

A Kathryn Kay Collection

Poetry for Encouragement

[Motherhood](#) [Parenting](#) [Adversity](#) [Life after Death](#) [Other](#)

Selections from [Goldfish Privacy](#) and [www.kathrynkay.com](#)

Copyright permission has been granted to allow distribution of this collection for noncommercial use.

Mother's Day

Five days God worked
to make this world
the very best that He'd created—
and then He sat with brow all furled,
the whole thing seemed so complicated.
"I'll have to have some help, somehow,
in passing on this life to others"—
The answer came. He smoothed His brow
and on the sixth day He made mothers,
and babies were. And life went on—
maternity was deep invested
in woman's heart—God's cares were gone—
and on the seventh day He rested.

(With Tongue in Cheek © 1938)

Seeing Stars

I am the dark and quiet sky
ripped by a million dagger points of pain.
They tear into me fiercely and remain
to designate my every broken cry
with bright infinitesimal scars,
each citation a shining reason
why my anguished dark
shall not have been in vain.
Now it shall be forever
filled with stars.

(Goldfish Privacy © 2005. Written during labor with her first son.)

To a Young Mother

I cannot realize
that you have undergone
the oldest duplication known on earth.
You seem so very young to have been let in on
the secrets of the wonder we call birth,
and altho I reiterate the fact so bland
I cannot make myself believe nor understand
that it is true.
You seem so young to be so old, to know so much—
you know thru you, another life's begun.
You know against your breast your baby's pulsing touch,
that you are two who but so recently were one.
I can't believe it, tho I know that it is so,
and when you gaze down on that tiny head, I know
no more can you.

(If the Shoe Fits © 1941)

Tribute to a Mother

(Dedicated to my sister, Sylvia)

For that she will go down
in heaven's shining hall of fame,
for the original designs and patterns she devised,
I pen this tribute, not in lines like those which bear her name,
for hers are life lines, earning the award most highly prized.
She writes straight from her pulsing heart, as only mothers can,
true authoress, the kind of writer just God can ordain.
Her poems, fashioned in God's image, take their place with man,
the place that was made possible just thru a mother's pain.
She knows in full the harsh demands of the career she chose
and twenty-four hours ev'ry day the most of herself gives
to make her verses perfect....Ev'ry so-called author knows
her poetry's the only kind that ever really lives!

(If the Shoe Fits © 1941)

Let Me Be Worthy

Please God, help me to help the ones
who look to me for aid,
let me think clearly at the time when they're confused.
Help me to know what's right, nor let me be afraid
the trust they place in me will ever be abused.
Let me feel sure within myself that I am strong
with the unfailing strength that true conviction gives.
If need be let my knowledge carry them along
until the time they realize theirs also lives.
Let me have confidence in my ability
to guide them. Never let me doubt the words I say,
and everything they think I am, please, let me be,
help me to never fail them, God, in any way.
Let me be wise that I may pass such wisdom on
to those whose destinies You've placed within my hands.
God, from my judgment let all prejudice be gone,
give me instead the tolerance this life demands.
They look to me for help and I must never let them know
how much I'm frightened at my vast responsibility,
I'll do my best, I'll help them every way I can, but so
that I may be more worthy of their faith, please God,
help me.

(*Goldfish Privacy* © 2005)

First Valentine

I wonder,
little baby boy,
what valentines life has in store
to drop beside your waiting door—
will they bring grief or joy?
And if it's grief, will you be strong
and keep that little head on high,
nor ever let those wide eyes cry,
for that life's jumbled up and wrong?
Oh, little boy, so fresh and fine
with all your days so shiny new,
what valentines are there for you?
Please God, send them from love like mine!

(*With Tongue in Cheek* © 1938)

Thanks to My Dad

It's strange how much for granted
I have always taken you,
how much I have relied upon the fact you understand.
I never make a fuss the way a lot of children do,
in fact, somehow I never even say the things I've planned.
But, Dad, there are some things so deep they simply can't be said,
they must be felt, we both know that is how we care.
For me you've always been a source of strength in hours of dread,
I've turned to you and known I would find understanding there.
A clear-cut sense of values neither gold nor fame can swerve
is yours, and now is mine, the finest gift child ever had.
That's why I know I am more fortunate than I deserve
in accidentally happening to get you for my dad.
With eyes that you have taught to search for hidden worth
quite suddenly I see a truth I've missed before—
thru having had you for a father here on earth
I've learned to understand my One in Heaven more.

(Goldfish Privacy © 2005)

First Gift

You'll hear lots of talk
about sacrifice
that mothers must make,
but, baby, your dad also pays a steep price
for your tiny sake.

A mother, it takes to make one little life
and so I must give
a part of the woman I know as wife
that you, child, might live.
For I realize there won't be any more
our world of just two
and part of her heart that's been mine heretofore
I'm giving to you.

In all of her dreams, now, you'll have a large share
and in her dear eyes,
the shiningness that I alone could put there,
your smile will surprise.
The hours of boy and girl fun we have known,
your coming immures,
gay hours that always have been mine alone,
from now on are yours.
Don't think your dad doesn't know joy will be his,
it's hard to explain
the intricate way that life's happiness is
all tangled with pain,
and tho you don't know yet what I'm speaking of,
your heart understands
that I'm giving part of the woman I love
into your baby hands.

(Practically Apparent © 1944)

Thine is my Strength

Give me the strength to bear this pain
if it is thy decree I must;
nor let this lesson be in vain.
Thou knowest that in Thee I trust.
I do not ask that I be spared
if pain is part of living's plan.
I know that Thou hast always cared
about the joy that comes to man.
And if man is that he hath joy
how can he ever dare complain
if there are moments which destroy
his pleasure. Joy is bought with pain.
let me remember in this hour
This is my strength, Thine is my power.

(Unpublished)

This Darkness, Too

God, how do I go on from here?
What happens, now?
The only world I care about is gone.
I know I must go on some way but how, God, how?
There seems so little left to build upon.
The fine incentives that I had before are dead,
and what did all my eager effort prove?
Futility, perhaps, but God, what lies ahead?
What is the next move when there is no move?
I know I'm not the only one who feels like this,
the world itself is torn and troubled, too.
It waits the time when doubt will find its nemesis
as night in day, as...oh, God, is that the clue?
The answer?...God, I think I see now why You gave
the promise of a dawn to every night....
God, suddenly it is no effort to be brave—
this darkness, too, will pass into the light!

(Goldfish Privacy © 2005)

Proportioned

God, sometimes my problems
seem so big to me
they fill a troubled universe and yet,
I know they would seem small if I could see
them in comparison to some You get.

(If the Shoe Fits © 1941)

Hitched Wagon

God, I know against pain
I must make my heart numb,
all my dreams I must put behind bars,
but don't let me lose faith when the bad moments come,
let me always hang on to my stars!

(If the Shoe Fits © 1941)

Aftermath

Now that it's through
I can laugh at my fears,
my aches and my bruises and scars—
what if my eyes are all snarled up with tears—
my thoughts are a tangle of stars!

(With Tongue in Cheek © 1938)

There is No Death

And there shall be no need
to comfort thee
who understood her most and loved her best.
You know her heart, tho' stilled within her breast
will pulse and throb throughout eternity
in lovely things. 'Tis God's consistency.
There is no death, there's only constant change.
When night turns into day—'tis not so strange,
and night, for her, has dawned to brilliancy.
One does not mourn to see a butterfly
emerge with splendor from an old cocoon,
nor weep when spring ends wintertime nor sigh
at ever-varying stages of the moon.
In ev'ry gentle breeze you'll feel her breath
and you'll look up and smile . . . There is no death!

(*Goldfish Privacy* © 2005)

Last Message

Know this, then, when time comes I must leave you,
with that intangible, a memory,
let there be nothing in such thought to grieve you.
Death proves life's indestructibility.
We know that physically all things must perish.
Man cannot cling to loved things that are his;
and we but build up heartache when we cherish.
The more we love, the harder parting is,
but if your heart begins to feel tears starting,
remind it if its missing me some night
that ours is just a temporary parting.
I'm only waiting for you out of sight.

(Written when she was told she would die in labor on the back of a hospital consent form.
Unpublished.)

Thanksgiving Prayer

(This poem may have inspired John F. Kennedy's [most famous challenge](#).)

God, ev'ry year about this time,
according to routine,
I've bowed my head in the accepted way
and offered thanks, like some well synchronized machine
that prayed because it was the time to pray.
But, God, this year is different, this year I seem to feel
America's Thanksgiving is my own,
that in my nation's gratitude I have a part that's real,
a part that until now I've never known.
And, God, this year a deep humility has filled my heart,
a newborn pride rings true thruout my soul
because I do belong, because I have and am a part,
a tiny part of one tremendous whole.
I think I know the feeling of those first Americans
who said, "We must give thanks for this, our land."
I cherish now the rights that are each woman's, ev'ry man's,
the rights I've just begun to understand.
This year my heart has learned what all Thanksgiving Days are for,
true thankfulness at last I realize,
but, God, I'm sorry that it took the tragedy of war
in other lands to open up my eyes.
Again I bow my head but this time deep within me stirs
a mighty prayer, part of one vast design,
"God, help me make America as proud that I am hers—
as I am proud, and grateful she is mine!"

(Goldfish Privacy © 1941)

God's In a Thimble

God's in a thimble
as small as a dot
or ten times as large as the sea.
He's mostly in heaven, but sometimes He's not,
'cause sometimes He's right here in me!

(With Tongue in Cheek © 1938)