

Love and
Solace



Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire

Preface

LOVE and SOLACE
A Collection of Inspired Writings
Book Two

Words of Wisdom, Words of Love,
Some Inspired, and all with Love.
Words for Laughter, Words for Tears,
Some to soothe away your fears,
Words of Comfort, Words of Peace,
Some to make you feel at ease.
Words to while away the hours,
Come and share them, with Ron Bowers.

Since I had my first book of poems printed, I have received phone calls and letters, thanking me, for giving pleasure and comfort, to so many people, of different creeds.

It has given me great pleasure, to receive their praises and thanks, on behalf of My Inspirers.

I have been encouraged to produce this new book of Inspired Writing, with the hope, that it may bring Comfort, Love and Solace, to all those who are in need of God's Love and Healing Power.

Ron Bowers.

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Dedication

To My Dear Friends, who have been helped by My Thoughts, My Inspirations and My Healing; and to My Dear Spirit Friends, who have been the source of that Inspiration, and the Directive Force of My Healing Power,

This book is respectfully and Lovingly Dedicated.

To all those who are in need of the Healing Balm, I will send My Healing Thoughts, if You will link with that bond of Infinite Power and Love. And THINK of ME.

Think of Me, and in Your Mind, draw closer.
Picture My Face, before Your tear filled eyes.
Your thoughts will wing along that Love-Bond,
That binds us with the Love of Heavenly Ties.

Think of Me, and I will be beside You,
Helping You to face Life's troubled way.
Giving You My Love, to soothe and comfort.
Hold fast, My thoughts are here to stay.

Think of Me, when fears assail Your Mind,
And deep within Your Soul You're feeling low.
Or when You falter and apathy prevails,
You'll sense My hands caress Your troubled brow.

Think of Me, When Your body suffers pain,
Or, when fatigued by sleepless nights,
And You are needful of the Healing Balm.
Think of Me then, and I will bring respite.

Think of Me, Your thoughts will fill My Mind,
And with God's help, I'll answer to Your call.
Then, I will bring You all My Healing Comfort,
On Loving waves of Thought, to lift You when You Fall.

Think of Me Now, and fill Your Heart and Mind with Love.
Forgetting Self, Give everything, of what is there.
Then offer all the best of what is in You,
To Your God, For all the World to share.

Reflections

When you think, of all the sorrow
That afflicts the Human Soul.
All the despair, tears and heart-ache,
Through the years will take their toll.

Yet, there is no need to suffer
All the agonies and strife.
If we'd only pause, and think
Of how we're meant to live this Life.

God does not give us suffering,
You can't make Him take the blame.
You are the one responsible,
Don't live your Life in vain.

You have the Power, within you,
To protect you from so much.
Draw on God's Strength, to lift you,
Don't use it for a crutch.

You know, just what you have to do,
The answers, lie within.
Just live Your Life, and live it right,
And surely, you must win.

If people speak a hurtful word
Or do a cruel deed.
Just let it pass, send them your love,
Don't worry, there's no need.

It's dwelling on self pity
That retards the Human Soul.
So, lift yourself, with help from God,
Reach for a higher goal.

Be Still, and know, that I am God,
The Loving Power will flow.
His Truth, will help you in this Life.
That's all You need, To Know.

Consecration

When, in the midst of Silent Thought,
I've tried to reach that Higher Sphere,
Where, dwells supreme, The Infinite Soul
And all those friends, who I hold dear.

And yet, those tender, happy hours
Were but brief sojourns from mortality.
A respite from the toil and strife
Of this, we call reality.

It seems that I, like many more,
Were more concerned with trivial things.
That really shouldn't matter, when
We reflect on God's greater schemes.

I never thought the day would come,
When I, with deep humility,
Would put all earthly things aside,
And consecrate Myself to Thee.

Dear God, I give all that I am
And all that I may ever be,
For You to use, in any way
That You deem right, for service unto Thee.

I'm ready now, for any task,
Though small and humble, it may seem.
I'll give My Love, My Life, My All,
One Droplet, in Your Living Stream.

A Stream that flows through all Creation,
Vibrant, in its Living Power.
And I, can humbly play my part,
By Serving God, for evermore.

My Praying Hands

My Praying Hands are Healing Hands
Which channel Loving Balm,
To soothe away the aches and pains,
And Troubled Minds will calm.

My Praying Hands are Toiling Hands
That serve in God's dear Name,
By helping those who are in need,
Yet, seek no earthly fame.

My Praying Hands are Loving Hands
Which, by their gentle touch,
Can convey all My Heartfelt Love,
That People need so much.

My Praying Hands are Useful Hands,
I use to show the way,
For a wandering soul or child of God,
To teach them how to pray.

My Praying Hands are Creative Hands
That can work with Loving Care,
Creating the things of beauty
That I give, for the world to share.

My Praying Hands are Sensitive Hands,
And when, at the close of day,
My work is done, in the 'Silence' I dwell,
And I clasp My Hands and Pray.

My Son

My Son, what would I wish for You
To help You through the years ahead.
There will be problems, You'll have to face
As down the Path of Life You tread.

I will give You a helping hand,
As You go through Your formative years,
And, maybe I will not succeed
In quelling all Your bitter tears.

I can offer guidance and give advice
Which may not be well received
For You have a mind and will of Your own
You'll accept, what You want to believe.

You will make mistakes, as men always do
While striving, Your goals to attain.
At times, You will dwell in the depths of despair
But You'll rise to the heights, once again.

A time will come, when I can't be of help,
Be it money, knowledge or skills.
I don't have the answers, to all problems of life
I can't be the cure for all ills.

Then, all I can give You, is my Love, My Son.
All my thoughts will be with You in Prayer.
And I'll wish for the Heavenly Guidance
That I've had, to be Yours, for Your care.

Don't Be Afraid

Don't be afraid, when friends come round to call
They only come, to lift you when you fall.
To lift your inner self, when feeling low,
To guide you, as upon your way you go.

Don't be afraid, when, at the close of day,
You make your peace with God, and bow your head to pray.
You feel the presence, of your Loved Ones near,
Greet them with Love, you have no cause for fear.

Don't be afraid, of Voices, when You find
The words are true, and they benefit Mankind.
If you're inspired by Spirit in your thought,
Your fear will pass, and anguish come to nought.

Don't be afraid, when at the even'tide,
The shadows fall, God with you will abide.
Give thanks for all the knowledge you have found.
Give Blessings, let your heart with Love abound.

Don't be afraid, of visions in the night,
It only means you're blest with inner sight.
And by these Truths, you'll form a stronger bond
Of Love, with Spirit, from the Great Beyond.

My Choice

If I could have my choice, of all the Blessings given to Man
If I could choose, just one of them, to last me my Life's span
Which would I choose, which one would be the best for me
To keep, just for myself alone,
One Blessing, that would help me constantly?

Would I choose Wealth, the greatest riches ever known?
So I could buy 'most anything, just think what I could own.
But riches wouldn't buy me Health, or keep my body whole.
Sometimes afflictions beset man, that seem to seer the soul.

Then maybe, I should just choose Health, to last me my Life through,
For, if you have your health, there's always some job you can do.
Should I choose Happiness, or Wisdom, as my life-long boon?
It seems as though I'm spoilt for choice. Maybe I spoke too soon.

No Man should ever ask for Blessings such as these,
Such selfish thoughts, thrust them aside, it's not for Self to please
You're always Blessed by God, for the whole of your Life's span,
To help you live your Life, in Love, to help your Fellow-Man.

Angels

I met with some Angels, one morning
When I went to Coronary Care.
They didn't have big golden wings
or halos, hung up in the air.

Their Creed, it was irrelevant.
I didn't know their Race
I knew that God dwelled deep within
When we came face to face.

They went to work proficiently
as they are trained to do.
But there were times, they went beyond
What normal folk would do.

They gave their daily measure
of work, they had to do.
They gave their skill, and gave their strength
And Love, they gave us too.

So, now I give You My Thanks
For all the Love You gave
When I was weak, and suffering pain
It was, My Life, You saved.

Strive on, My Gentle Angels.
You've hearkened to the call
To serve Your Fellow-Men, with Love
So may God Bless You All.

The Nurses

This poem and the previous one 'Angels' are dedicated to the nursing staff, at North Manchester General Hospital, who five times have saved my life.

I'd like to say a special word of thanks
To all the Ladies who work on C.4.
They helped me in my illness,
When I was feeling low,
And I know they've done it many times before.

Now after spending day on day in bed.
Being shaved and bathed and even being fed.
After taking all your pills,
And been tended for your ills,
The Nursing Staff will always look ahead.

They come round with bottles, bed-pans and commodes.
They'll clean your mess and even change your clothes.
And when you're feeling bored,
They will have a friendly word,
And even crack a joke, to ease your load.

Surely, this is not just simply dedication.
That all the Ladies on this ward display.
They express Love, as they talk.
They are Praying as they work.
And Healing Thoughts are flowing, as they pray.

So, once again its 'THANK YOU' gallant ladies.
My heart-felt Love goes out to all of you.
As you're working, night and day,
I for one, will pause and pray,
I have seen God's Light, shine through each one of you.

Whenever Your Soul Errs Just Take from God's Love

We are joined in Love and Friendship,
Human Souls that think as one,
Even when we are far apart,
Nothing can break the bond.

Even when we are apart for some time,
Venturing over the sea.
Ever communing in Loving Peace,
Radiant thoughts comfort me.

You and I are linked together in Love,
Our Love will ever remain.
Undying, as our Eternal Vow,
Recurr again and again.

Sometimes, our Spirits sink so low,
Only our Love prevails.
United in each others Love,
Love that will never fail.

Enduring as our Love can be,
Reaching our highest aim.
Realise this, that God links our hearts,
Soulmates we'll ever remain.

Joyfully, we dwell in God's Love,
United for all time.
Sincere in all we strive to do,
Trusting God's Love sublime.

Trusting in Him, for all our needs,
As o'er life's pathway we tread.
Keeping our faith, with our loved ones.
Even as we go ahead.

Far to a distant goal we aim,
Reaching unto the heights,
Obedient, to our Fathers call.
Making our way, by right.

Giving to God, and each other the same,
Our Eternal Love
Dedicated to the call,
Sent to us, from above.

Love is the need, in this world of ours,
Our Father, God is aware.
Voice Your needs, He'll answer Your call.
Embracing us all in His care.

The Light of Truth

Man in his Wisdom, seeks the Truth,
Within his shuttered mind,
And in the darkness, often fails.
Because, in truth, he's blind.

We're born with eyes wide open.
Our minds alert and free,
And ignorance and fear prevails,
So that we cannot see.

Throughout long years, a few brave souls
Have sensed the Light and tried,
To break the shutters from their eyes,
And let the Light inside.

Though other men, with wrong intent
Have gained the strength and might,
To dominate their Fellow-Men,
Forbidding them God's Light.

For evil minds have seen a way,
The Truth, to twist and bend,
Creating Laws, restricting Minds,
To profit their own ends.

The Light of Truth spreads o'er the World,
To kindle in your Mind.
If you will throw the shutters wide,
You'll see, you won't be blind.

To understand and seek the Truth
Is part of God's great plan.
The Truth in all its Glory is
God's Loving Gift, to Man.

Creation

In the beginning, when Earth was in the turmoil of Creation, the heavens echoed to the roar of thunder, and the ground trembled in the mighty upheaval of liquid and solid rock, until that moment when this World was ready for Life.

Then came a Silence. So Intense, So Awe-Inspiring, and so Wonderful, that everywhere there was Peace, and all was Quiet and Still.

And in that Stillness, you could hear the Sound of God.

The Sound of God, is Quiet and Still
You'll hear it on the Highest Hill
In Lonely Dales, on Silent Shore
That Sound is there, for evermore.

So, in Your Quiet Moments, Friend,
In Meditation, Softly Blend,
With Loving Thoughts and Minds around,
And listen to our Fathers Sound.

If you will seek that Peace of Mind
I'm sure, my Friend, that you will find
A Place, wherein no foot has trod,
Then, listen to the Sound of God.

What is the Soul?

What is the Soul, this inner self
Which can't be seen and has no form.
No Doctor knows what shape it takes,
And yet, I know, since I've been born
I sense, I feel, I've been aware
Of something, that I know is there.

A Soul, the Me, the I within
A Spirit, the Astral, the Etheric Me,
The Ego, The Psyche or Psychic self
Or can my Mind be confusing Me.
So many names, my soul can share
And still, I know that something is there.

This something, I'll call it a Soul, for now,
Is Tender, Comforting, Gentle and Kind.
A Feeling, A Sensing, a Knowing, Somehow
That deep within My Soul, or My Mind
Is a Power Divine, I know I can share
With all of Mankind, I know it is there.

Sometimes when I'm quiet and all alone
I still My Mind and seek the goal
Of all that I am and intend to be
And an overwhelming Love fills My Soul
That is part of God, and has made Me Aware
God is in My Soul, I Know He is there.

The Children are Waiting

The Children are waiting, Their call from above,
To hear of a Father who governs in Love,
The Angel Friends gather, to guide them aright,
And calm all their fears throughout the long night.

When God's Light is dawning, they gently awake,
And draw to His Presence, His Love they will take,
To learn of His Wisdom and search for the Truth,
Our Angel Friends lead Them, and give them their proof.

And as They grow older, in God's tender care,
They will 'Blend in the Silence' and bide with Him there.
Attend to His Teaching, and hark to His call,
And blend with His Love, Which He shares with us all.

The Temple of the Soul

Within the Still and Silent Mind,⁴
There dwells the You, of all Your yester-years.
And if You seek the Truth of Self,
You'll re-live all Your laughter and Your tears.

Within the Quiet and Silent Heart,
The Temple of the Soul is there.
Wherein You'll find Yourself, and God,
To join in Silent Prayer.

Resolutions

Have You made your Resolutions
Have you really thought, just how
You are going to keep your promises
When you've made that solemn vow.
Is it going to be, stop smoking
Abstain from drink, or slim,
Refusing sweets and cream cakes
Or is this another whim?

Or has the spark been kindled
That you thought, was extinct?
Have you received that tender touch
That makes you sit and think?
Of how your life has been
and all the wasted years
When you lived for the trivial things
With many bitter tears.

To those who know the joys of life
Knowing what Love can do
And feel, that Spirit Friends draw near
Sharing their Love with you.
You know, you're certain, deep within
There is a higher life
Where they dwell in a happier sphere
That's free from earthy strife.

This knowledge makes you so aware
Of God's Love all around.
The future looks so clear and bright
When this Truth, you have found.
So set your heart on higher aims
Of Body, Soul and Mind
When making Resolutions, be
Determined, to be kind.

If within all the Living Things
There dwells that Divine Spark.
Know that you are the same as them,
You cannot keep apart.
Vow that your Life will change anew
and be determined ever,
To do no ill, to anything
or anyone, no never.

So as your Thoughts dwell on God's Love,
And Angel Friends draw near,
To help you help your Fellow-Men
Throughout the coming year.
Remember this, that all Mankind,
And Birds and Beasts and Flowers,
All Living Things are part of God
And Share this World of Ours.

Yes, make your Resolutions
And, when you think of you,
Just think of others for a while,
And think of All Life, too.
God gave to you the Gift of Life,
Accept with Love, don't spurn.
Lift up Your Mind to Higher Things.
And see God's Peace return.

Meditation

There are times, when I need to be alone,
To ponder on Life and Creation.
So I still my mind and search within,
And practice my Meditation.

I sit in my chair, with comfort and ease
And breathe deep and slow, to begin,
And tense my muscles, then gently relax,
Allowing God's Peace to come in.

In my Mind, I imagine a summer's day
and walk where the clamour has ceased,
In shady woods, or quiet sea shore,
Till I'm calm, and full of peace.

Then I make my way to a high stone wall
Where an iron-bound door is apart.
The door is locked, only I have the key
to the Sanctuary of my heart.

Through the door is a wonderful garden,
Where I stroll through the flowers and trees.
In my mind, I created this garden,
Where I know I will find God's peace.

There's a large oak tree, with a seat all around,
Where I sit and survey my bower,
Sensing the strength of the tree, in my being,
Aware of my God's Loving Power.

Of Nature's aroma I take My fill,
Inhaling the fragrant air,
Till I reach that moment of stillness
And I know that my God is there.

Then I meditate on the problems of Life,
And, my problems are hard to recall.
And it seems, with God's Help, I can face Life anew
For my worries are trivial and small.

Thoughts on Life

Who am I, what am I doing on this earth,
Is there a Glorious Plan?
Is there a God, some Divine Force
That Created Earth and Man?

Our forebears asked these questions
and through long ages past
Found answers, true and tested,
That help us in our quest.

Each question leads to another one,
and the answers we receive
Are proved, with no doubt, to our questing minds.
For we see, before we believe.

But what of the answers we receive
That fill our minds with doubt.
How can we prove the right, the wrong,
How do we truly find out?

The solution lies within each one,
Deep in our fettered minds.
And Truth and Wisdom are the keys
To Free all of Mankind.

But, we must also listen to
The Scientific Man.
Who tests and proves the Natural Laws
Of the Great Creator's Plan.

The Great Men of Philosophy
Have had their part to play,
Extolling their Great Wisdom
To help us, day by day.

Thus, all the Knowledge that we seek,
Is there for us to find.
You'll find the key to start your search,
Is there, within your Mind.

'Tiger' — Our Gi-Normous Cat

Our cat is called 'Tiger' and really quite big.
Our window's three foot, from the floor.
He, stands on his hind legs, peering in
and taps on the glass, with his paw.

He's an old softy really, our gi-normous cat,
when he lies in front of the fire.
He stretches full length, with his paws in the air,
With a style you can't help but admire.

He's a nuisance whenever you sit down to read.
Then, he comes and sits by your side,
and teases and paws at the pages you turn,
Till your patience is really tried.

He's proud and he's haughty and lord of our house,
The master of all he surveys.
He'll snuggle and love, and bully and shove
Until he gets all his own way.

When he goes on the prowl in our garden each day,
He becomes the hunter again,
And just like his namesake, the tiger, he stalks
Anything that moves, but in vain.

For he's old for a cat, he's nearly fifteen,
Yet at times he acts like a kitten.
But we don't take chances, when he's in a mood,
In fact, all the family's been bitten.

He taps on the window, to be let in.
Makes a fuss, when he wants to be fed.
He scratches the door and wants to go out
When it's time to go to bed.

He's a comfort, at times, when we're out of sorts,
Then he comes and snuggles up tight,
As if he knows we are feeling ill,
And he wants to help make us right.

Mostly, he just lies around and snores,
On a chair, or full length on the floor.
But he's up like a shot, on the window sill,
When someone comes near the front door.

He's lodged at the pet shop when we go away.
He knows, but resigned to the fact.
And the shop owner picks him up, then says
'Why, its TIGER, the GI-NORMOUS CAT!'

Summerland

There is a land of sweet repose
Where Spirit Friends reside.
Where old friends meet,
And Loved Ones greet,
In Love, they all abide.

There is a land, not far away,
Where I will go one day.
When all is done,
My earth's span run,
There, I will make my way.

There is a land, the Summerland,
Where all is Loving Peace.
And there I will roam,
In my heavenly home,
When my earthly conflict has ceased.

Summer Meditation

When, in the late evening, there comes a silence, as
Nature, relaxing in the aftermath of a toilsome day,
calms and soothes the troubled brow of the countryside.
And the sun, gently yawning, draws the blanket of the
horizon over his sleepy head, all is quiet.

Only the buzzing of a late working bee, or a bird,
calling out, through some disturbance, makes you aware
of Life, in a deathless hush.

The time is not right, yet, for the creatures of the night.
Not until the gentle breezes, first messengers of the wind
that heralds the dark hours, will the nocturnal beings
become awake.

Thus, for a short time, there is peace.

Now, you can meditate, seeking that stillness within, that
brings a calmness to the troubled mind. And in that calm
stillness, discovering who, and what you are.

Be still, Still your Mind, Still your Soul.
Your very being is still, quiet, and at peace.
Realise, that within you is a spark of the Divine.
Harken to that voice within your soul;
'Be Still and Know, That I, am God'

Then comes that feeling of exhilaration, when You Know,
That You are a part of that Great Power, that created
all things, and at that moment, You Know Yourself.

And, through knowing yourself, You will Know God.

