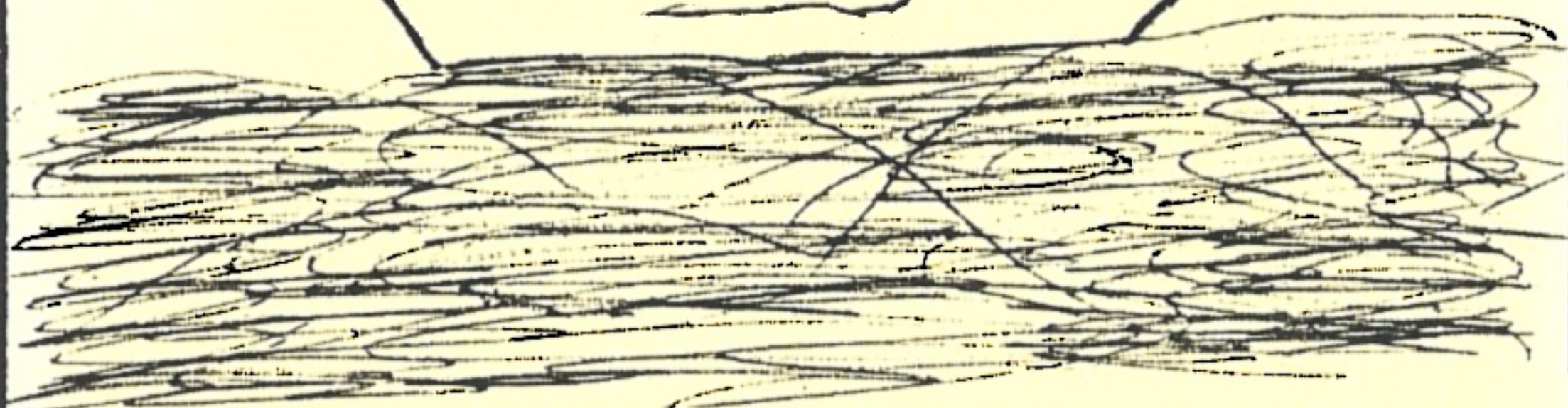
We are strengthened by the laughter that echoes from our midst,
For when we're rating heroes, we are high on each other's list.

Sister, brother; you can identify with me,

You are the lifeline on my sea of destiny.



S. S. Destiny



RICHES

I am richer today in a far better way
because I have known you.

There were days we spent together
laughing in our own yards,
Over silly things in common like a
couple of cards.

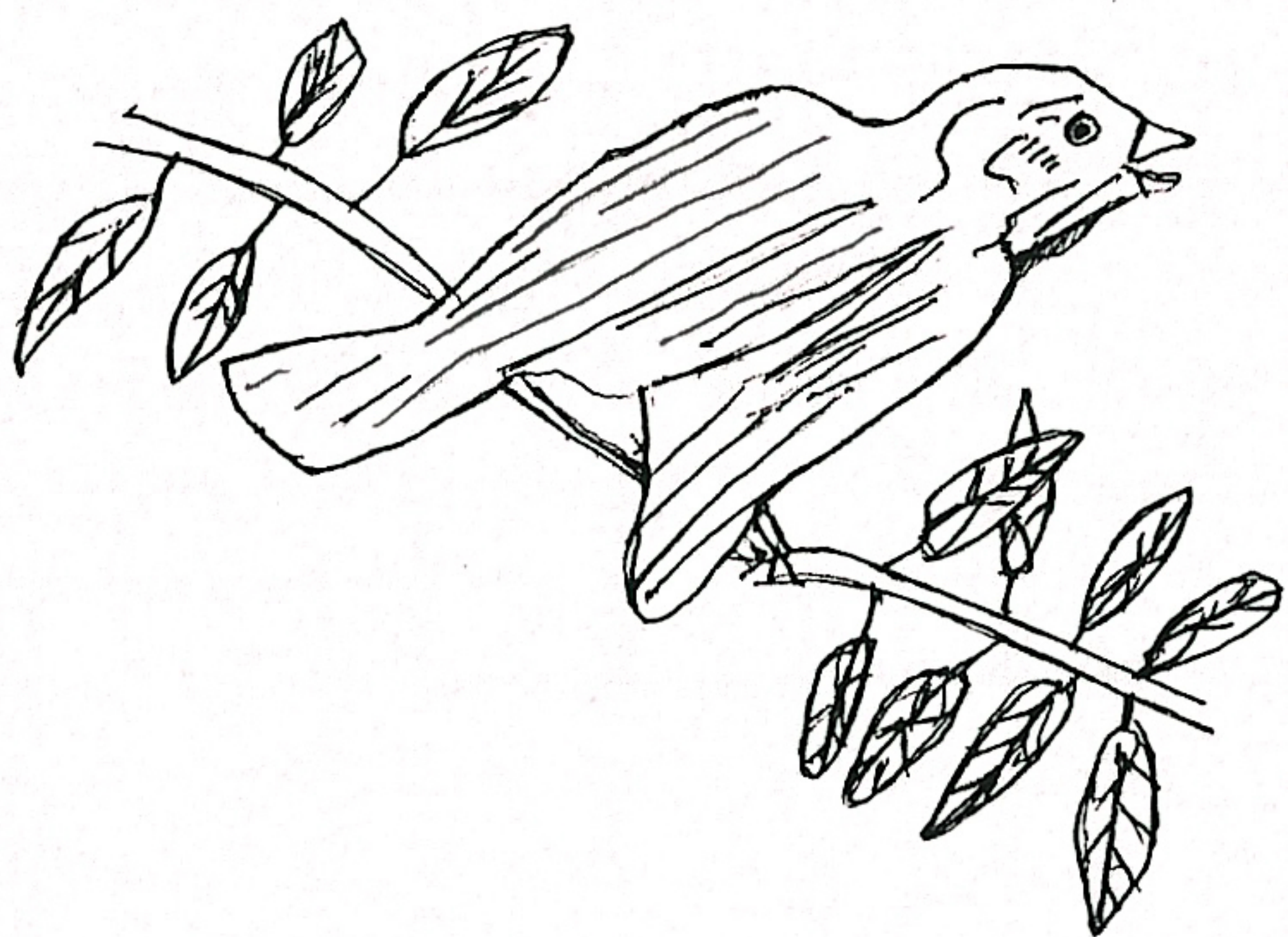
And there were days when our private
clouds hovered in the sky,
That I took comfort in the fact you
were near by.

For what was mine was yours and what
was yours was mine,
And if we neither had enough, we knew
how to combine.

We combined our things and even more
our time,
For neighbors like us are like harmony
in rhyme.

Now something is tugging at my heart,
Because time has come when you must
part.

But now listen friend, and hark!
For we have lived like Larks!
And I am richer today in a far better
way because I have known you.



NEIGHBOR

When you say hello, neighbor, you wear
a smile.

And you take time to chat for awhile.

When I'm feeling sad I see a twinkle in
your eye.

It tells me there's no reason to cry.

When I share a fear, there is courage
in your voice and in the touch of your
hand;

That widens my choice of how to survive
life's demand.

When I have a puzzle to solve, at first
I think of you.

Right away I'm wondering what would be
your view.

When good news is on my path, to share
it with you is my delight.

For I value your opinion as I value
guiding light.

When I'm out for fun and laughter,
You and I become the crafters.

We paint our pictures, knot our ropes
or hunt for treasures;
And decorate our homes with those hours
of pleasure.

We seek each other in weather, foul or
fair,

Because we're friends who really care.

