

The  
Everlasting  
Garden

By

Lucile I. Burke

## THE EVERLASTING GARDEN

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CONTENTS

The Everlasting Garden ..... 7  
I Know Now ..... 8  
Till Death Do Us Part ..... 9  
To Hold Your Tiny Hand ..... 10  
The Little Lost Lamb ..... 11  
The Audit ..... 12  
Never too Young, Never too Old ..... 13  
What If? ..... 14  
The Well Traveled Road ..... 15  
Why Seek Ye Here? ..... 16  
Where Is Your Temple? ..... 17  
Someday – Somewhere ..... 18  
My Hope ..... 19  
Fidelity Begins in the Heart ..... 20  
How Far Does Your Horizon Reach? ..... 21  
If Only We'd Had a Choice ..... 22  
Could You Tell Me Please? ..... 23  
Peace Is Born ..... 24  
How Strong Is Gentle? ..... 25  
The Choice of Choice ..... 26  
Each Bird Sings Its Own Song ..... 27  
As the Winds that Blow ..... 28

THE EVERLASTING GARDEN

## The Everlasting Garden

And while my soul weeps quietly for days that won't be back,  
There linger on the edges of my mind, still intact,  
The hopes and dreams of bygone years, still holding for fruition,  
Coming forth so loud and clear as latent intuition.

God, I pray, please grant the days that I will need  
To plant my garden in my world with seeds  
Of love, peace, goodwill; so when it's time to travel on  
I can leave a garden in many hearts that they may never be alone.

Lucile I. Burke  
May 12, 1991

## I Know Now

How is it that we can hate  
Those we know, by chance of fate,  
Who love us so?  
We do not know.

How is it that we can love  
Those who hate us so?  
The mystery of life does not explain  
And we are left with only pain.

Somewhere along the way  
I'm positive I'll hear life say,  
"My dear child I know now that you know now  
The why and how these universal questions ask.

"I gave you love to replace hate  
As you waited at heaven's gate.  
A love not born of earthly flesh  
But of the spirit - the greatest test."

Lucile I. Burke  
May 12, 1991

## Till Death Do Us Part

How many who are reading these words now  
Can remember the day you spoke this vow?  
Oh how simple it seemed, to say  
Those words on your wedding day.

Only time can reveal the depth of these words  
As you learn by living, some truths unheard.  
Human nature and human life do not always ask  
How long we'd like this day to last.

We don't have a clue nor any preview  
Nor do we look beyond too far. Our questions are few.  
We accept with great joy the life of today  
Looking forward to our vision of heaven to stay.

Not to diminish this private world of dreams  
But years do bring changes in love and esteem.  
Time does this natural thing to us, we confess.  
To some far more, to some far less.

When your complexion was peaches and cream,  
Which is now just a beautiful dream.  
When you were so agile and lithe and straight,  
Little did we envision the eventual fate.

If our vows have deepened to a spiritual honesty  
These changes only enhance the love that was promised.  
We see with the heart more than the eyes  
As we live long and become more wise.

Love of great value is the change deep down inside  
Where all the treasured memories gently reside  
Where our souls are joined with rhythm of the heart  
Till that vow is fulfilled, "Till Death Do Us Part."

Lucile I. Burke  
August 20, 1991

## To Hold Your Tiny Hand

To hold your tiny hand in mine  
Brings emotions tender and kind.  
From my soul somewhere inside  
That until now I did not find.

I feel the strength of my own hand  
And the vulnerability of your tiny hand.  
It's understood I am to be  
Your keeper as long as you need me.

My love and caring will pass to you  
As I hold your tiny hand; we two  
Will seem like one as our lives grow.  
The years come and the years go.

One day your tiny hand will not need mine  
And then I know this is the time  
To let it go to find its way -  
With all my love - to a better day.

Lucile I. Burke  
Undated

## The Little Lost Lamb

The little lamb is lost and all alone -  
All the others have long been gone.  
How still he lies and waits there on the ground,  
And listens close for some familiar sound.

How fearful and frightened he must be -  
Afraid to move - just waiting helplessly.  
This is indeed the most hopeless of plights.  
All hope is gone and there's no one in sight.

Suddenly the shepherd's voice rings out clear,  
Calling for his little lost lamb so dear.  
Just as quickly all fear is gone - all is well.  
All anguish vanished - all fear dispelled.

The master knelt and lifted up the shaking one,  
And hugged him to his breast. It was done.  
Back in the fold and back home again  
No threat now of fear or harm or pain.

We're all lost lambs sometime in our life,  
And filled with cares and worry and strife.  
Just listen! You'll hear him call.  
He's looking for you because he saw you fall.

He'll call your name until you answer  
From your lowly, fearful and hopeless place.  
He'll list you up and hold you to his heart.  
He's found another lamb who's on their way back home.

Lucile I. Burke  
August 26, 1991

## The Audit

The opened books are laid before your eyes  
To peruse, ponder and appraise.  
What have you gained? What have you lost?  
What did you really want and at what cost?

Retrospect is always clear and we can understand  
The reality of all past transactions. We can  
Assess each one with an analyzing mind.  
But with every audit we really come to find

Not only the transaction but how they balance out.  
That's what an audit is really all about.  
Before we sleep at each day's end,  
Let's check our balance. Did we lose or did we win?

Lucile I. Burke  
June 16, 1991

## Never too Young, Never too Old

I remember one morning so long ago  
They explained that I'd been born four years before.  
My world then seemed so young and so new,  
Each occasion momentous and my troubles few.  
The heavens were bright and the sun was pure gold.  
How young is "too young" for your soul's first awareness?  
I was aware I had much to learn,  
But I was eager to begin, with no concern  
Of how well I'd do - just secure in the fact  
That I was here on some business, I knew not how exact.  
I fully believe that you're never too young, never too old  
To awaken one day and discover the awareness of soul.

Lucile I. Burke  
August 15, 1991

## What If?

"What if" may sound so vague and benign -  
So many variables in every life,  
And every circumstance - that we sometimes wonder  
What difference our personal decisions and choices  
Could possibly make in the overall picture -  
"Would this world be better or worse,  
Or did I even make a difference at all?"  
But what if our blessed Mother Mary  
Had decided on abortion, for whatever reason?  
What if Jesus had decided He couldn't go through  
The plan He'd come to fulfill on earth?  
What if Judas had decided that he  
Couldn't betray the best and dearest friend  
He ever had in this old world?  
All our choices may not make such great differences,  
But nothing done is ever lost.  
It lives on and on in ways we'll never understand  
While we live on in this short time.

What if you never learn to live an unselfish life?  
How will you ever learn to understand  
What the atmosphere in heaven is really like?  
Would you feel at home there when you leave here?  
So keep in mind as you live each day,  
Each choice may have eternal implications  
As its consequence ripples on and out  
Through the universes and eternity. Your "what if"  
Makes more difference than you will ever know in this life.

Lucile I. Burke  
August 4, 1991

## The Well Traveled Road

Most of us, if we live long,  
Will travel down this road.  
Instead of miles from here to there,  
It's years and days and moments lived.  
Awareness of this unplanned journey  
Dawns early in our conscious mind  
As we stare young adulthood in the face.  
Hopes and dreams project themselves unbidden  
As the heart and mind formulate the sojourn.  
Sometimes the time may fly and we may find  
We have arrived before we ever knew  
We had begun - at some marker on this road.  
Other years will pass by so slow it may seem  
That time is standing still.  
One universal trait that most of us exhibit  
As we grow older - the age of "old" keep jumping forward.  
If at 80 you still feel young, you may well say  
"Maybe you really get old when you're one hundred."  
I wonder out loud sometimes to myself,  
When my time comes I'll probably be saying  
To all who are there or any who will listen,  
"But Lord, I haven't done all I planned to do - yet."

Lucile I. Burke  
December 31, 1990

## Why Seek Ye Here?

Why do we search and relentlessly seek?  
Is it because we're so strong or so weak?  
It really is determined by a hungering need  
To find and use what seems our most urgent need.

Deeply embedded somewhere inside comes the call -  
Be it physical, mental spiritual - we know them all.  
In a physical body it screams its demands  
Survival is at stake - this we understand.

Now it seems the mental hunger trails by only a degree.  
It, too, is inborn - it has been decreed!  
You'd think that mental hunger would naturally lead  
To spiritual pursuit - to awaken - no impede.

But there again it's the sum of totals - who we are  
That sets our sights on a higher, brighter star,  
For the spirit is born not of this earth.  
Maybe that understanding was inherent from birth.

Its needs are so different and sometimes evade  
Us completely in our search, but be not afraid.  
When the searcher is ready, the answer is shown,  
A welcoming angel to lead you - never leave you alone.

Lucile I. Burke  
September 1, 1991

## Where Is Your Temple?

Of all the famous and revered holy places  
In all this world, with the multitudes of dedicated faces,  
That for personal beliefs and various reasons  
Journey to these great places for special seasons,

I ponder the magnitude of this ritual with wonder.  
Is it compelled by God or man or both? Are we fonder  
Of form than spiritual substance? In the cosmic plan  
It was revealed that his temple resides in the body of man.

We could lose sight of our personal temple  
In searching for the earthly temple.  
If God does not dwell in your own place  
You may be searching in vain for your Father's face.

Lucile I. Burke  
February 2, 1992

## **Someday – Somewhere**

Someday – somewhere along life's way  
There comes the time for each of us  
To meet ourselves face to face  
In that inevitable place  
Where our mortal meets our immortal  
On their way through this life.  
Then we understand where that line is drawn  
To differentiate between the two. All doubt is gone.

Lucile I. Burke  
January 31, 1992

## My Hope

Hope is the sense of expectancy without a tangible reason  
To sustain us through all the myriad seasons  
Of sometimes, many dreary times.  
Hope is such an elusive state of mind that we find  
Ourselves searching valiantly for the dreams  
We've woven into our lives' scenes.  
Hope springs eternal from deep down inside  
To bring to reality these nebulous stars to where we abide  
And lift us up to the place where our hope was born.  
Where we find the author of our hope that will never die.

Lucile I. Burke  
January 18, 1992

## Fidelity Begins in the Heart

Fidelity is not just a word to discuss and write about,  
Nor is it some outdated or obsolete concept, there is no doubt.  
It's not just a religious belief or custom ages old.  
It is a state of mind that quietly dwells within your soul.

Our state of mind is determined by what we have become,  
An accumulation of the values accrued, and to some  
We've learned the truths, the values that we perceived,  
To mark a standard of living, the life we have received.

In whatever spirit you perceive your truths  
Dating back to years of your beginning, your youth  
Is, no doubt, the beginning of the formation  
Of what you will become as you relate to life and creation.

This awareness should truly speak to adults everywhere  
To perpetuate a nation strong who can honestly care  
About their lives, and lives of others, with an insight  
Of the great value that is inherent in every kindred soul of light

Lucile I. Burke  
May 3, 1992

## How Far Does Your Horizon Reach?

When does your horizon cease to be the border of your world?  
If you stand upon the highest mountain of this world  
You'll see the edges moving out to some place new,  
If you travel many miles across the country, as we often do.

We find our field of vision has greatly changed, and lo,  
The horizon has become an entirely different scene, and so  
We climb the skies to fly up there across the land.  
Our horizon is ever advancing as we progress from where we  
stand.

If we never move to some far and different place  
And view it all from that unfamiliar space,  
Then life's horizon may well be, for your life and you,  
Never changing, with a stationary and an unchanging view.

But the ultimate quest does not belong to you.  
We aren't all pushing for the extended view.  
Only the curious ones with that perspective search  
Reach beyond that limited vision which standing still exerts.

Lucile I. Burke  
May 29, 2009

## If Only We'd Had a Choice

Where was I when all these vital decisions were decided?  
These questions have surfaced like a rising tide  
Since I can remember as a tiny child.  
No choice was offered, and so for an allotted little while

The unseen hand molded and made me what I became,  
And later someone else decided and gave me my name.  
No one cared that I would have liked darker hair,  
And no one asked me if I wanted to be dark or fair.

My Eyes would have been sky blue if I'd been asked,  
And certainly, I'd choose a healthy body that would last.  
So those who get what they would have preferred  
Are, oh so lucky, more lucky than can be expressed in words.

When you fall short of what you would have been,  
At least you're lucky you made it - you win.  
If only the world out there can understand  
That I, too, had no say, not even a hand

In making my body nor choosing my colors.  
So be kind when you would condemn all the others  
Who didn't get quite what they would have ordered.  
We all take what we got and do what we can. We'll be rewarded.

The choices are ours after we're here  
To not criticize another for how they appear  
Or how they fit into the world's concept of what's correct.  
Just accept the fact that none of us were asked to select.

Lucile I. Burke  
May 30, 1992

## Could You Tell Me Please?

Could you tell me please  
Just where on earth are the keys  
That have locked away your soul  
Within your earthly body - to hold

It captive in a lonely place,  
To hardly ever show its lovely face.  
Can you unlock that invisible door  
That has never been there before?

Maybe then I could set it free  
To experience life and let you see  
All the joys that you have missed.  
May I be there and help assist?

When that door has opened wide  
We can walk again side by side.  
Could you tell me please,  
My love where are those keys?

Many loved ones have had this loss:  
Their mate is somewhere inside - yet lost.  
They are there and yet they're not,  
Requiring much more courage than they've got.

Lucile I. Burke  
April 29, 1992

## Peace Is Born

I hear the bluebells ringing sweetly.  
The tulips welcome me, to embrace my soul.  
The rose glistens in the morning dew  
Like diamonds laid upon a garnet stone  
To light my life this very day and make it one that will remain  
A fabulous treasure for my cache of memories.  
The day may come when the sun won't shine  
Or the lovely friends may be gone.  
Thanks, God, for the memory that will ever linger  
And suffice to light the dark and lonely day.

Lucile I. Burke  
July 25, 1992

## How Strong Is Gentle?

The gentle spirit can stoop down low and mend a broken wing –  
Can guide a little child who is searching for its way back home.  
It can offer the balm of love and peace to lost and broken hearts.  
This infinitely gentle spirit can also rise and soar  
Along the winds, beyond the mountains and among the stars  
To renew the strength that is essential  
For the quiet and gentle caring soul.

Lucile I. Burke  
July 27, 1992

## The Choice of Choice

Isn't it wonderful to have a choice?  
You have a choice today, but there was a day  
When your mother's choice determined  
If you'd live to have a choice.

Lucile I. Burke  
July 27, 1992

## Each Bird Sings Its Own Song

Have you ever stood in awe - in splendid quietude  
And let the trill of heaven's music roll over your listening mind?  
No reason to attempt to analyze the notes  
Because it is a pervasive wave of tender touch

That lingers long, long after the birds are gone.  
You are aware that there is a symphony  
Floating around and through your very being.  
It defies description except to know it is a feeling

That you are receiving from the air.  
The varied sounds and songs all blend into a chorus  
That no man has ever even attempted to duplicate.  
It is impossible to improve on such perfection.

Lucile I. Burke  
August 27, 1992

## As the Winds that Blow

I watched a tree gently flowing with the summer breeze.  
Such delicate strength - like a great ballet.  
My mortal life is like that breeze, I thought,  
It comes, unseen, out of nowhere - makes its presence felt –

Then disappears from whence it came.  
Just a fleeting bit of time, serving a purpose when it came.  
'Tis such a soothing, refreshing and comforting breeze.  
How glorious to have known it. Then in retrospect;

Many winds have touched that tree.  
Sometimes it's stormy, destructive winds  
Leaving their scars as reminders  
Of their devastating strength.

The icy winds of winter's blast have  
Left their frosty breath  
Upon the cold and undressed tree standing helpless.  
As varied as the winds that blow

Are the lives of mortals that pass this way.  
My searching question into this soul that I call mine;  
What effect will my brief span, as it passes by,  
Leave upon the world and all it touches?

Maybe like the season's changes  
It will not all be gentle. But this I know:  
For some purpose there'll always be, unseen by me,  
Guidance to my eventual destination.

Lucile I. Burke  
April 22, 1962

## THE EVERLASTING GARDEN