

## OLD HAND

*By Robert Fitt*

Old hand,  
How you have aged;  
How textured you've become.

In youth your smooth skin  
Rippled over muscled  
Motion...  
Now it's wrinkled even when relaxed,  
With green-tinged veins twining like  
Grapevines  
Through your bones.

And when I contemplate this  
Paradox of change . . .  
The hands gripped tightly and  
Fatigued beneath the ax  
And sledge . . .  
Grim tightening on pain-worn  
Shafts as handcarts pull away . . .  
The hot breath of the branding iron  
Causing two-fold pain . . .  
The dust-breath of the sun-baked shovel's  
Grit . . .  
The hurt-hardened calluses of  
Endurance  
Beyond endurance . . .  
The hardening and Aging, the  
Motion slowed, and hair  
Turned white,  
With fingernails ridged and worn...

How strangely wonderful it is -  
Despite the struggles that  
Have made it so - that  
The gentle motions of  
Your hand  
Have become ever  
Softer  
To my cheek.

## **REMEMBER**

*By Robert Fitt*

“Remember Him always...”  
(A simple,  
Sacramental  
Phrase, declares), and  
The Spirit will be with you to  
Bring you  
Life.  
A new life.  
A demanding life. A  
Stimulating, jam-packed,  
full-of-Loving-service, kind of  
life that fills one's heart  
With Joy.

Those with  
ears to hear will  
thrill when holy silence  
sees an urgent neighbor's  
need and whispers compassion to a  
feeling heart.  
Knowing all the while that  
help will soon be  
On its way.

Those who so  
Respond are those who  
“Always remember Him...”

## **WHAT IS PRIESTHOOD?**

*By Robert Fitt*

The prophet says that priesthood is power...  
The power of God.

Engine-like, it uses energy burning within itself, to alter forces existing outside itself. In man, the Spirit glowing within to bless the lives of those without.

.....(needs work)

As the Spirit lights the way, one learns to magnify one's priesthood. .... as he gives ear to the Spirit learns God's will. as he directs us through the Spirit, and then to obey His direction implicitly.

One cannot gather to himself the blessings of The Spirit, hoard them, and thus enlarge his store; for priesthood power is impotent in one who tries to use it selfishly:

It is a tow truck, not a Rolls Royce;  
It is a search light, not a night light;  
A furnace, not a blanket;  
A faucet, not a sponge.

It is through losing ourselves in the service of others that we find, for ourselves, the enlarging influence of the priesthood in our lives.

As we serve thus, we fulfill the injunction of Saint Francis of Assissi, who poetically expresses the most poignant feelings of one who would use priesthood righteously:

"Lord, make me an instrument in your hand.  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
Where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console;  
To be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; For it is in giving that we receive; It is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

Saint Francis of Assissi

## THE CHOICE

*By Robert Fitt*

The cocoon  
Quivered. And,  
Wriggling  
Forth from silken strands  
Until her sheath was shed,  
A butterfly was born.  
The sunlight  
Shimmered upon her  
Fragile beauty and  
Showed-off the new  
Creature like a proud mother.  
Passers-by marveled.  
"How lovely," exclaimed a  
Dark child.  
"I'll catch her and put her in  
A bottle."  
But mother said:  
"If she is enclosed, she will  
Die."

But the dark child, net in hand,  
Ran cleverly to trap  
The butterfly.  
"He shall not catch me!" The  
Butterfly exclaimed"—  
Skittering forth from leaf  
To limb.  
"My freedom is too  
New to me—too Precious!"  
And dodging artfully,  
Eluded capture.

The clouds descended...  
Blocking out the sunlight's  
Guiding hand...and, left  
Alone in shadow,  
The beauty brooded—  
Turned inside  
Herself,  
Shunted off the joy of her  
Newfound life and  
Friendships—and  
Shriveled.

How sad." Said a light  
child. "That poor butterfly is  
Sick. Can I  
Catch her and  
Help her?"  
But mother said: "If she is  
Enclosed, she  
Will die."

Wings flapped feebly as  
The butterfly  
Heard the light child  
Speak;  
She desired to  
Escape  
The shadows into  
Her mother  
Light and  
Friendship's  
Joy;

But it was too  
Painful—too  
Demanding.  
And, seeking out  
Her birth's  
Cocoon—  
Searching for  
Escape—  
She slipped Back  
Deep  
Within that  
Womb  
And enclosed  
Herself.

Because she  
Chose  
To.

## THE CHOICE - Emancipation

*By Robert Fitt*

I saw a  
Butterfly today,  
Whose struggle  
For rebirth -  
Pain-shot by the  
Rigors of her womb's  
Entombment - showed  
Bright hope.

I stopped...  
Entranced by this  
Holy emancipation...and  
For a brief moment -  
Like a speck of time  
In the vastness of Eternity -  
I seemed to see and hear  
The sights and sounds of  
Angels...  
(Almost as though they  
Lined the playing field of life),  
Cheering for the  
Butterfly - cheering  
Her on!)

The vaults of heaven seemed  
To reverberate with  
Angelic sound,  
Chanting:  
"Come, Butterfly,  
Cast finally aside all  
Fear fetters  
That hold you now but  
Tentatively bound.

Reach, Butterfly.  
Stretch forth your  
Glorious wings. The  
Limitless eternities  
Beckon to you...  
Reach!"

And it was gone,  
The brief mind-vision  
Was gone;  
Leaving only light-filled  
Thought  
Echoing and re-echoing  
Within me.

"Reach, Butterfly,  
Fly Butterfly!  
Even now only shreds  
And vestiges  
Of your pain's Cocoon  
Clings to you...  
Look to God,  
Cast them off,  
And live!"

## **GIVING-IN**

*by Robert Fitt*

It borders on sheer madness,  
To those who seek for pleasure,  
To say a frigid shower beats  
A feast, by any measure.

How could that be? The critic asks  
For it is my belief  
That when your body's frosty cold  
The body needs relief.

The pundit quickly answers  
With a grin from ear to ear,  
"It depends on what you're looking for  
And the values you hold dear.

Cold showers foster self-restraint  
They hold your flesh in check,  
They reinforce your will power,  
And strengthen self respect.

When a shower's frigid wetness  
precedes a warmth sublime  
a 'giving-in' is fostered,  
a 'giving-up' refined.

It reminds your selfish body,  
As it strives to gain control  
That a manly man will never choose  
The body over soul.

It reminds you what's important  
And that life was meant to be  
As much like God as possible  
As we seek eternity.

Now....

You're standing in the shower;  
You're warm, the water's not  
Will you choose that take the easy way  
Or the truths that you've been taught?

## WHO IS LISTENING?

*Author unknown; edited and refined by Robert Fitt.*

*Appropriately, the manuscript of the original poem was found at dusk, crumpled and water stained, in a moody rain soaked alley.*

Tears fall soundlessly upon a feather pillow.

Who hears their quiet sigh?

A heart breaks, leaving silent, bloodless wounds.

Who hears its cry?

Whose fine-tuned ear can hear the gnawing of the conscience,

Or the mute, dark silence where the hopeless lie?

Who hears the voiceless onslaught of infirmity?

Who can hear the hushed cry of the homeless waif

Whose meals, if meals there are, are incomplete?

Or the yearning, lonely cry of one who lies

Elegant—but helpless—in silken sheets?

Who comprehends the vestige of a broken home, or

The heartbreak of a broken child?

Death stalks the earth; seeking out unmindful prey.

Who hears their hushed release?

Who, through raucous, rampant sounds of war,

Can hear the dove of peace?

Listen . . . Listen!

## NO ROOM IN THE INN

*by Robert Fitt*

*The innkeeper speaks:*

How could I know...  
(my tears betray  
My sight...)  
That Jesus, too, had  
Pled before me  
On that fateful  
Night?

From dawn's first  
Rays, until night's darkest  
Gloom, the multitudes  
Had longed a  
Place within my  
Crowded rooms.

And one by one, until  
My eyes were blurred, and  
I was malcontent,  
I told each lonely traveler  
I had no room  
To rent.

Then Mary came;  
The mother of my Lord. One  
More expectant mother  
Among a thronging  
Horde.

Yet, could I know? I am no  
Prophetess! Could I  
Perceive the mother of my  
Lord in her  
Distress?

And yet, I saw her pleading  
Eyes, and lovely  
Glowing face,  
And knew, not understanding  
Why, that I must  
Find a place.

So through the darkening  
Shadows, 'mid conditions  
Dim and raw, I led  
Her to the manger, and a  
Bed upon the  
Straw.

But later on, I  
Watched as Christ was  
Railed upon, and seen as  
Worthless dross.  
Although He lived and  
Died for them . . . they  
Nailed Him to the  
Cross.

Remembering that  
Fateful night, when  
First their plight was  
Pled, I knew that  
Mary should have  
Known the warmth of  
My own bed.

Though memory dims, it  
Rankles still—how  
Exquisite my pain, for  
Even now it plagues  
Me—sharp barbs of  
Guilt remain.

Yet now, to those  
who justly claim that  
Every debt be  
Paid . . .  
Had you been  
Standing in my  
Place . . .  
Which choice would  
You have made?



## **THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER**

*By Robert Fitt In honor of Olivia May Nielsen Fitt*

The memory of my mother stands always as a ready beacon; guiding me toward the open sea of happiness and away from shoals of sin and sorrow; my tour guide to a better life, where work is crowned by worth, where indolence is chaff, and pride but dross. Where time has value only when used to bless another life; and where a loving god awaits; bidding me to take his hand.

The memory of my mother is a loving silhouette that shades me from the glare of sin, contention, fear and strife; standing as a godly symbol of the divine love that i seek.

## **PONDERING . . .**

*by Robert Fitt*

Often through the years as birthdays passed us by, dressing our lives with joy fulfilled, I have pondered why? Why a star-crossed life for me? Why has sunshine brightened the darkened corners of a life so insignificant and proud; why has love's rainfall nurtured the thirsty crops of my heart? Why was our childhood friendship allowed to grow from a tiny seedling to a forest of joy?

Our early love was bathed in melody, as we blended our voices, and our hearts, and shared a passion for family and God. It was with a passionate springtime love, and an uncertain future, that we faced life together; but as time progressed, our marriage grew into a bastion of peace and love and joy. Our children grew in nobility and charm as our summer years passed swiftly; and when autumn came, our busy lives gave way to an empty nest of uncertain freedom—until Germany beckoned; and though missionaries are lost in the wonder of the gospel, I bathed in the richness of her love, I and warmed my hands by the glowing fire of her testimony.

And then winter came. And I wondered why it was needful that we spend our last days with life's passion lost in a vacuum of forgetfulness? Yet an angel out of nowhere brought new hope, as a long-lost friend emerged to help us through the frigid blasts of sorrow when she took her journey back to God and I was left alone once more.

Yet again—why me? Why am I so greatly blessed? Why did another angel come to me when she was gone? Why, after thirty seven years of separation and silence, did this new angel burst upon the scene of my sorrow as sunshine banishes midnight gloom; peeking over the mountain of my distress and warming my heart as sunshine warms spring flowers; another angel sent to ease my aching heart. And as time passed, and loneliness beckoned, this friend, this unexpected angel, began to absorb both my thoughts and my time. In a world long bereft of adult conversation she lit up my mind, awakened my heart, enlivened my senses, and sparked a newness of life, long lost. Never had friendship been more rewarding. She was my oasis in the desert of my loneliness.

It all began with a phone call out of nowhere, in a moment of crisis, following a heartfelt prayer, her voice emerged as a voice from the long-past; offering relief through my time of sorrow. Her bastion of faith and loving kindness helped me face death; the tragic death of my beloved. And then, as time passed by and loneliness grew, this friend, this faithful friend, stood faithfully by; and with no intent, with no desire or willful effort—without a thought or hug or virgin kiss—an enduring friendship blossomed into a spring time of new found love.

Her last days with me were her best days, as promised by a servant of God; but it would only be for days and weeks; for two hearts shattered when she joined my beloved in the arms of God, and I was alone again.

Thank God for temples. For I will join them e'er long; and two such loves, rekindled and full-bonded at sacred temple altars, will rush to fill my out-flung grasp—ours is eternity!

## **HIS GIFT**

*By Robert Fitt*

My Christmas sky is luminous tonight....  
The clouds slip silently aside—  
Like the grand-drape on the stage  
Of a vast world—  
And reveal the star.

I gaze upon its glowing form while  
My mind, in holy  
Contemplation,  
Returns in memory to a  
Different stage, at an  
Earlier time, when an unfolding  
Drama revealed the  
Christ. . .kneeling in the garden,  
Struggling on the cross; giving us  
*Everything*  
For Christmas.

## **STILLBORN**

*By Robert Fitt*

I love you, Jean, when near at hand  
Or when you're far away.  
I loved you, then, to 'beat the band',  
I love you more today.

It's nice to be retired from work  
And contemplate a lot.  
Or settle into handiwork  
Until my help is sought...

But I don't fit the rocking-chair  
I just can't sit around.  
I need to be 'out-doing' where  
Something's run-aground.

So please be patient, I'm a guy  
Who's loves computerizing  
"It's like a virus, or the flu"  
For you—antagonizing.

It's a lot like being big with child  
Ideas swell within  
And incubate a concept styled  
In wordy discipline.

I start out bright and early...  
And think, and write, and sit,  
And stare at my computer screen  
While Jeannie has a fit.

## **A HOLY FIRE**

*by Robert Fitt*

It was Christmas day.

I sat transfixed before the  
Glowing warmth of a  
Dying fire, with eyes  
Riveted upon a single coal,  
Singularly brighter than the  
Dimming embers and  
Darkened ashes that were  
Nesting it;  
Giving them  
Life.

But then the image changed,  
And amidst the  
Glowing coals I  
Envisioned the Christ Child  
Gently nestled in the  
Warming glow of the  
Christmas  
Star.

My grateful heart  
Burned with a holy fire;  
Illuminating every  
Darkened crevice of my soul  
With a renewal of  
Joy and love,  
And living  
Light!

## WHEN MAMMON GRASPS THE HEART

*by Robert Fitt*

"Are you happy?"  
A wise man once inquired of me.  
I paused, nonplused...  
Then looked around uneasily,  
Hitched up my voice  
And in a tone both soft and meek  
I said: "Happy? "Well...no,  
But that's a goal I seek."

"Is happiness a goal?"  
His query softly asked... "or a path  
To travel on?"  
This inquiry, unnerved me. I'd basked in  
Notions not at all like that. In fact,  
I've felt that happiness—  
As offered me by gold, and power—  
Is pleasure's caveat.

"Perhaps your thinking's  
Topsy-turvy", The sage quietly opined  
"For when mammon grips the heart,  
And soul and mind, it  
Changes you; it make you think  
That money's all that matters; but  
When one lusts for lucre, his  
Hope for heaven tatters.

"Bah! You who live in poverty  
Give poor counsel!" he retorted,  
But, then...he now wears the devil's golden  
Chains, I've heard reported - ignoring  
Good advice; and with his life now done;  
Lo, he's lost what little happiness  
He won in misdirected  
Blood and sweat and tears . . .  
Confirming all my fears.

## **OF SOIL AND MEN**

*By Robert Fitt*

**FROM SAW-TOOTHED PEAKS OF CLOUD-BOUND  
MOUNTAINS FAIR  
TO BOUNDLESS SWEEPS OF PRAIRIES RICH WITH GRASS,  
THE SOILS THAT NOURISH LIFE MUST EVER BEAR  
THE BURDEN OF SUSTAINING LIFE.**

**YON FERTILE SOIL DOTH SPAWN ABUNDANTLY,  
ITS OFFSPRING ALL AGLOW WITH COMELY FORM,  
AS ROOTS ENLARGED WITHOUT ADVERSITY  
GIVE BOUNTEOUS LIFE.**

**BUT IN THE SOIL BESTREWN BY ROCKS, AND CLAY—  
SETTLED, DENSE AND ROCKY, STIFLING GROWTH—  
PLANTS AND MEN MUST STRUGGLE VALIANTLY  
TO SCARCELY MAINTAIN LIFE.**

**AND YET THE TORTURED STRUGGLE, AT ITS END,  
SCULPTS SPLENDOR FAR BEYOND A SLEEK FACADE.  
IN WAYS FEW FEEBLE MORTALS COMPREHEND,  
IT MOLDS ETERNAL LIFE.**

# THE TRIUMPH

By Robert Fitt

Standing atop a  
Towering peak...with my  
Heart pounding in  
Exhilarating delight...I  
Heaved a gargantuan sigh.  
I had reached the  
Summit, long sought and  
Dearly earned. I had  
Bought this moment, step by  
Arduous step. I had  
Purchased it with sweat—  
With blood—and spit,  
And a resolve that  
Never quit,  
Until every obstacle  
Was overcome.

The victory was hard won.  
I had tried before, many...  
Wrenching...times,  
But each time I  
Did, the onslaught of  
Nature had faced me  
Down,  
Weakening my  
Reserve, only to send me  
Scurrying--defeated and  
Hopeless--on downward slopes  
In search of  
Comfort.

But now—at long last—  
I had reached  
The peak.  
I was victorious!

I stood  
Transfixed as the  
Broad expanse of  
Dawn's ever freshening  
Panorama  
Played out before  
My eyes.

My mind  
Rehearsed the  
Struggle, turning it,  
Twisting it, magnifying  
Every detail,  
Savoring every difficult  
Moment of my  
Triumph.

*I had overcome the mountain!*

And then the lightning  
Struck. . .  
A bolt of thought  
Impressed my mind with a  
Jarring brilliance, at once  
Humbling and revealing.

I was wrong!

It was not a  
*Mountain* that I had  
Overcome at all...  
I had conquered  
Fear—and doubt, an  
Unsteady heart and an  
Unruly spirit—and by  
Taming my flesh. I had  
Conquered  
*Myself!*

As my eyes  
Drifted  
Downward, I scrutinized the  
Formidable  
Pathway that  
Led me to this glorious Moment; and I  
Recognized the subtle  
Footprints of God  
Alongside my own, and,  
Sensing my  
Weakness, I humbly  
Lifted tear-filled  
Eyes heavenward  
In Grateful  
Prayer!



## **I SEEK DEVOTEDLY TO SERVE**

*by Robert Fitt*

The hope of Christ had fled from me;  
I felt it gone, but knew not where.  
I searched my soul uncertainly;  
But groped in vain, it was not there.  
It left a void deep in my heart.  
A space where doubt had ever trod;  
I longed to find a place apart,  
A spot where I could talk to God.

Christ answered my poor pleading prayer,  
And sent me hope before repressed;  
Bringing light and solace where  
The gloom of darkness once did rest.  
With hope's rekindled glowing hue  
illuminating God's desire  
The Holy Spirit came anew,  
Arousing faith, a smold'ring fire.

I felt the quiet spark begin,  
And fanned the ashen coals to flame,  
They raised my darkened soul from sin;  
Atoned for through His holy name.  
And having known - by faith observed -  
The love of God and of His Son,  
I seek devotedly to serve  
The children of the Holy One.

## **BEFORE OUR VERY EYES**

*by Robert Fitt*

Change is growth enshrined. It  
Is the fuel of progress. Without  
Change growth stops; and mankind  
Coasts to a standstill, or -  
Infinitely worse -  
Slips silently into  
Oblivion.

Without change there is  
No betterment, no  
Progression, no love, no  
Marriage, no  
Children, no eternal  
Families; No time of  
Graduation, no repentance, no forgiveness.  
No regeneration or Healing; No  
Happiness, no sadness, no  
Aging; Nor birth, nor death . . .  
Nothing...  
An endless void!

Change is the hub around which all-else  
Turns. Without  
Change we would become  
Entrenched in an endless sameness.  
Smothered in a  
Stifling rut that deepens until it  
Transforms itself - before our very  
Eyes - Into the  
Grave of growth.

For all that is good, and all that is  
not - is a change from  
What it once was.

## **THE PATH TO FAITH**

*by Robert Fitt*

Reveal Thy will to me, O God,  
Through promptings of the Spirit;  
And help me eagerly obey  
The moment that I hear it.

## I MET SOMEONE TODAY

*by Robert Fitt*

I met someone today. . . .

Our hands but briefly touched,  
And few words spoken to and from,  
And yet I knew him -- knew him  
Better than I know my Mother's sons --  
Better, even, than I know myself.

In that one brief, wonderful encounter  
His Spirit spoke silently to mine,  
Revealing this companion as I knew him  
Endless centuries ago...where spirit  
Sons of God walked arm in arm and  
Heart in heart before the veil was dropped  
To prove us through its anonymity.

I met someone today. . . .

What a joy it is when hearts embrace in  
the quiet, Godly chambers of the soul!

## **A LIVING FAITH**

*by Robert Fitt*

The Spirit  
Whispered silently  
To me.  
Inviting me to  
Fill another's quiet  
Need.  
And I believed—  
And conquering  
Nagging Doubt—  
I did the  
Deed.

And walked in Faith.

## **THE WORTH OF SOULS**

*by Robert Fitt*

The worth of souls is  
Great, my son, and vast the  
Joy if you repent; and—  
Cleansed from every evil done—  
Reach out to yet another.

If you should labor  
All your days and  
Save one soul—just one—who  
Leaves behind his  
Sinful ways to  
Kneel before the Savior,  
Great shall be your joy! Add, too,  
This invitation, gently sent,  
"Come...live with Father, share His ways,  
Both He and thee...  
Together.

## ETERNALLY ONE

*by Robert Fitt*

The temple altar, damp with  
Tears of joy,  
Looked up, that autumn day, to  
See the faces of the  
Two who knelt  
So hopefully upon her.

The couple radiated  
Infant love from  
Caring eyes with the  
Warmth of a candle's glow;  
Gentle, rich with promise.

The altar looked, then, upon the  
Man of God who held the  
Sealing power of God  
Like a scepter in his hand;  
And spoke words of eternity,  
Of opportunity and  
Challenge.

The altar also felt the  
Warmth of Spirit that  
Caressed the two like a quiet  
Fire as words were spoken  
Sealing heart to heart,  
Mind to mind, and  
Soul to soul in a  
Oneness that  
They alone could  
Break asunder.

One of those who knelt -- he who  
Held the priesthood of God --  
Looked upon the other with  
Tender joy. How he  
Loved her. "Never could there  
Be such a love  
As mine for you!", said he.

But then the children came,  
And inexplicably, the love  
Was greater suddenly—Inexplicably.  
vastly greater—each  
Child bringing new and radiant  
Love into a home that teemed  
With devotion until at times they  
Felt it was not home  
At all; but Heaven,  
Disguised.

Again he regarded his  
Companion. How he  
Loved her now! For love  
Had grown in breadth and  
Depth beyond  
His fondest dreams.  
Yet, love had not  
Ceased growing;  
But deepened still.

As life fashioned  
Changes in her shape and hair  
And skin; and wisps of  
Tragedy deepened faith; the  
Traces of her wrinkles  
Proved but road maps to  
Increasing joy. And the  
Whitening of her hair a crown of  
Purity such as  
Angels wear.

The altar -- much  
Older now, as myriad knees  
Conspired to bare  
The warp and woof of her  
Weaving -- was  
Gladdened as it  
Looked once more  
Upon the woman...

The altar, was  
Heartened to note that the  
Patina of age—shaped by  
Struggle—was more  
Beautiful than the  
Glossy facade of youth; more  
Glowing than a youthful  
Smile; more appealing than  
Young love.

"How insignificant I feel  
Without her at my side",  
Mused her companion;  
"Yet, how magnificent I feel when  
She is in my arms, or  
Takes my hand, or  
Walks nobly beside me."

For the woman is not without  
The man in Christ; nor the  
Man without the woman.  
For they are  
the same.

They have  
Become  
One.

## THE LATENT POWER OF GODLINESS

*by Robert Fitt*

When the innate hope for  
Godliness  
Is yet a candle held  
Wonderingly  
Against the  
Brilliant sun of its  
Potential; one  
Wonders how the tiny flame  
can ever begin to  
Approach such  
Brilliance.

What Shields its  
Growth from evil  
Tempests that  
Strive to snuff it out?  
What keeps its flame from  
Flickering to a musty  
Death amidst the  
Tenuous puddle of its own  
Limitations?

One candle dies, while another  
glows grandly  
Alive against the self-same  
Darkness; and from the  
Fearsome struggle grows  
Brighter still . . .  
As though its very light  
Feeds upon the darkness it  
Conquers.

Thus it is with men.  
For it is through  
Affliction's Fire that God  
Exalts His children.  
Proving them.  
Tempering their souls in  
Seasons of distress, and  
Sorrow.

Thus, by subtly  
Taking measure of  
Their faith—and  
Baring it for what it is—  
He illuminates for them the  
Contrast between who  
They now are,  
Compared to who  
They might have been; and  
Opens wide the door to a  
Better life.



## **IT'S TIME...**

*by Robert Fitt*

"It's time to go", they softly said.  
Our bodies tensed as if  
To rise;  
But questions rose  
Instead:

Is there a parting?  
Can hearts once bound in love be  
Torn apart?

Are mortals like the winter oak  
Whose latest leaves are stripped by  
Strong tempestuous wind?  
Can we—as they—be  
Be parted?

Heaven forbid!

For distance, space and time  
Deceive the mortal mind...  
Like breakers on a restless sea,  
What goes away  
Returns to stay, for love  
Binds us as one.

For where God  
Rules both time and space  
Meld into one.  
There is no day, nor night, nor  
Far, nor near; but only  
Here . . . and now.  
And those who live in Christ will  
Never be estranged;

And those who share  
In all that Father has, will be  
As close as  
Thought, as near as  
Love.

## **O DEATH**

*by Robert Fitt*

O death --  
Thou old, old, new, departing,  
You bring unmeasured sorrow  
And a holy joy.

The one to mortals grieving...  
The other to immortals newly blessed.  
Happiness and sadness strangely mingled  
In the tapestry of death.

## **IF LOVE WAS FIRE**

*By Robert Fitt*

O sinless one,  
Whose loving grace  
Atones for  
Shame and pain; in  
Proxy for my every  
Sin; with never  
Thought of  
Gain.

O Christ, if love was  
Fire, and my  
Gratitude a flame, a  
Holocaust would  
Follow when e're I  
Speak Thy name.

## **PRELUDE**

*by Robert Fitt*

Organ music, full,  
Uplifting; soft, yet  
Loud enough to  
Hear it; aids the power,  
Warmth and worship  
Nurtured by the  
Holy Spirit.

Laughter quiet...  
Talk suspended...  
Reverently, in meditation...  
Thoughts of Christ that  
Flicker through us  
Kindle quiet  
Inspiration.

So this is worship! Full,  
Enriching...  
Godly peace that fills  
The bosom...lighting fires of  
Faith and purpose,  
Bringing joy to all who  
Seek Him.

Quietly,  
Reverently,  
Thoughtfully, I  
Prepare to worship.

## MY PLEA

*by Robert Fitt*

Oh God...  
I stand not  
Weak or weary as I  
Pause before life's path.

I stand forth  
Eager, confident and  
Strong—though  
Apprehensive—  
For the future is unknown  
And my capacity  
Untried.

Thou hast  
Given me my freedom,  
Lord, yet how often  
Bound am I; by  
Bars and irons? No! By  
Sinful habit chains  
Sloth-forged, yet strong, that  
Keep me from  
Thy freedom's way.

Hear now my plea.  
Oh God; for flesh is  
weak....temptations  
Slither silently beside.  
How quickly I  
Forget that Thou dost  
Hold the key to life, and  
Love; and  
Fail to take in mine  
Thine eager,  
Outstretched hand.

And yet, oh God, id Thou wilt  
Take my hand, and  
Succor me through life's  
Fragility, I cannot  
Fail...

Let darkening thunderclaps  
Ascend; Let lightning  
Strike at Weary feet; let  
Typhoon winds  
Strip from me all my  
Earthly goods; and  
Yet will I stand, who cannot  
Fail,  
While Thou  
Art with me!

## **RENEWAL**

*by Robert Fitt*

Death is life anew;  
The last scene in an age-old drama ...  
A breath,  
    A throb,  
        A heartbeat lost,  
A change of stage and set,  
    And the play goes on!

## ON THE BRINK OF FLIGHT

*by Robert Fitt*

"The world is rich with  
Challenge," he said.  
"My life is  
Filled with promise. I will  
Spread my wings and fly!" I will  
Relish all that life can give.  
Fetters are not for such as I.  
I will fly!"

Having ascended from the  
Somber darkness of the low valley  
Into a crisp  
Dawning light, I  
Paused there...balanced...  
On the brink of  
Flight.

When - in the midst of a  
Thought – I felt myself lifted...to a  
New sphere... far  
Above the earth into a new  
Reality, a new world, where  
Life's worth is  
Weighed in  
Love, not gold, , and  
Feeble pleasure is  
Eclipsed  
By joy!

"So death is life." I cried,  
"with adventure crowding-in  
From every side!"

And so will I live, until on some  
Unexpected, future day,  
In the midst of a single thought...  
You will join me here; and will  
Run to embrace me in  
Your loving arms again; and we will  
Run, together, into the  
Waiting arms of our  
Loving God.

## JUST LITTLE SINS

*By Robert Fitt*

When I catch a  
Glimpse of Jesus  
Throbbing in Gethsemane,  
And comprehend my darkness  
Against His glorious light;  
It is not the obvious,  
Wicked, sins that I would purge;  
Not the conspicuous, crimson,  
Evils of the world.

I left them far behind me  
Long ago.

I would purge the furtive  
Little sins that  
Lie, unrecognized, within me. The  
Tiny, darkened whisperings  
That hold me back from  
Everything I truly want; The  
Petty thoughts and motives that  
Hold my Moses-power, and  
Nephi-revelation  
Bound and gagged.

Help me to reject these little sins, O Lord.  
To rebuff each tiny voice that  
Whispers selfish pleasure, anger,  
Fear, distrust or pride.

Be with me, as I strive to  
Crucify every tiny  
Wicked thought, and  
Sinful deed,  
Upon the Cross of  
Thy love.



## **THE MUD POT**

*By Robert Fitt*

Have you ever seen a mud pot? What a great experience. Go to Yellowstone Park. Walk the boardwalks until you find one, and then observe it closely. They're unforgettable. The smell of pristine forests fill your nostrils as you see the towering trees mirrored in the mud-pot's surface; a surface scrupulously perfect from what you see; but looks are deceiving.

For you will not wait long before a mud-bubble troubles the placid surface with a spherical swelling that expands slowly in the dense mud until it bursts violently, spattering mud far and wide; spewing forth putrid sulfur fumes that even a defective nose would tell you emanate from the very bowels of hell!

Does that sound like something that happens occasionally in your life, as it does in mine?

Sometimes, when I begin to feel that I'm getting closer to perfection, the Lord has a way of allowing little bubbles to form around my deeply hidden sins; bubbles that work their way slowly to the surface of my scrupulous veneer. Distending within me until they break violently into my consciousness, belching forth the putrid fumes of sins long hidden and clearly unbidden.

It is in these unexpected moments of stark reality that God answers some quiet morning's prayerful plea: "What is it, Lord, that is holding me down, and keeping me from drawing nearer unto Thee?"

## IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME IN GERMANY

*By Robert Fitt*

It's Christmas time—and yet,  
Familiar sights, familiar sounds, are  
Mute to us on foreign ground.

At home your tree is lit, and gently  
Winks, as laughter  
Ripples forth in merry zest, and  
Mirrored ornaments  
Reflect the gaudy wrappings,  
Abandoned and  
Distressed, that once were  
Guardians of the  
Heart's intent—imparted with such  
Heart-felt love by  
Shared consent.

Our distant eyes and ears  
Can neither see, nor hear, yon  
Merriment and fun;  
Nor share the  
Tasty goodies as your  
Holiday's begun,

Yet, glowing hearts of  
Loved ones locked a  
Continent apart -  
Awash with Christ's abundant love -  
Share solace through the  
Tender mercies of his  
Overflowing heart!

## **TO COMFORT BROKEN HEARTS**

*by Robert Fitt*

I hope to help the wayward ones who  
Once had gripped, but now have slipped, from off  
The Iron Rod.

I hope to help the Spirit's light illuminate the  
Baneful night that separates them from  
The Son of God.

I'd hope to ease their heartache, sorrow -- pain;  
To comfort broken hearts and bind their  
Shattered dreams;

To offer calm where anger churns, and peace to  
Warring lips; to wipe away the ceaseless tears that  
Flow in endless streams.

To hope, to help, to ease the pain and remedy the blight—  
Thus will I serve . . . as God will give me light.

## MY DAILY CHOOSING

A prompting came—an urging—small and unobtrusive, inviting me to help someone in need.

And . . .

It touched my heart—and I did it.  
  
I put my selfish needs aside and gave my whole heart to the task.  
  
I delighted in the fact that I could be of service,  
  
I sensed their unspoken gratitude,  
  
I felt a nearness to them—and to God,  
  
I began to look for other ways that I could be of help,  
  
I felt free—unhampered  
  
And love squeezed my heart in a grip of joy

And . . .

It felt burdensome—I refused it  
  
And, wanting to feel worthy, despite my refusal  
  
And so I rationalized:  
  
I reviewed the obstacles that prevented me from doing it, (an early meeting, exhaustion, fear)  
  
I made up reasons why the other person didn't deserve the help I could give,  
  
I felt enclosed—alienated—guilty,

## OH HOLY LITTLE ONE

*by Robert Fitt*

As I study you, my little child, lying  
Tiny in my arms. I touch your Button nose; I  
Stroke your downy skin, and  
Look deeply into knowing, blameless eyes that  
Penetrate the unfathomable  
Depths of eternity.

My thoughts are pensive as  
I wonder:

*From whence did you come?  
Where was your home?  
What is your destiny?*

There must be so much of heaven that you  
Know. Won't you tell me? O how I  
Wish you could . . . or do you speak more  
Wisely than I know in mouthing your  
Bewildering babblings? Might I be  
Astonished beyond measure if I could  
Read your diary from heaven? . . .  
Was the baby Jesus  
Just like you?

Ohhh...would He mind, do you  
Think, if I spoke to Jesus through  
One so pure as you?

*O Holy one . . . with the  
Silver spoon of diety you once  
Supped with the Holy Father, yet you  
Gave it all away to  
Sup with the tarnished spoon of  
Fallen man.*

*Tell me . . . why did you give up a throne  
For a manger, a scepter for a  
Stick of straw, dominion for uncertainty?  
. . . Just to ask it gives me pause. . .  
There must be so much more of You to love  
Than puny man can - ever - comprehend!*

## PHANTOM FRIENDS

*by Elder Robert Fitt*

A phantom, or  
more of them than one,  
brought love to our  
house one fine night; a  
love that bulged with joy and  
overflowed with  
goodness,  
bursting forth from happy,  
sharing hearts.

The givers  
were invisible. They  
vanished as they  
dropped their gifts of love and  
ran, never to be found - or known -  
by those so very  
blessed by phantom friends.

Hand-made phantom art work  
graced the gift,  
making it more valuable than glossy,  
boughten things,  
more priceless, yet,  
than gold or precious gems.  
because a  
heart-brush painted every  
loving stroke.

May God reach out and  
bless you -  
phantom friends.  
may love and joy exceed your  
fondest dreams, and  
wash your souls with peace. That  
God, "Which seeth [thee] in  
secret shall reward thee  
openly" (Matt 6:6).

## *ODE TO THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH*

*by Robert Fitt*

*Shout praises. Shout hosanna to our God. For a Prophet has come to America. A prophet - and more than a prophet - a seer has come, drawing back the night-black curtains of apostasy, to reveal again a Church long lost from view: The Church of Jesus Christ. Once shining like a beacon to the world through Apostles and Prophets, and gifts and miracles; but lost in the ever-changing mists of sin and darkness when a displeased God withdrew His authority from unholy men; leaving the world in spiritual darkness.*

*Oh, yes! Praise the Prophet Joseph Smith, whose blessings to mankind have eclipsed all others, save Jesus only. For through him, Christ has opened the darkened recesses of the earth to light, and life, and revelation long withheld. And by his hand brought forth God's message from a golden book, long buried, that speaks boldly from the dust of an America long past. A voice that whispers stridently from the lips of ancient prophets, long since dead, to specifically address the present predicament of a modern world. A book that opens the soul to the Holy Ghost, that floods the heart with light and truth, and with the bud and bloom inherent in its holy message. Bringing forth a rich spiritual harvest that will yet sanctify the whole earth.*

*Ah, yes, shout praises to Joseph the son of Joseph; for he, like Joseph who was sold into Egypt, has given the bread of life to a world hungry for the word of God. He, like Moses, led a sin-fettered people from spiritual bondage. He, like the transfigured Peter, saw the Father and the Son in all their majesty. And he, like Jesus, gave his life as a testimony of the truthfulness of his message.*

*Shout hallelujah to the living God. Praise Christ; and praise our Heavenly Father. Applaud His name in heaven and in the meanest abodes of earth. For He has sent us Prophets once again!*

## **A BABY NAMED THOMAS**

*by Robert Fitt*

A baby name Thomas came to live at our house.  
And ya know what?  
For months he was hidden In Mom's bulky blouse.

I just can't decide How mom kept Thomas hidden.  
'Cause you know what?  
He's noisy...yeh! He is, I'm not kiddin'.

'Cause when Tommy's hungry he's a loud little fellow,  
'Cause you know why?  
When Tommy's unhappy he lets out a bellow  
That rattles the windows and rattles the doors,  
And jiggles the dishes and vibrates the floors  
So loud you can't hide it inside of our house,  
And you *sure* couldn't hide it inside of a blouse!

But we love little Thomas. we love him a lot.  
But you know what?  
We think little Tommy is part of a plot

To make us all helpers (like good little elves),  
And you know why?  
To make us all happy in spite of ourselves!



## A BABY NAMED BROCK

by Robert Fitt

A baby name Brock just came to live at our house.  
And ya know what?  
They kept the guy hidden in the *Doctor's* big blouse!  
And you know what?  
Whether my brother's a beggar or king,  
It's amazing our *Doctor* would do such a thing!

I mean, while our *Doctor* is wondrous and good  
When you do *that* much for us it's like Robin Hood!  
And you know what?  
When she'd start to throw-up, she swore she'd get even  
But she had the whole baby with no thought of leavin'!  
I mean...isn't it great? *Doc* could do that and smile,  
While going way—way—past the very last mile?

Our Brock is noisy...yeh! He's a loud little fellow  
When Brock is unhappy he lets out a bellow  
That rattles the windows and rattles the doors,  
And jiggles the dishes and vibrates the floors  
So loud you can't hide it inside of our house,  
And you *sure* couldn't hide it inside of a blouse!

But we love little Brock, we love him a lot.  
But you know what?  
We think little Brock is a part of a plot  
To make us all helpers (like good little elves),  
And you know why?  
To make our *Doc* happy in spite of herself!

## **A BABY NAMED PAIGE**

*by Robert Fitt*

A baby name Paige came to live at our house.  
And ya know what?  
For months she was hidden in Mom's bulky blouse.

I just can't decide how Mom kept her hidden.  
'Cause you know what?  
She's noisy...yeh! You can tell I'm not kiddin'

'Cause you know why?

When Paige is unhappy she lets out a wail  
That rattles the windows, and rattles the doors,  
And jiggles the dishes, and vibrates the floors  
So loud you can't hide it inside of a house,  
Let alone hide it inside of a blouse!

But we love little Paige. Yes, we love her a lot.  
But you know what?  
We think little Paige is part of a plot

To make us all helpers (like good little elves),  
And you know what?  
She makes us all happy in spite of ourselves!

## THE TRIPLETS ARE CUMMINS!

*by their Great Grandpa, Robert Fitt, July 2001*

I love little babies. They're fun and they're cuddly,  
And even, sometimes, just a little bit puddly.

But ya know what?

I thought they'd be better just *one* to a house,  
Not bunched-up and crowded in Mom's bulky blouse  
To later show up like a crowd of gangbusters.  
Not just *one*—but *three*. Hey! They came out in clusters!!

And you know what?

Not a soul sees my mom any more very much,  
'Cause she's feedin' and diaperin' and rockin' n' such  
And even the grandmas get into the act,  
And daddy and grandpa—it's true, it's a fact!

And you know what?

The triplets, first, whimpered; but soon they'll cry loud  
They'll belt out a hunger that'd make a bear proud.  
Yes, when they get stronger, they'll join in a trio  
You can hear clear to Kansas or even to Rio,  
How loud will they cry, then? Well, let me just say  
They'll make *acres* of wheat and potato vines sway  
'Cause when they get hungry they're loud little fellows,  
And when they're unhappy they let out a bellow  
That rattles the windows and rattles the doors,  
And jiggles the dishes and vibrates the floors.  
The sound of their voices will vibrate the ground  
And stampede the cattle for ten miles around.

We love *all* of our triplets, we love them a lot;

But you know what?

We think that all three are a part of a plot  
To make us all helpers (like good little elves),

And you know what?

To make us all happy in spite of ourselves!

## **BE STRONG**

*By Robert Fitt*

As the clouds of gloom, and  
Winds of dark despair,  
Sweep in to smother light and truth;  
Be *strong*.

As loneliness and sorrow  
Strive to weaken your resolve;  
Be *strong*.

As circumstance disheartens and though  
Doubt and fear impair, let your  
Heart reach out in gladness; and  
Be *strong*.

For God is strong; and those who  
Turn to Him find strength.  
Not now, perhaps, or yet tomorrow,  
But at length—and in the time of  
Crisis sure—  
His hand is there to lift us,  
To strengthen us and sift us,  
And with peaceful comfort gift us,  
If we're strong.

So turn from gloom and darkness, and in  
Search of sweet relief  
*Reach out*—yet more—with  
Callused knee, and earnest voice, and  
He'll be there . . .

If you'll be strong.

## **KITES and CHILDREN**

*by Robert Fitt*

Children and kites...  
Though resistance is strong...  
Need restraint with their freedom  
To help them along.

"Cut the string, cut the string!"  
The 'kids' stridently cry; but  
If you don't hold it down, a kite  
Ceases to fly.  
But by keeping it safe  
From undisciplined flight,  
Restraint helps it  
Mount on the wings of the night.

While parents, both crying and  
Laughing, have found that some kids  
Take much longer to get  
Off the ground,  
But they help them, as 'kids'  
make their sketchy first tries  
Always giving assurance that  
Someday they'll fly.

Yet, 'kids' crash through the rooftops, and  
Get hung-up in trees,  
They are torn; but then patched  
On a comforting knee.

But when finally they're airborne,  
We give them more string;  
And they explore with great gusto  
What controlled freedom brings.

All wise parents grow glad,  
With each twist of the twine,  
As the children begin to  
Take charge of the line.  
Providing restraints of their own  
As they fly, lest their  
Kites devastatingly crash from  
The sky.

Then, gripping their life-line,  
With assurance they soar  
To new heights of success  
Not accomplished before;  
And parents can say, with  
Great pleasure within:  
"I knew if we'd all  
Stick together  
We'd win!"

## **TOGETHER**

*by Robert Fitt*

Joseph, and his beloved brother Hyrum,  
Together in life,  
Were olive branches on the tree of life.

“I go to Carthage”, Joseph said to Hyrum.  
“Stay here and live. Lead the Church to greatness.” for  
"I go like a lamb to the slaughter."

But Hyrum set his jaw in love, refusing to leave his side.  
And when rabble tainted Carthage  
With martyr blood

Joseph, and his beloved brother Hyrum, were  
Together in death.  
Olive branches on the tree of life.

## **I KNELT....**

*by Robert Fitt*

“It hurts, Father!”

“I know, my child,  
You’re growing –  
Becoming large and grand;  
And, somehow, that is a  
Hurtful thing.”

But here . . . I’ll help you.  
Just take my hand.”

## **SWEET SIXTEEN**

*By Robert Fitt*

Sweet sixteen will beckon,  
Like a dreamy honeymooner,  
Tempting, taunting, urging you  
To become 'adult' much sooner  
Than is wise, or good or natural,  
Yet, really, more inviting  
Than living out your childhood  
To the utmost. Ah . . . exciting!

As years go by, and hair grows thin,  
And burdens end in tears,  
Adults look back, with yearning,  
To unburdened, youthful, years;  
And wished they'd not relished them  
But enjoyed their full, rich span --  
For growing old comes all too soon—  
Enjoy youth while you can!



## **FORGIVENESS**

I do—I will—I pledge, through all  
I ever do or say,  
To be good and true and faithful to the  
Vow I made this day.

So trust me, hold me harmless,  
Should I falter in the race. And  
I'll also Hold you harmless  
Within my strong embrace...

## **AGENCY**

*By Robert Fitt*

Crystal tension hung lightly in the cool mist, as light and darkness battled warmly to sway a mind made strangely inert by the throes of indecision. Yet, a choice is imminent—for agency must make its play—as mortals choose to follow Satan or choose to act for Christ. . . becoming unwitting agents of the one, or of the other.

*In this day's scenario, the decision should have been a simple one. A shivering, ill-clad, hand had quivered out a call for help and awaited an answer. Beggar eyes shifted questioningly beneath transparent lids as hunger licked at tortured vitals sapped of vigor. Too fragile, too weakened of resolve, to ask again....he waited, quietly.... stoically.*

*And still the question hung upon the moment -- unanswered.*

*His benefactor paused hesitantly. His light side urged generosity -- compassion -- even sacrifice; but all the while self-seeking fondled the whims of his dark side, setting-off a maelstrom of momentary indecision.*

*Hunger gnawed patiently upon this moment of solitary choice.*

Making moral choices is always thus. Our agency hangs upon the delicate, conflicting moment when good and evil stand toe-to-toe and challenge one another in the quiet chambers of an undecided mind.

**THE GIVER OF THE GIFT**

*by Robert Fitt*

Feel the sun,  
full-warm upon your back, and view its  
children  
growing green upon the hills.

See the sparkling stream  
whose waters flow o'er rounded stone -- refreshing  
wood and hamlet.

Hear the soul's sweet music flow,  
through human voice and viol, and wind and birds, and  
children's voices.

Smell a rose.  
Touch it to your cheek in soft caress, its fragrance soft upon the  
wind.

Savor the fruit of love,  
as it washes over limb and heart and soul, and revels in its  
healing.

Observe the tranquil heartbeat of the Spirit  
as it leads and soothes and testifies.

And, having done all this,  
reflect upon the giver of the gift  
and turn  
a thankful heart  
to Christ.

It was evening on Temple Square, and the imposing shadows of the temple stretched long upon the earth. My heart quickened as I gazed through the trees into the uppermost reaches of the temple spires and saw an Angel gleaming in the sunset against the darkening sky. As I strained against the shadows, I could almost hear trumpet music piercing the evening air. As though the Angel Moroni had pursed the golden trumpet to his lips to proclaim the wonder of the restoration. Imagine! Jesus Christ, a mere babe at the first Christmas, had returned again, to sweep cobwebs of darkness from a sin-bound world.

Seeing our day in vision, It was John the beloved who said: "*And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.*"

Moroni was that angel.

My heart was full. Gratitude filled my soul. The babe in the manger was but the beginning. He has appeared to His Prophets, and continues with us even now. He lives. He loves us; and He has restored His Church to the earth in these latter-days. Thus, the Spirit of Christmas may remain with us forever. - Robert Fitt -

*The first few lines of this effort flowed effortlessly in my mind as I awoke from a sound sleep on January 22, 1999.*

She died, and part of me died with her.

I try to forget, but memories flood the basement—then the living room—of my mind. Unbidden fragments of our lives together bob to the surface, float distractingly, and then are gone; to be replaced quickly by another and yet another, until the kaleidoscope of sodden memories drive sleep from me—and desire—and ambition.

My thinker tries to think, but it cannot, my think-tank is too cluttered. My mind, once occupied with thoughtful purpose, goes begging. I try to decide, but cannot . . . my decider has gone fishing.

I am full of want; but short on will.

I try to paint, or sculpt, or write, or build—anything to create a something where nothing dwells—but it is useless effort, nothing works. And even as I try, my fingers move mechanically.

I know she would want me to go right on as if nothing had happened—and I try—but this empty shell simply does not fill celestial shoes that well.

Except for God, I would be with her.

## **FRAGMENTS:**

Help us to live straight in a crooked world

Let our hearts be warm with love, even among the frozen hearts  
around us..

You can feed upon your own lusts until you digest yourself in self-  
seeking.

One must either humble himself and grow toward the light, or wither  
in utter darkness.

## INFUSED WITH FAITH

*by Robert Fitt*

*(Written about my favorite tool, my well  
scarred little brick hammer)*

Dented, chipped and broken,  
Then rudely patched again,  
An ancient hammer rests in state—  
A lifelong battle won.

Patina dark from time's distress,  
Its surface smooth and worn,  
An awkward beauty emanates  
Beneath rude scars well borne.

An ancient tool, well-treated—  
Too often well-abused—  
Reveals a haunting sense of power  
Courageously infused

With faith—well born in struggle  
Through pain and life's duress—  
Tools and men are polished  
Not by ease, but by distress.

Unlike the outward battles-won  
That men and tools define,  
It's the battles won within one's soul  
That make a man divine.

## THE STRUGGLE OF THE COMMON MAN

*By Robert Fitt*

A struggling soul complains:

I feel so limited, so weak—so much a  
Failure in the things I seek.  
How can I, a mortal soul, succeed? With so much  
Weakness, and so very high a goal? Or, yet, proceed when  
Fear constricts my heart and hopelessness my each desire?

And a loving God replies:

Do you forget, my child, when first you found your way to  
Me, with neither confidence nor yet a tiny shred of hope? I  
Helped you then. Can you not see how far you've come?

It's true, you lack the worldly fame and false  
Acclaim that marks the idle rich. But don't give into  
Awful hopelessness that marks the sore distressed; for you have  
Much—you are faithful, honest, true hearted, the  
Salt of the earth—the soul of integrity. You—and those like you—Are the  
foundation of humanity; the solid base of  
Every good community.

Do you have failings? Yes. Do your feelings surge  
Unbidden to quell the hope within? Yes. Are you perfect?  
No; but you are a child of God, and are made of  
Celestial stuff.

It is through your love—your loving kindness—that the  
Weak are strengthened. It is through your goodness that  
Burdens are lifted and a smile bursts forth upon the lips of the distressed—  
for you are always there to help them. It may well  
Be that your very exaltation hinges on these little acts of  
Goodness.

You are—and this may surprise you—the fabric of the world's  
Success, it is through your industry, and  
Countless thousands like you, that the world thrives.

There is hope, abundant hope. As you strive to overcome your  
Failings, seeking the guidance of the Spirit through study and  
Through prayer. And when you give yourself to a forgiving Lord,  
Asking Him to make your weakness strong—He will not  
Fail you. And it is—ultimately—you, and others like you, who will  
Crowd the halls of heaven.



“All who believe, have honest hearts and bring forth fruits of righteousness, are the elect of God and heirs to all things.”

*Brigham Young, DBY 383,84*

“[Everyone in the world] will attain to as good a kingdom as they desire and live for.”

*(Brigham Young, DBY 383)*

“No matter what the outer appearance is—if I can know of a truth that the hearts of the people are fully set to do the will of their Father in Heaven, though they may falter and do a great any things through the weaknesses of human nature, yet they will be saved.

*(Brigham Young, DBY 389)*

“We have got to be honest in every thought, in our reflections, in our meditations, in our private circles, in our deals, in our declarations, and in every act of our lives, fearless and regardless of every principle of error, of every principle of falsehood that may be presented.

*(Brigham Young, DBY 589)*

It is common, among men, to fear failure, to fail in this or that, or even fail to be exalted. Fear strangles our hope, it limits our efforts, it takes away our capacity to do. God will be with us as we strive to do good, to overcome our weakness, as we strive to make commitments—even though we fail often—but keep trying, and trying, and trying. Until we find ourselves—much to our surprise—in the arms of God. Sad are they who find themselves in the arms of gold.

*(Brigham Young)*

## MY FAVORITE TOOL

*Robert Fitt*

An ancient, battered brick hammer is an awkward treasure. Yet, since it is a treasure, I have put it in a frame with rich, red backing. This hammer is small, it is very old, and *very* worn. I bought it new, and it was, in fact, the most valuable tool I ever owned. It could accurately break—with quick, sharp, blows—the brick and flue tile that my work as a mason required when other tools shattered them to bits. Perhaps that explains the chips, the scars, the extraordinary wear and the broken, patched-together handle for which I could never find a replacement.

This tool is situated in a place of honor because it was such a useful servant. It *always* did precisely what I wanted it to do, precisely when I wanted it done.

Isn't that is what God asks of us?

Isn't it true that each of God's children that hopes to be glorified—must first become an obedient tool in the hand of The Master?

It is not easy to give away our vain ambitions, to put aside our selfishness, to subdue our wants, and to share our gifts and goods as the Holy Spirit prompts us to do. It is not easy to let go of our pride and allow the Spirit to govern us in everything we think and do. But it's a joy to experience the freedom it brings, and the success, and the ability to cope when affliction comes.

The world shouts that I must remain in control of my body, my mind, and my circumstances—and thus my own destiny. Yet, whenever I weaken, and allow my pride to rule, I find myself becoming ever more a tool of lust, acclaim, and worldly desires as I drift ever further away from God, and home.

If you should gaze upon my ancient hammer, you would note the marks and scars that honest work bestows. It is attractive in an ancient, broken, sort of way. That's how I want to be. For my fervent desire is to be an obedient tool in the hands of The Master, and to grow old, and worn, and nicked in His service, just as my faithful hammer has been for me.

# **AMERICA UNDER ATTACK**

**In response to the terrorist assault on the World Trade Center**

*by Robert Fitt*

**September 11, 2001**

Hate and darkness shot a captive fuselage through the morning mist and a tower of mammon exploded death into a million shards of fire. First one tower, and yet another, burst deafeningly asunder—then collapsed in tendrils of debris that rained death upon the inhabitants of New York City. And in that brief moment, the bricks, the glass—and the tranquility of apathetic America—simply vanished. Threatening plumes of acrid smoke, alive with particles of destruction, billowed graspingly outward engulfing all of us. And then the Pentagon exploded reality into a wisp of nothingness. Death ruled the day.

Is hope gone, then? Will failing hearts, without foundation, first sway, then crumble? Has America been brought to its knees?

For an answer look to the homes of America that resonate with reactions as diverse as each occupant. One, in anger, strikes out with bitter words against the innocent; another cowers in fear within the claustrophobic basement of his soul. Most rally in a united front of patriotic resolve as their frivolous cares dissolve into the significance of catastrophe.

But make no mistake. America's future lies not with man; but with God. The land that He ordained for the coming forth of truth will not go unshielded by His mighty hand.

Our protection—like a glowing spark against the darkness of despair—lies in righteousness. As Americans turn to God and serve Him in faith, they need have no fear at all.

## THAT SPECIAL ROOM OF OURS

*by Robert Fitt*

There's a special room in our house  
Where Children never play.  
It's set apart, it's sacrosanct,  
It's a temple—in its way.

No clutter there, it's neat, it's clean,  
No dirt, no dust, no mold.  
We sometimes take our shoes off  
(As Moses did of old).

So when the world's too much for me—  
Frustration rules the day—  
I need a peaceful quiet place  
Where I can get away.

A special place to meditate  
The things I'm called to bear;  
To feel His presence with me  
As I humbly kneel in prayer.

And when I pray, a melody  
Of solace fills my mind.  
I feel God's music in my soul  
And sweet refreshment find.

So when my life is challenged by  
Burned toast or dying flowers,  
I find my godly solace in  
That special room of ours.

## THE RESTORATION

*By Robert Fitt*

The world sagged and faltered. Its proud head  
Bent, its heart despairing, dark, depressed—and  
Man, awash in sin and strife, cried out through  
Sobs of hopelessness:

Oh, God, why hast thou forsaken me?

God heard—gross darkness sheared away, and  
Through the sudden cleft—Moroni clothed in  
Glorious Light burst Forth. He paused, then,  
Standing boldly, with golden horn upraised and  
Flowing Robes unfurled,

Proclaimed the restoration to a fallen world.

His goldhorn song was glorious: claim the  
Atonement! Allow Christ's wounds to heal your  
Own—the song rang forth. And then, as one by one,  
The pure in heart joined with the holy choir, they  
Sang in praise of God's great gift to men.

The Church of Jesus Christ restored again!

*"I saw another angel, fly in the midst of heaven, having the  
everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and  
to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."*

*(Revelation 14:6)*

## THE SEEDLING

By Robert Fitt

*The prayer of a humble, penitent, soul to his loving Father in Heaven*

I am a seedling, Father. . . The fire of Thy chastening has cracked my crusty shell, and my tender shoot of hope is barely peeking over its broken hull.

I am filled with wonder. . . astonished at the possibilities, but fearful that my tiny shoot will not grow to fill its place in the forest of your expectations.

I see others with their lofty branches giving welcome shade to those who cower beneath them, a safe haven in a storm; and I fear that the fragile shoot—that is all that I am just now—can never grow so tall, or give such solace to the weak or weary.

I see so many things in this darkened world that can crush, or starve or trample my fragile stem. Yet, as I look toward the light and gratefully acknowledge Thy hand, I know that my happiness—yea, my very survival—depends upon Thee; and, feeling of Thy love, I am grateful.

I know that every mighty oak was once a tiny seedling and felt the selfsame doubts, but, reaching for the light, grew far beyond its feeble expectations; and I am filled with wonder to know that you will do the same for me. As my seedling seeks the light of Christ and shuns the darkness, so will my heart attune to Thee, and Your hopes will become my hopes, Your dreams my dreams, Your thoughts my thoughts, and Your strength my strength.

I am grateful beyond expression to know that heaven will open its windows to such as I, so insecure and fragile in my growth, and light a sure path to faith—and exaltation.

*This is a poem memorializing Alfred Eugene Hemingway as quoted by, President Thomas S. Monson.*

A prompting came: “go visit” an aged widow friend.  
And when I went she was delighted to see me once again.  
But in the midst of conversation, another came to say  
“Your aged friend of years gone by lies near to death this day”  
I quickly left to see my friend and found his family there  
To shower love and say goodbye and kneel in grateful prayer.

My heart-drum throbbed a cadence sweet of feelings soft and pure  
I laid my hands upon his head. The promises were sure.  
In silence born of gratitude my heart reached out to pray  
In thanks for silent promptings that brought me there that day.

He died that day at peace with God. I thanked God silently  
That I could be there for him as he was there for me.

*The following poem was inspired by the poem above.*

## **IMPRESSIONS**

*By Robert Fitt*

When I hear a silent prompting, and act without delay,  
I find that God is using me to help someone that day.  
Such promptings, rarely sought for, come quietly withal,  
How easily ignored they are; but if I’ll heed the call  
I then become a conduit through whom the Lord can crown  
With blessings those whose prayers rise up,  
Though struggles weigh them down.

When I follow these impressions I am guided to a place  
Where I can be of help, where I can eagerly embrace  
A child of God within my arms, to soothe, to heal—inspire—  
To fan the crusted embers of their slowly dying fire.  
How trivial the sacrifice, how sweet this life can be,  
Whenever I am there for them as they are there for me.

## THE LAW AND THE LAZY OLD CAT

*Robert Fitt*

There are hunnerds of laws, regulations and stuff that most of us darn near ignore; and if it ain't the dangdest thing, them law-makers allus makes more. It's getting' so ye cain't take a breath without breakin' a law—or a batch of 'em. And yet it seems like the folks whut passes laws measure their success by the number of new laws they can hatch-up.

There is lots o' musty laws—some of 'em what's chiseled in sandstone—has sand blowed-in over the top, a coverin' 'em up so that nobody knows they're there, 'cept , well, maybe a couple a cops. But even then, cops don't do nothin'. I think, maybe, they're 'pooped-out', and plumb 'bushed' because they're so dang busy a lookin' the other way.

Some laws jest sit like a lazy old cat that won't open an eye to be fed, and, fer all the mousin' the old feller does he jest as well be dead. It's like, well, it's as though a whole lot of rules, even if they're dinky, or ill-fittin' will make us better somehow, not because they help, but jest because they're there.

It seems to me that when it comes to legislashun, jest makin'-em-up and then leavin'-'em-sit jest won't git the job done, it cain't! 'Cause jest havin' a law 'thout catchin' them whut offends it, don't make the world better none, it jest don't! It's a lot like a kiddie perched up high on books to reach the supper table. There's a whole lot 'o wisdom writ in where she's sittin', but none of it soaks in.

Whataya think? Do the folks who has the most rules—but don't don't pay no attention to 'em—do better than them with just a few—who do?

Now I don't know why I even chaw on sech gristley old things? For it seems to me that like a bird 'thout no voice that jest keeps-on-a-singin'; dead laws are jest things that goes-on-a-thingin'.



.....  
A poem is  
Never fully finished  
Until its rhymes are happily  
Wedded to worthy  
Music.

.....  
A glib smile; and a clever word—  
Like oil on water—often  
Mirrors the surface,  
And obscures the depths,  
Of an unfathomable problem.

## **GOD IS NOT DEAD**

*Robert Fitt*

God must have  
Chuckled  
Sadly  
When first  
He ran across  
The eternally premature  
Publication of  
His  
Obituary.

## FANNING THE EMBERS

*Robert Fitt*

Wispy tendrils of white smoke blacken a chimney that  
Was once alight with the blazing conflagration of  
New love.

Only moments ago, it seems, glowing embers  
Still remained of a love once bright and  
Warm. But now the charcoal remnants of lost love lie black and  
Lifeless in the grate. Only an occasional spark confirms that  
Love is not now fully gone, though long neglected.

How does one fan these blackening embers of a once  
All-consuming love? Can it be done?

If one should dash outside to gather weighty logs of  
Selfish longing to thrust into the grate; and  
Blow amidst them vigorously as though to force a  
Flame where only embers lie, this thoughtless act  
Compels the fragile sparks to die, blown-out, consumed  
(Of hopelessness, perhaps?) For love—like a single,  
Fragile, spark, when fanned by a raging gale—  
Will perish.

If one would search his heart, instead, for tiny selfless twigs of  
Caring and lay them gently atop the charcoal embers, then  
Purse his lips and softly waft gentle puffs of kindness to  
Tempt the sparks to flicker into timid flames that grow,  
Blow and gentle blow, until they warm the heart and  
Heal the wounded soul.

## WHEN MEMORY FAILS

*by Robert Fitt*

Words—like insects  
Flitting blossom to blossom  
Extracting nectar from fragrant  
Blooms—pollinate the pistils of  
My mind. Words supply my fruit, my wisdom, and  
my daily bread; They relieve my loneliness—They  
light my soul with joy.

But now, some stealthy  
Thief is pilfering precious words from  
One I love, leaving only broken  
Thoughts and sentence-fragments hanging all  
Askew like scattered blossoms—vacuous pistils—  
that leave me dangling.

Our love is not less—sweet feelings still  
Abound—but sharing thoughts that matter has  
Become a harder task than  
Plowing fields, or communicating with  
An infant.

I would God that  
Memory was back; and that life, unsullied by  
Affliction could go on; but  
The life of Jesus was affliction-conquered; and  
Isn't a life like Christ what we  
Strive for, after all?

God grant that  
We may keep our hearts right, even  
When all our words go wrong. For we know that  
Through God's love, everything wrong in life  
Will be made right again—  
In the end.



## THOUGHTS ABOUT REPLACING YOUR BOSS

*Robert Fitt*

*Dedicated to Lee Gledhill*

Your shoes are small  
You'd not deny,  
Not very large or wide.

No vast expanse of  
Toe and heel  
Need cramp themselves inside.

Yet, when unused,  
Inactive, empty—  
As they stand so still—

Why is it we find  
Shoes so small  
So extra hard to fill?

## SHOW ME OF YOUR LOVE

*Robert Fitt, 1975*

Don't only write to me of love,  
For thoughtless love-words are scrawled  
On countless trees and privy walls....  
Meaningless, casual, self-fulfilling.

Don't only tell me of your love,  
For love words too well said—  
Too polished—are suspect.

Only show me of your love  
In the tiny daily worshippings  
That overflow from a  
Heart too full to speak, to a  
Heart too hungry to ask.

## **HE LIVES AGAIN!**

*Robert Fitt*

In a borrowed tomb they laid the  
One whose hand had made both heaven and earth,  
Yet owned not anything.  
The stone was firmed in place to seal the fate  
Of him who dared to say  
I am your God.

Oh glorious morning!  
When death's triumphant, gloating hold  
Was broken by the sound of angels rolling stone  
As Christ had laid his body down, He took it up again.  
For He is God.

A loving God whose love  
Lies easily within man's grasp,  
Still guides us now as in times past.  
Beneath all things descended, above all things now stands,  
He reigns on high. Our soul's delight  
Cries out with glad hosannas.  
**HE LIVES AGAIN!**

## FADING ECHOES

*Robert Fitt*

My child is a fragile rosebud,  
Tender, fresh, and pure—  
So pure—so fragrant, gentle....clean.  
I watch in joyous wonder as the  
Wind, her witty playmate,  
Begs a song.  
Then joyous echoes ring  
As gentle breezes loft her singing  
Skyward through laughing lips  
And fill my soul with joy!

But then....

The land lay quiet....her voice stilled,  
Leaving only fading echoes in my aching heart.  
My poor, sweet, rosebud—plucked before her time—  
Will serenade the hills no more,  
Nor warm our hearth with love.  
Her porcelain form lies still.

Yet death—we know—is not  
Her final conqueror.  
Her mortal voice, while briefly stilled.  
Sings gaily on in heaven.  
May her joyous song  
Bring as great a happiness to God.



## THE KEY

*Robert Fitt, 1977*

I am a stranger in a strange land, washed upon its ever virgin shore on waves of mighty prayer and soulful meditation. I had not known that this other world of spirit, so better than my own, lay so near.

Looking backward I feel perplexed. For in the Sodom of each day the beckoning glimmer of Christ's quiet beacon passed unnoticed by my sin-dimmed eyes until the still, small voice of Spirit—like distant bells, jewel flecked by shimmering droplets from the mist—dropped gems of thought-speech in my mind, persuading me to seek my God.

Now, here I lie, a fledgling venturer upon the crystal beach of a new world, uncertain, fleshy, while—looking landward—I find a puzzle of tree and stone and sky still hiding God's horizons from my mortal view.

Yet, in my search I sense a glimmering of glory, a joy unknown before, to such as I, who Jonah-like would hide within the belly of uncertain fleshy darkness, swallowed by contentment, digested by desire, until God's grace impells me upward and outward and washes me upon His Son-lit shore. Impressing me, all the while, to search, to seek—explore.

But this I know. If I would please my yearning heart by searching thus—and triumph in my search for God—I must begin my journey on my knees; and as midnight yields to dawn; my open, willing, mind awaits the glorious moment when the light of Christ will guide me on.

## DOUBT NOT, FEAR NOT....

*Robert Fitt, 1979*

A quiet thought—unsought for—comes  
Unbidden to my mind and  
Rings into my  
Consciousness like a tiny bell,  
Peeling soft, enticing  
Strains.

Is this quiet melody a  
Dark song—enchancing, tempting—  
I ask myself, or does it  
Resonate with  
Light and Joy and  
Peace?

Is it a tempting siren song, to be  
Muffled, lest it  
Lures my soul, pied-piper-like,  
Into mute cacophony?  
Or does this pure, unsullied melody  
Communicate God's will to me;  
Urging me to blend it with  
The Symphony of soul that  
Fills my world with the  
Light of Christ?

I must decide—only I—and choose—  
And what I choose makes  
All the difference.

It was Jesus Christ who said it thus:

“Look to **me** in every thought;  
Doubt not, Fear not.”

(D&C 6:36, emphasis added)

## ONE BY ONE

*by Robert Fitt*

One by one,  
Just, one by one,  
That's how it's done—  
At birth.

For one by one,  
No more than one  
We're born and die—  
On earth.

One by one we are converted,  
One by one we fall away,  
One by one we seek repentance,  
One by one the judgment day.

Simply, that's how life is done,  
Just one by one . . .  
Though we are all in this  
Together.

So help me, son,  
When I'm the one  
In groups or troops  
Or classes.

Please help me see  
What's best for *me*  
When we're alone . . .  
Together.

## WHAT A FRAGILE THING LIFE IS . . .

Thoughts about Alzheimer's disease

*by Robert Fitt*

The awareness that my mind is leaving on vacation came to me abruptly, and it was most unwelcome, I might add. I have so much to do, so much love to give; so many kindnesses to share with a companion who is so dear to me and who loves me so very much. And, too . . . I have so many choice experiences still before me with our children, and their children, and their children's children.

What will happen when I can't remember?

The Doctor's gentle voice and kindly eyes were not enough to mitigate the bombshell that has blown my fondest dreams asunder. If die I must, then let it be swift, without the lingering sorrows and distress that mindless meanderings inevitably bring. My daily wish has been to serve my God and, through his love, my family and the friends; I cannot bear the thought of causing them distress; and I pray that He will ease their pain as things progress.

Jesus loves me, this I know. I have sensed his tender arms embrace and I yearn to feel it once again—sooner better than later—now that I know my fate; but He is in charge, I am not. He only knows how hot the crucible must be to purify my heart and magnify my soul; Preparing me and mine to trust in Christ to make me whole.

I chafe under the yoke of forgetfulness that awaits me; yet through faith I can face that well enough. It is the fate of those I love that shreds my heart strings. My prayer will be that through this twilight of memory—when my mind plays hide and seek with facts and names and faces—that his irresistible atonement will mollify the suffering for those I love and replace it with feelings of hope and love and joy.

It is quite amazing and wonderful, I think, that through this bombast of disturbing revelation, a godly peace and quietude has overwhelmed my feelings. I have felt no fear, and but little stress; I feel only the overflowing love of God and the sure knowledge that through my God, all of this will eventually be for my good.

That is his promise; and I . . . I am a believer!!

My hope is to overcome the stubborn pull of pride and learn to be truly humble.

And in my humility of heart to see myself as the least of all mankind, a minor apprentice in the Lord's kitchen; a humble, loving, servant at the table of the Lord's children.

A worthy, dedicated, though insignificant, disciple of the Master, satisfied with doing the things that anyone else could do just as well or better; and—all the while—doing the very best I can with no thought of fanfare or acclaim.

*- Robert Fitt -*

Egyptian hieroglyphics, translated into the English tongue, and etched boldly into sheets of gold, soon would elevate the souls of men throughout the world— and bring them unto God. That is what the angel said as Joseph lifted the stone and witnessed the plates of gold.

All this because a humble boy, at home behind a plow, had sought for God, and found him, through a simple prayer that echoed from the walls of heaven, drawing forth the Father and the Son to greet him in a shaded wood, and teach him holy truths long lost to mortal man.

The Book of Mormon, spawned through Jesus' love, and Joseph's sweat, bears truths that promise exaltation to the souls of men.

These things I know! To this I testify!

# THE TREASURE TROVE WITHIN

*By Robert Fitt*

A treasure trove abounds within the soul of man; with plenteous ore that one cannot unearth alone—blue-grey clay that harbors precious silver; quartzite stone that mothers strands of gleaming gold; uncut diamonds yet to be polished into glory—all these are there, as yet hidden in the deepest depths of soul—unseen and undiscovered.

No man, unaided by God, has the power to mine these treasures. For they lie beneath an overburden of darkness that man alone cannot dispel. No ordinary darkness this; but a tenacious darkness of mortal make—hopelessness, addiction, fear and grief—that overwhelm the senses and thrust one into the blackest depths of hell, terrorizing the very soul, and weighing down the heart until one feels too weak to dig—too weak, almost, to breathe. It is only when the master-miner takes the hand of man that the treasure of comfort brings hope into his life. For these treasures will not yield to one's will alone; they will lie there, undiscovered, until the master-miner guides one's hand, and heart, and gives him power to lift himself from darkness once again.

Until one finds the strength to give away the very tool that he has trusted for so long—his own free will—and place it in the master-miner's hand, allowing Him to guide the shovel's thrust—the treasure will remain untouched. But when, with faith and trust, he gives away his willful ways and trusts them to the master-miner's loving care; then will the shovel bite deep into the rich and precious ore that inhabits his soul, and will open his treasures to the refining fire, and from deepest darkness into the glory of eternal splendor.

The loving master-miner eagerly awaits . . .

## **OH MERCY ME!**

*by Robert Fitt*

How wondrous is a woman's love  
A gentle mother's touch.  
When knees are scarred and life is hard  
And luck don't count for much.

How wondrous is a woman's smile  
A soul-mate's gentle grin  
When storm clouds cry and gale winds try  
To blow one out---within.

How wondrous is a woman's heart  
Compassion is her creed  
Steadfastly teaching, always reaching  
To fill my every need.

But . . . says he:

It's known that as a peaceful, man.  
I won't endure commotion  
So put the skids on all the kids  
Whene'er I take the notion  
To watch a soccer game, or . . . .  
Set my plans in motion.

And as a plain and simple man  
I honor no excuses.  
So see my food is extra good;  
For those who cross me . . . loses.

Yet . . . says he:

Here lately, all my careful plans  
Went sour, despite my plea.  
At times the food, though very good,  
Was never meant for me.

For with her kindly heart aflame,  
Meals once prepared for me  
Are at the tender mercy  
Of Relief Society



**A GLAD NEW YEAR!**

*by Robert Fitt*

The new year—humble,  
Insecure—  
Looked off into the night.  
Seeking, groping, working  
Hoping . . .  
Seeking for the light.

And found it there.  
Through fervent prayer.

## **FIFTY LONG YEARS**

*By Robert Fitt*

It's a full 50 years since a slip-knot was tied that caused Connie and Dewey to stand side by side for better or worser or richer or poorer, in health and in sickness he'll love and adore her. Just think of it—50 long years—punctuated by chuckles, and laughter and tears. Years that were pleasant, years that were not. Years that were 'so so' and some that were less so. But the years you'll remember, that really were fabulous, get better and better until they're fantabulous.

Years crept by, at times, like a turtle in tar, who couldn't, or wouldn't (at least), creep that far; and yet years sped on and they kept shooting by, and scurried excitedly up through the sky like a bullet, or more like a big butterfly that swoops over meadows, and over the ground, up over the mountains beyond every sound, and just keeps on keeping and leaping and swirling until the whole universe seems to be whirling. So high that I heard an athiest swear that there's just no denying that heaven's up there.

And heaven it is; although sometimes it's not. When all good intentions are somehow forgot; they irritate, bother and seem to offend until gentle words bring their tiff to an end. Or sometimes it's like an inveterate snorer that snores up a racket like never beforer; his puffing and snoring near set off a riot; then the sound that is drowned soon becomes very quiet.

But conflicts are few, and compassion's so fair that it's wonderful, bunderful, just to be there. The reward of their smiles, and their sweet tender kisses, salve wounds of defeat and brings sweet tender blisses. It's really so grand, that, through gladness and tears, we're sure it will last at least 50 more years.

## **FLUFF**

*by Robert Fitt*

If a lion was 'chicken'  
A lion would be  
A brute without valor at all,  
Don't you see;

Yes, a lion that's 'chicken'  
Though laden with lore,  
Without valor would growl with a huge  
Empty roar.

A lion sans courage  
Is hollow, you see;  
He who roars without valor  
Roars vacuously.

## **THE GIFT**

*by Robert Fitt*

When the  
Ecstasy of music  
Surges forth  
From harp or pen, thank the  
Gifted bards whose glory  
Ceased at death.

For they  
Whisper forth their  
Melodies to  
Mortal hearts again, as  
Unbidden strains  
Inspire our thoughts—  
and then:

Their grand and  
Glorious music  
streams forth from flute or  
Pen, and bares the  
Fabric of their genius  
Once again.

## **SAIL ON!**

*by Robert Fitt*

Sturdy halyards touched by winds  
That blow above the sea,  
When hampered by entangling cord  
That grips their vaunted shrouds,

Are captive to the lines that were  
Designed to set them free.

While billowing sails rush other ships  
To harbors grand and proud,  
Their captive lines, all knotted, snarled,  
As ne'er such lines should be

Leave ships becalmed with lifelessness.  
Their sails full useless now.

Yet, one such sail—in grave distress—  
Tangled and forlorn,  
Incapable, could not respond  
To blustery winds that be

And captive, saved their vessel  
From the bottom of the sea.

Thus sails and men though  
Hindered by debilitating flaws  
Need not measure up to others  
To gain the world's applause;

For those with souls becalmed by fate  
Are also serving God.

## SWEET ONION SOUP

by Robert Fitt (*apologies to Dr. Suess*)

I once knew a person who—wanting to cook—found herself on the patio taking a look at the cool shady atmosphere awaiting her there, with a big flock of doves that were eager to share the savory mixture that bubbled out there.

Now to cook food outside is an uncommon thing; but at times, like in summer, It's an opportune swing. For it got so darn hot near her small metal pan (that held just enough food for a potbellied man); that thick sweat from her forehead, a relief for her now, dripped down from her fitful and fully drenched brow. The cause of the heat, like a fire that's glowing, made her wish for the cold days—(the days it was snowing). The sun got so hot that she thought she was melting, so hot that the brooch on her blouse started smelting, So blistering hot that the sun in the sky seemed a lot more like a cold slice of pie; yes, So fiery and blasty and hoary around that the plants yelled 'surrender' and hid underground.

So you see, on such days when the house was too warmish, she moved out to the patio—sunshine or stormish—where she cooked like a chef with a cute little pot that was clearly unsteady (it wobbled a lot). But its state was unnoticed—so focused was she—as she shared her repast with her little doggie. But she actively peeled all her veggies and goop to put in her favorite sweet onion soup. And then she relaxed in the deepening shade 'til the afternoon sun was beginning to fade; and then lifted the pot by the handle—surprise—for the handle came loose from the pan undisguised; and the dumbfounded woman with tears in her eyes, DROPPED IT, yes, SLOPPED IT—from the floor to the skies. The SPLASH was FANTASTIC! It was something to SEE. It splattered and scattered, from the hills to the sea (well . . . it splattered all over the courtyard and me).

In rich tales such as this one, the moral is sure, for it highlights an exploit, praiseworthy and pure. But if you hid in a bush where the old bench would be, you'd find cooking outside is a *grand* sight to see!!

This recounts an actual happening that took place in May, 2010. Kharyn Leigh was the cook; and described the cleanup of the patio and cement walls as a mind-boggling task.

## AGAIN, IT'S TOMORROW

*by Robert Fitt*

(Inspired by Kharen Leigh)

*It was morning when my eyelids Fluttered open,  
To a new day rich with promise—what a day!  
Which, though Burdened with kind of things that  
Tend to block the way—what a morning, what a day!*

*See the sunrise deftly peeking o'er the mountain,  
Hear the song of wrens and robins everywhere.  
The dew is sitting lightly on the roses,  
While the patter of the fountain fills the air.*

*Smell the fragrance in the air;  
See the blossoms scattered everywhere,  
Again, it's tomorrow, you could say.*

*Tomorrow, tomorrow,  
Today has blended with tomorrow.  
The wonders of creation on display.*

*What a splendid new creation!  
A gift of God's great love.  
My soul acclaims the wonder of this day.*

## FRAGMENT

One's genuine genius,  
(I'd be willing to bet),  
Is not so much talent  
As it is so much sweat!



## MY SILENT, ANGUISHED, PRAYER

*by Robert Fitt*

O God, the hand that just now reached for alms  
Looks strong and well to me;  
Should a healthy man go begging?  
Is withholding alms so cruel?  
He should work for what he gets. . .  
. . . look now . . . while begging words cry hunger,  
Fleshy cheeks cry “fool”!

And yet . . . His eyes are wan and bland. . .  
His feet are poorly shod . . .  
Is he conning me, repeatedly  
Or reaching out to God?  
I feel nonplussed, bewildered. . .  
Should I close my eyes and leave,  
Or reward his trembling outstretched hand,  
To baleful want relieve?

If you'll help me know. . . I'll freely give,  
As King Benjamin commands—  
But will it bless him, or humiliate  
His trembling outstretched hand?  
You know I'm not unfeeling,  
He looks so tired and old.  
Will my offering demean him?  
. . . Will he die out in the cold?

Thank you, Father . . .

For logic never brought me peace  
Or filled my soul with light;  
Thank God you sent the Spirit  
To relieve us—both—tonight.

## CHOOSE THE LIGHT

*by Robert Fitt*

The television winks troubling news across the airwaves, and local papers shout headlines of chicanery and sin. We can almost feel the sodden banks of a bewildered world collapsing into swirling morass of intrigue and filth that threatens to engulf every living thing like a giant tsunami. Debilitating debris of conflict and fraud litters the shore of man's inhumanity to man, menacing all that is good; threatening to sweep away every vestige of light and hope.

And yet, there is a glimmer light—of hope. Concentrate, if you will, on the conflicted darkness. Rummage through its shadows until you detect a faint thread of gossamer of light before you in the darkness. It is a gentle glow, a glow though faint, yet sure, in the ebony darkness,. And those who pursue it into the shadows of uncertainty would rarely choose to follow it of their own volition. Yet, light brings hope.

“What is this light”, you silently plead, “And in this midst of these shadows, where does it lead? Can I reach safety at its end?”

Look about you. You are not alone. Note the multitude, each one cloaked in a shroud of darkness to some degree—yet each one enticed by this gossamer light dancing temptingly within their reach. Each one will make a choice. Some will follow . . . Some will delay.

Those who follow are among the hardy souls who have a grip on faith. They will follow this filament of hope into the mist of darkness as it dances before them in the darkness; and will delight in their finding. For beyond the cloak of darkness—beyond, even, the hazards of fear—what was once a gossamer filament brightens into a glowing thread, and then a shining strand, and then a gleaming cord that glows larger and brighter until it morphs into the iron rod—the word of God—that leads them to the tree of life and happiness—where they will see and feel the love of Jesus Christ, the Savior of mankind!

He would that all mankind may be so blessed; yet many of those who delayed were drowned in the depths of the river of filth; and were lost from His view, wandering into oblivion on strange roads. (1 Nephi 8: 32; 15:26-27)

And what of you?

What will you choose to do?



## **THE LIGHT OF LOVE**

*By Robert Fitt*

When mists of darkness blind the minds  
Of men who love the night,  
They find themselves unable  
To discern the greater light.

Unfathomable darkness  
clouds their minds, their doubt is rife.  
What chance have men, thus handicapped,  
To find eternal life?

For light is love, and love is light.  
Each man should love his brother  
And lift and strengthen bonds that tie  
All men to one another.

So men with kind forgiving hearts  
Should ne'er their plight ignore,  
For Jesus, in Gethsemane,  
Shed love from every pore!

## UNFINISHED FRAGMENT

They conned me in-to walking with my family;  
But I thought the plan was futile from the start,  
For my son was only three, and as cross as he could be,  
And my daughters tried to take the place apart.

When we began to walk with our young family,  
We heard the frogs harrumphin' in the pond.

When the sheep had shed their wool,  
And the moon was round and full,  
We were ready to abscond

For the night was nearly gone  
In the morning's early dawn,  
And the