

#3 To My Sweet Wife

(Mature Readers ONLY)

What is love? One often asks.

It is to rise to certain tasks.

To give thyself to others' needs

Including taking thy husbands' seeds!

p.s. I hope you snicker!

For when we give unselfishly

It opens our eyes so we can see

That love means comforting your married mate

And not demanding that he wait!

p.s. I hope you snickering again!

I think you are!

Because one never knows the timing of God.

To us it usually seems so odd

When He will call one to His side.

For to **His will** we must abide.

This poem was written

on a card that said:

"I don't know which I like more...

Your hugs or your kisses!"

We have no rights to call our own.

His endless **love** we should have known

Means to serve His children **when we can**

And make ourselves **His** biggest fan.

On inside page:

To help me decide, maybe you better

give me a hug and a kiss...Sorry, still

can't decide.

Better do it again.

Dang, it's still too close to call!!!

Okay, one last time...

For life is short, and sin is sure,

And Jesus Christ the only cure.

To strive to do His perfect will

May often seem a bitter pill.

But **if** we look beyond ourselves

We'll see the Spirit in which He dwells;

Which is COMPASSION and GRACE and above all LOVE

To do without question His will from above!

LOVE, RICH

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