

Therapy Humans

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Stories, comments, observations and artwork to encourage us to love and serve others. As a therapy dog is educated and trained to serve humans and show loyalty to his master, so also should we as humans love and serve God and others.

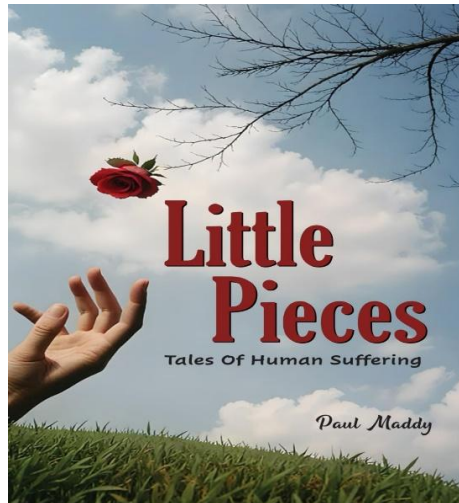
“Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one’s life for his friends.” John 15:13

“So, in everything, do to others what you would have them do to you...” Matthew 7:12 (NIV)

“Then the King will say to those on his right, ‘Come, you who are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave me food, I was thirsty, and you gave me drink, I was a stranger, and you welcomed me, I was naked, and you clothed me, I was sick, and you visited me, I was in prison, and you came to me.

“Then the righteous will answer him, saying, ‘Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink?’ When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothed you? When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?

“The King will reply, ‘I tell you the truth, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me’ “Matthew 25: 34-40



Little Pieces

It's so very hard to die in little pieces,
 Not by cancer ravaged over time,
 Or by bullet suffered grievous wound,
 But by hateful act or cruel word,
 Tiny bits of tissue rot from human bone.

It's so very hard to die in little pieces,
 Not from thirst for lack of water,
 Or from starvation for not a morsel to eat,
 But for lack of a mother's kiss
 Or for the presence of a father's love.

It's so very hard to die in little pieces,
 Bruise by bruise, blow by blow,
 Tissue torn, skin burned deep, broken bone,
 All alone, completely forgotten.
 It's so very hard to die in little pieces.

A collection of four short stories and poems. Shock: An idyllic day of rest on the beach is shattered by tragedy which results in a phantasmagoric travel through time. Abused: Do the child victims of abuse grow up to be abusers or are they able to overcome their past? Andy is born to an abusive parent. His life follows the tragic script which is interrupted by good fortune. But will it be enough? Letters to Jesus from the Grave: The dead plead their case with Jesus from the grave. The Minister: A disabled child gives the appearance of avoiding reality which is hurtful to his mother and confuses his father as he lives a secret life in the open.

“A debut volume of short stories and poems explores the impact of human suffering. Maddy’s greatest strength is his storytelling...” —Kirkus Review **Available on Amazon**

A thought is a precious thing and should never be wasted, diluted, or polluted with groupthink.

Just because I choose to remain at home alone does not mean the door is locked and the windows are closed.

Less is better, and a lot is much too much.

A true friend is one with whom you can sit in complete silence and feel perfectly at ease.

If you do not stop talking, the music will never begin.

If you cannot shut up, a thought will never appear.

If you cannot shut up long enough to listen to a child, then why should I bother to listen to you?

Too often a conversation is one person talking and the other thinking about what they are going to say. No one is listening, and nothing is gained.

If a tree falls in the forest and there is no one around, does it make a sound?

Answer: When a tree falls, it compresses air which travels until it reaches a sound receptor (eardrum) which interprets it as a tree falling, or, perhaps, something else (a gust of wind). So, when a tree falls, it does not make a sound until someone is listening.

When a person speaks, sound waves are emitted, but sound does not actually occur until someone is listening. Therefore, there is or is not a conversation.

God hears us even when we pray and never say a word. He understands.

Patience is a virtue, not a curse.

I have never witnessed an argument between my mother and father. They were both primarily introverts who did a lot of listening.

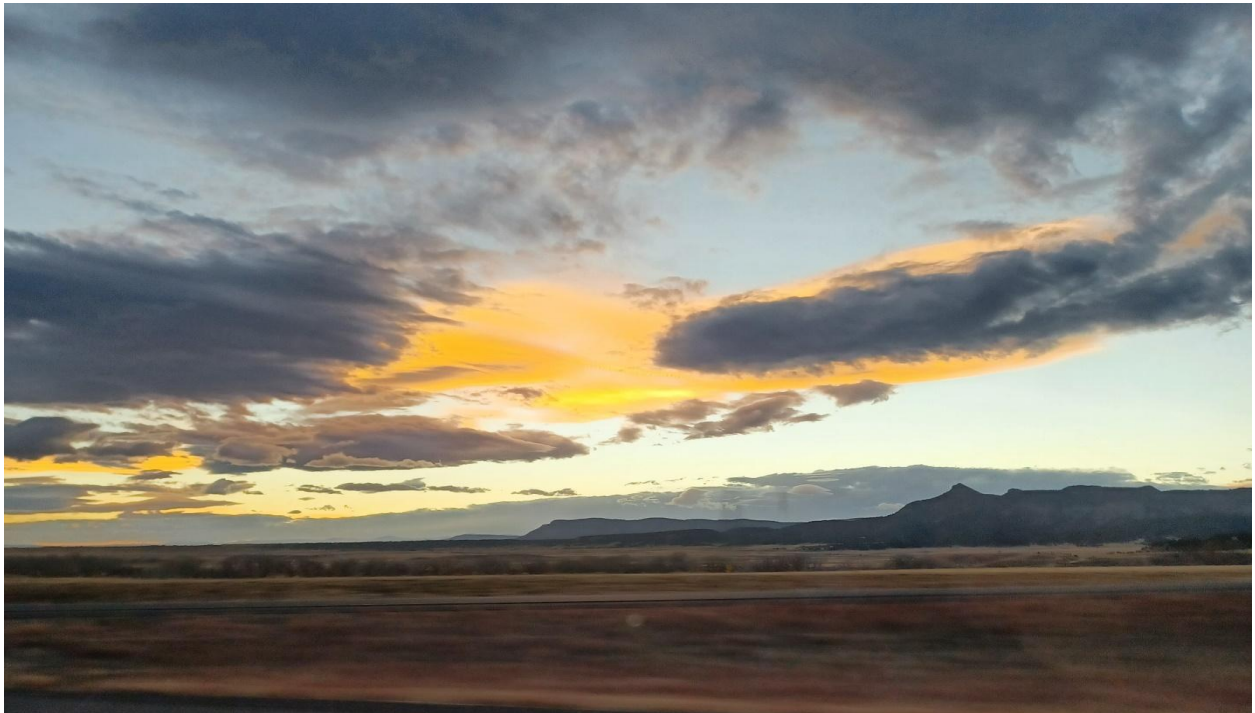
Why is it that when we don't know what we are talking about, we must talk about it anyway?

Radical Thought #1: A democracy requires an educated and moral citizenry. If a nation cannot be governed by an educated, moral majority, then the best we can hope for is a benevolent dictator.

Radical thought # 2: Whether as a matter of birth or circumstance, all men are not created equal. Mercy and justice must prevail.

Educational mantra: "This is how we do it. It does not work, but this is how we do it."

Radical thought #3: In the case of a shark attack, remain calm.



(A photograph taken by the author which has not been altered from the original.)

If emotions are void of thought, then they become ravenous beasts that devour all that come too close.

Theory of Mind: A person understanding that others do not have the same thoughts, beliefs, intentions or desires as others do.

It really isn't all about you.

Little boys and fart noises are genetically linked. It's an XY thing.

I remember as a boy lying in our backyard after dark looking up at the stars until Mom came looking for me because dinner was ready. It was time well-spent.





In a world of computer-generated art,
You are a one-of-a kind, a hand-drawn original.
Be confident. Let your talents shine through.
The world needs the light.

Minister: One who attends to the needs of others. I am not referring to a pastor, preacher or minister in some church. We have more than enough of those and not enough of what I refer to as a Therapy Human. I am referring to you as an individual in your environment living with your family, friends and acquaintances. How can we subtly, quietly, discreetly help and support them. Sometimes, this entails walking on thin ice or keeping quiet and just making ourselves available.

Dead to Life

Don't cry for me in this cold dark grave.
Darkness shrouds you where cold winds blow.
I hear the footsteps of children hard at play.
You scarcely give them a second glance.
I lay quietly listening to all that is said.
You never stop talking to hear a single word.
I return to the earth from whence I came.
You walk the earth blind to its gifts and charms.
I feel the warmth of a loved one lying across my chest.
You can only emit a distant, unforgiving cold.
Time can never again be my master.
You live in constant slavery to its demands.
I can take no offense for I have reconciled with all.
You take offense with all who would forgive.
Her love warms me for all eternity.
You send a chill through all you pass.
You say my heart has long ago decayed.
I say yours can yet be saved.
How much life remains in the dead?
How much death exists in the alive?
Don't cry for me as I am at rest in eternal peace.
Cry for yourself alone in your cold dark world.



Little Red Riding Hood, Revised

(For Ethan, Eli and Daxton)

One fine time in a forest deep, Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf walked along a pine needle-covered path.

LRR: You've got to knock it off.

BBW: Knock what off?

LRR: The "I'm going to eat you" routine.

BBW: Hey! That's what I do!

LRR: We have no friends left!!

BBW: Well, excuse me for being me!

LRR: That's the problem. You being you!

BBW: It's not like I've actually eaten anyone.

LRR: They don't know that.

BBW: Can't take a joke, huh?

They came to an opening in the forest where they saw a fashionable split-level brick home with a tile roof, manicured lawn and gardens, a backyard pool, basketball goal and a red Mercedes roadster in the driveway. Upon knocking at the front door, an elderly lady appeared.

LRR: Hi, Granny.

Granny: Hi, kids. I hoped you would come over today. How are you?

LRR: Wolf is driving me crazy!

BBW: I know you are but what am I?

LRR: You are so annoying!

BBW: I know you are but what am I?

LRR: Granny, Wolf is looking at me.

BBW: No, I'm not, you're too ugly.

LRR: Wrong, you're looking in a mirror.

BBW: Granny, Red is breathing my air.

Granny: Will you two stop fussing? I baked some cookies. Sit at the table and have some with milk.

So Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf ate cookies and drank their milk while they colored in coloring books and did crafts which Granny got out for them.

And Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf were once again friends.

That's my story. I hope you like it.

Call to Duty

(A Veteran's Day Poem)

He just sits in the park,
Alone in the evenings,
Talks to no one and stares straight ahead.

She asks him what is wrong,
But he refuses to answer,
And goes off to sit alone in the park.

What he sees, she cannot,
What he hears, she does not,
As he sits alone in the park.

Places that are distant,
Memories that are painful,
He recalls alone in the park.

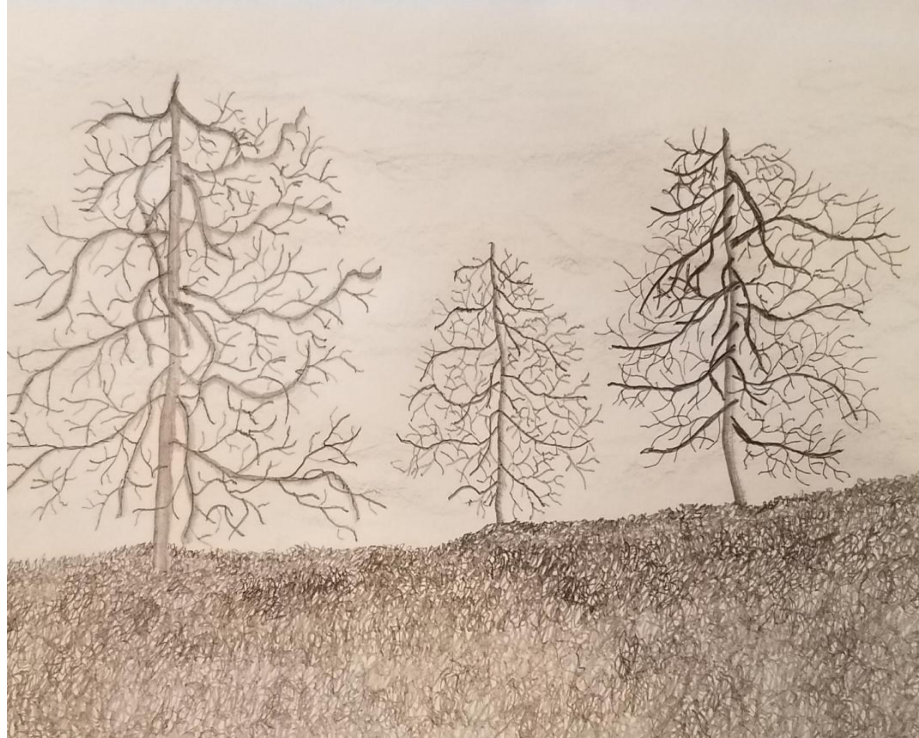
Old man, you're so lonely,
So many just like you,
As they sit alone in the park.

Old woman you'll never know
Why he will never take you
To places he goes alone in the park.

It was her that he loved
And why he lived to return
From where he goes alone in the park.

It is he that she has accepted
And him that she loves,
As they sit together in the park.

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**I think, therefore, I know.
I don't think, therefore, I know everything.**

**I work; therefore, I have.
I don't work; therefore, I take.**

**I am able; therefore, I give.
I am disabled; therefore, I am grateful.**

**I know nothing; therefore, I must learn.
I know nothing; therefore, I know everything.**

**I love; therefore, I am loved.
I lust; therefore, I devour.**

**I go; therefore, I arrive.
I refuse to go; therefore, I go nowhere.**

**I think; therefore, I am,
I refuse to think; therefore, I am not.**

**I am old; therefore, I have lived.
I am young; therefore, will I live?**



A photograph taken by the author.

“I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.”

Joyce Kilmer