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POETRY

The Marble...

(Childhood memories of proof of God)

So some they say met you in a dramatic way
And it's hard to contradict what they say...
Mine was simple, but what the hey...

My Mum was in the room that day
As to God I was led to say
'Show me you are not far away!!'

So, by Mum's bed I knelt
I don't remember how it felt
But God's heart I had to melt...
Prove you are real and send me a marble, I pled
As I knelt beside that bed....
Did you get that marble I bet you said..
Oh, yes!!

A New Church

(July 2007 After visiting Bethel Lutheran)

So, you're checking out the neighbourhood
For a new church to attend!
Like the outside, like the inside.
Like the pews, like the music.
Like the order of service, like the prayers.
Like the ambience.
Like the look of the pastor
But, who are these strange people?

They look but don't talk,
They smile but pass on.
They seem friendly ... but who knows!

So the old church is not so hot,
Anymore ...

Looks grungy, rundown, and kind of forlorn.
Not entirely happy with the 'goings on'.
But, "Hello Al, Barry, Brian, Bob J, Bob C,
Cam, Cameron, Cor, Dale, EI, Ellard, George,
Greg, Harry, Howard, Kevin, Norm,
Norm, Rene, Richard, Roger, Steve, Will,
Verne", and some that are away this week ...

Methinks I will stay ...

Communion.

*(Written trying to convince the Elders to return to the old
format, occasionally.)*

A time ago in silent pew ...
We waited to sup, with You ...

New man arrived and Tried a new route ...
Had us arise to feast with a group ...

Nothing wrong To be in a throng ...
But once in awhile we ask of you ...
Could we not sup together in our pew?

Deacons
January 2007 (Self-examination)

To be a deacon or an elder you really must take stock
Before you cast your lot to lead.
Oh, people say you're a leader; you have been here for years
But the Committee must have it say
It's so you can't have your way!!

Ego can play a part as you think you are the one Your
temper rises as they choose one after another But, wait
a moment
Aren't those the traits you should not show?
You can't lead if you Can't
control that ego!
Think on it!
Good Order

(January 2007 frustrated by the apparent lack of good order)

displayed by the Elders' Board)
"Perception is reality", my old boss said,
"Better believe it, John, or you're dead"

So, is it really too much to ask
That meeting minutes be displayed in good time?
Is it important you say?
Perhaps not, but anyway
It shows that the Board marches to its own tune
And creates, to some, the idea
That all is not well and that plans are made
That cannot be displayed,
For one and all to read.

Surely that is not so but, as first said,
"Perception is reality to some"!

Laypeople
January 2007

Ah, laypeople the apple of God's eye! What would
th~ church do without us We sing, we serve, we
gather, we disperse!
We even do choruses verse by verse!

Can God do it without us? Good question!
But, strangely enough the answer is yes and no!!
If laypeople spread the word,
Although its seems absurd, We can
win others to him,

But if we don't then God will do it
And the world would have no choice
But to listen to his voice.

But, do we want God to do it?
Would he have time to communicate?
In Sunday school, groups and
hall Would he be that patient
after all?

There will come a time ...

Prayer

(December 2006)

Prayer, prayer: Speak of it if you dare
Some talk would raise a sleeping bear!!
Corporate, single, groups, large or small?
Surely by now we have heard it all!

Prayer, in part, is our sharing our heart,
With our Father above.

Corporate, single, large or small,
So dear friend does it matter at all?
But we really must get on the ball
Whether meeting alone or in a hall
Prayer, in part, is our sharing our heart,
With our Father above.

Does it matter to Him how we pray
Single sentence or paragraph, what the hey!
The thing to do is not get grammatically right
But to pray, any day every day or night!

Prayer, in part, is our sharing our heart,
With our Father above.

Are we a praying church, God only knows
It surely is not judged by the number of rows
Of people praying Perhaps thumbing their nose
At the empty rows, because ... what about those?
Prayer, in part, is our sharing our heart,
With our Father above.

So You're Thinking Of Leaving.....

So, you don't like the way the hair is parted?
Or, the time the morning service started?
The music is too loud you say,
There'd be more hymns, if you had your way!

The Elders' Board has too many women?
Seems like those females are really winning!
What about the snow in the back lot...
And it seems like the blower isn't worth a jot!

So, you're thinking of leaving?
What about your friends, who would be grieving?
There's more to church than sermons and singing;
There are 'hellos' and 'huggings' and kids 'a-grinning!!'

Heading elsewhere you blithely think,
Will make you happy and bring you from the brink.
Take it from me, who has pondered a lot, it's not really so!
It's people and friends and kids that make the church go!!

So, before you head off to a church unknown;
Please, make sure the problem is not part your own

Anger

(Written in January 2007...thinking over a recent anger incident)

Anger is a b----y waste of time.
It has no reason or rhyme.
But we allow it to happen.

So, what does anger do to you and me?
I suggest nothing and I would plea
That we get rid of it!

But, that is so easy to say
It usually starts from wanting our own way...
So, what else is new!!

Anger has been here since the creation
of man.

Surely, 'twas not part of God's plan
That anger exist to cause such ill?

When we permit ourselves to be
Angry, oh, dear me!
Can we do that?

Anger is something well
Known to man.
Before we blow, count to ten..
And then some.

My prayer, hope and wish
Would be to live without anger
What bliss
Dreamer!

So what can be done
Of the emotion chilling?
You really have to be willing,
To use it to the good
If only I could
God help me!

Death...Face It We Must!

*(Written in February 2007, having heard from a friend that his
brother-in-law had died at the age of 68. Poem posted on the Guards
Forum, where so few believe)*

Grim reaper, game over, end of the line?
According to some
Unless...

Three score and ten we are promised
Maybe more
Unless...

Some think and are sure
there is no more
Unless...

The death gasp, the dying breath
It's over
Unless...

Unless God did send his Son
Unless Christ died for us
It is indeed over...

Unless we believe in Him
Who died for us.

Unless we swallow our pride
And accept Him...
It is indeed over...
Think on it!

Old Age

*(Written on October 2007 as I watched my friend Bruce McLean get
out of my car and head to Shopper's Drugs)*

Old Age! What a bummer!
Just like the last days of summer.
Aching back, wonky knees,
Slightest chill and we start to sneeze.
Walking is a continuing pain.
And what for? There is no gain.

Accept it? To give in would be a sin!
We must face aging with a grin!
Young people would just laugh and say,
Ah, but they've had their day.
But us older ones know it's not true
And really, to give us our due,
Our spirits are great, still in their prime,
We just know it's not the time
To concede to age!

PAIN

(Written over several days, November 2007)

Pain to some has mystical meaning...
Not me, it's still my pain

How do we assess this feeling,
That's easy, it's still my pain!

Describe they say, from one to ten.
What's the point, it's still my pain!

Does it bring some majestic thoughts?
Not for me, it's just my pain!

Will it make you more caring of others?
It should, be it's still my pain.

Does it give you insight into Christ's suffering?
It could, but it's still my pain!

Do people really understand how you feel?
They might, but it's still your pain!

For me pain has no gain,
It's pure and simple plain...
It's my pain!

Pity Party!!

*(Written in the carwash line thinking
about my 72nd birthday, just passed)*

So glad to know you haven't croaked
You're such a stylish bloke!!
You're the best, the cards all say,
As you celebrate your special day.
Do the cards mean anything?
To a guy whose face doesn't ring
Like he's happy?!
You bet your bippy it does!!
Like clouds of blessings from above!!

"No more birthdays" I say,
"Not until I reach a more memorable day!
Do I mean it, methinks not!
My family, a tremendous bunch
know I'm out to lunch.

So I'm wished 'happy birthday' again!!

Rejected And Dejected

(Written in May 2007 after a couple of weeks of rejection and dejection...both, it would seem, self-induced!)

It has been said that the western way
Is to find fault.
Instead of a positive view that builds up.

If this is this case then I must say
I am an expert in the Western way!
Why build upon when there's much at fault!

So, Life's A Bummer!!

(While waiting in line for gas and a car wash, March 2007)

Have to wait in line for gas?
This too will pass!!

Paid too much for a litre of gas?
This too will pass!!

No one like you 'cos you're outspoken?
This too will pass!!

Annoyed, unhappy, feeling grim?
"Cos the promotion went to him?
This too will pass!!

Furnace broken and gas escaping?
Can we pay with the money we're making?
This too will pass!!

Choosing to ignore the pleas of the Saviour?
Too wrapped up and ignoring his pleas
On his claims hard and strong?
This will not pass!!
One day before God we'll stand
Will Jesus be at our right hand?
This will come to pass!!

Does it matter if we say Amen or A-men
Or that we sing choruses or hymns
I think not!!

Will our standing be based on our smile
Or lack thereof?
Methinks not!!
At this Jesus will scoff
Me thinks so, too !!

Our hearts will be on trial that day
Did we give it away to the one we hear say,
Think my way!!

Temperament

*(Written waiting in the car wash line, ,
wondering why I re-act like I do!!)*

February 17, 2007

Why Oh, why am I blessed,
With a temperament
Which at times my life has messed!!

Oh, for one that is all smiles and grins,
Able to rejoice in what life brings

But then I read in God's Word
That it's not absurd
To believe there is a place
for my face!!

Try as I might to always please,
I might just as well suppress a sneeze!!
As Popeye might say in his winsome way
I yam what I yam...

Rough 'round the edges it's true,
But what's a fellow goin' do...
Just hang in there and grin
To put on life a new spin...

Will it last, we wonder...
Will he soon be seen to blunder...
Please check the mirror on the wall

Self examination is good for all!

Waiting.....

*(Written in January 2007 wait for a friend who is seldom late...
mixed information resulted in the delay)*

I wonder if we tallied up
How much time we are spend
waiting

Waiting to be born,
Waiting to die,
Waiting for buses
Waiting for friends....

So what do we do as we wait?
Is it time wasted?
Should we fume, think or pray?
There has to be a way to make waiting pay!

Wait and think, time goes by in a blink,
makes you think,
Waiting...

When Husbands And Wives....

(Written in December 2007... on an occasion...)

Oh, what a terrible waste of time
It is without reason or rhyme!
So what if one of the two is right
To the marriage nothing is brought but blight.

As humans, it seems, we want to test,
The patience of others, to see who is best.
We certainly give the devil much delight
As we battle and struggle with all our might.

Why is it this way I sometimes ponder?
It is enough to make even angels wander!
The very air we breathe it seems,

Is wasted on foolish dreams.
Talk is cheap they say,
Unless of course we get our way!

In times of stress we often endure
As if of our faith we are unsure...
Does one look back on times 'ago'
Are we able to let go...
Those things that hinder and bind...
Back to days when love was blind...

Of course we must and we do....
Me and you!

Family...

(Written or at least started December 31, 2006)

Fruit of the loins the psalmist said...
Would bring joy to the mind of the dullest head!!

My head cannot be dull as with my family I meet
I must confess they are really quiet neat
Why am I so fortunate?

One cannot name them for it would be shame
To think more highly of one over the other...
But different they are; my kids and grandchildren
Where could I find so diverse a bunch
who would come over for lunch,
and supper and snacks
in the garden and in the restaurant!!!

God has been so good even in times of woe
I have been allowed to watch them grow,
and grow and grow
Kindergarten, Elementary,
Junior High and Senior High too,
University and College,
Sports, Art, Poetry and Music and such
Oh, it can't all be just good luck

So I thank the good Lord as I type...

And give thanks for my family!!

Christmas With The Family!

Whose turn this year to cook the beast?
Whose turn to host the feast?
How many will show up to eat?
Counting heads will be a feat

Starting off with a count of two,
Somewhat like the lady in the shoe,
Over the years the numbers grew
We now have reached twenty-six plus two!

The world around the table sits,
Of continents there are many hits
Asia, Africa, Europe to name a few
Of course, there's North and South America too!

As our family grows and grows and grows
When it will stop no one knows!
Can this family sit down as one?
Can't be done ...

Sitting down as one is fun,
But as we grow it can't be done
Other families now have a say
It can't be done any other way!

So now we just have slices smaller,
Too large to have a wall to wall-er!!
But smaller is good I think
To talk and play and eat and drink!

And so I thank the Lord above
For giving us a family to love
So many kin and friends to see
Oh, what a happy family!

The Tribe...

(Written as I think about the number of very attractive ladies in our family...and the fun we have about 'when the men will rule' January 2007)

Democracy rules in a tribe they say
Those who say that have not been our way

Our tribe is really quite small
And Democracy does not rule at all

Of females we have quite a few...
More than one, more than two

The ladies are twelve plus two new
The men only eight plus two, phew!

For us the future it holds good...
Granddaughters attract future mates...
Boy, oh boy, we can hardly wait...

To over take and to rule....

The Tribe!!

Isaac Tyler Is The Guitar Man.

*(September 2007- written to congratulate Isaac
on his(almost) job as a guitar teacher)*

Isaac Tyler is the Guitar Man.
To teach children music is the plan.
Music in his blood runs, and that's cool.
Isaac the Guitar Man ain't no fool.

Isaac Tyler is the Guitar Man.
Come Nancy or Frankie or just plain Dan.
To be taught music like, "one, two, threes".
Isaac the Guitar Man is bound to please!

Isaac Tyler is the Guitar Man.
Ready and raring no one dare ban.

Guitar strumming is more than riffs,
Isaac the Guitar Man will use all his gifts!

My Wife.....

(February 2, 2007 on our fiftieth anniversary)

Dignified and gracious to use but a few,
Are adjectives used to describe you.
Fifty years ago it seems
I began a life dreams
Life would be sweet, with my wife.

The cockney says, 'Trouble and Strife',
Talking lovingly of his wife.
'Old Lady', 'old Woman' and other words
Speak of the one to whom other men are bound
But my wife does not belong to that motley crew.

What can I say now, fifty years hence,
It would not be safe to sit on the fence!
Dignified and gracious still come to mind
But caring and responsible and quite capable
And of speaking her mind, most able!!

Would I do thing differently,
Almost reverently I say, No!
That would be saying that God did not know,
That I needed you, my wife, for me to grow!!
I Love you very much, Maureen!!

For my Wife

Fifty-two years is a long, long time,
As you count the years, one at a time.

But fifty years in God's theme,
Can flit by like a dream.

Some years have been better it is true,
But do not outweigh those many others,
To make us blue!

Four children were added along the way,
Certainly adding interest day by day.

My wife remains these years
With her faith strong,
As it has done for this marriage long.

God's sovereignty foremost in her mind
As each year she manages, sublime

Many see her gracious side;
This is a trait she should not hide.

Her outward presence is serene and calm,
Acting as a contagious balm.

The storms of life have often beat,
But my wife can take the heat

Approaching now her golden years.
She enters that era without fears

Of heaven she sometimes speaks;
Of her faith there are no leaks
My wife, Maureen.

Easy Task

(Written when killing time at the computer, January 2007)

You would really think it would not be a task
To write about being an officer of the law
But my mind is blank as I begin to bask
In the glory of my past!

Of course, I kid as I set to
To tell of things I used to do
No glorious captures was my lot
But to walk the beat with no plot
To catch breakers of the law
Other than to be there, in the raw,
To do my job.

Walking the beat at twenty below
Is that really good to have a black toe?
Seems odd of so many years, the cold still bring tears,
Frostbite being one of my fears.
In buffalo coat so cozy and warm
Fur hat with earflaps...
Not as prettier sight was born!

Then off to traffic and then not having to hike
But to roar around on a Harley bike
Giving out tickets with great glee
This really was the life for me...
The later on to a traffic area
This was a little scarier
More serious accident I would find on my plate
Breaking sad news would made me grate
At foolish speeding and drinking drivers...

Lo and behold another change came
'Personnel Constable' would be my name
Working inside, a pen pusher indeed...
But it met a need...days and weekends off
Was a posting unwise to scoff
And then there was a promotion....

Now you are a sergeant they said
Illusions of grandeur appeared in my head!
More money and prestige I thought
Perhaps but havoc it wrought
With no weekends off anymore
Working Saturdays and Sundays is a bore...
What did the Lord have in store?

The career for thirty years should have last,
But midnights and stuff are not a blast
To another department I did go
There to fight another foe...

Just kidding of course I love people,
More those outside than those under the steeple...
It's a sad comment I make
That those without religion are easier to take...
But Christians they are of a different stripe

They are helpful and friendly and seldom gripe

Many an officer has made his commitment
To his Jesus, and he strives his best
Living for him without being a pest...
So pray for the man in blue
Who gives of his time for you ...?
Give a thought for if there weren't any
You life would not be worth a penny...

Why did I leave, now's there's a thought
Too much on my own wrought
A desire for a more simple life
Regular hours with family and my wife.
So onto then, to much more fame
To Transit I went

The LRT was a new endeavour
And away I went as light as a feather...
The first security office on the system
It required more than my wisdom
To keep the system safe and secure
With security officers and the police too
The system worked for you...
Then another job appeared.

Managing enforcement of bylaws was the game.
No smoking and snow on lots of walks
All the regulations that made people squawk,
Hit 'em hard some people scream
You're far too easy, you're just a dream
Get out and work, stay in the office
To please people really is quite a challenge...
But for more than forty years
I did the job with very few tears...
Would I have had it any different...?
Not a chance!!

Nineteen ninety four came in a flash
Into retirement I ran with a dash...
To be at home was great fun...
But something else needed to be done...
Favourite youngest daughter with her ear
To the wire

Heard of a job about to transpire
It's right for you Dad she said...
So to Leduc County I was led.
New happenings...

A contract man now I was destined to be
Not to shoot others as you will soon see.
But to enforce bylaws so infrequently done...
Not good to be in my shoes, but it was fun...
Oilmen, contractors and farmers all
Became my customers, I had a ball...
And my supervisors....

Mr. Eugene Lee was the first one
To enjoy the services of the new one
Tall and slim and quiet as well..
He was not sure what he had for this spell
Of new enforcement...

He retired shortly after my coming on stream...
But to say it was me the cause would be very mean...
He went into business for himself!
D'Anne was the next new boss...
Her demeanor was quiet and quite reserved
This enforcement life we thought, she had not deserved
But surprise us all that she did
Some hidden reserve she had quite well hid
She was a good boss!

Seven years later I had had enough
No fun now in getting tough.
So once more to green pastures I rode
Staying at home my permanent abode...
But then low and behold what gives
A phone call that wants to use me again...
We shall see!

FUN, FUN, FUN...

(Written in response to a poem called

I loved My Job...from Steve, May 2007)

I love my son, my only one,
Who tells to me stories of fun
If only I had job like his...
My every day would quickly whiz
But alas I am retired...
In gardening deeply mired...
But never mind, Number One...
I have forwarded this pun...
For others to have a chuckle....

Steve's 50th

I wanted a son I could look up too

(I'm 6'3" He's 6'4" I have one!)

I wanted a son who would create a career for himself...

(With almost thirty years with Transit, I have one)

I wanted a son who would marry and raise a family

(Married 25 years to Michelle and has two children Trevor and Kayla, I have one)

I wanted a son who would laugh at my war stories

(I have one, twice a month!)

I wanted son who would be caring toward his mother and sisters with respect

(I have one, ask them!)

I wanted son who would honour God

(I have one! Check out the way he acts and speaks and deals with people)

I wanted a son who would let me hang doors in his home....

Well you can't win them all...

Please raise your glasses in a toast to my son, Steve!

To Steve!

The Spider On My Windshield...
by John T, urged on by granddaughter Andrea!

*(Written November 23, 2007 when a spider mysteriously appeared on
the windshield of my car, while I was driving)*

Ah, Ah, Ho, Ho, what is that I see?
A little old spider staring at me!
It's on the windshield, cold and bare.
I really wonder how it got there!

Its body is a pinky hue,
That's odd, when its blood is blue!
I see no web, which is odd,
Perhaps making one is its next job!

I see no breaking of the skin,
This spider is really thin.
A newer body it will need,
So that with others he's up to speed!

Two body parts I plainly see,
Four rows of teeth looking at me!
Funny eyes all looking around,
To a safer place he will be bound!

How many legs? I'm not sure,
Six or eight, but not anymore!
Little feet it firmly parks,
I hope that it leaves no dirty marks!
The spider has gone, Oh, dear no,
Its gone missing, what a blow!!
No web to keep it on the glass,
Well, perhaps to another it will pass!

So as you drive look out, please
For a pink spider with no home!

Computers

'Got to have it' is what I said.
Purchasing my first computer with some dread.
And it cost plenty of bread!

Did I really need it?
Can't get along without it
And that's a good name, IT.

Hours of fun and some of pain,
All for thought of electronic gain,
And, dreams of writing fame!

For an anchor it would compete;
Tied to a criminal's feet
Ah, but that would mean defeat!

So year after year,
With more smile than sneer
The computer has become quite dear!

Story and bylaw and poem,
All kind of facts, and you'll not know 'em!
In fact it is hard the flow to stem!

Some of my friends of intellectual bent
Cannot or will not find time to be spent
Tapping away at IT's keys; frustration to vent.

When my life on earth is done
And all the battles have been won
What will become of IT?

In Heaven it surely will not have a place,
Those hallowed halls it should not grace
What will become of IT?

In some recycling bin of course,
A sad but proper end for the work horse...
That's what will become of IT!

My Computer

By John Tidridge

My monitor sits there with a baleful glare
As if it is saying, "I dare
You to push enter".

The Scanner on tabletop bare
Says with out fanfare,
"You can push enter".

The printer is gloomy and it is rare
For it to say, "beware
If you touch enter".

The CPU tall and stout,
Wonders what the fuss is all about
Without his help he well knows
Pushing enter merely registers, no goes!

They Seek Him

They seek him here, they seek him there,
Those Monday-night men seek him everywhere...

Is he n heaven, is he at home?
El.Benson is not known to roam!

Silent and forlorn is John
He good friend El, has gone!

Will he return post haste?
With us his presence to grace?

(with apologies to the author of "*The Scarlet Pimpernel*")

Sherwood Forest?

The Battle of Will and John

*(Written in December 2007, with much poetic license taken.
There are no scars or bruises, just a better understanding.
God moves in mysterious ways)*

The was a young lawyer named Will,
Who deemed that it would be a thrill
To form an army with his wife Marnie
To do battle with 'old bloke' John

This 'old bloke; John
Had no trouble getting it on!
So, to his keyboard he strode.
Don't even get in his road...
Not even Will the lawyer.

Back and forth the battle rang
Battle cries gloriously sang.
"I'm the winner", one voice said...
"Not so", the firm reply read!
'old bloke' John and lawyer Will.

The ex-cop would not dodge it...
Lawyer Will his bent was logic...
Back and forth the battle raged,
Would the difference be assuaged?
'old bloke' John and lawyer Will.

Looking down from above...
Surely the need for Love
Would override differences...
God has no place for fences...
Not for 'old bloke' John and lawyer Will.

Strange as it may seem,
One a lawyer, the other a cop, had been,
To realize our discussions are naught
If we forgot what Jesus had brought...
Will and John..

The privilege of being brothers, can bring pain,
Done in love, however, it brings much gain.
Both armies disbanded, for the better good.
We both knew that it would...
John and Will..

The Face

*(Written January 2007, as I recall an interview with a pastor,
I have abused poetic license for effect!!)*

Your face he said is one of dread
It really could waken the dead...
As upon my chair I stood
to rob him of his manhood

I stopped....

Seems to me the good Book says,
Somewhere I swear...
We are all brothers one
Given to service.

And I thought with glee
This is the face given to me
By the good Lord...

I stopped...

So, my face is like the back of a bus
But why the fuss?
I'm a member, and that's good enough

I stopped...

To be a smiling image is what I pledged
But the pastor, I sensed, he hedged,
John, with a smile all the time?

He stopped...

Friends

*(Not written at any particular time
or for any particular reason...was just thinking about friends,
January 2007)*

There are friends, good friends and very good friends
They change not like worldly trends,
What do they do these friends of mine?
Ok, their vocations I will outline.

Will they care in what order they appear?
Methinks not, that's out of their sphere
To worry about their earthly career, nay
But to be a friend is their desire.

Educators, skilled tradesmen, all are hired,
Supervisors, Accountant, Apprentice, are working,
Some retired but not mired
In self pity lurking.

Will they come when I call...
A question already answered, try all.
That's what friends do without a fuss
Not to do would make them a wuss!

Friends...how do I stack up?

He's Wrong, You Know, But How Do You Tell Him?

*(A friend whose wife died from Alzheimer's is meeting and travelling
with a lady whose husband has the disease)*

I have known my friend since 1962
Although in later years it seemed the friendship was through.
A chance phone call provided a chance to renew
And so began meetings to share a brew...
Of coffee, if you wondered! v

A second telephone call had sadly shown
That his wife had very ill, grown...
That all was not well and his wife would not be healed
And other sad happenings would be revealed.

Our first few meetings were catching up times...
Of the years gone by, of happier times.
We spoke of God, and where He stood
One who felt he had left, the other, of the good.

We joked a bit about hair and stuff
Between us, we hardly had enough
to cover one head
We exchanged books to be read.

Then one day in a subdued voice
He told me he had to make a choice
A friend he had met while visiting his wife
Their friendship had developed, how nice.

This friend and he, with spouses almost dead
Were going out for meat and bread...
He implied they were just friends and nothing more
I did not respond, I chose to ignore...

My friend, his wife now dead
Was planning a trip, this was over my head...
Her husband he said, knew nothing at all
And me I did nothing but stall...

The trip now over went very well...
Am I sending my friend to hell...
My sympathies lie with him it's true...
But, now I know, what I must do...

I must be honest and true it seems...
If the end of the friendship it means...
I have to tell him as best as I can,
That he is wrong and that's my plan...

What 'angle' shall I try? He is my friend,
He is my friend...
Shall I tell it is his friend that he hurts...
With her reputation left in the lurch?

Would be easier by far to run away
Tell my friend can't meet today...
But that not what friends are for...
I have to tell and hope there is more...
Friendship.

Many meetings later and I had planned
To tell my friend he is wrong...
Some how it happened as we discussed
His plans with his friend...
"You think I'm wrong", was his remark...
"I feel guilty", he said, and I had to say
That I knew it was wrong for him to

Continue with his friend;
"But", I said, "I have an idea
Of what you are going through" ...

My friend and I have talked you know,
It's hard for her as well.
Not knowing how to introduce me to friends
When they know her husband is not dead.
And I had to say I understood and
That he was still my friend...
What are friends for I had to ask myself?

Do you split because you can't agree
On a situation needing understanding and sympathy?

Oh, yes, it would be easy for some
To get up and leave and say, "you are a sinner"?
Of course he is... but so am I!!
My friend needs some support and I will give it!
For as long as he wants me to!!

Skip And John

I have a friend in the United States,
I'm not sure how that rates,
To have a friend in the United States!

Through the e-mail system he did enquire,
For some correspondence perhaps I might aspire
It seems now that neither will tire!

Building up each other is quite the chore
But is one that will not be a chore
In fact we look forward to more!

Betty Ann and Maureen the ladies in our lives
Pretty soon there will be two wives
The best man will be he who survives!

Skip, the man of all trades
Not given to angry tirades
Or even playing silly charades!

Of their faith they are both sure,
Even though their churches have a different door.
One Saviour, could one ask for more!

Of this silly rhyme I am done,
No medals or prizes to be won,
But at least I had some fun!

Merry Christmas Skip!

The Tree Solution.....

*(Written in January 2007 shortly after
Maureen won a medal for her poem, The Aspen)*

Inspiration comes how, we know not
In times of joy, in times of woes
Joy, peace and sorrow.
We simply do not know the source
But, we do of course!
The time, now some while ago,
Brought tears and feelings of woe
A grandson badly injured and how...
Were we too know
something beautiful would grow

The Jasper ride is long in taking...
Not really a place for poetry making
But inspired she was, as through glades we drove
To add to Canada's treasure trove,
Of a poem written from the heart.

So the poem she wrote was about trees...
Or so it would seem,
But not really, I think, is that the reason,
But because as a grandmother knows
The love of God bestows...
Peace, serenity, and it shows
In, The Aspen

Minus Ten And Falling

Apologies to Johnny Cash: while thinking about
those who suffer most with the cold weather.

It's minus ten and falling Mama
Put on a long johns, Papa!

It's minus twenty and falling Mama,
Put on a sweater, Papa

It's minus twenty-five and falling, Mama
Put on a toque, Papa.

It's minus thirty and falling Mama.
Crank up the furnace Papa

It's minus thirty-five and the house is on fire, Mama
What shall we do, Papa?

It's minus twenty-five and we're homeless Mama
What shall we do Papa?

It's minus twenty and cold, Mama
Call the Red Cross, Papa

It's minus ten outside, Mama
But warm inside, Papa

Thank you for those who care!

Marriage

'Been waiting long?' I was asked
As in the shopping mall I waited
'Almost fifty years', I said with a smile

Fifty years seems such a long time,
But really marriage is a state of mind
Certainly, when times put one in a bind
You wonder...

The girl that I married I met by chance
If you believe that I have, by chance,
An Arizona sea-side front lot for sale

Perhaps it will include a whale!

Early on and newly wed
To a foreign land we sped
It really was far to go
And, they told us not of the snow
You wonder...

There are children, one, two, three, four.
We are sure there will be no more!
But then there are grandchildren
Who make me joyous when I pick up my pen
To write of the joys of marriage!!

Maureen, at home she did stay
To keep the homestead her way
So that we could provide a spot
Where various grandchildren could 'hide'
as they munched on Kraft dinner.

John, as farmer, not he,
With Maureen came to the big, big city
To labour at Scott Fruit,
Then, he tried on the boot of a City *cop
This sure helped out the family a lot
You wonder...

After awhile a house was purchased
In the Highlands,
With friends nearby and the Church as well
Things moved along, pell-mell.
You wonder...

Fifty years it can't be true!
Hey, I hardly know you!
Well, that really not true as I am sure you know
But together we continue to grow
Bring on the next fifty!!
No need to wonder....

- The author does not like this word, but it sure rhymed!!

The Interview

*(Written October 31, November 1, 2007 on the
occasion of an interview and a job for Andrea)*

Granddad would you,
Could you,
Drive me for an interview

Of course I would,
Not because I should,
But, because I want to.

Up early in the morn,
With clothes quickly adorn.
And then off to the Tylers

There's Andrea beautifully dressed,
The interviewer's going to be impressed.
But what else is new!

Andrea's left at the School building
Me, the sum from my eyes shielding
Looking for a parking spot.

Around the block twice I go
Free parking is a no show.
Plugged the meter for a bit.

With the front office lady I chat
And she seems pleased by that...
'cause candy and coffee come my way!

Andrea emerges from within
Her face happy with a grin
The news is good!

Across the street we have to go
More paper work, don't you know
Wrong elevator buttons pushed...but we get the job done!

Leaving downtown in a bit of a stew
We really don't know Clareview
But- we find the school Anne Fitzgerald

Sitting in my car, patient,
Thinking, one job less vacant
Andreas a working girl!

Now we know that for sure the job is taken
Andreas a teacher in the making...
And we thank God! Amen

Greenhouses

(Written on Sunday while at, where else, a greenhouse!!)

Greenhouses come in different sizes,
Based on trade, one surmises....

Greenland, Salisbury, Kuhlmann's and Holes,
Making money from us poor souls!!

Alberta winter cold and forlorn
Everyone wants the spring to be born

Without greenhouses what would we do
Just sit at home and stew....

Waiting for spring!!

Waiting At The A & W

*Composed in September 2007 while
waiting in the fast food line of the local A & W)*

I placed my order at the faceless window,
"Two teen burgers and a medium fries".
Should not be long methinks?
But ten minutes later, still waiting.
I wonder about fast foods!

The server I notice, has several tasks
Serving at the counter, delivering at the window.
"Did you have to help the cook as well"? I ask.
"Yes, I did", she says.
I wonder about fast foods!

Arriving home, package in hand,
Before the TV the news to watch –
Slightly soggy, some what salty, is the grub.
I wonder about fast foods!
What's In A Name

*(Being a contributor to a web site and wondering why people
can't/wont use their real names)*

Some where it seems, some time ago
I read that Brits, their names would not show!!
As I look at the monikers chosen here
It would show many exhibit that fear!!

What's wrong with your name I wonder?
To show it would it be a blunder?
Mine is an old one it is sure,
Quite common, with not much allure.

It's Hampshire common and very old.
It's mine and I like it, and I'm very bold
To say that before I was born it was not the same
That's right Tidridge was not always the name...

*Tytheridge, Titheridge, Titheradge, Tithrege and others too,
Some quite funny and some quite not so, but I do not rue,
That Tidridge is my name since 1815!
So there!!

The Tomb...New Edition

By John Tidridge

*(Written February 26, 2007 after the Journal proclaims it has found
the tomb of Jesus, Mary Magdalene and their son Judah)*

The newspapers shout aloud with glee
"we have certainly disproved history.
He's a fraud!!"

"The news will no doubt
Make all non-believers shout

And double our distribution".

So what's a Christian like you and me to do?
Do we shrivel and hide; no place to go...
Are we people most foolish!!

I believe the gospel to be true,
Good News for me and you!!
He's alive, He's Alive
Alleluia, A-men

Ushering

*(I have ushered since 1961 and I feel I have a handle on the job!!
December 2006)*

Aha, an usher you wish to be...
Oh, you don't need no training, you will soon see
Stand at the door, after arriving on time
You don't collect no money, not even a dime

Just stand there and smile
Just as wide as a mile
Much sure your breath is sweet
And, that you look, kinda neat

Instructions I'm sure you will receive
Composed by others not on the front line
Shake a hand or two but not for too long
Or soon you will have an arriving throng

Aha, fooled you, oh, so unkind
You really do have to collect that dime
Pick two people to help with the cash
Make sure they know the system
so there is no crash
Of money if they collide
As down the centre aisle they glide...

You're finished you say with a weary smile
But wait, did you count the people
And the kids and clean up the spare bulletins
You did faithfully deliver?

Was the temperature just right not too hot
Or cold?
The correct doors left open/closed?
The sound? Was it working today?
Were the chairs all out?

Yeah, we give a shout
What was the fuss all about..
Would you usher next week?
we are short a few
Good people to man (person) the door
Sure...

September Afternoon

(September 2007; written waiting for Emily at Highlands Junior High School. A man had been noted at several schools and had tried to take a young girl into his vehicle.)

The leaves are golden, red and green,
Some still with summer sheen.
But also it is so sure,
Winter will be with us once more.

Bringing weather that we all know ,
After the snow;
Will bring weather to make things grow.
So, bundle up, to keep warm
Until the birds will swarm
In the trees no longer forlorn.
But welcome spring when we are all reborn.

Weather In Edmonton

(February 2, 2007, our anniversary, we were hoping for some sunshine but will have to rely on our company to do that)

Lovely weather the immigration man said
And we all believed him,
Sadly misled!!
February in Genesee

Really a sight to see
Used to rain and a miss
Not prepared for a snow drift

Winters long but sunny bright
For us it has seemed just right.
Summers hot and dusty,
No fear of getting rusty

Fifty years of Edmonton weather,
Really it couldn't get much better!
No hurricanes or tsunami
Weathers mostly, quite balmy!
Edmonton's weather could be much worse!!
