

Poems and Thoughts from the Heart

By Johnny Haun

Dedicated to the Glory of God,
Wife Kate and Family.

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Jesus Birth

By Johnny Haun

Joseph and Mary were turned away
From the Inn where they sought for a place to say.
But no room was found for them,
They found refuge in a smelly stable which was unfit for men.

Amid the braying of a donkey and the bleating go sheep,
Mary would have found it difficult to get any sleep.
As she lay in a pile of straw and hay,
While she waited the birth of our Lord on that special day.

Anyone near could have surely heard,
Mary moaning and growning in child bearing pain.
Her pain would ease up some
And then start in again.

Shepherds were in the distant hills through the night,
Guarding their flock.
In the comfort of campfire light,
Watching out for howling wolves which were there no doubt.

Angels announced the Lord's birth. "Glory to God and peach on earth."

Kings brought gifts to Him.
Wiseman came from afar following the star.
Still today wise men worship him.
Who knew no sin.

Who Is God?

By Johnny Haun

He is the God of Israel, God of every nation.
God of Abraham and Issac, God of all creation.
He created all things good, making all things right,
He spoke the sun into existence to separate day from night.
The moon and stars, He put each one in its own place
To be lights in the dark emptiness of outer space.
He is the Omnipotent Ruler of the undersea
As far as North is from South and West is from East.
He reignth over all and He ruleth well,
From the highest of the Heavens to the lowest pit of Hell.
He is Father of the Messiah; He is Lord God Almighty,
He is Jehovah who gave to man His only Begotten Son
To be a sacrifice, to pay for our sins, to die in our place.
That's who my God is to me.

Friend, what matters most of all, is not who my God is to me,
But who is God to you?
We see now as through a glass darkly,
But all too soon, we will see Him face to face
In the Great White Throne Judgment,
Men shall know only pain and disgrace.
If we reject Him now, what hope have we for tomorrow?
No hope, then, at all – only misery and sorrow.

Jesus' Cup

By Johnny Haun

Can any cup more bitter be,
Than that bitter cup
Jesus Drank to save you and me?
Save us from all sin and set us free?

Jesus prayed, "Father let this cup pass from Me,
But not my Will, Thine be done," Prayer he.
From His self-imposed duties,
He did not balk nor shrink.

Another cup was offered Him.
The vinegar and gall may have eased His pain,
But he refused it and turned it away.
Choosing a better way.
To pay the full price of agony...
And not an easy way!

The Psalmist tells of a sweet and pleasant cup,
"My cup runneth over" he said to you and me.
A cup more sweeter can hardly be,
Than a cup for God's blessing
Spilling over on you and me.

Now we have another cup to drink.
The COMMUNION CUP.
It must be taken only by the Redeemed worthily
And carefully, never taken lightly nor carelessly.

Now all believers wait hopefully and expectantly,
For the RAPTURE!
Where we will share the Lord's Supper
With Jesus in reality,
Rather than like now
We partake only symbolically.

A Dream

By Johnny Haun

People all around me were dressed in white,
The lights dimmed, then once again they turned up bright,
People comforted me, held a cool cloth to my fevered brow.
This seemed to make me more restless, somehow.
A lady held my hand as I tossed and thrashed about,
That is when all the lights again went completely out.
I saw a man whose robe was white as snow,
He opened a book, and his face began to glow.
All my hopes to live in that bright city began to grow.
"You're early," he said, "We're not ready for you just now,
Your mansion is not quite finished somehow.
I suggest you relax and take a look around,
You'll enjoy the new abode which you have found.
As soon as we're ready for you, we'll call your name,
In your new mansion, you will never be the same."
I walked on streets of gold, through gates so tall,
It was a giant Eden surrounded by a great high wall.
A crystal stream flowed, the source I could not see,
Is this just a dream? Is this happening to me?
My feet were bare, I wore no shoes, I had no need for those.
I dangled my feet in cool, clear water and let it flow between my
toes.
Angels lingered all around, I could plainly see,
But they seemed totally unaware of me.
A man who looked familiar approached near,
He said, "I never thought I would see you here.
How did you manage to make it in?"
"Just like you," I said, "Jesus washed away my sin."

Then I heard a heavenly choir begin to sing,
And I heard a voice calling my name.
When the choir finished "Amazing Grace" someone again called my name.
I forced my eyes to open and I heard my name again.
I was looking into my wife's face,
Which was all aglow.
"We thought we might lose you a little while ago,
The Doctors say they don't know how,
But you are going to alright now."
Softly I asked, "Please tell me, Dear,
Did you or anyone else in here
By chance hear a choir sing?"
"No, Honey," she said, "We didn't hear a thing."

The Prodigal

By Johnny Haun

Little did I know the role I was about to play.
But God had a place for me in His harvest field that day.
Whether it was to sow some seed or to reap a crop,
I knew not.
I only knew what a still small voice had to say to me
As a hitchhiker stood on the road waving frantically.
He was hoping I would stop and give him a ride
Where it was nice and warm inside.

As he climbed up in my semi tanker and sat on the seat,
The still small voice began to speak
The voice said, "Witness to this man for me."
I began to pray, "Lord help me and give me the words to say
And I will witness to this man for you today."
I listened as He quoted from Genesis to Revelation.
The blessed feeling I felt there was a beautiful sensation.
The Spirit of the Lord filled the cab of that semi tanker!

That man's low regard for women was a real disgrace
To Mothers and to girls and to all the human race.
The Prodigals way of life left much to be desired.
He would work a while and save a little cash
Then he would go again and have himself a bash.
He would drink and dance until the cash was spent,
Then on the road again he went.
I bragged about my family life, my dear wife and our own
Two precious babies.

Our son, few can deny was the apple of his mother's eye!
Our baby girl was the most beautiful little baby
Her Daddy has ever seen.
Few can compare to Daddy's little lady.

I had opened my mouth and God did fill it well.
The Holy Spirit was still trying to save a soul from Hell.
I asked the fellow to come back to the Lord,
To love God once again and to love His Holy word
"God loves you so much He waits with arms stretched out wide

To receive you where you can evermore abide.
The choice is yours to make, only you can decide."

The hour now was getting late...
No longer did I feel so close to Heaven's Gate.
Now I felt closer to another place.
His answer to my final plea was "No"!
"Not now, maybe some other day."
The Spirit now was lifted and seemed far away.
Maybe He will return somehow and give the prodigal
One more chance to pray.
But who can know? Who can say?
Maybe this already was his final chance today
He could have had a promise of Eternal Life!
But instead he chose one more little brown bottle.

The Unborn Child

By Johnny Haun

It was on the road to Jericho,
A man lay beaten, bruised and dying.
Stripped of his clothes, he lay
In his own blood, groaning and crying.
But no man heard his cries, no man saw him there
No man seemed to care.
Not the Priest, nor the Levite
As they crossed to the other side.
They closed their eyes and hearts to him
To keep him out of mind.

Out of sight, out of mind, they reasoned,
It made him seem not to exist, though he too was a Jew,
And one of their own kind, they regarded him then.
Much like we today regard the unborn child.
Since we can't see the unborn child
Our eyes are closed to his plight,
But God has His eyes wide open,
He sees all we do to harm those
Most precious is His sight.

One can't help but wonder
If Pilate of old is still in a fiery Hell,
Rubbing and wringing his hands?
Still trying to rid himself of the stains
Of the innocent blood of the SON of GOD.
Vengeance belongs to God and He will repay.
So let us check our hands today.
If we find innocent blood thereon
Of the unborn child, earnestly repent.
Ask Jesus the Son of God to wash it all away.

New Members: Church Rules

By Johnny Haun

If your kids are smarter than you,
Don't let them know it, and never tell them so.
After all what do those brats know?

When things get boring in the church house,
Turn loose your little pet mouse.

Respect your boss and tell him so,
Then when you get a chance
Step on his sore big toe!

When you need to visit a restroom or quench your thirst,
Raise your hand to get permission first.

Always sit quietly and never look around what ever you do.
We already have some sweet suspicious old ladies reporting you.

Don't sing too loud and never shout,
We will call on the ushers to throw you out.

Don't get in the prayer line, you could get a healing
And be forced to prove it sometime.

Don't give a good offering when a small one will do.
After all that preacher has more money than you.

Don't promise your wife the moon,
Then tell her to go there soon.

When the fire of Pentecost breaks out,
We have wet blankets to put it out.

Yes you may sit in a rear pew,
Most backsliders will sit there too!

Got to Go?

By Johnny Haun

The Preacher preached on and on.
I don't know if he is still at it or not
Because I am long gone, I am out of there
Before the last closing prayer.
Why am I out of there?
I felt the need for a breath of fresh air.

The usher said that is only a ruse
And a poor excuse,
I say, I really don't care.
So what if the Preacher does get upset?
Is that worse than me getting my pants wet?
After all I really did have to go!

I heard a sad story on this subject
Which I think is true.
Some place in Florida, in a Baptist church,
A man left his pew.
Like each of us the time comes when we got to go,
As I hear it he made it in time,
The guy had the same problem as mine.

The Preacher was still preaching as
The man tried to get back in,
But the usher stopped him from committing such a sin.
So if you get an urge to leave your pew
Go on and do what you must do
And don't let others condemn you.
My opinion: This cannot be the Unforgivable Sin!

Little Things

By Johnny Haun

God cares about little things
In your life and mine.
Whether our troubles are big or small
God cares about them all.
We can place each one of them in His hand
With the assurance that He will understand.

When a tiny sparrow falls to the ground
We know that God is around,
And in a book it is written down.
I love God for caring about the delicate field sparrow
Who has a soft and sweet song.
He can sing for me all the day long.

God knows the number of hairs on our head,
He may recount them when we rise out of bed.
Joshua tells of a household which was spared,
Because of one small scarlet thread.

So let us not allow
Our little troubles to make us blue,
Don't let our problems stay on top of you
For I know this is to be true,
That Jesus loves even me
And certainly He loves you too.

Love and Sweetness

By Johnny Haun

God invented tenderness, sweetness and love.
Every one of these virtues has their origin in God.
So if you are blessed with anyone of these
Remember they are each one a gift of God.
I knew a man, who had his share of all three of these,
God had given them to him,
To share with folks like me.

In my heart I heard a still small voice say to me,
"Sweetness in a man is a lovely thing to see."
So be someone special, be as loving and kind as you can be.
Most ladies seem to be born nice, sweet and loving
Most of them have an edge of old grouches like me.
The women seem to put us men to shame.
When these virtues are found in you
Let them multiply and shine through.
Let's spread them around so other girls and guys
Can see these gifts in you.

Love and tenderness are contagious,
Catch it if you can, let it become an epidemic
Throughout all the land.
I have never heard God called sweet.
But He is the author and creator of all things sweet.
Just open your heart and mouth and let Him
Give a good measure to you too.

God's Flowers and Weeds

By Johnny Haun

Lord, I want to thank you for all the pretty flowers
That you have sent my way.
Some of them have arrived in full bloom just today.
They are all so lovely,
Each of them in its own way.
All the butterflies are beautiful too,
I love your creations Lord and I love you.

Sometimes I fret and stew, until I think of you...
Then Lord, I remember how faithful You are and true
I see You in Your creation almost every day,
I watch bluebirds flight from limb to limb,
Up to the top of the tree
Then I know You made them just for me.
But I pretend You made them for us all,
So others can enjoy them too.

It is a thing of grandeur to watch gold finches
Assemble in the brambles and sing their soft sweet song.
What can compete with them
As they being to sing?
Perhaps, only "The Golden Bells of Heaven"
When they ring!
I am not at all sorry when friends say that I am odd.
To be odd, makes it easy to enjoy the little things of God.
I have stopped to watch the turtle wallow in the mud,
And have often laughed as the frog leaps into the pond.
And use his paddle like feet to propel himself along.

I know I must be odd as flowers have not all of my heart,
Because I love God's weeds too, when they bloom in profusion
Like the yellow Missouri primrose
And the soft blue chicory as it grows
Along the roadside.
Thank you God, for the pretty purple ironweed,
I feel you had me in mind when you made it.

But of all your creation Lord God Almighty
One thing is most beautiful of all,
That is the face of an unborn child.
As he cries in the ear of all wise enough to hear.
I could go on and on, but I must stop.
And take a breath of God's sweet air,
Something the pitiful unborn may never know
And that to me seems unfair.

One Of These Days

By Johnny Haun

One of these days' and it will be soon,
We will make a circle around the moon.
We will rise high,
Through a hole in God's beautiful sky.
One of these days,

I do not know how our passing will be,
But Jesus is coming back for me,
If you don't believe wait and see.
One of these days.

We can take nothing with us,
We will leave it all behind.
I don't want to take anything
With me that is mine.
One of these days.

We are going to hear a trumpet sound,
And we don't want to be hanging around
When we should be leaving the ground.
One of these days.

We don't want to worry or wonder why,
Some of our friends are not there,
To shake hands or say goodbye.
One of these days.
Dear sinner friends,
Please heed this warning,
Be ready to go up
Should Jesus come this morning?
One of these days.

I Will Fly Away

By Johnny Haun

When I die this is how I want it to be.
I will awaken and see,
An Angel of God looking back at me.
He could be sitting
On my death bed near my feet,
Then I will discover that death
And dying can be quite sweet.

"Precious in the eyes of the Lord
Is the death of His Saints"
"Oh death where is they sting,
Oh grave where is they victory?"
Maybe then I will simply wait
For the Angel to lead me
To those Pearly Gates, Where Jesus will be waiting
To partake of supper with me.

One sad thing of dying
Is to leave loved ones behind,
Some to see no more
And others we shall meet again,
We must take care,
Lest because of our sin
We cannot meet Jesus in the air,
And make an entrance there.
I believe Heaven will be filled with music,
And very special will each song be.
One song I want to hear while going up is
"Nearer My God To There."

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Dear Kate

By Johnny Haun

The first time I took a good look at you Kate,
The adrenalin was flowing and my excitement was great.
My head was spinning with thoughts of bliss
For one does not often see such a slick chick as this.

You sure looked cute in your seersucker suit,
Your hair was so long and lovely, you were so pretty and neat.
As I said, you were so pretty and neat,
That the other girls could not hope to compete.

On the piano you played a hymn like, "Amazing Grace".
I loved your pink glasses; they enhanced your pretty face.
When you sang, your voice was soft and sweet,
You were on my mind both day and night, I could not stay away.

I planned to return someday to the little church on College
Street where we first did meet.
Then one day I was compelled to see you again in church,
On the piano bench wearing those pink glasses so sweet.

Also that seersucker suit so neat,
Baby, I have always said
"God put us together,
Way back then!!!"

Now, 55 years are past,
55 years of fun and laughs
And very few tears
Over all these years.

Babe, I give you credit for the laughs
But I take the blame for all those tears.

Kate, you know I like every bike I see,
But only one have favor for me,
And that is my HARLEY D!!
I like most all women too, but Babe my first choice is You!

You are now 77 years young, I am pushing 74,
With God's blessing we may have a few years more.
I must thank you dear for your loving care of me,
Otherwise known as T.L.C.

Let me take the time to say
"I am so glad you chose to be mine."
Babe, your kisses are still quire sweet
And you are still fun to hold at 77 years old!!

Love You Always, Your Johnny

Snow Chase

By Johnny Haun

Our debate began at the breakfast table.
I am not one to argue
But I will debate as long as I am able.

Mom loved everything peaceful and quiet.
She gets perturbed
Whenever her peace is disturbed.

Amid our little fracas
I stepped on the cat's tail,
Oh boy! You should have heard him wail.

Being sly as I am, I began to inch my way closer
To the backdoor.
Mom saw my move and she gave me a whack on my back.

Now, I am out of here and I am not coming back.
You can quote me on that!
I am guilty as charged, I know that.
They tell me I have always been a sassy brat.

So here we go again.
I am running as fast as I can,
With mom on my tail with a big switch in her hand.

When it comes to switches
Mom doesn't have any favorite brand,
She will use anything close at hand.

Now I have some advice for you other mean little kids.
Don't run from your mom.
You may be sorry if you do
She will catch up to you.

If you decide to run you better pack a suitcase
With a sandwich or two,
If you are in a hurry a brown bag will do!

My best advice: Don't run.
Take your medicine like a man as I often do.
And she will respect you.

Remember how much better you will feel when she gets thru
And other kids will be proud of you.
Next best advice on what to do,
Cry real loud, she will feel sorry for you!

Better forget all my advice.
I have tried each one once or twice
And none of them worked for me!

Mom will break limbs off a tree
And then she will use them on me
To adjust my attitude or alter any anatomy.
I hope mom is slowing some now
I would like to get away somehow,
And I should be ahead of her now.

So I will take a look over my shoulder,
Then what do I see?

Poor mom is tired and has stopped chasing me!
How lucky can this bad boy be?

Now mom is laughing at me, I know
I bet I look funny standing barefoot
In two inches of snow
She feels sorry for me and is letting me go.

We both are laugh out loud.
Then she says, "Now, you get back to the house
Before you catch cold."

I am hungry!
Now won't it be neat
If mom fixes me something to eat?
And maybe, a big sugar cookie for an extra treat?

My feet are sure cold.
I must be getting old,
So I hope this will be
The very last snow chase for me!

Barbara Ann

By Johnny Haun

Have you ever been in trouble,
And you need a helping hand?
No help was to be found in all of Danville land.

Many doors were closed to you.
Some were slammed in your face.
The way you were treated was a real disgrace.

You were cold and hungry in need of a nice warm bed.
Then a sweet compassionate soul took you in.
Soon you feet were under her table; you ate nice warm food from
off her plate.

I happen to know the kindest widow who happily showed to you an
open door.
She warmed your heart with Christian love
Things were so much better than before.

She tried to guide you to Jesus.
While some other would push you away
Towards the pits of Hell.

The widow with two children of her own
Must now have her name known
So I will share it with you while I can

Her name is Barbara Ann Hyde
Barbara is my sister. I am proud to say.
One of the kindest people in the whole of U.S.A.

Joyce

By Johnny Haun

Are you ready to rumble?
Are you ready to roar? What do you say?

Here comes Joyce Kay.
Maybe you better get out of her way.

She can out work a lot of men,
And give a whipping to a lot of them!

A guy followed her too close one day
Try as she may she could not get out of his way.

Joyce got out of her car right away,
To give some free driving lessons that day.

His door handle was in her hand to his dismay,
And he burned some rubber making his get-a-way!

Guys, when you are tooling around town,
Don't push the ladies around!
Like I am telling you,
You just may bite off more than you can chew!
Something a wise man will never do!

Joan

By Johnny Haun

Little sister of mine you sure look fine.
Even though you are past 39.

But what have you done with all those
Walnuts of mine?
You sat on the cistern with a big rock
In your hand. You dropped all the
Kernals in a tin pie pan. Then
You grabbed the sack and away you ran.

What did you do with all my walnuts Joan?

Little sister I had other walnuts which
I hid from you, but now I forgot where
I put them. I hope you will help me find them too
Joan. As you and Ed travel across the
Land in your R.V. van.

Keep your eyes open for a cute little girl
And an ugly old man with
A walnut sack in their hand for they
Will steal your walnuts when they can.

Joan I watched you climb those
Basement steps of mine with a
Little copper toy in your hand.

It held little value to me but to you it was as

Precious as it could be.

A think I crated in my leisure in your eyes
It became such as treasure.

You spoke of a poem just for you
This is it Joan, I hope it will do.

Little sister of mine I have memories of you
In my mind.
As a little girl on your knees at an alter of
Prayer with two little hands lifted high in the
Air, and you spoke a language, to me unknown.

I would love to hear that again Joan.
Jesus had shown his love to us again, and
Again so let us give some back to him
When we can.

III. Memories Path

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Barney's Brush-off

By Johnny Haun

Barney was a big work horse and he was a good friend of mine.

I loved that old horse even though he got stubborn at time

And was as ornery as he could be.

With some folks he got a bit rough but he never did get

Rough with me.

I could climb into the stable with him and hug his neck.

I often had some little treat for him,

Some corn or oats or a fork full of hay.

When he saw me coming he knew a treat was not far away.

He would toss his head to and fro and whinny some for me.

I liked to think he had a special place

In his heart for a kid like me.

I was one lucky boy as I got to water old Barney once each day.

I would put a halter on him then wait for Cousin Donny Ray.

Donny came on the run from three doors away, and he would say,

"Johnny, I want to ride Barney with you again today,

Will that be okay?"

I helped Donny climb up on Barney behind me

And then we were on our way.

Donny was not afraid of big old Barney, no not ever!

But as we rounded a bend in the Dry Creek bed near the

Spot where Barney was to jump he began to shake and quiver,

I can still hear Donny say, "Make Barney jump, Johnny

Make old Barney jump!"

But I did not make old Barney jump, he did that on his own!

As he made the jump, Donny's eyes got much bigger,

Then we moved away from the river to rest

While Barney drank his fill of water.

I don't know who enjoyed his jump the most, Old Barney,
Donny Ray or me, when we got together we always had a good
time.

Barney still had some tricks and games to play with us.
When Barney was ready we ambled on our way
Up the cow path and away from the river beside a field of clover.
Like I said our fun was not yet over,
Barney stopped to eat the clover all along the way
His stubbornness frustrated me every day
As I could not let him eat tomorrows food today!
I nudged him with bare feet, cried real tears,
And said some bad words too!
What else can a small boy do?

Some of the tricks Barney liked to play were not
Shown to just any one but only to a chosen few.
So allow me now to tell one of them to you.
Near the cow path a few large sugar maple trees grew.
The limbs of which grew long and hung near the ground.
Barney was never one to resist temptation..
So around the maples he did runaround and around
Until at last he would brush any unwanted
Rider off his back and all the way to the ground.
But never would you see old Barney give his brush-off
To Donny Ray or me.
It was one sad day when Dad sold Barney
To a little fellow down the road.
But a short time later the little fellow brought
Barney home. It seems he grew afraid of old Barney.
Maybe Barney showed his brush-off trick to him!

Old Barney, Donny Ray and me. I really loved those guys,
We were like three of a kind
And they were friends of mine.

Blinky The Firefly

By Johnny Haun

As a lad I caught fireflies and put them in a jar.
Now I wonder where the fireflies are.
Where have all the fireflies gone?
Killed by insecticides most every one?
When will we ever learn?

Fireflies once helped light up the sky.
Now there are only a few of them to catch our eye.
When will we ever learn?

We strive to keep the killer whale alive
And to save the great white shark.
We ought to save the firefly.
Why not you and I?

Oh say! "What is that flashing its way across the sky?"
Is it a bird or a plane?
No, it's a super little guy. It's a firefly.

One little firefly can bring a lot of joy to a little girl or boy.
He deserves a name.
Let's name him Blinky the Firefly.

Childhood Memories

By Johnny Haun

Once I followed a wild game trail through deep woods alone.
I carried a big bucket to carry blueberries home.
Soon my bucket was full and a smile was on my face
As I began to sing, "Amazing Grace."
I had a sparkle in my eyes while I later watched
Mother bake some big blackberry pies.
Have you been there and done that?
If not... you missed a lot!
Have you ever run barefoot in the rain?
Or eaten a turnip raw? Maybe you missed it all.
Did you ever roll a potato in riverbank mud?
Then bake it in ashes and embers of firewood?
It tasted quite good!

Did you ever build a kite of horse weeds, newspaper,
Flour paste and cotton string?
It was a flimsy thing
But fun to watch it fly high in the sky.
Did you ever catch a big fish on a tiny hook and line?
And when fried in a skillet it tasted so fine?
Have you ever heard a Field Sparrow sing his song?
Or fish all night on Langly pond?
Have you picked wild flowers on Langly hill
Or heard the call of the Whippoorwill?

Have you seen a covey of quail on the wing?
Did you ever watch a full moon slowly climb
High in the eastern sky?
Did you ever lie on your front lawn after a hot summer day
Wrapped in a blanket to help keep the chiggers away?
Did you count the comets and shooting stars fly past?
You surely searched the sky to find the milkyway?
I hope and pray we take time today...
To thank God for childhood memories!

Snakes and Things

By Johnny Haun

Lord, please tell me why you had to make those
Big old snakes.

They scare me bad and always give me shakes.

Why do they always try to sneak up on me?

The ones that really scare me most are the ones that I can see.

And when they join our little chase

He is the fastest snake in the race

I know you have a place for them Lord

But I don't think it's been dug yet!

Lord, do we really need those yellow jackets? Lord, please tell me
why you had to make those

Big old snakes.

They scare me bad and always give me shakes.

Why do they always try to sneak up on me?

The ones that really scare me most are the ones that I can see.

And when they join our little chase

He is the fastest snake in the race

I know you have a place for them Lord

But I don't think it's been dug yet!

Lord, do we really need those yellow jackets?

When I try to mow the grass, they all gang up on me.

And I really hate it when they back up

And then sit down on me.

They sting me bad and are as mean as they can be.

Now, about those hate filled hornets,
Who do they think they are anyway?
They stand guard over all overripe fruit
Before it falls off and hits the ground.
Life would be much better if hornets were not around!

Now I am a full grown man as fearless as I can be.
But a man I know quite well,
Was walking on a path on a hot summer day,
When a big old snake blocked his way.
He let out a scream so loud, he scared the snake away!

Do you care to guess who that fellow was?
No, it was not Gary Hettmansberger!
This time the scaredy cat was me.

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The Homeless

By Johnny Haun

He sat on the curb in the driving rain,
The rain let up then it started in again.
He tried to keep dry but it proved hopeless and vain
A cardboard box over his head
And a sheet of plastic wrapped around him tight
Was his only shelter in the stormy night.
His clothes were ragged and torn,
His beard was shaggy and his hair unshorn.
He wore no socks at all,
His feet showed through large holes where
The soles of his shoes once were.

Why did he wander hopelessly,
And aimlessly roam,
So far from a place he once called home?
Not knowing where he was going or where he had been.

A driver stared at him with a look of disdain,
"That's alright pal," he thought to himself.
"Today it is me but tomorrow it might be you
What goes around comes around.
Maybe someday you will face hunger and poverty too."

He moved down the street in his quest for something to eat.
He neared a dumpster..
An aroma of bacon, eggs and toast with cheese
Permeated the air and
Wafted on the breeze.

The refuse was quite wet
But he was getting desperate now
So he kept seeking some treat.
He was oblivious to the blare of car horns
Passing on the street.
Some drivers were quite unkind to him,
Making light of the poor mans plight.

Many were laughing and pointing,
He ignored their taunting.
He reached down in the garbage.
Picking up a wrapper which held two wet waffles
Regarding them like a gift from heaven.

He gave thanks with a short but sincere prayer-
Looking up, he simply said, "Thank you God for food."

The Drop Out

By Johnny Haun

I watched a poor black man today
Walking along a busy highway
His back looked so bowed
As if he was under a heavy load.
His constant companions were hunger and poverty,
And I, feeling good about my generosity,
Searched my pockets to see
If I had any small change with me.
I had no change, just some paper money,
Some small bills and a twenty.
It's a sad world today, I wonder why
No one has stopped to help that poor guy.
I would be glad to if I had enough money
To pay all my own bills,
I feel so sorry for that guy
I could very nearly cry.
That's just the way I am,
I try to help everyone I can.
I have my share of bad luck,
I found a scratch on my new pickup truck.
The finance company my repossess my new car.
My wife says we've pushed our credit too far.
I know I'm probably pushing my luck,
But I sure hope they don't take my pickup truck.
But I don't worry now,
We'll get by somehow.
But I still feel sorry for that poor black guy.
But all I can do is wave and smile as I pass by.

It wasn't my fault, was my excuse,
Without education, a drop out does lose.
So like it always does, tomorrow did arrive,
Maybe now I can help that poor black guy.

Boy, this guy's really in luck,
I'll pull up beside him and hand him a buck
From the window of my pickup truck.
Then, guess what? He gave me back my buck.
He said, "No, thanks. You keep it. You need it worse than I...
The Lord will take good care of me."

Don't Be Late

By Johnny Haun

Promptness is a virtue that is very fine.
I hope it is one of yours.
I try very hard to make it one of mine.
One thing I hate is when I have to wait
For someone who is late for some date or another.
The first thing they will say is, "Sorry I am late again."

God is never late, He is always on time.
Sometimes it might appear that God is running behind,
But God is never late, He is always just in time.

God has his own way to reckon time.
He does not need to carry a watch like yours or mine.
He uses the signs of the times.
If you feel He is late, It could be
That you didn't read God's signs.

With God one day can be a thousand years and a thousand years
as one day.

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem,
No one had to wait on Him then.
He was right on time.
Some day soon a trumpet will sound,
And God's saints will leave the ground.
To meet Jesus in the air!
Don't you want to be there?
Do not wait, Get ready to go!
And you best not be late!

Mother's Day

By Johnny Haun

Something sweet and special I was given to see
In a church dining hall where I happened to be.
Others were there besides me,
But most of them a lovely thing they seemed not to see.
In my time I have seen more than my share
Of beautiful things such as these.
Daffodils dancing in the gentle breeze,
Weeping cherry blossoms dangling from the trees.
Tall bearded iris and day lilies too.
Can anything top these?
In my eyes only one thing can...

For I have seen a mother holding her child on her lap
As she sat on the flood,
Watching familiar faces coming thru the front door.
She touched his head then kissed him there,
With long lovely fingers she stroked wisps of his
Flaming red hair.
A fortunate little lad was he,
A more lovely sight I never did see
Than his mother's display of mother's love on
Mother's Day!

Who Is She?

By Johnny Haun

It makes my day to see her pretty face
Across that certain crowd filled room.
When I don't see her there,
I keep hoping she will show up soon.
I love the sound of her voice when she is talking,
I enjoy hearing her laughing too.
When she sings, it sounds like an angel
Must be somewhere in the room.

She is not merely pretty. She is more like beautiful.
Take one good look, then try to convince me that it is not so!
There is a special sparkle in her lovely eyes.
She can turn heads of most all the guys,
Especially an old fellow like me.

Sometimes my old legs get wobbly.
I once thought it was the side affects of my medicine on me.
But now I realize it was the affect
She has on a old guys like me!
Words come short and miss the mark
As I try to say how special she is in every way.

I have never seen her weeping
And it would come as no surprise
To discover she is just as lovely as ever when she cries.
Her husband has to be one of those very lucky guys.
But who is she?

Small Words

By Johnny Haun

We sometimes use harsh words to hurt one another.
While Jesus taught us to love our sister and our brother.
We can speak sharp and loud to make a friend feel weak
And small,
And to make ourselves look smart and feel tall.
Then he will walk away with his head bowed to the ground,
And we go on our way with our nose up high and proud.

So much power there can be in words small and few.
We must remember the harm our words can do.
Careless words can make us lose our dearest friend,
While words of love and kindness can win them back again.
How many friends dare we to lose by careless words?
Would it not be better to use more care in the words we choose?
One kind word can make us wear a smile and critical words can
Turn our world upside down
And change our smile to a frown.

We reap what we sow.
If we reap a crop of cockle burrs, poison ivy or other weeds,
Can it be because we have sown some bad seeds?
Tell me if you will how does your garden grow?
Is it filled with blossoms blooming in profusion?
Or is it filled with noxious weeds of confusion?
We must be careful of the words which we employ,
Lest these words rot someone close to us of their joy.

What is as sweet as these words when whispered in our ears?
Or these same words spoken loud and clear?

"I love you my dear."

The Quiet Hour

By Johnny Haun

Once again I am all alone here or so it seems.
I scribble a note here and there between my daydreams.
I am on the porch in my rocking chair.
My wife does not seem to know or care that I am here.

I am left here to enjoy my own company.
And these words seems to haunt me.
"Why do you sit here all alone?
You have sat here for so long."

I guess this old boy needs the solitude and peace and quiet.
Better things to do are very few
Will not someone sit here for a little while with you?
Why do they not want a bit of small talk too?
"You tell me", said I, "and tell me true."
The quiet hour gives me rest from loud noise.

Also distress I get from T.V.
The T.V. turns me off, then I tune it down.
And try to get one more quiet round.
Seems to me it is awful quiet here
But do I care?
You can bet I do!
Wouldn't you?

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Another Convert

By Johnny Haun

I said "No" to God for years.
I ran from Him.
And I held on to the pleasures of sin.
And then one night I had a dream.
My heart was stirred within.
I saw Jesus! I saw Him nailed to the cross,
I saw the spear which pierced His side.
I wept, and looked for a place to hide.
I saw the blood which flowed for me
As He hung on that cruel tree.
I saw Jesus die for me.

My pillow was wet with tears of the
Guilt and the shame I had carried so many years.
I saw the crown of thorns He wore,
But I felt not the pain he bore.
It was His and His alone,
Only He for our sins could atone.
When my knees hit the floor
I gave up a load I shall carry no more,
And all my foolish pride was out the door.
Now, I belong to Jesus and He is mine, from this day on until
The end of time.

The Unseen Hand

By Johnny Haun

I made a turn off the highway onto a dirt road.
A scalding hot farm chemical was my heavy load.
I parked the semi tanker by a fiberglass storage tank.
I felt no fear of any danger, which could be there.
But there was a certain danger lurking near.
A rickety ladder, which I had to climb, was made of rotten wood
and rusty nails.
And it scared me some to use it.
I looked at that thing and my feeling was not too good.
No man was there to help me if I should have a need.
I seemed all alone, indeed.
But I was not alone, not for a moment. God was there all the time.
With the valve shut tightly, I looked down into the open dome.
I had to be sure there was room for me to unload...
I was a bit anxious to get back on the road.
With concern safety, I charged the tanker up in the air.
Soon I opened the valve and began unloading there.
A few more times... I stood upon the tank, with my face in the
dome.
Soon I would be unloaded and on the road to home.
At last, I could sigh in great relief.
The tanker was unloaded now, and I had no pain or grief.
This story is not over yet, the best is yet to come.
God must receive the glory, for all that he has done.
I made my return trip home, secure and safe.
Some weeks later, I was finally told the full story.
And this is the first time God has received the glory.
After I made my turn back onto the highway, with the danger put
behind me...

The storage tank I had stood upon, and filled with my load...
Into fragments, bits and pieces... that storage tank did explode.
The largest piece was about the size of a man's hand.
Hundreds of smaller pieces were strewn about the land.
I feel ashamed for holding back from God... the glory due him.
For too long I have let man's opinions to keep me still.
When I should have shouted from the highest hill, and all through
out the land, of the times he has saved me by his unseen hand.
If we could reverse our roles, and put you in my place, and put me
in your place too.
Would I believe this story... were it told to me by you?
Today we seem afraid of that miracle word. But I know my God has
saved me,
Not by a confession prayer, or some other magic wand,
But by a miracle... from his unseen hand.

A Truck Driver's Poem

By Johnny Haun

When puppy dog drivers know that most of the time
 B models can only pull about eight gears or nine.
But there is no use weeping and wailing.
 Maybe tenth gear is for bob tailing.

One thing for sure, when you're on the road.
 She can't pull tenth gear under a load.

Most all roads from the West to the East,
 Have been well traveled by this old beast.
She has been up and she has been down,
 This old B model sure gets around.

Over the ice and through the snow,
 This old puppy dog is for sure to go.
While some new trucks set behind,
 In front of the terminal just to sparkle and shine.

So fellow Mack drivers, let's not give up hope,
 I know a mechanic who is nobody's dope.
He knows all the answers, he has the cure;
 So give him a chance, he will fix her for sure.

With bailing wire and a bit of luck,
 This guy can fix up any old truck.
He would do it now, if he had the time,
 So keep those puppy dogs rolling on down the line.

I wish I had a mite more time and a bit more space
To write of things puppy dog drivers must face ---
Like fog so thick it can be cut with a knife
And blood on the highway, and much loss of life.

So I just wait for the day I retire
And pull my chair up close to the fire.
When I can look out and see heavy snow falling down
On the already while, snow covered ground.

With a coffee cup at my left, my Bible at my right
I'll read the Word I love on into the night.
And wait for Jesus to come for me,
Such a glorious day that's going to be.

My Miracle

By Johnny Haun

He was rolling down the highway... pulling a heavy load.
He made his living... pulling tanker... over the road.
He knew not the part... the weather had to play.
But freezing rain would make it tough... to see that day.
The freezing rain changed back to snow.
Now it was harder... to make his truck to go.
The snow turned to rain again and froze all over the tanker.
The road iced over too, with a blanket of snow on top.
To clean the windshield now... he was forced to stop.
A snowplow lying on its side... stopped traffic again today.
A wrecker later pulled... the snowplow out of the way.
Now traffic was cleared, but he still couldn't go..
He was on the road, but he was stuck... in the heavy snow.
With wheels spinning, the tanker could not budge.
So the driver behind him... tried to give him a little nudge.
That didn't help... so he would try... a bigger nudge.
He made the hardest nudge he could... and he moved, somehow.
Soon he would know Murphy's law... from A to Z no doubt.
He would also learn... what drive a semi is all about.
Last week, he was a greenhorn semi truck drive.
But one more week like this and he will be a pro.
With lots of experience... on the ice and snow.
Near Collinsville, his motor began to cough and to sputter.
Certain words came to mind, which he dared not utter.
So he just said, instead, "Well, hello! Mr. Murphy."
Around the tanker he walked, knocking ice and snow..
From his lights and fuel cap vents, so he could go.
He soon make it to his destination, which was a fertilizer plant.

He made hose connections, getting all set to unload.
Running so late, he was anxious... to get back on the road.
Three times the word came, "Be careful!... as you unload"
He felt a peace as he orally agreed to do what he was told.
The words nagged on, "Be more careful now than ever before!"
"OK, Lord," he said, "I will be more careful now than ever."
"As you unload, stand not on the ground, but stand on the fender
Then with your foot, push the valve lever."
"OK, Lord," he said, "I will stand upon the fender."
But he did not unload this way before... not ever.
So he nudged the valve, wary of a leak, if any there should be.
I did not want sulfuric acid... to shower all over me.
Then out it gushed, through a crack in the unloading line.
I closed the valve, and I was safe... and I was fine.
The Lord certainly... was beside me... all the time.
Must I have proof of this story?
I prove it every day, when I shave.
I take one look and say, "Yes, this is me... I must still be alive."
We forget so many things today, eyeglasses, TV remote, car keys,
dental appointments, and bills we need to pay.
But I pray to God I don't forget... any word he put in my heard that
day.
As I was nudged by another truck, he gave me quite a whack,
And that is what caused the unloading line to crack.
It is only by God's grace... I went to that place... and made it back.

A Trucker's Tale

By Johnny Haun

I had the pedal to the metal and I had the hammer down.
I was buzzing into a one-horse town,
My Mack Diesel had been running fine and pulling strong
I was between Lancaster and Johnstown and everything went wrong.

Both of my headlights went out as I turned them on.
I picked up some speed to make up time,
And get my rig across the State Line.
I was doing OK, I thought I was doing fine.

Then a rod began to knock then went through the block
Of this old truck of mine, next thing I know...
Two of my tires blow.
And another was ready to go...
I started to pout, when my brakes went out...
And I was going down hill!!

I could not hold back my tears now, so I began to cry.
Like those preachers say, I was on the verge of a pity party.
Then every warning light on the dash began to flicker
And flash like a Christmas tree.

All this trouble was starting to get to me.
But now I did not bawl neither did I cry,
I just let out an ear-piercing squeal
Like an old sow in a pig sty!

Crying, sobbing, squealing and bawling that was my forte
No longer could I sit there and pout,
I let it all hang out as loud as I could be.
I ask all of you in the Laity...

How many preachers did you ever see
When their car will not start because they forgot to put gas in.
It seems to me a preacher can be a champion Pity Party.
Personally I love them
My last one felt so good...
And was so much fun...
I think I will have another one!

Some days later maybe four or three,
Some guy in a white coat unbolted the Asylum door.
He came to see me,
"How do you feel now?" He asked me.

"I am not sure," said I as I tried to focus,
With one crossed eye with my poor head spinning around.
I tried to stand up then I fell down again
The Dr. extended a hand to help me lay back down.

"By the way," he said to me, "My name is Dr. Schwein."
"Can you tell me now what your name is? And where you're from?"
"Dr. I wish I could tell you, but I don't know who I am
Or where I am from or how I got here."

"That's OK," he said to me. "It will all come back soon."
"Say," he said, "I just had a long talk with your next of kin
I must say your wife is something else again."
Once again I began to cry, Dr. Schwein asked me why.

"As you mentioned my wife, bad memories began to return,
Now I am not sure that I ever want to go back home again."
"Now your wife can't be that bad, you are having false memories
Which can be very bad." False memories or not that's all I know.

"I don't want to go home with Grace again
Please, Doc, I would rather roam alone, don't make me go home.
Just tell me how I ever got here."
"We found you lying on the sidewalk outside crying, I'm not lying."

"We brought you inside, All those 'bennies" you did take
Caused you to hallucinate. So badly you couldn't tell
Up from down, wrong from right, or day from night.
All those things happened to you were not real at all."

"What shall I do about my wife, Grace?" Dr. Schwein replied,
"If those things you say are true, I would cut Grace loose,
Let her go, I would start running as fast as I can,
Never look back and be a man."

"All those things about Grace are true, Dr. Schwein
She is stubborn as a Missouri mule, mean as a Jersey bull.
She is as ugly as she can be, even as ugly as me.
In fact all her limbs are as knotted and knarled like
Those on an old oak tree."

"She promises to leave but she seldom does.
And when she goes she is back as soon as the check is gone.
At payroll time she is first in line,
Then she grabs the first payroll check she thinks is mine.

I wish she could come home sober just one time,
Thanks for the advice Dr. Schwein,
I am out of here this time.
And I am leaving Grace behind!"

Good Food

By Johnny Haun

Supper was over, the table was cleared away,
But my feasting was not finished yet today.
Another kind of food I was to eat before I was thru.
Within my heart something was urging me
To read an older poem of mine,
Word upon word, line upon line.
As I read the verses I believe God gave to me,
I wondered how such poems could be in the heart of me.

Then I began to see. God placed them there,
Not only for myself but for others like me.
I read more poems and I found...
I could not put my poem book down!
Til I read each one of them!
Joy was in my heart as God inspired me to write more.
I copied verses which were written on
The table stone of my heart.

As I wrote, A smile I could not erase,
Covered my face, and I knew...
It was true!
God was not yet with me thru.

Grandpa's Harley

By Johnny Haun

I have heard that certain sound many times before.
Often I sit in my rocking chair, waiting and listening to hear more.
It's a special sound some people don't want to hear.
But that particular sound is like music to my ear.

It's unique for most fellows and the girls, too.
It is something that only a big Harley can do.
Few things can compare to the sweet melody a Harley makes
Whether coming at you or going the other way.
Wind her up a little bit, it sounds better that way,
Incidentally, have you heard a Harley today?
What more can I say?

When I hear a Harley better get out of my way,
This is the first Harley I have heard today
And I want another uninterrupted look
At the best bike in anybody's book.

I have been around some and I am full of advice,
If you're looking for a bike, don't think twice,
Harley's are best,
So why settle for less?

I'm going to bring a sign on my front door
Think Harley Davidson; I have owned other bikes before,
But they don't live here anymore.

I tell Grandma I want one more bike,
But Grandma says, "Grow up, Grandpa."
I lose the twinkle in my eye and I cry,
I don't want to grow up. I want one more Harley.

When I die, you can buy me sitting astraddle
The saddle of an old Harley.
Pull a blanket up over me but be careful
You don't throw any dirt on my Harley.
Treat me Harley respectfully or
I might come back and haunt you;
Don't you see?

A Better Man

By Johnny Haun

Lord, help me to be a better man,
I cannot do it alone, but with your help I can.
I can never be a perfect man,
There was only one of them, His name is Jesus.
He called Himself the Son of Man
And I need to be more like Him.

I have been carrying extra baggage
Which I must throw away.
Lord help me to do that today.
Don't give up on me
Keep working on me,
Until I become the man I should be.

Too often I have sat still,
While better men than I scramble to do Your will,
I once felt led to stand still,
Instead, I rushed headlong to do my own will.
I must change my ways Lord,
For I am still that way.
Remind me Lord that Your way is best and I need to obey,
Work with You, and keep myself out of the way.

When I do well Lord, let your blessings fall on me.
But if I walk on the wrong road,
Let Your rod of chastening fall o me
That I may be reminded of Your love for me!
God is Love as the Word done say,

Fill me with Your love this very day.

To be full of love is to be full of God.

We must care about our Neighbor and our family,

Care about the precious, most innocent unborn child,

As Jesus would have us do.

Just imagine if you can...

An unborn, impaled on an Abortionist's knife,

And imagine, you can hear an abortionist say,

"GOD MADE ME DO IT!"

A True Saint

By Johnny Haun

Have you ever been in trouble and you needed a helping hand?
And you found no help at all in Danville land?
Doors of relatives were slammed shut in your face.
You needed a place to stay.
A place to rest and a place to lay.
No one answered your knock on the door.
And you thought no one lives here anymore.
You cried out in need but you were turned away.

And then one special day you heard a saint of God say,
Come on into my house and stay.
She fed you from her table
And put you in her bed
Just as she was of God, led.

Others would have left you to sleep out in the snow
But Jesus made you to see and know
How he loved you so.
Jesus was in a Saintly Widow, Barbara Hyde.

She took you in that day
And did all she could to point you
To the Lord's way.

A Waste of Time

By Johnny Haun

"Time is money," some people say.
And we waste so much of it every day.
As we go in our slow pokey way, days pass by
When we accomplish little and we wonder why.

"Wait a minute," a friend will say.
Without thinking we let 60 seconds slip away.
Often we hear, "Take five",
Now someone is dead when a moment ago he was alive.

We get 60 seconds each minute and 60 minutes each hour.
Opportunity only knocks so many times each hour.
Consider the time we each can waste, also all that power.
So much time and power is wasted by you and I.

We sit and watch the time fly by.
Time is fleeting; One day can fly by so fast.
Time is a treasure, each of us are given a measure
So let us not waste God's time.

You must answer for your's.
I must answer for mine.
Remember we get 24 hours most every day
Be careful with it, don't waste it away.

Gift

By Johnny Haun

Let us suppose you heard a strange noise
In the middle of the night.
A soft gentle voice calmed you of any
Inclination of fright.

"You have been in my eyes for some time."
A voice did say,
I watched you reach into an almost empty purse,
Pull out a little cash to share and disburse.

I watched while you gave to the poor
When you and your house could have used a little more.
And now I wish to give you some gift.
A desire of your heart, I will impart.

King Solomon made a good choice
Our hope is that you also can choose well.
For example, you may choose to own
A great mansion on the side of a hill.

It will be a thing the world would want to see as well.
Or you may prefer to become a great artist,
And create great works of art to set on a shelf,
Or perhaps hang on the wall.

You could create the best art of all.
Or if you want to become a great musician,
Or a virtuoso, it is awaiting already for you to choose.

Some would love to be given a beautiful voice.

There are many lovely songs to sing,
And all the world would gather,
To hear you make the rafters ring.
Only you know what your choice would be.

But for me such a choice would come easily today,
With no waiting or delay.
I would choose Equal Rights for the Unborn Child,
Who is the least of all God's little ones.

The end of this book.

