

From the Heart

Rita Westphal



Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[Dedication](#)

[From the Heart](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Part I](#)

[Part II](#)

[Part III](#)

[Part 1](#)

[Part II](#)

[Part III](#)

[About the Author](#)

Copyright © 2024 Rita Westphal
Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved

This is a work of nonfiction. No part of this book may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in articles and reviews.

Reviewers may quote passages for use in periodicals, newspapers, or broadcasts provided credit is given to *From the Heart* by Rita Westphal and PTP Book Division, an Imprint of Saguaro Books, LLC

PTP Book Division
An Imprint of Saguaro Books, LLC
16845 E. Avenue of the Fountains, Ste.325
Fountain Hills, AZ 85268

Poetry



Robert Frost

My Pot of Gold

They say at the end of every rainbow, there is a pot of gold
And so I began my eager search many, long years ago.
It started on a sun-filled morning in the Springtime month of May
When all of nature bloomed and the newborn bunnies played.
By afternoon the storm clouds gathered
Dark, foreboding and bold,
I knew that now I'd have my chance to find my pot of gold.
On a hot and humid day in the middle Summertime,
I strolled along a woodland path under the pungent pine
And stopped awhile to rest and dream beside a murmuring stream.
When I awoke the storm clouds gathered
Dark, foreboding and bold,
I knew that now I'd have my chance to find my pot of gold.
When the golden days of Autumn came and the vivid leaves blew down,
With scents of wood-burned smoke and apple cider all round,
I watched while storm clouds gathered
Dark, foreboding and bold,
I knew that now I'd have my chance to find my pot of gold.
It is now bleak mid-Winter when snowflakes fill the air.
I sit beside the crackling fire and nestle in my chair
Reminiscing of days gone by, of true and faithful friends,
Of a loving family, and a husband's devotion that never ends.
My "rainbow" is filled with grateful love, as much as it can hold.
It was when I searched within my heart; I found my pot of gold.

Author Comments on poem: "My Pot of Gold"

One of my favorite ways to be inspired to write is to commune with nature. My daily walks give me solitude and peace to reflect on and/or create new ideas. Everything has been created by God and since mankind is made in God's image and likeness, one not only relates to the "seen" but also the emotions of the heart—the "unseen".

Fiction and poetry often reveal and express the emotional side of a person. Nonfiction gives us the theory, but fiction and poetry play this theory into daily living circumstances and feelings that make the whole notion a three-dimensional experience.

I believe my poem is an evangelization tool. In the search for "rainbows" in our lives, their beauty can be found in nature in any season, but the real and only place to find "rainbows"—a promise of hope, is in our hearts. There we experience all our emotions and from that, grow in gratitude for God's care, blessings and goodness we have all received.

"My Pot of Gold" also has a more subtle approach to value of suffering and searching for inner peace. In our youth, we try to find all our happiness externally of ourselves. As we grow older, we see that the real peace comes from within. Instead of self-fulfillment and enjoyment, we see more value in the love we have in our hearts which we can share with others. Then we find that because we've searched inside ourselves, we can love one another with the dignity with which God had endowed each of us.

Just My Sister and Me

A little trunk of memories
Lies deep within my heart.
It's filled with old time pictures
And childhood plays the part.
They tell a little story
Of our young and carefree days
And of the world of use-to-be
Shared by my sister and me.
Some pictures bring a little laughter
Some bring a little pain,
And some you'd like to jump right in
And live all over again,
Like the one that shows the homemade swing
Under the old pine tree
That brought happy playtime hours
For just my sister and me.
A couple of my favorites
That I always hold so dear
Are paper dolls played for hours
And our cuddly teddy bears.
They all were a part of that magical land
Of childhood make-believe
Where no one else could enter
But just my sister and me.
After I close the trunk again
And lock it with a key.
I tuck it back within my heart
And I can plainly see
These childhood memories play a part
Of what would come to be
A special life-long, loving bond
Just between my sister and me.



Mary Jo and me

Christmas

“C” is for Christ our loving Lord
Laying in the manger hay,
Mary and Joseph beside him there
While angels and shepherds softly pray.

“H” is for the Hope that Christmas brings,
For the blessings and the love.
It gives us strength along our way
To reach our heavenly home above.

“R” is for our blessed Redeemer
God had promised us would come.
This is the babe, the Prince of Peace,
And he shall lead us safely home.

“I” is for the Incarnation
Our Lord, our God-made-man.
This holy infant, “Word made flesh”
Sent by God’s own loving hand.

“S” is for the Holy Spirit
Spouse of the virgin Mary,
Who bore a babe that holy night
For all our sins to carry.

“T” is for our search for Truth
In this world of strife,
A Savior born, foretold from old,
He’s the Way, the Truth, the Life.

“M” is for the Mercy of Christ
Ask and you’ll receive.
From Bethlehem to Calvary,
He showed us how to believe.

“A” is for Annunciation
The angel to Mary declared,
For all is possible for our God
When He shows His tender care.

“S” is for the holy Scripture
The pathway to heaven above.
It shows us all the way to live,
In happiness and faith-filled love.



You've Just Finished your Free Sample

Enjoyed the preview?

Buy: <http://www.ebooks2go.com>