

Poetry of Leelia Cornell - Page Two



Poetry Page 2 (Nature Poems)

[Email Leelia](#)

Moods of the Meadow

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

My meadow is a bosom friend, and it wears many moods.
Intimacy rewards patience, and the causal its depth alludes.
Low clouds brooding pregnant with rain are quiet and muted.
Nature is subdued, heaven clings close, and awe is suited.

The mist of dew and a coming rain contrasts from its sunny air
Of merry songs and symphonies. Happily its lively joy it shares!
Oppressing heat gives no refreshing word to any man or beast.
What breeze it offers is reluctantly given, a cooling gift for the least.

Angry explosion of thunderous noise with arrows of lightning
And thrashing trees untamed, with no concern, is frightening!
Wind wildly callous can also be friendly, fickle, and most exciting
Teasing hair, caressing the cheeks, cooling, playfully, and inviting.

Trees dance, they shake, and their arms shelter me from a storm.
Their character is seen in gnarled branches. From trial such is born.
Bird songs, cricket chorus, locus, with sounds of man are its voice.
At even day songs change. Katydids and frogs become the choice.

The secretive meadow shelters among its grasses the quiet deer,
The fox in his den, rabbits in the brush. They are hidden yet near.
Behind each tiny leaf nature's life's cycles teem, all in their own time.
Careful observance and patience have made these treasures mine!

At the setting of the sun the fire fly winks, but sleep is a delusion.
Day may rest, but the meadow becomes alive with other intrusions.
Through the darkness the fox and raccoon roam and quietly rules.
While the moon rides the heavens its light dabbled in shadowy pools.

Musty fall billows through acres of golden rod, and trees of rust
Droplets of sunshine become reflected in air thick with harvest dust.
Sadness blankets the meadow, as life seems wanes. Cold is no lover
Ushering in frosty nights and cloudy days. Slumber seems to hover.

Blustery, temperamental, uninviting winter winds blow fiercely cold.
Sound is muffled in the falling snow, and frozen bitterness is foretold.
But on other days winter sparkles with happier songs beckoning fun!
A crystallized world reflects on the ice that sparkles joy from the sun.

Melting dissolves the white. Drab and solemn the bare branches
shiver.

Blustery gusts of March air swirls about the trees. Starkly they quiver.
Long winter ravishes the meadow. Its vegetation trampled, forlorn,
bleak.

Yet, in the midst of the dead, life remains hidden. We wait for it to
peek.

Winter's countenance slowly mellows. Softness whispers an
awakening.

The dampness of spring tip toes amid the meadow. Life begins its
breaking.

Torrents of rain blown by spring wind, transforms the meadow into a
lake!

In hushed expectation amid mud and mire nature poises for full life to
awake.

The meadow becomes gentle as shy spring descends to blanket all that
lives.

Buds swell, tiny violets nestle in tender shoots of new grass. What joy
this gives!

Bare branches become adorned with buds then blooms, as leafs begin
to unfold

Our feet walk once more a carpet of green dotted with flowers. Life's
cycle is retold

Through the changing of the four seasons and the passing of our many
years,

Sharing sunshine and shadows, heat and cold, with joy, gladness,
hopes, tears

I walk my meadow. In me it confides its frailties, while its strength is
secretly bold.

As intimate we are, the complexity of its personality is yet to be
completely told

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The Path

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

It weaves through grasses, milkweed, and clover sweet.
Wild roses bloom profusely, and daisies dot the way.
It winds its way to a shady glen, my own special retreat.
A place to be at rest, reflect, rejoice in living, and to pray.

Gentle winds sing softly through its tall waving tresses.
Bird nests hide in gnarled trees, sentinels beside the path.
Clothed emerald during spring. In fall it drops its dresses.
And magnificent sculptures of snow come with winter's blast.

It is worn smooth now, my feet having trod upon it many years.
As seasons pass, in all kinds of weather, amid joy, even strife,
I've here wound my way. It knows my smiles, absorbs my tears
Laughter, sunshine, rain, and sorrows. This path reflects my life!

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There is Fox in My Meadow

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Amongst the tangled weeds, vines, and bushes underneath the old
knarled tree He sits and watches. It is just beside the worn path
winding its way through the Wildflowers and tall grasses of the
meadow to the grove of trees at the back. It is a Perfect place for him,

really, with weathered logs hidden under the thick vegetation. They
Are fallen from the tree, the result of a long ago, forgotten storm.
There is a fox in my meadow!

There has been a hole tunneled into the ground under one of those
broken logs for years That has, in times past, been a haven to other
creatures. Its presence has always set my mind to wondering who
lives there? Other logs also provide shelter and hiding places for the
shy Critters of God's creation. This spot seems to call out to the wild
things to come and find Refuge and safety within its quiet world of
brush and bark. There is a fox in my meadow!

The knotted arms of the old tree stretch protectively over the ground.
It has weathered many A season here and seen much. What secrets
does it hold? What scenes of survival, both of life And of death,
amongst the animals of the field has it witnessed. If only it could talk!
How many Times has it bent its head in the teeth of a storm? Its fallen
members attest to the battles it has waged. It stands, like a sentinel in
the meadow, full of memories and character. There is a fox in my
meadow!

Beneath this ancient tree grow smaller, young trees whose tender
branches stretch upward to intertwine With its own. They knit
themselves together providing an impenetrable cover. Grape vines
and Elderberries weave through the jungle. Mysterious seems the
shadowy depths within their natural Shield. This place belongs to
nature and not to man! Lush milk weed, clover, wild rose, daisies,
thistle, and Queen Anne's Lace reach up to kiss the low hanging
leaves. There is a fox in my meadow!

This fox, who is he? What does he think about as he hides within this
sanctuary? Does he consider His family? Does he plan how he can
provide for them? Does he contemplate his night time Forays into the
field to catch rodents for them all to eat? Does his mouth water as he
remembers the taste of the mulberries upon which he feasts every

night from the ground in my grove of trees? Does He anticipate the times he will sit quietly at night and feel the wind in his fur? There is a fox in my meadow!

Who is he, this fox? He likes best the cover of the friendly night. He loves to be free and roam quietly through the meadow and field swishing its tall grasses against his glossy red coat. He gazes at the dark sky sprinkled with specks of light, and he dances with the moon. He sits under The grove of trees and waits for his supper to pass, and he drinks from the creek. He is not a killer by nature, he takes only what he needs. He is gentle and shy and seclusive. There is a fox in my meadow!

I feel somewhat akin to this fox. I, too, love my meadow. I, too, like to swish through its tall Grasses and eat the mulberries in my grove of trees. I, too, sometimes come to the meadow during the Friendly night and gaze at the dark sky sprinkled with specks of light and dance with the moon. I, too, Consider my family, and take only what I need. I, too, am gentle and, at times, shy and seclusive. We each Are aware of the other, the fox and I, and I have respect for him and he for me. There is a fox in my meadow!

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The Opus

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

I donned my coat and commenced a November walk when the day was yet young.
The tapestry of sky hovered. A study, it was of varying shades of gray and steel
Stretched onward to the horizon concealing the face of the vast expanse above
Causing breath from the heavens to sweep wildly across the

bare, dry fields at rest.

I heard it first, the sighing of the pines as an unseen hand plucked their strings.

Smaller trees, on the edge of the meadow, moaned with rushing forces of nature

While the sentinel sycamore's stark, silver branches etch the dark shrouded sky.

Amid this symphony, muted a rustle of tall, yellowed, bowing meadow grasses.

A dry leaf quickly danced, twirling to the music as it crackled over earth as it passed by.

I crunched across faded glories of a season gone, a reminder of the gentleness passed.

Faintly a lone cricket added his subdued voice to the tunes of this day's grand splendor.

Around me withered remains of the once bright summer blended in tones of browns.

It was the bigger trees, ones hiding the fox's den, bordering the field, forest at the back,

That roared a full crescendo of wind in its unleashed flurry, a sound stimulating the senses.

Bracing against invisible forces whirling through all in its wake, I relished this moment.

There's a peace, a deep knowing, in such solitude transporting beyond words to divulge.

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The Cricket Still Sings

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

In weather fair many come to wander my paths with voices merry
Drinking in its beauty with rejoicing. Then it is they long to tarry
When flowers dance with butterflies, and a balmy breeze caresses.
How wonderful to feel the kiss of the sun as the warm air blesses!

But few are they who tread this way when all is gray and dark
With flowers faded on their stems, and all seems dead and stark.
Dried leaves rustle in the wind beneath bare trees that etch the sky
While pewter clouds shroud the earth, and cold winter hovers nigh.

Only true friends stand with me when all of life has become muted.
Journeys with laughter bedecked with sun to most is much more
suited.

It takes those who know the heart no matter what has become my
season

To venture with me along drab paths, fellowship is enough of a
reason.

By November the meadow's appearance is naked, stripped, and
forlorn.

To casual a friend's passing its beauty is spent, and all life from it
shorn,

But to those who know how to walk in all the seasons, its joy still
rings.

Listen closely, my dear friend. Even in November the cricket still
sings!

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Muskmelon Moon

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

There it smiles at me low in the southwestern sky.
Looking upon it, my mind is turned to pondering
How autumn has blustered in bringing winter nigh.
Sparking a luscious feast of memories wandering
Through my mind's window of times and places
I've treasured within. My heart hums a joyful tune
Praising God's awesomeness and fathomless spaces.
While gazing this night upon a muskmelon moon.

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Dark November

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

As the sun slips into the horizon the sky turns pink, orange, azure.
Then light fades from the earth while night envelops. But be assured
It appears again at dawning! On the horizon a glow will be rising.
In between we see darkness. Yet always somewhere light is shining!

November brings days of darkness. Night falls early, shall it last?
A month of shadows only, then will not brightness return? Hold fast!
November only seems dark, hopeless because distantly light does
dance!

Light begins subtly to over come in December. Light has no
resistance!

In dark times remember! Darkness is but illusive. Light is only hiding.
In God even the darkness is light. And we are in Him ever abiding.
Light is somewhere always. With God there never is complete
despair.
God is light. He is with us always. With God naught else compares.

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November Rose

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Four tight buds on my rose bush, a promise of much to come.
Dreams in my heart awaiting the maturing and time to fulfill.
But crumbling about my feet is dust, and my spirit seems numb.
Dreams reduced to ashes, yet God the Lord of all is present still.

Three buds burst forth in roses blossoming the promise foretold.
Bringing joy, beauty and a harvest of life robust and blooming.
But one bud remains unawakened, no hope of its time to unfold.
Dreams dashed. Cherished hopes gone, withered by all assuming.

The cold winds blow around the bud, and life is shaken by its blast.
My heart gives up its dreams of joy despairing of fruition coming.
I close the door, seek no more the anticipations. No chance, its fate is cast
To live it is of naught this little bud, destined to death succumbing.

Life is harsh, there's no recourse. Some hopes come, but others
wither.
What expectations in that little bud, is gone like dreams that
evaporate.
I shall still rejoice whatever comes! In blooms or frost I'll not be bitter
Circumstances we cannot control. Choice is ours to let love penetrate.

Submit your dreams. Surrender all. Put your life into the One who
keeps.
Delight in Him. and you will find He gladly lavishes your heart's
desires.

Through freezing storms He who watches over you neither slumbers
nor sleeps.

Life as it comes accept from Him. Mercy, justice, humility is all life
requires.

But what is this? Beyond ourselves, the author of creation speaks
breath!

After the blast gentle breezes caress, and a miracle of life burst to
bloom!

The little bud opens yet! Warm sunshine, like love, is stronger than
death.

A rose more beautiful than all the rest! Joy triumphs through the
gloom!

Ah yes! Even in bleak November, warmth brings the bud to beautiful
life!

Could this be true? Can Love do this? Can hopes once more be
renewed, relit?

Can dreams come again despite broken hearts, and pain and cold and
strife?

It must be so! Here joyfully shining is the rose! New hope! Always
look for it!

If God can do this for a rose bud, Just think what He can do for you
and me!

May the eyes of our hearts be opened to see the hope to which we are
called.

The power of His love resurrects within us new life and from despair
sets free.

Rely on His love, know Him by wisdom, revelation, and you'll bloom
enthralled.

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The Blizzard

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

White so thick you cannot see
Sky, and earth, the air the same.
Nature wild untamed and free
Blizzard storms arrived untamed.

Landscape transformed with surprise.
Spiraled snow dance winter breeze.
Sculptured mountain's beauty arise!
Western winds swirl snow to tease.

A million sparkles glisten brilliant
From the sun on fresh new snow.
Nature's show unspoiled, resilient
A whole new world for us to know,

How amazing for the moment
All is changed before our eyes!
Made of billion crystals sent.
Each unique! A blanket lays.

God in wind and ice the artist is.
Carving sculptures in the snow.
The earth and sky both are His.
In awe the storm His power know

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A Winter's Twilight

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

West beyond my large window, resplendent with icicles,

As light quietly wanes and the peace of twilight gathers,
Develops intricately a study in variegating shades of gray.
Each slender twig of the maple's bare, shapely branches
Etches themselves upon a backdrop of a cloud billowing.
Like a plume of smoke its pewter mass broods upward
Nudging boldly into the contrasting hues of gray blue sky
Hovering o'r all like a gigantic bowl spilling the eventide.

Tall, encircling pines stand sentinel majestic, dark, forms
Outlined against fading heavens. Their strength a presence.
Hiding within the shadows, a tree is swallowed by the dusk.
Devoid of leaves feathery arms of a bush shiver in the wind
Brushing upon a mantel of muted white blanketing the earth
Spreading past trees and fence across vast fields to the horizon.
Gradually the gloaming dims, deepening the magnificent scene.
Transfixed, night's mystery descends enfolding all in its arms.

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The Essence of the Day

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

The rosy orb nestled in the clouds resting on the horizon.
Its vibrant flame brushing their wispy gray a gentle red.
The glowing heavens painted orange against deep blue
Filtered through the bare tree branches and feathery pine.
Earlier in the day this same orb shone on the deep snow
Causing its millions of brilliant diamonds to glisten
And the long icicles to sparkle with crystals and gems.
Slowing the ball sank and was swallowed by the earth
Pulling night's shade down as it went. Darkness reigned.
Yet even in the darkness resides the essence of glory of the day.

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Gems of Moonlight

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Wakened in the peaceful stillness of winter
And stood by a window long before dawn.
Darkness enveloped me outside and within
A shadowy beyond mantled by muted snow.
Still I saw them encompassed by a cold night
Gracing it like strands of crystallized pearls.
Each string bedecked in gems of clear light-
Icicles illuminated softly by pale moon glow.

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Shadowy Winter Night

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Quiet reigns in stillness. Curtain of darkness falls.
Sound is muffled by snowy blankets. Winter calls.
Moon silver filters, shimmers casting shadows pale
From silhouette objects on earth's white carpeted dale.

Gentle shallows, darken patterns, on snowy brow.
Cold night reigns in muted wonder in rest allow.
Silence undisturbed whispered peace settles round.
Little bunny feeds in hiding on the frozen ground.

Stealthily on padded feet the fox in the night preys
Survival of bitter winters peace and safety betrays.
Little bunny will you be safe? Quiet beauty deceives.
Hunger, a common bond for all on earth who breathes.

Yet God decrees the ways of nature. Dare we ask?
To feed the wild ones and provide is God's task.
Rabbits munch branches. Foxes on rabbits dine.
Snowy meadows darkened in pale moon light shine.

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Winter's Ending

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Mightily it roars about. In its power it boasts with pride.
Surging round roof and eaves gustily it swirls and moans
I won't be subdued! Gathering strength the night it rides!
Its haughty voice, through heavy veils of white, fiercely groans.
Proclaiming to all nature boldly, I won't release my icy grip!
But the frigid blasts shall be tamed. Gentleness is yet stronger.
Vain loftiness may bluff its gallant rage, but softly in will slip
Sweetness to quietly conquer and pride shall reign no longer.

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From Slumber to Sleep

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

From its deep winter's slumber
The world woke up this today.
Breezes carried the bird songs
And sunshine frolicked in play.

Slowly the sun rode the sky
Then quietly it descended

Below the rim of the fields.
Peace with joy within attended.

Then softly I climbed into bed
As night wrapped gently about,
And through the window pane
The rising moon winked at me.

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Symphony of March

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

This day has a song as I go along. It is sung in the trees brought to life
by the breeze,
The symphony of March! Its voice is sweet like a rhapsody complete
through the window
Sighing crying spring is here! A concerto of a bird that exceeds
expression of a word,
An opus of new life! Mourning of a dove on a branch above mingles
with the joy of a lark.

Carrying the melody are the pines echoing a sonata of the signs of
change. It builds to crescendo, Then calms to a pianissimo, and
conducted by cherubim. Oh, what a grand master piece is this!
The bird again serenades amid wakening blades of grass, and the
faintest etude rustles a bush.
Across bare fields, not a hint of coming yields, frolics wind
orchestrating this overture to spring
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The Wind Song

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Darkness blankets the earth in friendly night
Stars wink from the inky heavens, all is right.
But the air pulsates with nature's voices strong
As over newly plowed ground sighs the wind song

The wind song prevails in this darkened world.
A crescendo of melody to all creatures unfurled.
The night breaths alive with a rhapsody of wind.
All creation nods its head. Nature is undisciplined.

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All is Well

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

The crescent moon peeks above a cloud blanket as it floats over the pines.
In the shadows the trees emerge out of the darkness peaceful and inviting
Giving their voice to the spring night, light breezes caressing infant leaves
And rustles the new growth of emerging tiger lilies and honeysuckle vines.

The only other sounds on this April air are those of a frog's faint chorus
As they sing in the meadow pond after it flooded from rains a week ago.
Nestled among pines, vines, bushes, and trees many birds are sleeping.
They are quiet now, but all day their songs fill the world with joy for all.

Along the meadow path night creatures stealthily pad seeming
an illusion

Leaving behind their foot prints embeded in the mud to say they were
here.

For most, however, its a time to rest, restore, and refresh from the
day's toil

God gives His loved ones sleep. Weariness bows to peace with no
intrusion.

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Raspberry Time

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

It was raspberry time in early July when we laid my Mother to rest.
Grandchildren and great grands gathered were purple from the feast.
Sunshine, sunflowers, and honeysuckle with Queen Anne's lace the
best.

Dragon flies danced to bird songs celebrating her life gave us a peace.

The rose that budded in November as we learned her time was near
Then bloomed in cold December with a hope for her life ever on
going.

Blossomed eight exquisite beauties at her passing to dry away our
tears.

Death again is swallowed up in life, a promise from God is our
knowing.

Ninety seven summers past of love and giving, she lived a long, full
life.

Spreading joy and sunshine with service to many who loved her dear.

Yet her life was hard with troubles. Now she's home free of all her strife.

Day was dawning as she departed. Her spirit rose into the sunrise clear.

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Friendship in Fence Row Trees

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

On leafy branches of lofty trees that tickles the sky along the fence
row

Two sets of brothers on afternoons after tending hogs and bailing hay
In summer, amid haze and heat waiting for the cool when the sun sinks
low.

Surveyed the panorama stretching below. Contented were they in the
day.

A breeze, dancing with soybeans, rattled the corn and swirled up into
the trees

To rustle leaves, muss the hair, kiss tanned cheeks and the sweat
stained brows

Of the boys while birds oft shared their branches a song to sing. Far
below bees

Hummed among Queen Anne's Lace. A hawk circled above amid
cottony clouds.

Backs against the old tree trunks and legs dangling down, of the day
they spoke

And events just passed. A joke, a laugh, and then their thoughts went
wandering.

No secrets lay hidden between these four. Troubles were unburdened
up in the oaks.

Or they'd plot their next escapade, talk of girls, and of their futures

much pondering..

The boys are gone now all turned into men. Most fence row trees are cut to the ground.

Years came and have faded away, but friendship remains forever and always shall last.

Today crickets still sing on the summer breeze and cicada across the vast fields resound

Children now romp in the grasses and their fathers gather to reminisce of days long past

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When the Sun Hides Its Face

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

When the sun hides its face, its eye lids close
And darkness descends upon a weary world
Awakening moon kisses earth in blushing glows
And Stars wink in endless seas of majestic swirls

Like phantoms in the darkness breathing a sigh
Velvety images emerge waving leafy tendrils of lace
Bathed in pale silver the familiar appears quiet, shy
In a shadowy world surroundings change their face

Just above a whisper is the song of the night
Muted crickets mix with an owl's haunting cry.
Pondering this splendor gives my dreams flight
God provides refreshment and His love is nigh

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The Secret of the Night

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

The night has a secret all its own.
The fireflies winks it at the stars.
Crickets hum the hushed tale home,
While frogs echo the remaining bars.

Silhouetted trees hide tiny birds dreaming.
Yet there is a flutter of wings in the pines.
A pale moon whispers over the streaming.
A whippoorwill trills its melodious rhymes.

Stillness hovers keeping the secret for the night.
Through swaying grasses muted rumor is breezed.
The world is hushed, darkness concealing the light.
A mystery, a wonder! But our senses are only teased.

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In the Depths

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Quietly a small pool lay within the hollow of a shady glen.
It was to the trees and flowers a glimpse of heaven lent.
The righteous live by trust alone, its fruit manifests peace.
Confidence in the Lord, this strength all of stress release.

Sparkling it winks to merry sun but cloaked by shadowy sky.
Surface reflects life's circumstance but truth in depth is shy.

Surroundings are mirrored on the face an appearance to keep.
Hidden are the heart's secrets. What is buried in the deep?

What lays beneath the surface? Is it doubts, frets and fears?
Or is it well won battles forged through pain, sweat, and tears?
Below the surface of the pool there is a life by others unseen.
Its beauty or stain cannot be fathomed. For eternity is its sheen.

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Lean Into the Wind

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Fierce winds howl. Over the seas it moans.
Heaving waves swell and in trouble groans.
With oceans in turmoil and visibility low,
Its then we can be strengthened and also grow.

We must face troubles squarely, straight in the eye.
Even if evil advances and wickedness draws nigh.
The Lord is our salvation when we're hard pressed.
Like birds hovering over, He is our shield, our rest.

But its the set of our sails, the direction of our rudder
That determines our outcome one way or the other.
Its by the choices we make as our days come and go.
Do we aim for righteousness or to evil do we sow?

He longs to be gracious, our strength ever dawning
Though waters be troubled and waves yet yawning.
Our guide, our navigation must be firmly His Word.
Then even in darkness our outcome can be assured.

If our course is set right, safe harbor we'll know.
Usward towards the Lord storm winds will blow.
In times of distress there's nothing frailty can do
But trim our sails and set our rudder firm and true.
Then lean into the wind!

Scripture paraphrased from Isaiah 33

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What Does It Mean?

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Bits of memory, like threads that bind,
Dance in and out through the mist of time.
Woven under, through the fabric of life
Some mundane, others joy, some of strife.
There are red ones and gold also the gray.
No one knows how or the why or the way.
The experiences of youth is written on its page.
The view of wisdom comes only through age.
An old acquaintance, an event long past
Still in our minds they may linger and last.
One day in time resounds then reflects another.
Tid bit learned, remembered, helps a brother.
The significance of a treasure we know not what
Until later in time when they arise unsought.
Small happenings, casual friends, a little thing,
Great joy, or deep sorrow what will their result bring?
All the meaning we may not know until the end
Of the good, bad, lean and maybe not even then.
Unimportant things may turn out to be a key.
Acquaintances, experiences are destined to be.

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A Piece of Thread

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

At birth God entrusts us with a bit of thread, and as we pass each day our gift begins to weave.

Choices He grants us of different patterns. We may follow our discretion, or yield our lives to Him.

Our way draws us, entices but it proves lofty with empty heights. But if in Him we decide to believe

Our thread becomes part of His great tapestry within an eternal plan that nothing can ever dim.

Beauty is created as God makes our steps secure. Lured by self our masterpiece only we hold dear.

We envision our self achieving a noble goal, but can our finite minds God's purpose comprehend?

We see but dust, yet God's ways are observed but in a mirror.

Clouded, their reflection is unclear.

What we are accomplishing do we begin to understand? Is it the same as we dream or pretend?

Weaving in, out with others, our threads become entwined by Him the infinite weaver of all souls.

He fashions us together, His priceless masterpiece, one we dare not glimpse until at last in eternity.

Amazed we shall gaze upon it. Something humanity could not perceived as around us life unfolded.

Each bit thread is vital. Yet of our threads we must not boast.
Remember alas He also used a donkey

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The Legacy

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

We are born into this world, and then we die. Is it nothing more?
Dust to dust, and new generations fill our place. Are we forgotten?
What is life? Is it dreams, hopes, deeds, love, hate, relationships.
Honor, dishonor, value or all entwined? What is life's true meaning?

Heirlooms once needed, held, and cherished by those who
lived before:

A cup, a plate, tools, a ring, a broach, or perhaps tree planted, or a
rose.

Objects used by loved ones passed on to younger hands now grown
old.

They remain reminding us of times long ago, while the people are no
more.

We treasure keepsakes remembering the laughter or even tears they
bore.

But what is of real value? What is the true measure of our
inheritances?

Its good knowing this was Mother's. Better yet embrace the substance
she gave.

Is it the leaving behind of things, or the imprint upon our life
engraved forever?

As I trudge along, I also leave my trail behind me. Will others desire
to follow?

Will my legacy be worth the treasure? Will I leave behind but a cup
or plate?
Or will I leave a character to be cherished by those generations who
come after?
Is life but dust, objects, blooms, keepsakes? What legacy will linger
when I rest ?

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My Life is Like a River

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Oh my life is like a river currents swift, sometimes its slow.
Always changing ever flowing through sands of time it does go.
Sometimes its full and deep, in times of draught it is dry.
Other times its cold and frozen. Sometimes it laughs beneath the sky.

I can skip with a sunbeam, dance with a breeze on a windy day.
Silver pools of pale moon light in the darkness guides my way.
And as ripples from a pebble spread beyond it far and wide
So His love ripples out around me for in Him I do abide.

Through rocks my water plunges clouded by mud and much debris.
I long for sparkling waters my Lord cleanses and sets me free.
When storms they pelt and swamp me, and torrents swiftly flow
I will trust my God in heaven troubles' purposes He knows.

More life flows yet before me. Where it beckons I know I'll go.
There are hard times yet to flow through, much joy I'm still to know.
And each dawning the sun it rises, and it sets to end the days.
And my Lord gives beauty for ashes, and for mourning He gives
praise.

And when my life on earth is over, it may seem to be an end; But as the river's course is winding, my life will only bend. And my waters will flow forever. I can hope for nothing less.

A spring of life wells up within me Messiah's Blood gives me righteousness.

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The Little Girl Danced

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Keeping vigil in the midst of the bean field a big oak tree swayed lazily in the breeze.

The heat of the summer's day hung heavy while cricket choruses floated on the wind

Beneath the tree's sheltering brow laid dead the little girl. Nothing her fate could ease.

Years she remained curled under that tree. She knew it was impossible to be rid her sin

She had shouted to the heavens, screamed until she was hoarse all alone under that tree.

God does any one love me? Please send someone to love me! Am I worthy to be loved?

But no answer came except the beating later and condemnation. That's all there was to be.

Blackness enfolded the little girl. Icy death encased her heart Silence echoed from above

The little girl continued breathing and moving, but life was entangled by death from that day

Yet no one knew or seemed to care. She was told she was bad and punishment she deserved

All her fears, loneliness and grief were over looked, and her guilt! Overwhelmed death stayed.
Why did Daddy die? If she had been a better child, he would still be here, his life preserved.

It was her fault, there was no denying it. Her Mother's grief, and her uncle. aunt the same
Weighed heavy on her. Adults came and comforted one another, but she was only a child.
Children are young, they get over things, Ignored she, felt invisible in the crowd who came
To mourn at the casket. She knew for years he was dying. Be brave, be good, don't act wild!

She reached out to him touching his beloved hand Shocked, stunned, it was cold and hard
Daddy was no more! The reality of death sunk deep. She tried to be brave, but failed as always.
People swirled about, and life continued around her. Love towards her heart was tightly barred.
She had not been good. She had been too wild. She knew her actions caused his death that day.

The little girl could not cry! All the adults hugged and cried, but the little girl walked in a daze.
That his death had come was relief. The cloud of its impending doom was lifted. But he was gone.
Why couldn't she cry? That guilt entombed her too. She knew about death, but not of such haze.
His illness frightened her, but life without him was beyond knowing. Now where did she belong?

The house resounded hollow, forlorn, empty to the little girl shadowed in dim light of winter
As the evening darkened gusty blasts of bitter wind rattled the windows casting chilly gloom.
Fears loomed in the little girl's imagination. Memories haunted her

while life seemed sinister
Walking home alone, Daddy no longer greeted her with his smile. The house reflected a tomb

People talked to her. Told her to behave. No one asked about her.
Could she admit her guilt?
Her aunt said she needed a strong hand! Others advised her Mother to be firm and not give in.
Only Hazel understood, but her words came after months when the wall of pain was firmly built
With Mother at work or out with friends, the child's life was a lonely fragment shrouded in her sin/

Her mother's life had always been difficult. Yet she was faithful to give of her very best for others
Now life was overwhelming and her sorrow frightened the little girl who vowed not to hurt her, too
Hadn't she hastened her father's demise. It seemed she could only do harm! She feared for mother.
The weight carried by the little girl was crushing. Yet no one tried to understand, and no one knew.

And what about God? Where was He? Jesus loves me this I know, the little girl knew from infancy.
She remembered the warmth of her Daddy's love as it soothed her tiny heart. But Daddy didn't stay!
Now all those in her world seemed distant, remote, knotted in their own pain showing complacency.
Am I worthy of love? Does any one love me? God send someone to love me brought more dismay!

At school her teachers were patient, and most were kind but many of the children could not relate.
Some reached out to the little girl, but the child withdrew deep inside herself hiding, sealing the door
A vice of despair clamped relentlessly over the fragile gossamer veil of her life. Was this to be her fate?

A visiting pastor prayed for the little girl one day, and slowly a faint warmth crept into her to restore.

Tiny pin pricks of light stabbed her inky abyss, and gradually gray dawn tiptoed into her small valley
Happiness came with new adventures. Life moved forward with hope.
Then the child became a woman
And Little Girl lay mostly forgotten deep, a distant place where the woman's memories dared not dally
Yet unknown, entangled in her life, Little Girl remained forever dead under a tree in the field did stand

But God did not forget! He heard Little Girl's plaintive cry that summer's day beneath the tree in the field
God isn't slow to answer prayers as some understand slowness. His timing perfect deliverance brings
One day He called to the woman and showed her the child under the tree telling her. "I am your shield!"
I Who am awesome in glory doing wonders covers you with my feathers. Your refuge is under my wings!

The woman could barely look upon Little Girl, but Yeshua Himself gently walked to the dead child.
He sat down beside her and caressed her face. But she did not respond. Yet He remained by her side.
Days, weeks, months went by, while Little Girl lay frozen on the ground with the Lord meek and mild.
Infinitesimal signs of life gradually manifested in Little Girl as Yeshua continued to console all her strife

One day Little Girl opened her eyes and vacantly stared. She was afraid to trust. Was He really there?
Yeshua touched her arm tenderly soothing her with life.. Eventually she slowly sat up and looked about.
He smiled at her, and she could not believe He'd come! Could there be a hope for her beyond despair?

All those years of Little Girl's aloneness. He only understood and knew. He was telling her not to doubt.

He never once left her, never forsook her. He felt every agony, every punishing blow, and He also cried.

He told her He carried every bit of her pain as He was pierced and crushed for her. He knew her name.

He is a man of sorrows acquainted with grief so she needn't suffer. He is her Daddy God in Him abide.

His own grief was overwhelming seeing her bearing needless guilt. He paid the price for all her shame.

She let Him take her in His arms and hold her. There the marble walls of her prison gradually crumbled.

Yet Little Girl still could not trust true love. Why did you wait? Why did no one respond before now?

This is not for you to know, Little Girl. My ways are not like yours. You will not fall yet you stumbled.

This is of my perfect plan. I paid your price by my own Blood to set you free when they beat my brow.

"My awesome God! You never left?" "Be not dismayed, my hand upheld, strengthened you all the way

I took your place when they falsely accused. I took your place as you were beaten for crying out in pain.

You took blame that was not your own. You were your Daddy's joy, delight! His death you did delay

I gave you your life, and it is a blessing. Go forth! Live for me! I took on myself all your earthly stain.

"You believed in me, continued to trust through the years though you saw no answers to your prayer

Perfect love casts out fear. Fear has to do with punishment, but I took your punishment! Do not fear!

Because you love me, I rescued and kept you. You called on my Name, and in your trouble I was there

Though you see not, rely on my love! I'm your salvation, deliverer."

Little Girl's eyes filled with tears

Little Girl began to understand. Then I saw I am Little Girl! And she has been forgiven. I am forgiven!

I hated my being by believing a lie. This is the sin I bore. I didn't harm my Daddy. His life I enhanced!

Little Girl jumped up while exuberance filled her heart! Death rolled from her. New life at last was risen!

Will you dance with me lover of my soul? He was there offering His arm. And the Little Girl Danced!

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How to Capture a Mouse or The Best Laid Plans of Mice and Man; -
A True Story

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

There is a creature, common to us all, that can leave havoc in its wake.

While stealthily invading our homes and lives, unwanted it can make

A full grown adult run screaming from its path! It can enter our house

Even when sealed up tight. It is the awesome, tiny, gray field mouse.

You can nail your windows shut and padlock all your doors,

Seal up your foundation, and sweep clean all your floors;

But still it enters in to take up abode in any cranny or nook.

It panhandles, plays hide and seek. Oh, you can't find it if you look!

They build nests in your dryer vent, or between your walls, or a drawer.

Then you find them in a teapot on the stove, your shoe, or other

horror

Places! You know you are under siege; so you try to rid yourself lest

The place be over taken by this uninvited, super intelligent, little pest.

But how do you capture a mouse? At first the task may seem easy.

Poison? No, for they die in the wall, and the smell leaves you queasy. How about a trap? We are told that with a bit of cheese they do the job.

But mice are experts on how to keep the trap from tripping while the bait robs.

Mice are also schooled on how to avoid the temptation of the trap. They are cunning and smarter than we, and our patience they sap. You can try more tempting bait as the traditional cheese doesn't work. But they will not be lured. They avoid the obvious, and still they lurk!

To try to fool the mouse always keeps you on your toes.

Some locations for the trap could end up on the baby's nose!

You could get a cat! They are a pet that is supposed to be so nice.

Yet ours was so well fed, it became lazy and refused to eat mice.

At this point the frustration becomes so great you are ready to try a gun.

But this isn't the best. It could damage other things, and that's no fun.

There are stories of mouse chases at our house that are most exciting!

We corner them behind furniture, but they still find an escape inviting.

So it all comes down to outsmarting this calculating, difficult beast.

Thrice I have succeeded! Once I found one in my dish water, a feast

Of greasy pans! It was treading water trying desperately to survive.

I capped him with another pan. He sank, and of his life he was deprived!

Next I lured one into a cabinet, shut the door, and ended it with a broom.

The last time I surprised one on the toilet seat when my fearful presence did loom.

I scared him so badly he fell in and I flushed him away! Good-bye mouse!

So it takes equal stealth to conquer and be rid of this invader that comes into your house!

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The Defenders of Bataan and Corrigedor

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

The niece of m/Sgt LeRoy Anderson 192 Tank Company 1st Armor Division. Regular Army Bataan

Selfless sacrifice crimson stained in blood and bathed with tears, the price of freedom isn't free.

The flower of youth mercilessly lost in its bud at the Rock of Corrigedor, and steamy Bataan.

Starved, sick, abandoned, battle weary, outnumbered helplessly their backs against the sea.

Brutal, cruel, ruthless the conquerors, the best of our men languished an eternity on Luzon.

Eradicating goodness with demented fury crazed warriors infused the world in seething assault.

With fiendish delight the haughty invaders crushed the placid splendor with bellicose tyranny.

A pall of foreboding from a kingdom of evil a world teetered and writhed in agony of turmoil

The sky reflecting terror, the earth weeping blood, humanity whirled
in ghastly catastrophe.

In tangled jungles of fire, lit bright by the canon, shrouded in smoke
from antiquated guns,
They held through long months to save the free world hopelessly
waiting for promises vain.
Provisions, food, and medicine gone, roots, chattering monkeys
became soup for our sons.
The injured and sick hidden in caves together they gallantly enduring
the senseless profane.

They called themselves battling bastards of Bataan with no mama no
papa no Uncle Sam.
Written off by Washington, left to their own with no pomp no
circumstance, no brass bands,
And the land of the free so far away, they walked through hell like
those that are damned.
Shoulder to shoulder with brave Filipino troops they held the enemy
with fragile strands.

Facing slaughter, starvation, myriad's of diseases, surrender loomed
dark as their only hope.
Destroying the remnant of their valiant army, they to a cruel fate
unknowingly descended.
Promised fair treatment they embarked on a horror beyond
imagination's faintest scope.
Beside their Filipino brothers in arms, they trudged out to anguished
memories lamented.

The march of death, in endless columns, took six grueling days of
sun, heat, and relentless thirst
Littered by the dead stretched on for miles beneath unchecked rage of
their captors gruesome gore.
Beheaded, bayoneted, bloated their blood rivulets mingled together
while life from them burst.

The captors' unmerciful stigma of disgrace, the vile scorn of surrender, they defenselessly bore.

At San Fernando doors banged shut on a fated death train sealed to darkness and endless delay.
Humid hours compacted each breath agony in airless stench, while rumbling onward to Capas.
Nightmares of terror! Hearts pierced to the core. They moaned, wailed as one man, and prayed.
They staggered into Camp O'Donnel in a numbing vice forgotten, forsaken lost in empty dust.

Then fell the Rock strategic fortress of Manila. Down hurled the proud strips and the stars.
The bastions of freedom trembled and shook, and fluttering on the breeze rose the Rising Sun.
Three years and more Americans and allies rotted forever behind barbed wire and metal bars.
Tortured, slain, slaves to an empire of morbid brutality no mercy to the brave ever was done.

Cabanatuan, Puerto Princea, Davao, Bilibid on Luzon, Mindanao, and Palawan Island
Names indelibly seared into human blood, flesh, and sinew as if brazenly chiseled in stone.
Guards only caring each morning who died and who still breathed of the pathetic band.
For small infraction, and none at all, they were disemboweled, buried alive, and crushed of bone.

Under harsh yokes they cleared jungles, built bridges,, roads, airstrips, and buried their dead
That washed from shallow graves to be gnawed by dogs. Ghosts silently beckoned the living.
Naked, walking skeletons, bones protruding through hide they slaved eternally in a living dread.

A bond of caring, brothers in strife, survived by sharing faint bits of life in a sacrifice of giving.

Treatment inhumane, ignoring Geneva Convention, cruelty stretched on in protracted years.

Filipino resistance in invisible network sustained and encouraged and paid with their lives.

Under unthinkable conditions, depth of human endurance, they bore unending barbaric sneers.

United together they kept flickering the flame of freedom amid the horrors and crushing strife.

Then in power the Yanks came back! MacArthur's long promised return to sink the Rising Sun.

Striding through Leyte surf it began. Bombs at Lingayen Gulf marked the Luzon invasion.

Eliminate all POWs the Japanese decreed. Barbaric insanity a command of defiant act brazen

Fear gripped the weakened at the mercy of a culture that honored no logical sense of persuasion.

Herded from piers into cramped, smelly holds, they descending to a greater chaos, the hell ships.

Emaciated bodies pressed tightly together, and with hatches closed, darkness engulfed then all.

Baking in tubs of metal, their tortured shrieks pierced the black shroud through parched lips.

For an eternity they sailed, human waste rising to their knees, in conditions of putrid appalling.

Into their unmarked ships blasted torpedoes from subs and planes to their countrymen ascribed.

Plunged into watery graves so weak few survived, yet to some it was the blessed promised release.

Only nine remained from the Arisan Maru. But they sang God Bless America before they died.

Yet for all their suffering, the flames of freedom sparked slowly and a

tiny hope revived of peace.

Bravely, alone, they held the line, precious time a gift. Their surrender was a victory in disguise.

The allied forces rebuilt, regrouped. They ventured back, yet far too late for most of the defenders.

But had they not held, the free world would be lost, and eventually it meant the Japanese demise.

To dare to destroy all that is noble, to march to a code of powerful hate is left to the pretenders.

History makes people. People make history. Their world shaped them. They changed the world.

With the American dream planted in their breast, they endured by God's grace on bended knee.

Paying the price for our freedom, they forgot how to live free being cloaked in wretched captivity.

Selfless sacrifice crimson stained in blood and bathed with tears, the price of freedom isn't free.

Dedicated to all the Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor WW II The Philippines

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