

Linda Troxell

Fragrant Offerings

Poetizer | Publishing

Printed by Poetizer Publishing, 2023

www.poetizer.com

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This collection of poems is dedicated to the five people whose unconditional love made it possible. First, of course, is my God. The other four are gifts of His grace: My phenomenal daughter, Jlynn; my remarkable, grandchildren, Darrien and Kyla; and Lisa, my extraordinary friend of more than 60 years, who God sent to sustain me in this life. Together, you all serve as my safe place and my muse.

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My Family

Family, is just a six letter word
That has a different meaning for each of us.
For some it means peace and unconditional love,
For others, fear, despair, and distrust.
Still, we cannot deny the importance of family,
No matter how we might view our own.
For family defines our hearts, shapes our souls,
And creates our image of home.
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At the Tender Age of Six

It was when I was six years old
At a church in my hometown,
That the pastor gave an alter call
To help the lost be found.
He asked us to come forward
So our lives might be redeemed.
I didn't think I was lost,
But I didn't know the word redeemed.
But the pastor said I would talk to Jesus,
Ask Him to come live in my heart.
He said Jesus would change everything,
Give my life a brand new start.
Well, I knew I could talk to Jesus,
I'd done it many times before.
This redeeming thing seemed easy,
Just a talk with Jesus, and nothing more.
I was actually quite excited,
I was expecting to have fun.
So I ran headlong down the aisle,
Smiling, and waving at everyone.
Then, I heard the pastor say
Jesus was going to save us all from sin.
He would redeem our lives for God
Once we asked Him to come in.

So I prayed the words after the pastor,
Asking Jesus to fill my heart.
And I waited in anticipation
For my brand new life to start.
When I felt absolutely nothing,
I opened up just one eye.
Peered around the altar
And felt panic begin to rise.
For, I understood what had happened,
I just hoped no one else would know,
That when I asked Jesus into my heart,
His answer was HELL NO!
On that day when I was only six,
I began to feel the need to hide.
And it was that day I came to understand
That my best friend Jesus was a lie.
That was the only way my tiny mind
Could resolve the shameful conflict
About why Jesus would reject me
At the tender age of six.
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