

Children's Education



George Mac D Lynch

Poetry Without Borders 4

Previously by the Author

In the series - Poetry Without Borders



Book 1 - Sunrise



Book 2 - Passion And Pain



Book 3 - Who Are We?

Children are living rainbows,
God made manifest.



Children's Education

by George Mac D Lynch, 2016

Poetry Without Borders - Book 4

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Reflection

*Nothing reflects society, as children do.
The younger they are,
The more their actions are true.
Children mimic the actions of adults.
We instil behaviors in them, by default.
The 'teacher' in school,
Spends the most up-time with them.
While most of the remaining time,
Is spent with their friends.
When later, they all seem to be a problem,
Remember, we are the ones who taught them.*

George Mac D Lynch

Preface

This book was written as my attempt to highlight what I perceive as shortfalls within the systems of education.

What is education? The word educate was derived from Latin. And my understanding of its definition - the bringing/drawing out of the best in people. Stepping a bit further, we see “Education is the process of facilitating learning, or the acquisition of knowledge, skills, values, beliefs, and habits. Educational methods include storytelling, discussion, teaching, training, and directed research.” - wikipedia

My opinion – somewhere along the line, education has been reduced to 'something' of lower value. The best is no longer brought out of our children.

In the main, our children enter universities with the sole purpose of obtaining a degree in pursuit of a job. Consequently, they do not enter universities to become geniuses. Check the number of university entrants versus the number of inventors/innovators walking through the gates. Then compare the same number of entrants versus the number of graduates entering commerce and industry.

Additionally, I have been looking at education over the years. It has gone from a medium of enlightenment, to a money-spinner in the main. Fortunately, some countries still offer free education to their citizens. Not only is that laudable, it is something to be encouraged.

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Acknowledgement

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I could never thank them enough, for their warmth and grace. The least I can do, is ask God's continued blessings upon them.

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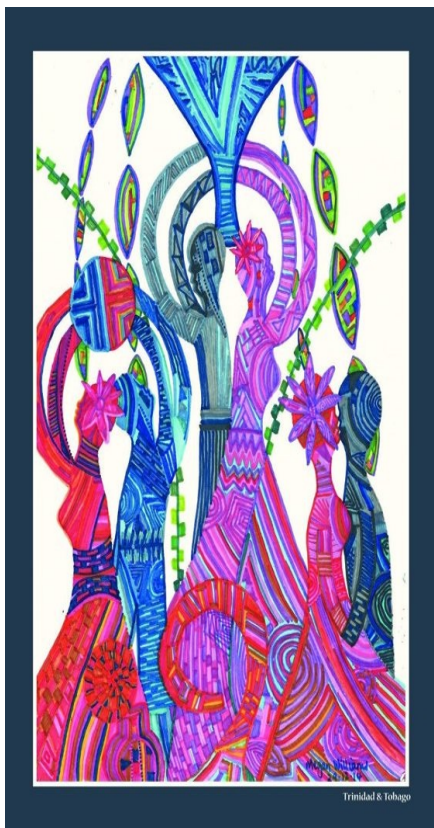
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Introduction

Children's Education begins with the thought – adults must first educate themselves, before even considering to begin educating children. The thinking behind the thought – most of us, take education for granted. We view it as an automated process, whereby our children enter that system at an early age, and hopefully graduate at some point along the way or milestone.

Some of us are unaware of what transpires with our children at 'school'. And consequently have no idea of what is 'taught' to our children, for the construction of their belief and value-systems, and standards.

Some of this will be covered under another book which deals with racism, the cancer.

Before The Beginning - the thought is further pushed, when consideration is given to the suggestion of appropriate education, before conception. Hence, by the time of conception, the mother's womb has already been spiritually prepared, as the baby's point of arrival. This holds true for the physical perspective as well.

In The Beginning – addresses aspects of the connection between the baby and its mother, the baby's room (womb), the mother, and the father, beyond the mere physical.

Essentials – looks at food, clothing, shelter, savings, sports, saving our children, beyond the ordinary.

Children's Tomorrow – look at the attention we pay to our investment in children, as opposed to our investment in everything else, say. It questions – are we educating our children, or simply teaching them? Which are two distinctly separate positions. Suggestion is given for educating our children as tomorrow's leaders, and how we can invest in nation-building, starting from the root up, plus more.

The Challenges – examines a little each of the war on crime, the development criteria of a child's struggle, children from poverty, challenges to education, the protective services, etc.

The Continuum – places a different on education, from the perspective of continuity. We tend to look down on education as a one-time experience. It is not.

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What Is Education?

Some of us cannot differentiate,
Between education and schooling.
Yet, we are the ones making decisions.
Small wonder, who we are fooling.

Educate, came out of Latin.
To bring out the best in someone.
We mostly describe schooling.
But 'schooler', is not carried by anyone.

The most popular word,
To describe what is done, is 'teach'.
Our institutions are filled with teachers.
Preachers, who cannot preach.

Education is not restricted, like jailed.
No envisioning. Our children's minds are impaled.
At least, that's what I'm thinking.
When you remove freedom, from education,
You are left with schooling.

Children in institutions, seeking education.
Lectured by lecturers, taught by teachers, no educators.
A building called school, but no 'schoolers'.
Decisions, from the Ministry of Education.

Systems are disjointed, and confused.
Unnecessary use of words, is so profuse.
The need, remove education from its isolation.
And restructure it, as a meaningful continuum.



Before The Beginning

If we consider conception as the beginning, this section encourages you to think a bit wider. On the assumption there is

no surety of having a baby, planned or unplanned, this is one time I will foster the thought of 'if'. There is where you can begin imagining, "If I should have a child, I wonder what s/he would be". And there is a whole train of thought which follows. You begin to see yourself as the mother or father. Sometimes, this is what inspires a woman or man to say "I want a baby!" This, is before the beginning.

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Education of a People

How do we educate our people,
That they will educate themselves,
To educate their children?
Because the consequences can be brutal,
Depending upon someone else.

Our children's education,
Ideally should start before conception,
Entailing a fair amount of visualization,
With our processes for realization.

Start with the end in mind.
It's our contribution to mankind.
We must determine how it should be,
To grow our families.

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The Womb - point of arrival

We prepare our homes, for the arrival of family,
We haven't seen in a very long time.

Oh hell, the world transforms for Santa 'Claws',
Making his visit, just this once for the year.
Why can't we make some sacrifice,
For someone we cherish, and hold so dear?

The arrival of our child, is a once in a lifetime thing,
Our bundle of joy, bringing all that it can bring.
Open our minds. Foresee how things can unfold.
For the unfolding of the foetus, into the baby,
The baby 'unfurling', into its brand new world.

The minute we become involved sexually,
The woman becomes the vessel for God's creativity.
The man and his sperm, he needs to concern himself
With fidelity, so too the woman, and their self-respect.

Woman, you can become pregnant, not knowing when.
This thing does not happen with a stork, or stroke of pen.
With regards to your body, question what seems strange.
When you become pregnant, it will all begin to change.

When the time comes, the mother must transform her world,
Into a living entity, that is kind to her body, mind, and soul.
Creating her deeper essence, kinder to womb, purely spiritual.
From early, the mother has to learn to prepare her womb,
For God's creation, and the womb, its point of arrival.



In The Beginning

Let's consider conception as the beginning. Subject to correction, I do believe this is the time when the mother's body, begins to make some changes. The baby is in its 'living-room'. There is no confinement in life, like unto this spot of wondrous pleasure. A new life, a new form, a bundle of joy, waiting to be enjoyed, a baby!

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Connection

This is deeper than we think, I must make mention.

Challenges begin, even before conception.

The starting place for discussion, in the womb,

That fertile soil, nestling of the 'impregnated' egg,

Determination of how our flower, will bloom.

'Speak' with your child.

Connection is more than your umbilical chord.

Speak with the father, make it both your accord.

Let him cream your belly, connect with your womb.

Learning to speak with his child, in the baby's 'room'.

Understand, this process in predominantly spiritual.

Do not develop your focus, with your emphasis on physical.

Physical, is the lower-level manifestation, of things spiritual.

Make you both, your conversation, your child, habitual.

This blessing, God's grace, can be quite complex.

A child is not simply the outcome, of two people having sex.

I attempt to understand, that unreasonable line of thinking.

People, seeing conception, with no deeper meaning.

Systems should be designed stress-free?

No work for the nine months,

While a mother is in her pregnancy.

Where I am concerned, a mother is intensely sacrosanct.

Hence the reason I dread the day,

A mother has to 'go to work' while she is pregnant.

The Baby's Room

God said it is simple, never touched on easy.

We must work together, to prepare our mother's body.

Recalling 'The Room', mentioned

When we dealt with 'arrival, and 'departure'.

Preparing the womb as the baby's room,

Should become a woman's second-nature.

First of all, please, we must bear this in mind.

God-sent children, has nothing to do with your time.

Has nothing to do with married, or being single.

For when the time comes, S/He will make you commingle.

No excuse to be promiscuous.

I simply needed to mention that part first.

The 'spirit' coming to you, is not part of a lotto system.

Promiscuously random sex, for unwanted conception.

There is nothing random, in what God has planned.

With 'sex' the only conduit, for the continuation of man.

Preparation of womb, beyond ordinary personal hygiene.

Beyond the realm of physical, pure, and clean.

Times can be tough, of this I am sure.

Restrict what you eat, to clean and pure.

Have a positive life, beyond aspects of maybe.

Improve your lifestyle, you don't have to be rich to be healthy.

Learn to fast and pray, for it is the most effective means,

Combating the unwanted, combating the unclean.

Keep your body, mind, and soul, as the freshest of springs.

Preparing your womb, let the transformation begin.

The Mother

Woman, you cannot want to have a baby,
And also want to be in every party.

I am not referring to getting pregnant.
Maybe the party will help you get there.
After becoming pregnant ... that's my fear.

Listen, I will be brutally frank, telling you as it is.
When your punany itches, make sure it is not a lust-twitch.
You are the greatest temple, God has created in quite a while.
No sex-object, just God's vessel, for Her/His expected child.

Sex, deepest of expressions, between two people.
Should not be employed as a tool for fear.
The best distraction, for staying out of trouble.
Although sex itself, can place you there.

It is said, 'an erected penis has no conscience'.
Do not bring your child in this world, as 'happenstance'.
Especially if a girl, vulnerable to pseudo-romance.
Till she in turn becomes the victim of circumstance.

You are nobody's 'bitch', 'hoe/whore', or 'pole-dancer'.
What you allow men to do to you, can be worse than cancer.
You have a reputation, you ought to protect.
Do not be abused, and misused. Maintain your self-respect.

Anything worth having, dictates a wait.
Hell, if the man can't wait, encourage him out the gate.
You may see 'bitch', 'hoe/whore', 'pole-dancer', a feat.
Remember what you 'teach' your child, the child repeats.

The Father

You are the man! The 'dog'!

Other similar drifts.

Now that we have said all that,

Let's cut the shit.

You are a father, one with poise and purpose.

A father, who in all intents,

Will place his family first.

Do not find yourself, as some other fellow

Who is shameless, shiftless, 'all-screwed' and hollow.

I will not waste time on repeat.

Study the previous pieces. Find your 'beat'.

This is not TV, entertainment, or even theater.

Step up to the table, be the expected father.

Demonstrate your key role, of hunter-gatherer.

Then and only then, will you be seen - the father.

Wait! I ain't done with you yet.

Sit your ass down.

Once you are in a relationship,

Stop 'fooling' around.

You have to change.

Move away from - I, myself, and me.

Improve your vocabulary,

To – us, we, and family.

Be the role model, especially for the little boy.

Treat them as children, not plastic toys.

The first love in your daughter's life, will always be father.

And if you're not there ... sadly, it can be a stranger.

Give your children's mother,
The respect she deserves.
Yep! I know! Trust me!
She will get on your nerves.
Each child carries nine months of something,
You will never know.
Honor your children's mother.
Let her be your 'show'.

Treat her loving, kind, warm , tenderly.
As your children grow,
Make sure that is what they see.

05.12.15 - [Beginning Contents](#)



The Essentials

For some unexplainable reason, we believe babies and children are only good for 'coocoo' and 'caca'. When we comically attempt to communicate with our babies, we also attempt to sound as we think they should. And that can be confusing. The comical sounds we make, are not what the baby was hearing in the womb. Yes! Of course they were listening. I have found babies to be more responsive, when you give them clear, and precise instructions. I have seen them grown crisp, and catches faster than the babies exposed to coocoo and caca.

Transport and other similar essential is very similar to what is mentioned.

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More Than Just Food

The umbilical cord connects baby,
To its mother's mind, soul, and body,
Further than the ordinary mind, can see.
Everything that is you, goes to the baby.
When dealing your child, be happy, especially.

Do not poison your child with nasty vibrations.
Avoid violence, and the father's smelly perspiration.
Move away from 'family', especially the haters.
Twice as fast, when they are perpetrators.

Nurturing your child, is greater than just physical,
In the preparation of the meals, think spiritual.
No guesswork, see what your child should be
Forget 'googoo' and 'gaga', talk with your baby.

Think critically, before you inject your child.
Do not be fooled,
With this bag of 'stupidity' running wild.

Learn to listen to what your baby 'says'.
You'll understand, they have their language.
A baby does not cry, because of nothing else to do.
The adjustments must begin, with you.

Nourishment

Mother, The baby's nourishment, begins with you.
Fast-food, and junk from Kay Effsy, just won't do.

Parents must nourish themselves adequately,
When their intention, is to have a healthy baby.
If all you can offer, is a weak-ass egg and sperm,
How can you have a healthy baby?
I am concerned.

Spiritual and physical nourishment, is essential.
Beyond mere nourishment, it is crucial
For a child to develop, knowing life.
Instead of simply fighting, to survive.

The surety of food quality you feed your child,
Comes from what you grow.
The individual that turns out to be,
Comes from the seed you sow.

Children mimic, what they see their parents do.
Capitalize on these opportunities,
To pull them through.

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Food Security

Children mimic what their parents do.
Have them in your garden,
They will plant something too.
Use that opportunity to mould their minds.
That concept remains with them,
Throughout the times.

Introduce them to grow-box, shoe-box,
It matters not what kind of box.
Man, once it is agriculture,
Let the whole thing, become second-nature

It's one of the ways, to help our economy.
Early participation, in our food security.
Use it to decimate, the high import-bill,
That is way out of control, and still

It is one of the guarantees,
To a healthy eating-habit.
Let's get our children early in agriculture.
Let not the high food-import bill,
Become our nature.

Clothing

Every aspect
Of our children's lives is important.
Starting early, let's educate them,
About dressing with respect.

Dressing, not simply for adornment.
But dressing mostly for deportment.
Adorn them in aspects spiritual.
Building blocks, for things societal.

'Teach' the importance of shoes. for proper support,
The essentials of bras, especially in sports.

'Teach' early in kindergarten,
To draw mainly on fabric, instead of paper.
Make clothes from what they have gotten.
Encouragement to be designers.

Let them wear their creations,
For that deep sense of satisfaction.
Wearing their pieces with pride,
Nothing can substitute, what's inside.

Throughout school,
Maintain their art of creating.
I see a society of designers,
And manufacturers, in the making.

Shelter

From kindergarten, when our children draw,
Help them to visualize, like never before.
Do not for a moment, think they are too small,
Cause if you do, that will be your downfall.

Children like to imagine homes, and castles,
Wonderful trips, and wondrous adventures.
Structure their thought-forms, without restraining.
Help them to see their homes, they will live in.

Encourage them to draw, the homes they see.
Set their minds for dreams, into reality.

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Savings

'Savings', is natural to children.

It's should be our enjoyment, to encourage them.

From toddling, 'teach' them to save,

At least twenty-five cents a day.

They understand more than we think.

But we must show them the way.

Make it a daily routine, they will understand.

After they clean their mouths,

Twenty-five cents go to the cash-pan.

The object is not the money.

It's the idea of the plan.

The fulfilment of goals,

Guaranteed self-satisfaction.

Build on what I am saying.

We can never build too soon.

I see bankers, and investors,

Not merely people, who consume.

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Sports

How can we grow our 'nation',
Seething sports with fun?
And use each stadium,
Turning stone into diamond?

How can we have
Students' sports each month,
On the last school-day?
No prizes, no ribbons,
Just marks, for their 'SBA'

How much happier
Will our children be,
Seeing more avenues
To represent our country?
I can see benefits,
Leaving cost way behind.
Our children in sports.
A new era, a new time.

Creating revenue streams,
Children living their dreams.
Relieving our treasury.
A healthier people,
We will never see.
Our dreams and reality,
Simultaneously.

It's a focused approach.
Efforts in concentrate.
Sports enriching and energizing.
The juices to create.

Let sports in school,
Become mandatory.
Liberation of minds,
Our children's creativity.
Let's not miss this opportunity.
Even encouraging them,
To perform responsibly.

How about we educate,
Instead of teach?
Taking our children further,
Than they presently reach.
Let us cut back on competition.
Educating our children, for more collaboration.

The easiest to say is 'no'.
But why stop our children,
From where they can go?
Effective planning, is all it takes.
Give our children, their deserved breaks.

This is simply an idea, sharing with you,
Collectively, we will accomplish more.
So much more, we will do.

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Save Our Children

Save our children, the mothers and fathers pray.
But the maniacs are bombing them, each and every day.
Let us not spend the time with talking, but for doing.
Make the children our children.
Let them go to living from just surviving.

Save our children, the mothers and fathers pray.
As to the Red Cross they are taken, each and every day.
With legs blown apart, and arms left strewn.
Across a battlefield, where the color is going,
From healthy red, to violent maroon.

Save our children, the mothers and fathers pray.
As they fight to understand, each and every day,
Why the children are born, looking strange as fiction.
What manner of evil has befallen them?
What is wrong, with their once blessed nation?

Save our children, the mothers and fathers pray.
Struggling with invasions, each and every day.
Dealing with the curse of a fiery storm.
Not understanding the effects of phosphorus.
Nor that of depleted uranium,



Children's Tomorrow

What kind of child will tomorrow see? When that child grows with a remote, and an Internet-ready-TV. Some of us are parents. But we are no way near ready for the role. I understand quite easily, about the challenges of maintaining multiple jobs, just to get by. But there are those who can do better, yet choose not to perform

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Our Greatest Investment

We invest in bonds, stocks, and portfolios.
In diverse things, that only God knows.

We spend the time on the screens,
Figures looking back at us.
But not in the mirror where it seems,
Unchanging lives, stagnant dust.

We look into time,
Futuristic with material gains.
Forgetting where it counts,
Forgetting the pains
Of giving birth, a brand new life,
From love's intrinsic passion,
Love in timeless flight.

We look at the times, not taking note,
Substituting our responsibility,
With a lifeless remote.

If we knew, we could not
Have taken the pace,
Why the hell we brought them here,
In the first place?

They are our legacy.
But it's their tomorrow.
We owe it to them, unselfishly
We cannot walk away, with simply "no".

We took the time, sliced it into two.
Forgetting what our ancestors did for us,
And now what we are forgetting to do,

To prepare ourselves, make the thrust
For our coming children,
And all that they will go through.

We make it easy, to sit and criticize.
Our very own children, we ostracize.
Reflections and shamelessness,
They the mirror,
Of the lives we lived,
The mayhem, the horror.

I'm saying all of this bold.
Stop robbing your child, of the opportunity.
One man/woman can save our world.

Now, make the most of your time.
Let it be effective,
In training our children's minds.
Let it be significant, time well spent.
For God has given us, children,
Our greatest investment.

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Educating, or Teaching?

Teach the children.

That's what they all say.

Why the hell should we 'teach'?

When we can educate them for a better way?

We fell in the trap,

Like our parents did.

The line of fore-parents, to

Consider the legacy of 'trapped',

We even talk if.

Why 'if' and not when?

Preprogrammed slavery,

By the 'masters' and their pen.

Four hundred and sixty

Painful years, of the misery and despair,

We expect to pass on,

Like our parents did.

We 'teach' our children,

To think they can do.

When we ought to educate them

Into knowing.

And this is what we 'know'.

Little children, with their energy packs.

Questionable bags, upon their backs.

Teaching their minds, to carry someone else's load.

Teaching their feet, to walk that jagged road.

Walking the road,

Of broken talk and promises.

We talk and promise, but don't
There is always a poor-ass excuse,
Why we won't.

We stuff our children,
With poisons of varied forms,
We were taught to be food.
We damaged their minds.
Messed up their mood.

But, we couldn't do better.
At least that's what we say.
Refusing to sacrifice,
For our children's better way.

Maybe it's time, that changes prevail.
But in the escapism of maybe, already planning to fail.

If education is foremost in our minds,
Our universities will turn out creators,
Instead of wasting people's time,
With robots, and chain-up servants of industry,
Following orders, and some forsaken policy.

The ratios are nasty, with university millions,
Who were taught what to think, instead of how,
Because real thinking counter plans reptilian,
To some elite seeking control now.

Open your eyes. Close your mouth.
Learn to see, what we're talking about.

This is for our children.
It bears no apology, for being so long.
Us planning their future. Writing their song.

This is not a monologue of duplicity.

It's a call! Talk to me.

How can we make our children's tomorrow great,

When all you do is read, but afraid to 'conversate'?

If you feel the way I do, share this with others,

Then hold on, let this flow into you,

There is a part two.

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Educating For Leadership

T here are three kinds of people,
In our world. The truth be told,
Nobody needs a drill, but
You can't visit the hardware,
To purchase a hole.

There are those who -
Make things happen,
Observe things happening,
Ask "what just happened?".
Which one of those three,
You 'think' your child will be?
The same one, to lead our country?

What kind of children does tomorrow need?
Will they be selfless or selfish,
Filled with charity or greed?

Let's educate our children, to open their minds.
Refrain from selfishness, learn to serve mankind.
The seven virtues, versus the seven deadly sins,
That can be a good start.
Go at it, put in some heart.

Extract a bit of the 'ole' time way.
Say "hello" to people.
Bid them the respects of the day.
Give them the values, as the foundation.
Like the drill, their tools,
Building an effective 'nation'.

Our relationships with each other,

Have grown sticky and cold.
Walking on eggshell,
Among garbage, and mould.
Our children will fix things.
This, to you I say.
But we must educate them.
Let them lead the way.

There is good reference,
To fatten your head.
Go back to his music.
Listen to what George Benson said.

Leave the children alone, let them be.
They will find their way, mingling naturally.

Let us not burden them,
With our garbage past.
With their innocence,
Purity, and new branding.
They will build to last,
On pillars of wisdom,
Knowledge, and understanding.

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Building Nations

I t's been a while,
Since we took the decision,
Our countries getting together,
Building better nations.

No disrespect meant.
But I must tell you the truth.
We're building those nations,
Leaving out our youth.

Our greatest investment,
There can ever be.
Educate our young people,
To lead our countries.

We are in our meetings every day.
Yet no one is listening,
To what our youth has to say.

We have been
Fiddling our thumbs.
Stamping our feet.
Making the same mistakes,
Every time we meet.

Young people now,
Is not what
They once were,
So very long ago.
They are crisp.
They are sharp.
The problem is us.

Adults without heart.
And probably not thinking straight.
Our young people are ready.
Don't make them wait.

Some of us are bogged down, in insecurity.
Not contributing significantly,
To where we should be.
We are afraid our youth will show.
What we should have accomplished, years ago.

There's no need for anyone to worry.
It will be plain to see.
Our young people living, our legacy.
Leave egos at the door,
When we meet to discuss,
How to build the regions,
Placing nation first.

Let us empower our youth.
Give them the responsibility,
To make a better tomorrow,
Make a better country.
Then the countries get together,
Planning in deep contemplation,
There be no consternation.
Then maybe, just maybe,
We will have, our desired nation.

2015 - [Children's Tomorrow Contents](#)

I Look

I look at our children. And without our support,
I shudder to think the tomorrow they will see.
Will we get involved, or come up short?
Will we be the foundation, they expect us to be?

I look at our children. And I see the face
Of despair, and things making me bother.
Will they lose their pace, end the race?
Or simply collapse into disorder?

I look at our people, things taken for granted,
Sadly so, it's what we are doing, to ourselves
And has nothing to do, with what Grant did.

I look at opportunity. And the power God gave us,
To keep Her/His children's keel even.
But we have turned trivia into a powerful mess,
Making our children statistics, on the news at seven.

I look at the vision, for our children.
Making them tomorrow's leaders, as they deserve.
Should we keep going, forget the children?
Or do we keep changing as we run?
Making insightful decisions from what we observe,

I look at the time, that's on our hand.
And I know we are short on commodity.
Will we make that difference, for our children's prosperity?
Or do you intend to convince me, they will understand?

Time With Our Children

We don't spend time,
With our children anymore.
Always some poor-ass excuse,
To head out the door.

We lie to them. We lie on them.
Making everything seem a problem.
We get shifty, shady, shiftless, and dumb.
Living in shades, of our oxymoron,
Confusing the hell out of our children,
They no longer know,
Where we are coming from.

Our children need to be nurtured.
We give them Oprah.
They need the warmth of a family.
We insist they watch Wendy.
When tomorrow comes,
And they turn out
To be the hell, we see,
We will ask ourselves,
What the hell the children
Were watching, on TV?

Wait wait wait! Stop!
Don't move!
Begin to realize, the realization
Of the investment, you never invested.

Putting everything you don't have,
In the child in front of you, you never see.
The same child that was nurtured,

Not by you, but by your TV.
We don't spend time
With our children anymore.
If applicable, don't worry,
You're not alone,
For there may be thousands more,
Screwing-up the homes.

2015 - [Children's Tomorrow Contents](#)

Children's Tomorrow

I want to write for our children,
The tomorrow they will be.
But adults keep messing it up
With hatred, spite, and blatant stupidity.

I want our children,
To headline our news.
Create, innovate,
Make us all proud.
Not with guns,
Or violence,
But with which,
They are all endowed.

They are talented.
They are bright.
They have speed.
They know what's right.

All our young teams,
Excel in sport.
But when they grow,
It comes to nought.
Yet you talk support.

2015 - [Children's Tomorrow Contents](#)

When a Child Says Thanks

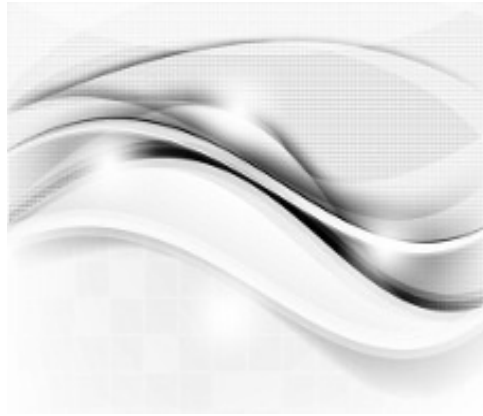
Wouldn't it be wonderful,
For a child to watch you and say,
"Thank you", for giving me, a better way.
But then how could that be,
When our behavior
Dictates, differently?

To us it seems illogical,
Supporting children not biological.
If Almighty had seen it that way,
Where would we have been, today?

People talk your ear off,
About what they will do.
For other people's children,
They say "It's true!".
But when they are needed most,
Man, you just can't find them.

We condemn the child, on the news at seven.
With 'uppity' nose, in swanky pose,
We do this often.
And when it's time for us to be,
We rob the child of its opportunity.

This is sad. It's how I feel.
Continuing to fail our children.
Robbing them of a better tomorrow.
Then we will turn and blame them.



Challenges

There will always be challenges in life. I know. The challenges are the struggles we must

overcome to claim growth. An airplane cannot climb, without some form of turbulence. Why would you want to think you can? How about your child? A man is not judged by how he falls, It is how he gets up.

[War On Crime](#)

[The Womb](#)

[The Developing Butterfly](#)

[Children From Poverty](#)

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War On Crime

Crime, has become a major industry.

Do you think the players will concede, that easily?

It has been integrated, into the economy.

Some countries consider it, part of their GDP.

There are broken standards, double-standards,

Complexities of people, with no regards.

Popular psychopaths, colorful sociopaths,

Other flavors of 'paths', manifesting mad.

Forever, there's this war on crime.

But did anyone contemplate the time,

Needed to be spent, analyzing 'troubles'?

You can't win a war, without winning battles?

Learn from the doctors,

They are good at managing symptoms.

While in parallel, we attack the root of the problem.

Invest in strategies, of early crime prevention.

Institutionalize the process.

Start with the young children.

15.02.16 - [Challenges](#) [Contents](#)

The Womb

The solution to crime,
Is not accidental, incidental,
But mainly parental.
We have to return to childhood,
For an effective solution.
Anything else, we'll be fighting symptoms.

From inside our mother's womb,
We are bombarded with violent thoughts.
When we arrive, we are positioned north,
Traverse through life with its instability,
Beyond the remotest idea of doubt.
Then before we know it,
Everything heads south.

We must return to old-school,
Where the village raises its child.
When values, standards, expectations,
Are all made quite clear,
Actions and consequences,
Indelibly in the air/ear.

We keep thinking drugs, guns, prostitution,
Are each in its own, a major crime.
Those are just outcomes, something sinister planted,
Pervading our thoughts, through the channels of time.

Television is telling your vision.
Programming for bloodshed and wars.
The deadliest weapon of mass destruction.
Like we have never had before.

They are not alone.

The food we consume, the water we drink.

Down to our thoughts are contaminated.

As far as I can think.

Let's end the crime.

Prevent the proliferation of tombs.

Let's educate our children, starting in the womb.

30.11.15 - [Challenges](#) [Contents](#)

The Developing Butterfly

If you break-through the cocoon,
Helping a butterfly,
Chances are, it will go through life,
Without its ability to fly.

Struggling out of the cocoon,
Is how the wings get their blood.
The process can't be too soon,
Let the blood bring its flood.

Parents, especially mothers,
Like struggling for their children,
They'll tell you "It's no bother".
But that later brings problems.

Unless there is physical trauma,
A parent ought not to help a child.
The child's development is drama.
Accomplishments bring the smile.

Struggling makes the child grow strong.
Without struggle, things can go wrong,
With the child continuously looking back,
For its mother to take the flak.

Watch over your child in struggle.
Observe them in their pain.
Unless it's an emergency, refrain.
They will learn to handle trouble.

Children From Poverty

What I am about to say,
Brings me no fun.

There are children
Attending school,
And the hottest thing
On their chest, is the sun.

Children 'from' poverty,
This I must mention,
When in class,
Can't even pay attention.

The 'school feeding program',
To some, the ideal model.
They don't see the children,
They see a good hustle.

We expect their grades
To improve, quickly with time,
While survival is in control,
Of our children's minds.

Surely, I mean no disrespect.
We need to examine ourselves,
Before we can think of 'expect'.

We must come together,
To fix our problems.
Instead of wasteful expenditure,
Pursuing symptoms

Protective Services

Honor and respect, to our protective-service-providers.

Your lot, is not merely filled with trouble.

From a minimal perspective, it is an uphill battle.

Somehow, I know it will be difficult to overcome.

'Cause Instead of getting to the roots.

I believe we are fighting symptoms.

Knowing the roots of crime,

Must be intrinsic to our education.

Fundamentals in other poems, should help us realize,

Our approach to crime, should be institutionalized.

Solution to crime should not be a mystery.

If we had dealt with it seriously, in its infancy,

It will not have morphed, into this criminal industry.

We cannot manage the reality, without control.

Take charge of what is existing, get a firm hold.

Immediate priority, stop the industry from expanding.

In parallel, 'control' how our children are growing.

Purge the services, for all to see,

Find effective ways, to collapse the industry.

Fortify the methods, with tactical measures.

Regardless of size, reign in the players.

There must additional approaches, that can be taken.

Do not let the 'project', be forsaken.

This should not be difficult, as far as I can tell.

My written approaches, can be done in parallel.

The Challenges

There are challenges. I know,
Associated with children's education.
Challenges from outside, without question
Challenges in some homes, especially,
That building without institution.

Your children can only be, as strong
As your home makes them.
It is guaranteed that a broken home,
Will mainly produce, broken children.

The matter is compounded,
When the father, say,
Has no biological connection.
And the biological mother,
Instructs her children
To obey only, her instructions.

This is one of my refrains,
To which I explicitly refer regularly,
When women take kindness for weakness,
And humility for stupidity.

That is not abstract, hypothetical,
Or a statement immaterial.
It's the basis of a construct, related to crime.
Woven together, with explosives, from the start.
But I will deal with that later,
In my book – Things Fall Apart.



The Continuum

At the risk of repeat, we need to remove education from isolation.

Education is a life-long

learning that we have truncated, to meet the narrow, confined demands of someone(s). The artificial barriers in society is testament to the statement.

[Creativity vs Industry](#)

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Creativity vs Industry

There was a time, people worked,
Then pursued their degrees.
Things have changed dramatically.
They are pursuing degrees,
For entrance into commerce, and industry.

People once pursued their degrees,
For greater enlightenment.
Now the pursuit is encouragement,
For a job, to meet bills and rent.

Forget what is obvious.
Research the efficiencies.
How many go on to be geniuses,
Versus those serving industries?

Go into your history.
Research it. Do not believe what I say.
There were technologies, five thousand years ago,
We still can't begin to understand, today.

There is nothing new, under our sun.
Every new thought we've got.
And what we have been doing,
Has already be done.

The evidence is mostly hidden.
But still can be found.
Read. Research what is given.
The truth is around you, most profound.

Unending Education

The competences of our retirees,
Have, somehow been forgotten.

Let's restructure our society,
Vision and hope begotten.

We have so many seniors, willing to share.
But no one's treating with them.
I wonder if we really care.

Our senior citizens, need greater reasons to live.
It has to be more than the 'almost nothing',
We seem hellbent to give.

Let's look at this differently.
Restructure the stages, involving everybody.
We need a system of interdependence.
Focusing on action and consequence.

10.02.16 - [Continuum](#) [Contents](#)

Continuum Structure

Let's for the sake of argument say,
We have four stages of interactions,
Four stages of play.

Stage one capped by the teens.
Stage two, early adulthood provides the means.
Stage three, later adulthood provides the answers.
Stage four, the seniors are ultimate mentors.

The teens mentor the younger children.
Forty year old mentors down to the teens.
Retirees mentor down to the forty year old.
The ages over sixty, give us pure gold.

Institutionalize the mentorship.
Let there be a continuum.
'Teach' it early in our schools.
Inform the children,
Where we are coming from

Yes, I know there are programs,
On which people turn their backs.
Let us analyze for the causes.
Then begin closing the gaps.

This is one book, not the volume.
I have to keep it mild.
Why can't we go back to old-school,
Where the village raises the child?

Change

It takes a revolution of the mind, to bring in change.

To those not familiar, it does seem strange.

Thinking that change, lives on the exterior.

The forces of change, start from the interior.

It takes a revolution of thought.

Something smooth, does not stutter.

A daring mind, a caring soul.

Someone brave enough, to break the barrier.

Pushing the envelope, going against the grain.

Swimming against the current, ignoring the pain.

Looking into the distance, seeing unseen images.

Moving a people, with what the image is.

Leading a people, not pushed by the crowd.

Understanding the difference, it's clear and loud.

It takes a leader, who is powerful and strong,

To lead his people into a revolution.

27.07.14 - [Continuum](#) [Contents](#)

Change Agent

Everyone talks change.

But that's as far as it goes.

When change is desired, it seems strange,

The same people go all closed.

People forget, how refreshing one can be,

With eyes wide open, and a tomorrow to see.

People forget, they wanted a difference,

When in someone new, they saw that reference.

People talk change, when no one is listening.

Then they'll remind you, when things were happening.

How much of a change agent, in the life they lived?

Talk about change now, maybe the thought's on money.

For the act of change, they're not willing to give.

People preach change, and how things could be.

If only change can be kept, in the dictionary.

Let us proceed in this short space and time.

No special endings, no special rhyme.

Capturing the moment, demonstrable understanding,

Quickly before, people's misgivings.

People with titles, shrouded in a veil,

Pushing an approach, that's already failed.

A paucity of thought, like some called billionaires,

Rich people, homeless, hungry, no one cares.

Where is the middleman, humanity?

When will it return, human dignity?



About The Author

I had spent my working (thirty-four) years permanently employed

in power generation, natural-gas processing, ammonia production, and liquefied natural-gas production, in that order. My specific fields of employment were Electrical and Instrumentation, and Control Systems.

In 1997, while working at our gas-processing plant, I had been asked to get involved with a children's home.

Since then, my involvement, and passion have been growing, creating my indelibly awesome experiences working with children!

Since this book has nothing to do with my industrial life, that's as far as the association goes.

Prior, I had been involved with other community groups (cultural and otherwise), sports (regional, and national levels), similar projects, from the age of eleven.

After moving away from my life of industry, I had began devoting more time to working with children.

That's where I am today!

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