

GRAMPA'S FAMILY FUN POEMS



"Children are a heritage of the Lord" (Psalm 127:3)

Brooky R Stockton

GRAMPA'S FAMILY FUN POEMS 1.1



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PO Box 884
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January 2025

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Dedication

To My Grandchildren

The purpose of life is to know God and enjoy Him forever.

Life is a testing ground,

So in order to be sound,

Be holy and tender

Enjoy the Lord and escape the pressure.

Laugh and cry, tis part of life.

Do good and avoid strife.

Serve others with your hands,

Own some animals and be a man on the land,

Fight for freedom, tis part of life.

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Preface

This work represents the meanderings of a unhinged *Grampa* about his children and grandchildren.

These are a collection of poems written by *Grampa* and his *dawg* about some of my grandkiddies as time, age, and circumstances did permit. If there any misspelled words or typos, blame it on the *dawg*.



Acknowledgments

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GRAMPA'S FAMILY FUN POEMS

About His Kiddies



No, No, You Can't Have Me!

A Lesson for My Grandchildren on learning to say, "No!"

Proverbs 1:10 My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.



◇ There was a bear that escaped from the zoo,
Plotting and planning his delicious menu,
At Katelyn he stared, he lifted his paw,
She'll taste good, cooked or raw.

No, No you can't have me,
I am not an apple on a tree,
Get away go away back to the zoo,
Get away go away shoo, shoo, shoo.

There was a lion that escaped from the zoo,
Plotting and planning his delicious menu.
When Kourtney he saw, he did back flips,
Licked his chops, and smacked his lips.

No, No you can't have me,
I am not an apple on a tree,
Get away go away, back to the zoo,
Get away go away, shoo, shoo, shoo.

There was a crocodile that escaped from the zoo,
Plotting and planning his delicious menu
When Benjamin he saw, he smiled big and wide,

"Crunchy, crispy, chewy delicious," He cried.

No, No you can't have me,
I am not an apple on a tree,
Get away go away back to the zoo
Get away go away shoo, shoo, shoo.



There was a coyote that escaped from the zoo,
Plotting and planning his delicious menu.
When London he saw, he let out a howl,
"She'll taste better than the waterfowl."

No, No you can't have me,
I am not an apple on a tree,
Get away go away back to the zoo
Get away go away shoo, shoo, shoo.

There was a Tiger that escaped from the zoo,
Plotting and planning his delicious menu.
When William he saw, with arms and a nose,
He'll taste good, her fingers and toes.

No, No you can't have me,
I am not an apple on a tree,
Get away go away back to the zoo
Get away go away shoo, shoo, shoo.



There was a Paw-low-titian that escaped from
the zoo,
Plotting and planning his delicious menu.
When Elias he saw, with a nickel and a dime,
"He'll taste good at dinner time!"

No, No you can't have me,
I am not an apple on a tree,
Get away go away back to the zoo
Get away go away shoo, shoo, shoo.

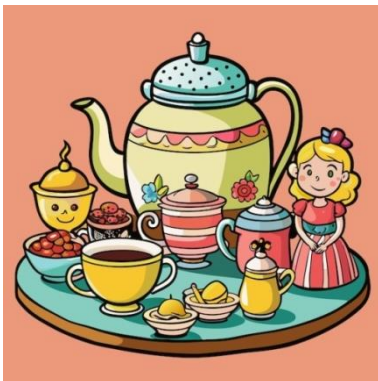
So, listen to me you beasts from the zoo,
Take me off your silly menu.
You want me as, a food supplement,
No, No, I do not consent!

No, No you can't have me,
I am not an apple on a tree,
Get away go away back to the zoo
Get away go away shoo, shoo, shoo.

Da Boys at a Girls Tea Party

By Grampa (2015)

◇ Cowboy Grampa and his three year old cowboy grandson, were invited to a lady's tea party.



Down in the valley where the green grass grows,
Grammy threw a party with ribbons and bows.

Girls and boys all invited for tea,
All the ladies as pretty as could be!

Katelyn was dressed in a pretty red hat,
And Kourtney looked like a red pussycat.
Grammy prepared a perfect spread,

No one could say they were underfed.

On the table all laced in white,
Tiny tea cups, plates all bright.
Cucumber sandwiches with a little cheese,
Tea, milk, honey and yummy cookies.

The lesson for the hour was simple as can be
How is a woman like a bag of tea?
So here is the answer to the little quiz:
Only in hot water do you realize how strong she is!

All four girls were next of kin,
There sat me and Benjamin.
Not very comfortable surrounded by lace.
Two cowboys, really out of place.

We grinned and beared it, the best we could,
Watchin' our manners, as we know'd we should.

With varmints to chase, we asked to be free
To go outside and climb in a tree.



When all waz said, and all waz done,
Being with the ladies was kind-a of fun.
Hats, lace, and all that stuff
Can't let 'em know, gotta be tough!

Katelyn Plays Golf

By Grampa (2015)



With pride in her heart and a smile on her
face,
Katelyn with great ease stepped into her
place;
She addressed the ball with a curl on her
lips,
With a club in her hand, and a swagger on her
hips.

With eyes of fire, she stared at the ball,
Clinching her club, like a Neanderthal.
She lifted her iron, and took a giant swing,
With all her might she aimed at the thing.

Lightning flashed and thunder made its call,
But, there in the grass stood her ball.
It moved not an inch, it moved not a foot
There perched the ball, where it was put.
With her eye on the ball she took a deep breath,
With thunder in her hand, the ball met its death.
Katelyn drove the sphere to the wonder of all,
Ripping the cover, right off the ball.

It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell,
Tearing the turf, and ripping the knell.
What should have been a putt, with the greatest of ease,
Knocked down a mountain, and ripped through the trees.

What should have been a putt, and a score of five,
Went off the green like a power-drive?
The little red ball, whizzed over the knoll.



In the middle of the green a great big hole.
Somewhere in this favored land the Sun is
shining bright,
Somewhere the band is playing, somewhere
hearts are light,
Somewhere in golfer's heaven there's a smile in
this drama,
So, they changed her name to Katelyn the Gorilla.

Kourtney and the Foxes

By Grampa



◇ It had been a long day, and Kourtney was tired,
She lay down on the grass and quietly retired.
Closing her eyes, she lay down to sleep,
Didn't make a move, didn't make a peep.

Three little foxes came out of their den,
Ran through the bushes, and through the glen.
When they saw this creature, they came to a stop,
Thinking that she was a lollypop.

What does she taste like asked the sister to her brother.
Let's find out, said one to the other?
One brave little fox came and licked her hand,
"She tastes like a . . . like a . . . like Healthy
Living Bite size Frosted Caramel Sugar Bomb Fu
Man Chew Hi-fibre Fruit Smile Oat Brand,"



The second fox sneaked up and licked her toe,
"She tastes like . . uh . . . like Heart-to-heart Mango Peach Passion
Peck Power Cereal with Glazed Golden Puff Almond Clusters, and Red
Raspberry Zingers that glow;

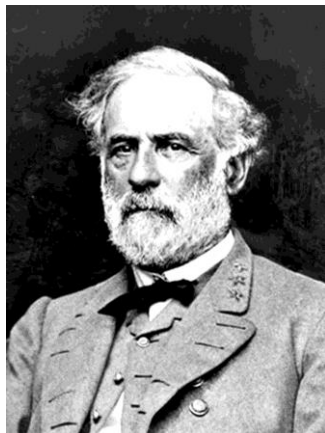


The third fox cautious crawled up and liked her cheek,
"She tastes like . . . a . . . like a . . . like Organic
Cinnamon Harvest, Bountiful Delicious Whole Wheat
Crunchy Nut Cereal, with Pecans and Honey-Kissed
Raisins" the Fox said with a squeak.

Then Kourtney woke up and saw the three foxes,
She stood on a chair and climbed on
the boxes,

But when she saw the foxes meant no harm,
She climbed down and held them in her arm.

So if you're really hungry and your meal doesn't last,
Eat Boo-Boo Bear Choco Yum Red Raspberry Lucky
Charm Krispy Crunch Kourtneys for breakfast.



Stand Straight and Tall

My Wish for All My Grandson
By Grampa (2015)

Truth crushed to the ground, a seed must rise
again,
Stand straight and tall Master Benjamin.
Stand for the truth, and set men free,

When you need a model, follow Robert E. Lee.

In 1860 we could take no more,
along with Col' Jackson, we fought a little war.
With Christ in our hearts, and a squir'l gun in our hand,
We stood with the South, and we made our stand.

We looked across the river and saw the Yankees come,
We didn't have a canon, we didn't have a crumb.
We joined with the gray coats and fought with General Lee,
We resisted all the taxes and fought for liberty.

Truth crushed to the ground, a seed must rise again,
Stand straight and tall Master Benjamin.
Stand for the truth, and set men free,
When you need a model, follow Robert E. Lee.

We claimed our rights and stood for secession,
Against the tyranny of northern aggression.
We fired our muskets, when the Yankees trespassed,
They fled like rabbits, cause they couldn't stand fast.

Our cause was just, and our hearts were right,
Outnumbered two to one, we fought through the night
We didn't eat lead or die for slavery,
We shed our blood for sweet liberty.

When our powder ran out, we grabbed some cotton seed
Stuffed it in the barrel, with a little flaxseed.
When are guns melted down, and our shoulders were sore,
We put cotton in our ears, and fired once more.

Under General Lee we learned this score,
"Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more.
You should never to do less."
Follow this, and you will be blessed.

Christ is our cause, and the Bible is our guide,
Know this truth, that for freedom He died.
Nailed to Calvary, and He's now on the throne,
Remember this when you're all alone.

Truth crushed to the ground, a seed must rise again,
Stand tall and straight, Master Benjamin.
Stand for the truth, and set men free,
When you need a model follow Robert E. Lee.

Benjamin Hill on Robert E. Lee

"When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plane of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression; and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy and a man without guile. He was a Caesar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness; and [Washington](#) without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and

pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates; and grand in battle as Achilles."

Benjamin and the Lion

by Grampa Brooks



◇ Benjamin took a little trip,
rode the sails on a sailing ship.
Storms and thunder and much more,
He finally arrived on the Kenyan shore.

He took a little bacon, and sugar snap peas,
Rode a zebra, and did as he pleased.
Ate some beans and little ham,
Got real tired of the traffic jams.

Benjamin went to Kenya, to see what he could see, see, see,
To see what he could see, see, see.
Elephants, zebras, giraffes and more,
Even a Lion named Eleanor.

Saddled an antelope to Lake Victoria,
Met a cheetah with a pizza.
Challenged him to a race around the lake,
Left 'em in the dust, with a belly ache.

Saw a monkey that stole the show,
But, there's nothing like the water buffalo.
Big long horns and a mean looking face,

Benjamin wanted to leave that place!

Ran across some Zebras three,
How many stripes can there be.
Two, four, six, and eight,
Too many stripes,, to substantiate.

Saw an elephant on his trip,
Covered with mud, he took a dip.
Used his trunk to take a shower,
Gentile giant, so much power.

Benjamin went to Kenya, to see what he could see see see,
To see what he could see see see.
Elephants, zebras, giraffes and more,
Even a Lion named Eleanor.

Met the Kikuyu dressed in red,
Strange markings on their head.
Tatoos in all the wrong places,
Scarred upon their chins and faces.

Thank You, Creator, for letting me be,
For ears to hear, and eyes to see.
Thank You Lord Jesus, what you give to me,
Especially for my dad, and my family.

Benjamin went to Kenya, to see what he could see see see,
To see what he could see see see.
Elephants, zebras, giraffes and more,
Even and Lion named Eleanor.



Out of the bushes I heard a roar,
not a badger or a boar.
But a lion with a fierce looking jaw,
A tear in his eye and a thorn in his paw.

Roped a giraffe and rode to the scene,
The lion growled, but he wasn't mean.
Shaking and trembling, Benji grabbed his paw
Took out the thorn and wrote what he saw.

Benjamin went to Kenya, to see what he could see see see,
To see what he could see see see.
Elephants, zebras, giraffes and more,
Even a Lion named Eleanor.

Kourtney and the Elephant

By Grampa (2015)

◇ Kourtney and I, we went to the zoo
And the story we tell is absolute true.
To our surprise, we did see,
Something amazing behind a tree.



No toes or beak, but a funny looking nose
Something like a garden hose.
You should know it wasn't fake,
but it looked just like a snake.

One ton, two tons, three tons or more
On my lap, I'd really be sore.
Kourtney begs and makes this plea,
Please move over don't sit on me!

Mommy and Daddy it goes flap flap
You don't want this, in your lap.
I yi, yi, do you see those ears,
My, oh my, I think he hears.

Look at those toes there as big as drums,
It has no hands, and it has no thumbs.
You may turn green and you may turn blue.
What you going to do if he sits on you?

One ton, two tons, three tons or more
On my lap, I'd really be sore.
Kourtney begs and makes this plea,
Please move over, don't sit on me!

It has a big body but a very small tail,
It's not like a snail, but more like a whale.
If you become his little doormat
Sister, sister you'll go flat.

Brother, Brother how I wish you knew
You don't want this a sittin' on you.
Huge and heavy, he ain't no runt,
Get out of the way, of the elephant.

One ton, two tons, three tons or more,
On my lap, I'd really be sore.

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Kourtney begs and makes this plea,
Please move over don't sit on me!

Watch out, Grampa gonna sit on you!

What is Katelyn Made Of?

By Grampa Brooks (2015)

◇ Katelyn, Katelyn dressed in white,
with a smile so very bright.

Booys play with balls and bats,
Katelyn plays with dolls and hats.

Booys are made of wiggles and tickles,
Katelyns made of giggles and pickles.

Katelyn, Katelyn with dimples on her skin,
Bananas and apples on her chin.

Nickels and dimes, just name your price,
For sugar and spice and everything nice.

Dancing in a dress, with a bee on her knee,
Rolling with laughter her Grammy and me.

With crayons and colors, she draws a book,
All to please her Grampa Brook.

She tosses a plane in the air to fly,

Aviator captain hit my eye.

Fingers rolling like bees and fleas,
Concerto, Sonata upon those keys.

Skip jump and hop, what a show,
Touching and tapping, look at her go.

Green with envy, the antelope,
Look look at Katelyn jump rope.

Into the sky, she did soar,
Grampa's arms are really sore.

On the swing, she blasted off,
Grampa, Grampa, his arms fell off.

Sweetness doesn't grow on squirrels,
But it grows on little girls.

Braids ponytails and a hairpin,
She's the best, my little Katelyn!

The end.

Captain Katelyn and the Pirates

By Grampa Brooks (2015)

Chapter One: The Treasure Map



◇ Once upon a time there were two sisters who baked an old seaman chocolate chips cookies. They visited him and loved to listen to his sailing adventures. The aching captain announced to his two friends that he was going away. "You have been so kind to bring me cookies, I want to give you a special gift." The girls sparkled with anticipation.

Handing them a tattered document, the seaman said, "This is a treasure map. Do you see the X on the document?" "Yes," the girls answered. "In this cave, you will find a chest of jewels. When you are older, find a ship, and sail to Devil's Island. Follow the map and you will find the treasure. But, watch out for Captain Black Beard and the Pirates."

"Wow," exclaimed the girls, "Thank you."

Picking up his saber, Captain John sad, "I pronounce you 'Captain Katelyn'. Kourtney, I promote you to the rank of "Lieutenant. We'll call your brother, 'Master Benjamin.'"



Giggling with wonder, the two girls accepted the prize and headed home. They took the map and hid it in a special place . . . but, they never saw Captain John again.

Chapter Two: Out to Sea

The two sisters dreamed about finding the

lost treasure, and when they became older they studied geography, navigation, and how to sail the Seven Seas. Benjamin, too, took quite an interest in sailing. He also loved the sea.

The time arrived when the girls bought a ship and hired a crew. They named their vessel the "California Queen." Treasure was on their minds. At the stern of the ship, Captain Katelyn gave the orders to set sail.

"Lose the mooring. Man the sails fore and aft. Three sheets to the wind!"

Lieutenant Kourtney, standing on the starboard side of the ship, shouted to the crew,

"Anchors away! Undiaper the sails!"

With the wind in his face, Benjamin bridled the jigs at the bow. He tied several clove hitches and placed the extra rope in a coil. "Head south around the Cape Horn," ordered Captain Katelyn.

Navigating the California Queen through the power winds and treacherous storms around Cape Horn weighed heavy on Captain Katelyn.

On gray, cloudy days the bitter winds sting the cheeks turning them pink. The cold spray from the swells on the sea bites the bones with chills that make an iceberg shiver.

When they approached Cape Horn, the ship was smothered in a dense fog. The freezing spray tossed by violent wind bit their cheeks and soaked their clothes. The waves reached twelve feet high battering



the hull. Giant swells with lusty fingers tried to pull the California Queen into the graveyard of ships. Many times during the foul weather, the crew had to grab the rails to discharge their breakfast.

Wet, freezing, and hungry, everyone on board fought the impulse to complain. The freezing spray of the surf sent chills down the spine into the bones.

It was so cold you could chip a tooth on a bowl of soup.

Possessing a strong keel, the crew kept their rigging tight. Clawing their way through the mountainous swells and boxing the howling winds, Captain Katelyn manned the wheel steering her ship through the treacherous waters. Avoiding the jutting icebergs, the rocky reefs, and the Devil's call to the bottom of the sea, Captain Katelyn fought back the fear and terrors of sea. After days of wrestling with the giant swells, Captain Katelyn and crew navigated the California Queen successfully around the Cape to the safer waters of Argentina. Sailing up the coast of Argentina, they pressed toward their destination-Devil's Island and the pirate waters of the Caribbean.

Chapter Three: The Great Sea Battle

In the canary's nest atop the mainmast, Master Benjamin spotted a lumbering craft sitting high on the sea. Lieutenant Kourtney grabbed her nautical telescope, "Shiver my timbers. It's the Moby Dick the pirate ship," she shouted.

"Man the canons. Port side ablaze. Lower the jig. Girdle the sails," ordered Captain K. "Fight mates, or we'll walk the plank."

The crew rushed furiously to powder the canons and to pack them with balls of fire. Bam! Ka-boom! Ka-splash!

Captain K ordered, "Fire one, Fire two, fire three." Ka-boom, ka-boom, ka-boom thundered the canons from the California Queen. But, Captain Black Beard ruled the bloody Moby Dick. He had as about as much kindness in his heart as skinny on a fat lady. Ka-Bam! Black Beard unloaded his starboard cannons. Kabam! Crack! Down came the mainmast and Benjamin with it.

Splash! Master Benjamin disappeared into the dark, blue sea.

Kaboom! A canon ball blasted through the hull. Sounds of cracking timber terrified the crew. In jeopardy, the California Queen leaned port side. Out of fear of being blown to pieces, Captain K. ordered the crew to abandon ship.

As Lieutenant Kourtney lowered the lifeboat, another canon shredded the foremast knocking the Lieutenant into the base of the little craft. . . alone . . . but safe. A thick fog moved in making it difficult to see. Ka-bam! Another canon ball bore a hole in the California Queen. She was sinking . . . and Captain Katelyn with it.

As Lieutenant Kourtney rowed away from the burning ship, she saw a hand come out of the water and grab the stern of her boat. It was Master Benjamin. Smiling, he climbed inside. "Weather our wake . . . hand over fist," shouted Kourtney.

Together, they rowed feverishly to escape . . . the flames of their burning ship. They heard screams in the distance, but saw no one. They were alive and shivering cold, but they wondered about the fate of Captain Katelyn and the rest of the crew? Did the captain go down with the ship? Suddenly, Kourtney really missed her sister. Above the stern of their craft, they watched helplessly as the California Queen disappear beneath the waves. Minutes turned into hours. Shivering, Lieutenant Kourtney and Master Benjamin huddled together in the small craft.

Where was Captain K.?

Ka-splash! A giant swell swamped their lifeboat drenching brother and sister. Lieutenant Kourtney and Master Benjamin snapped to attention. Huge rocks threatened to crush the little vessel trapped on the barrier reef. Two-hundred yards from shore, the little schooner jammed against jagged boulders.



Lieutenant Kourtney shouted, "Let's swim for it!" Master Benjamin grabbed his knife and a few supplies. Kourtney tied the matches and a pail to her belt. Ka-splloosh!

In they dived avoiding the kelp forest. The breaking surf pushed them toward the beach. Once on shore, they gave each other a big, big wet hug. "Where's, Katelyn?" asked Master Benjamin. "I hope she made it." "Me too," whimpered Kourtney. Both stared across the lonely sea.

"Look," shouted Benjamin!

In the distance, hands waiving and feet kicking someone was struggling to make shore. Possibly, one of the crew members survived the naval battle. It was . . . it was . . . Captain Katelyn! Looking like a drowned rat, she smiled . . . and, she had the map of Devil's Island tucked in her belt! The three mariners could have danced all night!! Even the sea turtles and pelicans seemed to wiggled and giggled with glee.

Safe, the three surviving officers gave themselves to the task of survival- building shelter, finding water, and hunting for food. Master Benjamin, caught a large seagull by using a net he found from the wreckage. Lieutenant Kourtney built a fire; and, Captain Katelyn did the cookin'. Using the pail that K 2 brought ashore, she heated up the water. "This ain't the Mom's cookin'", stated the Captain, "But, it'll have to do!" Maybe, when we get home Mom will bake us a pizza," grinned Master Benjamin. Hard times gave way to laughter as they devoured their seagull soup.

Chapter Three: The Treasure

The next morning, Captain K. reminded everyone of the need to work together. Master Benjamin searched for water and found a little stream.

Thud, thunk, thud. Kourtney stripped the trees of coconuts. Captain Kourtney watched Katelyn and Benjamin at work and thought to herself, "What a great brother and sister I have!"

Pointing to the map, "I think we are here," Captain Katelyn explained. "If we go over the hill, we can be at the treasure cave in about an hour." All agreed. Benjamin was especially excited because searching

for the treasure was more like play than work. After a seaweed breakfast soaked in coconut milk, Lieutenant Kourtney led the way over the mountain into the valley in search of the cave where the treasure was buried.

When they arrived at the bridge of the rocks overlooking the sea, blood sucking vampire bats fluttered out of mouth of the cavern. Benjamin seized a stick started swinging. The sonar bats disappeared into the thick jungle.

Captain Katelyn made a torch out of dried limbs and tar . . . and they slowly, carefully inched their way into blackness of the grotto. "Aahhh," screamed Kourtney as the ground gave way beneath her feet. Master Benjamin, grasped her forearm before she descended into the deadly pit. Safe, the mariners continued on.

The cold, damp, musty air choked the oxygen out of the cave. Fighting back fear mixed with excitement, the three mariners journeyed deeper . . . and deeper . . . and deeper into the pitch black caverns. Arriving at the place called "the Cathedral," Captain Katelyn said, "I think this is the spot."

Master Benjamin pulled out his naval knife and began shoveling. Like three gophers, the treasure hunters took turns plowing through the dust and dirt. Finally, they were working together.

"Klink," went the knife. "I think we found it," shouted Benjamin. Groaning and grunting the sailors pulled the chest out of the ground and to the front of the cave. Using his knife, Benjamin broke the lock. Katelyn employed a wooden stick to pry open the top.

"Oh, my! Look at all those diamonds, jewels, medallions, silver, and bullions. We're rich," shouted Kourtney!

"We're millionaires," cheered Benjamin.

"We're in trouble," whispered Captain Katelyn, as she glanced out to sea.

"Look," she ordered. "Isn't that the pirate ship the Moby Dick?" Captain Blackbeard may set shore here any day. We've got to get this treasure back to our camp and hide it," reasoned Captain Katelyn.

"Let's get a movin' and shakin'," said Master Benjamin. With muscles bulging, Master Benjamin pulled the treasure chest. When Kourtney saw him straining, she said, "Let me help." "Thanks, sis," Benjamin answered.

Grunting and groaning back up the mountain and down the other side, the three marooned sailors pushed and pulled the precious jewels back to the camp. Benjamin, hid the chest behind some rocks near the jagged shoreline. Lieutenant Kourtney climbed a big coconut tree to keep an eye out for the pirates. Captain Katelyn cooked dinner and came up with a battle plan to protect their treasure in case the pirates came ashore.

Chapter Four: Battle Preparation

Captain Katelyn said, "We've got to prepare ourselves in case the pirates come back to Devil's Island. Remember, when a loose cannon flogs a horse, there's a devil to pay." All agreed.

Lieutenant Kourtney devoted herself to filling the used coconuts with gun powder to make bombs. She placed them in piles of ten in

different locations around their camp. She made a sling-shot and practiced knocking coconuts out of trees. Making friends with a parrot, she taught it to talk. She called her red-feathered friend, "Polly Talks-a-Lot"

Because Benjamin was strong, he was assigned the task of building booby traps and snake pits. In the process, he befriending a wild goat, and named him "Sergeant Billy."

But, digging pits takes a lot of sweat and brawn. It was a lot more fun to play with the snakes than dig holes. One morning as he was feeding Sergeant Billy, he saw how hard Lieutenant Kourtney worked climbing the coconut trees to gather food, he felt kind of guilty.

He remembered what General Robert E. Lee said, "Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more. You should never wish to do less."

Well, Benjamin finished his twelve pits. Capturing a dozens local snakes, Master Benjamin placed them into traps and covered them with grass. One pit, one snake!

Captain Katelyn made some snares and booby traps with ropes and triggers. She found a wild dog, and called him "Bacon." She taught him to do all kinds of tricks even to attack pirates. But, she was doin' more barkin' than Bacon by shouting out orders to her brother and sister in such a way as it created tension in their camp. Katelyn said to herself, "I've got to stop being so bossy. After all, they are my brother and sister."

She put a lock on her tongue . . . and the three musketeers were able to work together and complete their fortress. Weeks passed, but where were the pirates?

Chapter Five: Man the Battle Stations

"Ship ahoy" cried Lieutenant Kourtney from the top of her coconut tree." Grasping her telescope, she studied the ship. "Shiver my timbers. It's the Moby Dick and Captain Blackbeard!"



"Man your battle stations, and protect each other" Captain Katelyn ordered.

The Moby Dick dropped anchor in the bay and the entire crew of slumlords came ashore on a little schooner.

Armed with swords and muskets, Captain Blackbeard led the motley crew toward the fortress that Benjamin built.

When the three defenders saw the pirates with red bandanas, gold earrings, long mustaches. . . and their cutlasses, even Captain Katelyn's knees began to quiver. These guys looked meaner than ugly on a junk yard dog!

The band of marauders deboarded their schooner and slowly, suspiciously crept ashore toward the officers of the California Queen. "The pirates are coming! The pirates are coming," squawked the parrot. "Quiet, Polly," whispered K2. "Quiet!"

Lieutenant Kourtney reached for her matches and her coconut bombs and waited for them to get closer . . . closer . . . and really close.

Captain K. glanced at her Lieutenant Kourtney and said to herself, "What a brave sister I have. I'm so glad she's a part of my crew!" Hiding behind the rocks . . . Lieutenant Kourtney lighted the fuse. Ssssssss . . . it burned. She tossed a coconut bomb at the approaching pirates. Ka-boom! Another one! Ka-boom!



The raiders jumped ten feet in the air, and started running this way and that. They ran through the briars and through the bushes right into Benjamin's snake pits. "Oowe," "Hiss," "Ouch," the pirates screamed.

They looked like kernels of pop corn popping out of those pits. Master Benjamin rushed toward the snake pits and when they tried to climb out, he gave them the old El Ka-bong!

Whack, whack . . . wocka, wocka, wocka! Down one, down two, down three, and many more.

"Sick 'em, Bacon," ordered Katelyn.

Bacon sprang into action snipping their ankles, and bitin' their behinds. Bacon almost drove those pirates out of their minds. Even Sergeant Billy got in on the action by buttin' those pirates hither and thither. There wasn't a pirate on the island that didn't have a hole in his britches or wasn't clinging to some branch in a tree.

Captain Katelyn pulled her cords and an avalanche of rocks tumbled down the cliff dispersing the band of thieves. Crunch! Crack! Ouch! With sword in hand, she beat back two pirates.

"Zing," whistled a rock from Kourtney's sling-slot. Ka-bop, right on a pirate's k'noggin. Down he went. Out for the night! Kaboom, ka-bop, and zing! The coconut bombs and the sling shot pellets and the snake pits had all the pirates beggin' for mercy and slurping for kindness. Even Captain Blackbeard shimmied up a coconut tree.

But, one of the toothless raiders clawed his way to Lieutenant Kourtney and seized her by her boot. "Gotcha," he shouted. But, Master Benjamin came running with club in hand lookin' meaner than a sack full of rattlesnakes. Ka-bong! Wack . . . wocka, wocka, wocka!



The terrified pirate retreated into the darkness looking for ice pack for his swollen head.

"Quick," said Captain Katelyn. "Secure the treasure chest. Follow me to the pirate's schooner.

Kourtney grabbed Sergeant Billy, Polly the parrot, and sprinted toward the pirate's small boat. Bacon followed showing his teeth at a few pirates in the way. Captain Katelyn and Master Benjamin lifted the heavy treasure chest into the schooner.

"Man the oars. Set the sail," ordered Captain Katelyn!
But, Blackbeard bellowed out a death charge like a rogue elephant,

"After them, you good-for-nothun' scallywags. After 'em! After 'em!"

The pirates shimmed down the coconut trees. Picking up their flint rifles while trying to keep their britches on, they waddled, tripped, and stumbled after the three mariners on board their little dingy. "Fire, you good-for-nothing, low-down, hog-kissers," shouted Captain Blackbeard. "Get that schooner or you'll hang on the jib."

Looking down their muskets of death, the pirates aimed right at the three sailors and their pets. Fizzzz. Their wet powder failed to ignite and their muskets wouldn't fire. . . . not even a snap, crackle, or pop! As Captain Katelyn steered the little craft toward the Moby Dick, the pirates pulled out their rapiers and charged the three musketeers! Polly-Talks-A-Lot squawked, "The pirates are coming. The pirates are coming!" "Baaaaad pirates!" bleated Sergeant Billy. Bacon growled, "woof, woof, woof."

But, the pirates kept a commin'. Dozens of them shouting, "Get out of our boat you scoundrels . . . we're gonna get you . . . make you walk the plank . . . and turn you into hyper palatable foods" . . . or something like that.

Swimming close to the schooner, Kourtney saw the whites of their eyes, the daggers in their hands, and their scraggly beards and missing teeth. Captain Katelyn hoisted the sails. Benjamin rowed with all his might, but the pirates were getting closer and closer and closer. Master Benjamin clubbed two of them with an oar. Captain Katelyn loaded her fist and landed it on a nose of one of the pirates. Lieutenant Kourtney weighted her sling shot. Zing! Ka-pop! Out like a light. Terrified by the three musketeers, the pirates retreated back to shore and slinked away into the darkness never to be seen again. When the three officers arrived at the Moby Dick, they boarded the ship port side, hoisted their treasure chest on deck, and took command of the ship.

But, they heard screams and shouts down in the hull. It was their crew locked in the brig. Master Benjamin grabbed the skeleton keys and set the men free from their chains.

With a full crew, the treasure hunters could set sail.

"Man the masts! Batten down the hatches. Quick, men. Anchors aweigh. We've got to cut and run," shouted Captain Katelyn.

"Anchor a-weigh! The sails are a-trip" reported the Lieutenant.
"Fathom out," shouted Captain K. The winds caught the sheets, and the Moby Dick sailed between the Devil and the deep blue sea.

"Not baaaaad" bleated the goat. "Wolf, wolf," barded Bacon. "Polly wants a cracker," squawked the parrot.

Chapter Six: The Golden Gate Welcome



When the Moby Dick sailed into the San Francisco Bay under the Golden Gate Bridge, the whole city shouted, "Hooray, hooray, hooray for Captain Katelyn. The pirates are trapped on Devil's Island. Hooray!"

When the young sailors reached the dock, they saw their mom and dad waving and jumping up and down. When they steadied the ship and dropped anchor, they took leave of their duties and everybody got a big hug.

"Look, Mom," said Kourtney, "We're rich!"

Dad took everyone, including the crew, out for dinner at the Red Lobster . . . but he gave the bill to Captain Katelyn.

Then mom asked the three musketeers, "How did you manage to sail that big ship and rout all those ugly pirates with their scimitar swords? "

"Easy," said Captain K, "You taught us to work together, and we did."

P.S. Katelyn and crew sanitized "Moby Dick" and renamed it the "California Queen" in honor of their mother who taught them to love one another. Benjamin did so well the whole family promoted him to Captain.

The End!

Katelyn touched Grampa on the shoulder saying "Wake up. I think you are dreaming."

A Ballast for My Soul

◇ Life is like a stormy sea,
That tosses to and fro,
But God's Word will ever be
A ballast for my soul.
By its truth I'll be held fast,
Till I reach heaven's shore.
Where I will be home at last,
And sail life's sea no more!
—Perry Boardman
A Ballast for My Soul

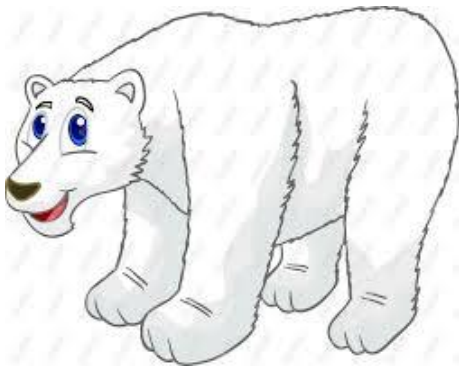
The Barebones Story of Three Goldilocks

By Grampa

◇ Once upon a time, there was a bear who lived in the cold woods near the north pole. Very hungry, the bear decided to go for a walk searching for food. When he came to a house where the Goldilocks lived, he sniffed and snorted, and then walked inside. He was very afraid because he knew he was on thin ice. Since this wasn't his home, he decided to take off his shoes and go bear footed.

At the table in the kitchen, there were three bowls of porridge. But, no body was home. "Hummm. . ." said the big bear, "I'll think I'll help myself to the soup." So the bear tasted the porridge from the first bowl that belonged to Goldilocks.

"This porridge is too hot!" he exclaimed. The hungry bear tasted the porridge from the second bowl and it was too hot also.



Then the bear tasted the third bowl "Ahhh, this porridge is just right," so he gulped it down. "Yum, yum" he burped.

After he'd eaten the bowl of soup, the bear meandered into the living room where he saw three chairs. He sat in the first chair to rest.

"This chair is too hard!" he mumbled.

So, he sat in the second chair.

"This chair is too soft!!" he whined.

So he tried Benjamin's chair.

"Ahhh, this chair is just right," he sighed. But it broke into a thousand pieces! "Oh, no," he growled. "I'll have to rebuild this with my bear hands."



Now the bear was very tired, so she went upstairs to the bedroom. He lay down in the first bed, but it was too hard. The second bed was too soft. Then he lay down in the Benjamin's bed, and it was just right.

As the bear was sleeping, the three goldilocks came home from swimming in the cold water of iceberg lake.

Kourtney grumbled, "Someone's been eating my porridge!"

Benjamin cried, "Someone's been sitting in my chair . . . and it's broken all too pieces."

They went upstairs. Kourtney muttered, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed!" "Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too" said Benjamin! Katelyn spoke up, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed and there it is! And . . . and . . . it's . . . it's . . . it's a bear!"

So, Benjamin grabbed the bat.

Kourtney grabbed the broom. Bam! Whap! Kaboom! Wocka, wocka, wocka. "Get out of our house," shouted the Goldilocks.

The old bear woke up, and cried, "Boo, hoo. I've been such a baaaaaad bear. I am so em-bear-est. I have acted paw-thetically because I've been unbearable." Boo, hoo.

The goldilocks were stunned.

"I was wrong. Can you forgive me!" begged the bear.

When the Goldilocks saw that he was truly sorry, they decided to grin and bear it: "Yes, we can forgive you. But, the next time you come here. Be sure and knock first. And, if we aren't home, you must wait outside."

The old bear apologized and promised to knock the next time he came to the Goldilocks' house.

When the Goldilocks realized the old bear was just hungry and tired, they gave him the rest of their soup. "Gulp, gulp, gone!" He was so happy, he gave the three Goldilocks a bear hug, and then went back into the forest.



The Goldilocks were so glad they were able to help the hungry bear and make friends with him. It was then they remembered the Bible verse, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

The next morning the Goldilocks woke up, and when they went down stairs they found a gift - a new bear chair made with bear hands . . . FUR SURE!

Katelyn touched Grampa on the shoulder saying "Wake up. I think you're dreaming again."

Benjamin and the Beanstalk

By Grampa



<http://www.funpoems.com>

◇ Once upon a time there was a humble family who had a son named Benjamin. He had two brave sisters named Katelyn and Kourtney.

One cold, rainy morning, the family heard a tap on their threshold: Knock, knock, knock. Knock, knock, knock. Benjamin went to open the door and he saw the ugliest creatures he had ever seen.



The first slithered and hissed like a Madagascar snake. He tricked people with his hissing words-words like sssue, and sstanding, and jurisssdiction.

The second chattered like a baboon from Tanzania. He was always talking and every time he opened his mouth he lied.

The third was a creepy character with shifty eyes, a bald head, and feathers soaked in blood. He looked like a red-headed turkey vulture. Everybody called these creatures, "Paw-low-ticians."

"Where'sss your money?" they squealed. When Benjamin's mother heard the hissing, she and rushed to the door. "Where'sss your money?" they asked? "None of your business," replied the mother.

This humble little family was having a hard time buying groceries. Dad worked so hard, but the creatures stalked him everyday. So, the mother said, "Benjamin, go into town and to sell our only cow so we can have food to eat."

Benjamin did exactly what his mother told him. On the way he met a wise, old man with a gray beard who wanted to buy his cow. Benjamin asked, "What will you give me in return for my cow?" The man answered, "I will give you five magic beans!" "Beans?" asked Benjamin, "That doesn't seem like a good deal to me."

But, the old man answered, "You would be correct, young man. But, these are magic beans. If you plant these beans, you could be very rich . . . but, you will have to be very brave."

Benjamin studied the man. He looked like his Grampa, and Benjamin knew his Grampa would never lie to him. So, Benjamin traded the family cow for the five magic beans.

When the boy reached home, his mother wasn't very happy with the contract.

"Benjamin," she asked, "How could you take our only cow and sell her for beans!" "Gold maybe, but beans? The paw-low-ticians are going to come back and when they do they will take everything we have. The mother threw the beans out of the window. Big tears rolled down her cheeks. Benjamin was very sad and went to his room without dinner. He could hardly sleep.

The next day when Benjamin woke up, he peered out of the window and saw that a huge beanstalk had grown up from his magic beans! It had a

large green trunk with twisted green branches with large green leaves. It begged to be climbed.

"Look Katelyn! Look Kourtney," waking them out of their sleep. We have a beanstalk! The old man was right. You stay here and keep a look out while I go climb it. Up, up, up he went, high, high, high into the sky.



"Bye, bye," cried Kourtney. "Don't worry," said Katelyn. "Little Benjamin will come back to us."

The girls named the tree, "Benjamin's Magic Beanstalk."

When Benjamin reached the top of his magic beanstalk, he saw a magical kingdom and a large castle. A giant and his wife lived there. Benjamin's stomach groaned. He had forgotten to eat breakfast. Very hungry, he went inside to see if he could find some food. In the kitchen, he met a small, beautiful lady who was cooking breakfast for her husband. Benjamin asked, "Could you please give me something to eat? I am so very hungry!"

The kind woman gave the little boy some cookies and milk. "Yum, yum!" While Benjamin devoured his pecan clusters, the giant came home from working in the fields of this magic kingdom. The giant was very large and looked fearsome. But, Benjamin wasn't afraid. He knew the giant had to be kind because he had such a sweet wife. The boy reached out his hand and announced, "Hi, my name is Benjamin."

The giant smiled, "How did you get up here?"

"I climbed up the magic beanstalk all by myself," said the boy.
"Hummm," murmured the unbelieving giant. "I didn't know there were little boys on earth brave enough to climb that vine."

"It has been a long journey. I'm tired. Would you mind if I laid down to take a short nap?" the boy asked. The little wife smiled and took Benjamin into the study so he could rest on the couch.

But, down on earth, Katelyn and Kourtney were shouting, "Watch out, Benjamin, the baboon is climbing up your tree." But, Benjamin couldn't hear his sister's warning. You see, the baboon wanted Benjamin's beanstalk so he could have all the power for himself. Neither the wife or the giant or Benjamin knew that a paw-low-tician had climbed up the huge beanstalk.

The giant heard a noise, sniffed around, and blurted out:

"Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of a congressman. Be he alive, or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"

The giant's wife said to her husband: "There is no congressman here! Only this brave little boy."

He sniffed again,

"There must be! I can smell 'em"!

The three best words to describe a paw-low-tician are "Stink!"

"Stank!" and "Stunk!"

When the ugly giant finished his breakfast, he went to his study to count his gold.

You can't be too careful with money when you smell paw-low-ticians near your castle. They want to sssssteal your money!

The baboon entered the castle and was lurching in the dark ssscretly watching the giant count his money. "How can I get all that gold for myself?" he thought.



After the giant went back to work in the fields, the baboon popped out of his hiding place, stole one sack of gold coins, fled castle, and scurried down the beanstalk flinging from branch to branch eager to tell the hissing snake and the vile vulture he had found gold! Lots of gold!

When the baboon reached the bottom of the beanstalk, The two sisters beat him away with a broom and a yardstick, "Go away, you bad baboon. Don't ever come back." Whack, whack, wacka, wacka, wacka!

But up in the sky, Benjamin, who was trying to take a nap, heard the baboon drooling over money. Peering over the couch, he witnessed the baboon steal the gold. He immediately went and told the giant's wife what the paw-low-tician had done.

The wife went into the field to fetch her husband. She told him what the little boy had seen and that a bad baboon stole some of their gold. The giant grimaced with anger. But, he was happy to learn that Benjamin was a brave, honest, little boy who would not steal from him. He thanked Benjamin for telling the truth about the baboon, and gave Benjamin five gold coins. "You'd better go back home. Your mother will

be worried about you." So, Benjamin put the five gold coins in his pocket, climbed down the tree, and took the gold to his mother.

When his mother saw the gold coins, she was so happy. Now they could buy food to put on the table. She asked Benjamin, "Where did you get all this money?" "From the giant on top of the magic bean stalk," he answered.

But, his mother just couldn't believe it.

Benjamin rose early in the morning. His sisters volunteered to guard the beanstalk and to keep the paw-low-ticians away.

They said goodbye, and Benjamin climbed up the huge tree to visit the generous giant and his sweet wife. He wanted to thank them for giving him the five gold coins that so delighted his mother. Little did he know, however, that the baboon chattered about finding gold to the sneaky snake, and the vile vulture. So, the yacky-yak baboon and the other paw-low-ticians agreed to slither up the beanstalk and steal all the giant's gold.

When Benjamin reached the top, he looked down. He could hear his sisters shouting, "Watch out, the paw-low-ticians are coming! The paw-low-ticians are coming!"

Benjamin sprinted to the castle and tapped on the gate: Knock, knock, knock. The giant and his wife answered the door. They were so happy Benjamin came to visit them again.

Then, the giant grunted, "Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of a Congressman. Be he alive, or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"

Sure enough, the hissing snake, and yacky-yak baboon, and the vile, smelly, crooked beaked vulture had scaled themselves up the beanstalk. They crawled around the castle like piggish prospectors searching for gold.

The wife trembled with terror, "What are we going to do? If the paw-low-ticians get into our castle, they will steal all our money."

Benjamin spoke up; "I think we need to cut down the beanstalk so all the paw-low-ticians don't come up here and steal everything you have." "Good idea," said the Giant. "But, I can't do it. It has to be chopped down by somebody who lives on earth."

"I'll do it," said Benjamin.

"If you will cut down this beanstalk and save us from these sneaky, stealing, lying paw-low-ticians, I will give your family twenty pieces of gold."

"Deal," agreed Benjamin.

Benjamin accepted the gold and headed for the beanstalk . . . but, the hissing snake and the babbling baboon and the vile vulture heard the gold jingling in Benjamin's pocket as he raced toward the beanstalk. "Get him," shouted the baboon ". . . he's got gold. Get him! Get him!"

The snake hissed and stealthily slithered toward Benjamin. The vile vulture fixed his evil gaze on the boy and flew toward him hoping to pluck out his eye and eat his brains.

But, Benjamin was too smart for the paw-low-ticians. He raced toward the beanstalk and scampered down the vine.

The paw-low-ticians followed him hissing and belching and chattering as they made their way down the beanstalk drooling for gold.

"Hurry," shouted Katelyn. "Faster," yelled Kourtney.

On the way down, Benjamin kept saying, " Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of the congressmen . . . Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of the congressmen . . ."

When Benjamin reached the bottom, he rushed into the garage and grabbed his father's ax.

Bam! Pow! Bam!



Benjamin's magic beanstalk came crashing to the ground . . . and all the greedy paw-low-ticians with it. (((K a b o o m !)))

The giant beanstalk hit the ground shaking the earth. The whole city felt the earth quake! The hissing snake, and the babbling baboon, and the vile vulture

fell to the ground dead.

Benjamin and his sisters did the dance of joy.

Benjamin showed his mother the twenty pieces of gold and told her how the giant paid him to chop down the beanstalk. His mother thanked him and kissed him.

"You have done a brave thing, young man. I'm so proud of you. You have saved our family, and you have saved the kind giant and his wife."

"What did you learn from your experienced," asked his mother.

Benjamin replied, "Fee-fi-fo-fum, beware of Congressmen. Be they alive, or be they dead, I'll grind their bones to make my bread!"

Over the next ten days the whole family collected beans from the Benjamin's Magic Beanstalk. They sold all the beans and became millionaires.

They gave ten percent of their earnings to Christian missionaries, and all of Africa rejoiced.

Now, Benjamin and Katelyn and Kourtney could finally rest. All was well! The family had gold and the evil paw-low-ticians were no more! P.S. Benjamin became a radio talk show host and warned Americans about the evil paw-low-tians. Everybody in the District of Criminals trembled with fear.

The end.

Left All Alone

By Grampa Richard Hartman

This poem/song was composed by our beloved Grandpa, Richard R. Hartman for his first grandchild. The poem was inspired by a trip to Como Park Zoo, Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1970 when Shad was 2 years old. Little Shad called the seals "Ark, Arks." As Grandparents now, we appreciate this poem more and more.

Shad came to visit,

Shad has gone home.
Grandpa and Grandma,
Are left all alone.

Shad demonstrated his vast energies,
Left us with oodles of fond memories.

"Ark," "Ark," "Ark,"
The wrestling bears.
Feet in the water,
Climb up the stairs.

"Ark," "Ark," "Ark,"
My little friend.
The house is still standing,
So come back again.

My Dream of Benjamin and the Red Baron.

By Grampa (2015)

Benjamin Le Bleue de Force v. the Red Baron



◇ A boy played upon on a distant shore,
He rode wild horses, and hunted wild boar.
He was born to fly above the trees,
The fighter pilot with 80 victories.
"Le peit Rouge" they called him France,
The trembling pilots, they had no chance.

Nicknamed in England as "The Red Knight,"
Never lost a battle, never lost a fight.

He flew like a bird and stung like a bee,
In the blue skies over Germany.
Came a roar and a thunder, men had never heard,
Like the scream and the sound of a big war bird.
Up in the sky, a man in a plane,
Baron von Richthofen was his name.
Eighty men tried, and eighty men died,
Now they're buried on the countryside.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty or more,
The Bloody Red Baron ran up the score.
Eighty men died trying to end that spree,
Of the Bloody Red Baron of Germany.

Once they heard of the Baron's fame,
From England and France the airplanes came.
Like wild men and crazy huns,
Rata tat tat, they fired their guns.
The English Hawker engaged the fight,
But, the Bloody Red Baron had him in his sight.
The Sun behind him, he fired at the hornets
Right on target, arrived his bullets.



The red-winged aircraft was such a sight,
All the Frenchmen were afraid to fight.
In bloody April, four planes fell,
None of the pilots, lived to tell.
"Aim at the man," the red baron said,
"Keep on firing until you know he's dead.
Protect your plane and your crew,
Fight for your country, be strong and true."

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty or more,
The Bloody Red Baron ran up the score.
Eighty men died trying to end that spree,
Of the Bloody Red Baron of Germany.

A master pilot this flying ace,
Grim and grit were on his face.
Such fighting skill unknown to man,
Words on his lips were "I know I can."
The "Red Battle Flier" was his name,
Shootin' down airplanes was his game.
Eighty men tried, and eighty men died,
Now they're buried on the countryside.

Now, Benjamin had sworn that he'd get that
man,
So he asked his Lord for a new battle plan.
He challenged the German to a real dogfight,
As he flew through a cloud, he came into
sight.



Benjamin Le Bleu de
Force

That Bloody Red Baron was in a fix,
He dived and he looped, but he'd run out of tricks.
Le bleu de Force fired bullets three,
Ending the death and the killing spree.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty or more,
The Bloody Red Baron ran up the score.
Eighty men tried and eighty men died,
But from Benjamin, he could not hide.

The end.

The Real Plane of the Red Baron



Kourtney and the Tiger

By Ginger Writus



◇ Kourtney, Kourtney, so very brave,
Very pretty and well behaved.
Grabbed some books and stood on a chair
Open the cupboards, but nothing was there.

Hungry for pancakes, and much more,
Jumped on a bike, and rode to the store.

Down the aisle to the cornflakes,
Jumpin' Jehoshaphat, out of pancakes!

Reached for a saddle and rode a bear,
looking for a tiger with orange and black hair.
Down by the creek, she found him there,
Watchin' the monkeys sittin' on a chair.

Pick on a tiger without a tail,
Pick on Katelyn with a yellow pony tail,
Pick on the monkey, and politicians three, but
Grampa, Grampa stop pickin' on me!

With a whoop and a holler, she started the chase.
Waiving her hands and a yellow pillow case.
Around the tree the tiger did flee,
Trying to escape hungry Kourtney.

On the chase, he really took off,
But, my, oh my, his stripes fell off! But,
Kourtney said, " it doesn't matter,"

I'll make them into butter and batter.

Pick on a tiger without a tail,
Pick on Katelyn with a yellow pony tail,
Pick on the monkey, and politicians three, but
Grampa, Grampa stop pickin' on me!

Kourtney woke up as hungry as could be,
Chased a tiger around a tree.
Grabbed a tiger by the tail,
Made some pancakes in a pail.

One tiger didn't seem enough,
Picked some worms, and some other stuff,
Picked some grubs, for their smell
And threw them in the bowl as well.

Let tigers beware of hungry Kourtney,
Learn a lesson from tiger history,
On the chase, he made a mistake
Now in the pan, now a pancake.

Pick on a tiger without a tail,
Pick on Katelyn with a yellow pony tail,
Pick on the monkey, and politicians three, but
Grampa, Grampa stop pickin' on me!

At that time her dad came in
He looked at the pancakes with a grin
"That looks too good to eat" he said
"Let's go to town and dine instead"

Since that day, when we need a cook,
Kourtney must read the cooking book.
No more tigers, worms or snakes,
She's not allowed to make pancakes.

Pick on a tiger without a tail,
Pick on Katelyn with a yellow pony tail,
Pick on the monkey, and politicians three, but
Grampa, Grampa stop pickin' on me!

The End!

Watchin' Too Much TV

By **Ginger Writus**
Woof T.J. I'm barkin' 4 U.



Well, I was watchin' T.V. last night. Lassie is my favorite program. But, Grampa wanted to watch the news. Woof, how boring. We had a ruff argument. Grampa disappeared and came back with this poem.

Ginger lives on the couch

That's where she wants to be.

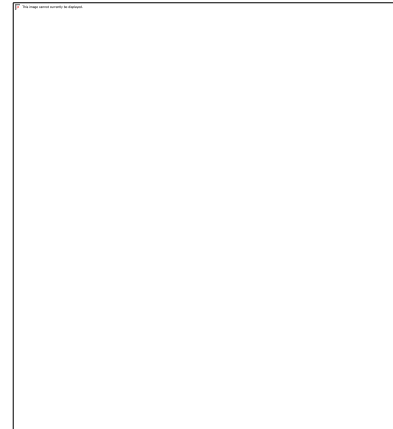
She likes to sit there night and day
and watch what's on TV.

Ginger surfs the channels constantly
by chewing the remote,
then watches what she wants to watch;
I never get a vote.



Ginger's fond of films with animals.
She takes in nature shows.
Whenever cat cartoons come on
she always barks at those.

Ginger loves the dog commercials too,
and anything with food.
Whenever there's a cat's meow
she nearly comes unglued.



I got Ginger from the dog pound.
She didn't cost a cent.
I asked them for a "watch dog,"
but this isn't what I meant.

The Girl with the Beautiful Chin

By Ginger Writus



◇ This is a sad tail indeed. Sounds like a cat-astrophe! Poor Grampa! Anyway, don't watch T.V. go to the dawgs. Get ahead and work two jobs. Ginger.

Woof Kourtney and woof Katelyn, Woof Benjamin.

I've been trying to bark out some poetry. How's my limerick?

There once was a girl with a beautiful chin.

She had a smile and a lovely grin.
She wore red lace
And a smile on her face
Now you know Princess Katelyn.

There once was a girl named Kourtney
She had a bee land on her knee.
She danced up and down
in her beautiful gown
The ballerina did a smart courtsey.



There once was a boy named Benjamin.
Who dreamed of being a fireman.
When all saw his thighs
And his deep blue eyes
The crew on the truck said "Amen!"

Katelyn Meets the Monkeys

By Grampa Brooks



Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree,
Discussin' things as they're said to be,
Said one to the others, "Now listen you two,
I hear of a rumor do you think it's true?

Chattering away and making quite a fuss,



"Katelyns a monkey, just like us.
Hands, legs, and feet, let me assure,
Katelyn's a monkey, that's for sure."

Billions of years said one of the
three

All the creatures came from the sea.
A bird with a wing, and fish with a fin,
Abracadabra, we have Katelyn.

Stop your chattering up in the tree.
Time plus chance did not make me.
I'm not a monkey or an anthropod,
Surely I'm made in the image of God.

There is a Creator who lives above,
He made us both by his great love.

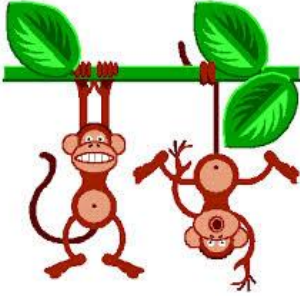
In his image I was wrought,
But the same, we are not.



Squirrels, zebras, and lamas with a coat,
God made the parrot and the Billy goat.
Each are created with a special name,
Each has his purpose, but they're not the same,

Yes, I have eyes just like you,
But yours are brown and mine are blue,
You have hands for grasping trees,
I have hands for picking up peas.

Stop your chattering up in the tree.
Time plus chance did not make me.



I'm not a monkey or an anthropod,
Surely I'm made in the image of God.

On your head you have short hair,
Mine is long and very fair.
Branches and limbs are in your lands,
Pencils and needles are in my hands.

Humans have jaws different from apes
Monkeys have jaws of different shapes.
When I look at you, I see no chin,
We are not the same. I'm not your kin.

Your legs are short and your arms are long,
My arms are short, and my legs are long.
You swing through the forest and in the trees,
But, I can walk with the greatest of ease.

Stop your chattering up in the tree.
Time plus chance did not make me.
I'm not a monkey or an anthropod,
Surely I'm made in the image of God.



You have a mind that goes tiddlydink,
But I have a mind that can reason and think,
You can grunt and you can coo,
But, can you add two plus two?

You can't can sew or color a book,
But I can write and I can cook.
You can't sing and you can't prance,
But I can laugh and I can dance.

Listen to me you monkeys three,
Stop makin' stories up in the tree.
Darwin made so many mistakes,
Thinking penguins and zebras came from
snakes.



Stop your chattering up in the tree.
Time plus chance did not make me.
I'm not a monkey or an anthropod,
Surely I'm made in the image of God.



So, Mr. Monkeys in the coconut tree,
You'd better check your own pedigree,
That man came from apes is bunch of bunk.
When it comes to reason I think you flunk.



THE BARK POST

Woof, Woof, By Gingerwritus

Happy Birthday Shad,

Grampa's been trying to explain birthdays to me. The way I figure it, if a dawg's life is like seven years compared to one year of human life, then people ought to celebrate their dog's birthday at least every two months. That's woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof times a year.

Well, yur Dad tells me your were born in 1968 in the back seat of a car. I had a bunch of questions for him.

Since I was born at an early age, I wondered how babies eat when they're still inside their mother's apartment. Yur Dad said, they had womb service.

I asked yur Dad how you came to be. He said something about a stork. I asked how he came to be. He said the Stork brought him to Grammy and me.

. I asked how they got here. The same stupid answer, "The stork brought them." They way I figure it, their ain't been a natural childbirth in this family for three generations.

So, I asked yur Mother where you came from. She said, "From heaven." When I saw yur baby picture, I said, "Woof! I can see why they threw you out." Woof, woof

I asked yur Mother about the pain. She said the doctor told her there would be no pain, but she might feel a little pressure. Yea, like the same way a tornado might be called an air current.

Yur Mom is kind of shy. I wondered if anyone was allowed to see her in such an delicate position in the back seat of a car after you were born. Grampa assured me that only authorized personnel were allowed to see her--doctors, nurses, orderlies, photographers, florists, friends, neighbors, cleaning crews and journalists.

Anyway, glad yur here and by the way, yur Dad wrote a poem about the experience.

Enjoy.

The Girl Who Couldn't say "No."

By Grampa to all da girls in our family



◇ There once was a girl who couldn't say, "No!"
because of this she began to grow.

She couldn't say "No" to cookies and cake,
To muffins and jam or anything you
bake.

She couldn't say "No" to pizza and pie,
She ate everything that money could
buy.

She couldn't say "No" to taters and chips,



A moment on the lips, forever on the hips.

She couldn't say "No" to butter and bread,
This is why she began to spread.
She couldn't say "No" to sitting in the chair,
Eating her kish and a chocolate éclair.

This poor girl just couldn't say, "No!"
Eating and eating she continued to grow.
Because she could never say "No",
She looked like she ate the whole casserole.



This poor girl just couldn't say, "No!"
Eating and eating she continued to grow.
She loved to bake and she loved to cook,
Had more chins than a Chinese phone book.

Now I don't mean to be rude or blunt,
But, she was bigger than an elephant.
She grew and grew and looked quite silly,
Like a giant chocolate chip cookie.

On her food she didn't skimp,
Now she looks just like a blimp.
It wouldn't be polite to call her fat,
But, if she sat on you, you'd go splat.



The doc won't weigh her any more.
Because she's bigger than a dinosaur,
I didn't have a scale, so here's my hypothesis.
She weighed as much as a hippopotamus.

She talked all the time and couldn't be quiet,
Had no manners or table etiquette.
Her mouth was always open as you can see,
Yakety, yakety, she was gabby.

Too many cookies on her lips,
Now we call her, "Thunder Hips."
Because she attended every barbecue,
Everyone else called her Sweet Lulu.

So learn a lesson from Sweet Lulu.
or you will expand out the kazoo.
A fruit of the spirit is self-control
Take care of your body, but feed your soul.



Walk with God and learn to say "No."
Obey His Word and you will grow.
More like Christ, and less like Lulu
More like our Lord, strong and true.



Sweet Lulu



The Real Lulu



Boom-Boom Benjamin, the Bone-Crusher

By Grampa, June 2015

◇ Boom Boom Benjamin was sittin' on my knee,
Saying, "A wrestler is what I want to be.
I want to learn to box and fight
And, scare those sissies with all my might."



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With all his cunning he began the match,
With the strength of ten my head to latch!
He locked his hands and began to squeeze,
He had me down with the greatest of ease.

Rustle and tussle, what a scene!
But something happened, I had not foreseen!
Rustle and tussle, a headlock to win;
Sittin' on my shoulders, he tried to pin

His rippling muscles began to flex,
Soon I was trapped, it was so complex.
Benjamin the Bone-Crusher is his name,
Wrangling and Wrestling is his Game!

Yea, let' Wrestle!



The Cohen and Italian Assassins: Where did they come from? Where are they going? One thing is certain: these two menaces threaten the stability of wrestling, and deportation proceedings should be initiated.

Kourtney, the Motor Cycle Mama

◇ Let the Sun come up and the green grass grow,
Varooooom, varooooom, let's get up and go.
With the wind in my face, and leather on my back,
In my blue jeans, with pink leather pack.
I'm a motorcycle mama, move over Jack!
Freedom's my code, don't give me no flack!

With clouds in the sky, and me underneath,
With water in my eye and bugs on my teeth.
Enjoying my day, keepin' to the code,
On my hog ridin' down the road.
I'm a motorcycle mama, move over Jack!
Freedom's my code, don't give me no flack!

On the open road, what a beautiful day,
On the back of my hog, down the proud highway.
Nothin' like a ridin' on a loud Harley,
Singing a song, and livin' free.
I'm a motorcycle mama, move over Jack!
Freedom's my code, don't give me no flack!

I'm Queen of the Road on the turnpike,
A motorcycle mama on my bike.
Get out of my way, don't mess with me
Get out of the way, and let things be.
I'm a motorcycle mama, move over Jack!
Freedom's my code, don't give me no flack!

Hee, hee!

Nightmare about Sweet Lulu



Shadow's Dream (09 -06- 2014)
Some things are worse than a broken leg!

◇ I once met a girl, her name was Lulu,
She winked at me, and I turned blue.
She weighed a ton, what can I say?

One look at her, and my hair turned gray.

She headed my way with a swagger on her hips,
Gave me a hug and a kiss on the lips.

I ran a way as fast as I could,
Didn't say good bye like I know'd I should.

My mind was a racin', I couldn't think.
I found some vodka, and took a drink.
A knock at the door, and it was Lulu,
I passed out when she came into view!

In my coma, I had this dream,
Shiverin' and sweatin,' I began to s c r e a m)) !

I'm walkin' down the isle with Sweet Lulu
Gaggin' and chokin' and grabbin' the pew.
I married that woman, I must be blind,
One thing for sure, I've lost my mind.



I love your smile, your face, and your eyes
Man, I'm good at telling lies.
My darling, my love, my enormous wife,
Marrying you has screwed up my life!



When I dream and I see your face,
I feel like spraying my lips with mace.
Oh, loving beauty, you sing with grace
If only you could hide your face.

Intelligent and smart, loving and hot,
This describes what you are not!
I don't want your brawny embrace,
You'll break my bones and squash my face.
My love, you take my breath away,
What have you stepped in to smell this way?

I'm walkin' down the isle with sweet Lulu
Gaggin' and chokin' and grabbin' the pew.
I married that woman, I must be blind,
One thing for sure, I've lost my mind.

Love may be beautiful, love may be bliss,
I shiver with pain every time we kiss,
My feeling for you no words can tell,
In your arms I feel like hell."

Roses are red, my lips are blue,
Trying to avoid just kissing you.
Roses are wilting, the violets are dead,
The dog dish is empty and so is your head.
I awoke from my nightmare. It was not
true,
I never did marry, Sweet Lulu.
A broken leg, oh, what grief!
Not married to Lulu, what relief!



Shadow, will you marry
me?

What inspired me to write this rhyme?
Two parts vodka, one part lime.

I Love Pancakes

Grampa

◇ "I love pancakes with syrup or Jam,
I love pancakes with sausage or ham,"
But don't give me pancakes with a lemon peel,
Or I'll jump up and down and begin to squeal.
Better give me pancakes with syrup or jam.

Coffee and cream, with sugar please,
With a juicy oranges freshly squeezed.
"Serve me with jelly, jam, and buttered toast.
For this is the breakfast I love the most."
Turn on the TV and don't bother me please.

I like Donuts

◇ I like donuts with sprinkles on top,
So I walk around the corner to the bakery shop.
Tastes good on the lips,
But, forever on the hips.
Watch out for donuts with sprinkles on top.

Grampa Snores

◇ When Grampa snores it sounds like a song,
His eyes bug out and his hair grows long.
His smile beams,
Muttering poems,
Dreaming about London all night long.

Don't let Grampa go to sleep.
While makin' zzzs in his sleep.
Making jamjams.
Snoring poems,
He'll quote some rhymes that will make you weep!

Mary Had a Little Lamb

By Grampa

◇ Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb.
Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went.
Mary went. Mary went. And everywhere that Mary
went, the lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
school one day, school one day. It followed her to
school one day, which was against the rule.
So the guvment arrested the lamb, arrested the lamb, arrested the
lamb. Just because Mary broke a rule.

It made the guvment angry that day,
Angry that day, angry that day. It made the guvment angry that day,
All because it broke a rule. Arrested and taken to school, taken to
school, taken to school, this where it became a fool.

The Lamb was so confused, he didn' know if he was a ram or a ewe,
So he cut off his wool and began to drool,
Before he killed himself in a public school.

Background: Sarah Josepha Hale, the author of Mary Had a Little Lamb, was a social advocate who supported causes such as women's education, abolishing slavery, and women's rights. This early feministic drive resulted a war against men, the castration of males, and mastectomy by butch girls promoted by the public fool system.

Lesson: Never send you lamb to the public fool system or they'll turn him into a wether.

The Camel with a Hump on its Back

◇ I saw a camel with a hump on its back,
Carrying buckets of water in that sack,
Webbed feet to walk on the sand,
Two eyelids to keep out the sand,
What a Creator, making the camel with a hump on its back.

Happy Birthday, Son

Remembering your Birthday June 27, 1968



◇ About seven o'clock on that Chicago morn,
I will never forget the day you were born.
Three nurses attending your Mother in bed,
"Three hours to go," they all said.

Listening to the nurses' advice,
I was way too polite, and way too nice.
Never seen a birth before, what do I know?
"No more of this, we gotta go!

Help me get this woman out of bed,
The baby is coming," I said.
Out to our car with many prayers.
I picked up your mother and carried her downstairs.

Sighing and moaning, grunting and groaning,
Down the stairs with everyone staring.
The baby's a comin', there's no time to waste.
In the black Valiant, we left in haste.

With sweat on my brow and pounding heartbeats,
Like Leon Panetta, I sped through the streets,
A baby's a comin', don't be slow.
Little Black Valiant, go, go, go!

Oak Park Hospital was not too far,
How bad could it be in the back of the car?
A baby's a comin', don't be slow.
Little Black Valiant, go, go, go!

"The baby 's a comin', announced the nurse,
In the back of the car, what could be worse?
A groan and a moan and a little sigh,
I heard a voice and a great big cry,

"Its a boy, It's a boy," was the report,
A block from the hospital, two minutes short.
In the back seat of a car, I was a dad,
In the back seat of the car, our little Shad.

On your Mother's face was a great big smile,
A baby boy delivered with style.
Rocked and shocked, what can I say,
In the back of a car, I 'm a father today!
Dad 06/27/2014

What An Arm

Shad's Football Career

◇ Tall and lanky on the field,
To the opponent, he would not yield.
Dogging linebackers, guards, and ends,
Spiralin' that ball into the hands of his friends.
Star quarterback, what an arm!
Lobbing that ball like a charm.

Tossing that pigskin with the greatest of ease.
In his first game threw 5 TDs.
Always the best and greatly adored,
Receiving Regional Player of the Year Award,
Star quarterback, what an arm!
Lobbing that ball like a charm.

Of this young man, what can I say?
He was the best in his day.
Better than Manning, Montana, and Unitas,
Of course as a dad, I'm not prejudice!
Over the years, Snap, pop, and crackle,
Now he looks like a tackle.

Blessed Son-in-Laws

Dear Lord,

◇ I have two son-in-laws, both very different,
Each with special gifts and talents,
Who love the Lord with bended knee,
Loving my daughters, and even me.
Guide them richly, when I am absent.

◇ I have two daughters, both very different
Each with special gifts and talents,
Golden treasures to their mother and me,
Loving their brothers, and even me.
Bless them greatly, when I am absent.

Broken Leg

To Grandson Shadow by Grampa (Circa 2014)

◇ What a weekend for you! Ouch! Your broken leg must have hurt because Grammy and I could feel it down here in New Mexico.

Very disappointing! and discouraging! A huge disappointment for sure!

But, we trust good things will come out of this. When a broken leg ended Joe Theisman's career, he became a football broadcaster. Can't beat that!

Bad things happen to good people,
We know it's good, but it's still a puzzle.

Psalm 84:5-6 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them. 6 Who passing through the valley of Baca (weeping) make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

Shadow the Lion King

Grandson Shadow

◇ Voted Captain of the Lion's football team,
Playing football was his dream,
Munch, crunch,
He ate halfbacks for lunch.
Striking fear into the other team.

During one game on a starlit night,
Where went the light?
Like the crack of egg,
Shadow broke his leg.
On this dark, starry night.

Cheerleaders moaned,
and the fans groaned.
Crowds deathly silent. Why this madness?
Where went the gladness?
Just like Theismann - a broken bone!

Why do bad things happen to good kinfolk,
A sickness, disease, or a bone broke?
Out of trauma good can come, yet its still a puzzle.
Bite our lip, our mouth must muzzle.
In God's Word, we must soak.

A broken leg, a leader was born,
Hearts also broken, ligaments torn.
A message of good for those that love God,
Down the road of adversity one must plod,
Applying faith in every storm.

How do I change?

◇ If I feel depressed I will sing.
If I feel sad I will laugh.
If I feel ill I will double my labour.
If I feel fear I will plunge ahead.
If I feel inferior I will wear new garments.

If I feel uncertain I will raise my voice.
If I feel poverty I will think of wealth to come.
If I feel incompetent I will think of past success.
If I feel insignificant I will remember my goals.
Today I will be the master of my emotions. -Og Mandino,

Entertaining Grammy

Grammy's Visit to Shadow with a Broken Leg

Dear Lion Captain,

I hope Grammy isn't giving you too much trouble. If Grammy ain't happy, nobody's happy! So here is how you can make her smile.

◇ Grammy loves to laugh and serve,
In saying "Thank you" do not conserve.

Grammy loves to laugh and talk.
Ask a question and forget the clock.

Grammy loves games and cards,
But, if you play, be on your guards.

Grammy loves a squeeze and a hug,
So grab her hand and give her a tug.

Grammy loves to do a good deed,
Hand her a book and ask her to read.

Grammy loves to cook and eat,

Be very kind and treat her sweet.

Ask Grammy about where's she's been,
Listen carefully and her heart you'll win.

Grammy don't like politics and stuff,
Avoid the subject, or she'll get gruff!

The Quarterback Man

Caleb the Lion quaterback by Grampa

◇ Once upon a time there was a quarterback man and his story goes
like this;

Every Friday night the coach opened the locker door.
Pop! Out ran the quarterback man.

And the linebacker shouted, "Quarterback Man, stop, or I'll tear you
up!"

Run, run as fast as you can
You can't catch me
I'm the Quarterback Man!

Soon the Quarterback Man was skipping to the goal line,
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

And a tackle met him as big as a cow,
And the bovine bellowed moooooo,

"Quarterback Man, stop, stop,
or I'll tear you up!"

But, he couldn't catch the Quarterback Man.

Run, run as fast as you can
You can't catch me
I'm the Quarterback Man!

Near the goal line, the Quarterback Man was hopping
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop
Hop, hop, hop

And he met a lineman as big as a horse
And the horse snorted,
"Quarterback Man, stop, stop,
or I'll tear you up!"

But, no beasts on the gridiron could catch the Quarterback Man.

Run, run as fast as you can
You can't catch me
I'm the Quarterback Man!

That's because, the quarterback man was as fast as lion and smart as
fox. Caleb was this name, football was his game.

The Intelligence Test

By Ginger Writus

◇ Captain Caleb, Ginger here. I've been thinking about you.

This whole family is smart! Do you know what a smart person is?

Got your ears on? Here is the most important education lesson you will ever learn. Ready?

- 1.) Some months have 30 days, some months have 31 days. How many months have 28 days?
- 2.) If a doctor gives you 3 pills and tells you to take one pill every half hour, how long would it be before all the pills had been taken?
- 3.) How many 9's are in the range of numbers from 0 to 100?
- 4.) Divide 30 by half and add ten. What do you get?
- 5.) A farmer had 17 sheep. All but 9 died. How many live sheep were left?
- 6.) If you had only one match and entered a COLD and DARK room, where there was an oil heater, an oil lamp and a candle, which would you light first?
- 7.) A man builds a house with four sides of rectangular construction, each side having a southern exposure. A big bear comes along. What color is the bear?
- 8.) Take 2 apples from 3 apples. What do you have?
- 9.) How many animals of each species did Moses take with him in the Ark?
- 10.) If you drove a bus with 43 people on board from Chicago and stopped at Pittsburgh to pick up 7 more people and drop off 5 passengers, and then to Cleveland to drop off 8 passengers and pick up 4 more, and eventually arrive at Philadelphia 20 hours later, what's the name of the driver?

Final Test

Q: What is the greatest truth any theologian can learn?

Ans: Jesus loves me this I know for the Bible tells me so.`

Carrot Top

Caleb

◇ There was a basketball lion the opponents couldn't stop,
They called him, "the Carrot top."
Layups, jumpshots and more,
30, 40 points he racked up the score,
This was the lion they couldn't stop.

Athlete of the Year

◇ Who would know,
At the final show,
A letter in four sports he did achieve,
A standing ovation did Caleb receive,
Oh, the goodness of God He did bestow.

Quarterback of the Year
Basketball Player of the Year
Volleyball and more,
Running and shooting driving up the score.
Leading scorer in football,
Leading Scorer in basketball,

1,246 points
Leading scorer in Volleyball,

Male athlete of the Year.
My grandson!

But, he didn't get his talent from me,
Schizoid as can be,
He got it from his dad and mommy.

The Linebacker that Stings

◇ There was a linebacker who when tackling stings.
TJ's his name, from Colorado Springs
When he's was in town,
He knocked 'em down.

When this linebacker tackles it really stings, bings, and rings.

Butt Shot

◇ There was a sailor a Master of Arms,
With lots of muscles and lots of charms,
Butt shot,
With a glock,
This was the sailor, a Master of Arms.

Humble Humble, Little One,

**To the Toon of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star"
On the Birth of Christ**

◇ Humble humble, little One,
Love has come, hope did dawn,
Up above the world so high,
Comes the Savior from the sky,
Humble humble, little One
Love has come, hope did dawn.

Lying Politicians

◇ Why do politicians lie,
And drain our wallets dry,
Steal and deceive until we die?

Are we so stupid and naïve,
Of that talent to deceive.
Of stolen rights never to retrieve?

The Grampa Who Blew a Fuse

◇ There was a Grampa, musing about his kids,
His brain blew a fuse, yes it did.
Not hiding his pride,
Regarding his tribe,
Thanking God for all his kids.



Publications

Books we have written:

1. Biblical Standards for Civil Rulers, Form #13.013
2. Should Christians Always Obey the State?, Form #13.014
3. The Crisis of Church Incorporation, Form #13.017
4. A Family Under God, Form #17.001
5. Origin of the Bible, Form #17.002
6. The Gospel of the Kingdom of God, Form #17.003
7. Five Pillars of the Gladiator Gospel, Form #17.004
8. Prayer Puts Power In Your Life, Form #17.005
9. Old Testament Theology, Form #17.006
10. Towards Exegetical Eschatology, Form #17.007
11. A Commentary on Revelation, Form #17.055
12. Commentary on Romans 13, Form #17.056
13. What is the Date of the Biblical Flood?, Form #17.057
14. Behold His Glory, Form #17.059
15. Proverbs for Wisdom, Form #17.060
16. The Pursuit of Piety, Form #17.061
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