

Wordsworth for pensioners

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Two metres from the madding crowd
When all at once my name was called
To enter Waitrose hallowed hall.

This was the pensioners' special hour.
I'd gone to get a bag of flour.
But I forgot, when through the door,
What I had gone to Waitrose for.

The Waitrose staff are extra kind.
I told them it had slipped my mind.
They asked what else I had forgot
They clearly thought I'd lost the plot.

I phoned my wife again to ask.
She reminded me of this special task:
"I need some flour to bake a cake
with all that cream you made me take."

"Ah yes I recall" I had to lie.
I dared not ask what flower to buy
But then I saw them next the tills
a bunch of golden daffodils!

Be Happy, Not Perfect

There is no such things as perfect.
Where did the word come from?
The perfect husband, the perfect job
the perfect house, the perfect marriage.

We are all human, living in a human world.
Most are nice, sincere, loving, even kind.
But perfect causes such unhappiness.

Perfect is unreal, untouchable.
Accept good, well done and wonderful.
Do your best, be your best.
There is no such things as perfect.
Be happy, not perfect.

By Patricia Walter

Be At Peace With Yourself

Be at peace with yourself
be at peace with the world.
Let your anger, hurt and problems of the day
go down with the sun each night.
Let joy, happiness and hope
rise in your heart with the sun each morning.
Be at peace with yourself
be at peace in your world.

By Patricia Walter

Joyous Thoughts

Love
with a quiet heart
Speak
with a soft word
Surround
with gentle arms
See
with kind eyes
Live
with joyous thoughts

By Patricia Walter

Why Me?

If you have to ask ***Why me?***
When you're feeling really blue,
When the world has turned against you
And you don't know what to do,
When it pours colossal raindrops,
And the road's a winding mess,
And you're feeling more confused
Than you ever could express,

When the saddened sun won't shine,
When the stars will not align,
When you'd rather be
Inside your bed,
The covers pulled

Above your head,
When life is something
That you dread,
And you have to ask **Why me?** . . .

Then when the world seems right and true,
When rain has left a gentle dew,
When you feel happy being you,
Please ask yourself, **Why me?** then, too.

By Barbara Vance

Don't Wait

Don't wait for tomorrow
Do it all today
If tomorrow never comes
You'll never regret a day

By Amy D Liskey
