



Jackson Koller

Mosley 1997 Page 1





REUNIONS



GET IT TOGETHER
1997



I hope you'all (is that spelt right?) enjoy this collection. The pictures and works are arranged in no particular order, in fact I tried to randomized them in as much as possible, including scattering entries from any one source.

If some (any) thing was left out it was totally by accident, not intent. Any mistakes, I apologize for here, and please let me know of any corrections that need to be made at the address below. Also, since you've now seen the project, and if there is anything you wish to add to next years' reprint, also forward them to me over the next year!

Especially, but not limited to, any changes, corrections, updates, etc., in the genealogy charts!

Take Care,

Jackson (Randy) Koller

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Thinking Of You

A Loving Heart

**This is a very special penny
As you can plainly see
The reason it's so special is
It's just for you, from me.**

**Whenever you are lonely
Or even feeling blue
You only have to hold this penny
To know I think of you.**

**So keep this penny with you
As a reminder of the joys we've shared
And remember it is a symbol
Of a Loving Heart that cares.**



In the distance I see my dreams
come true
Awakening within I feel so alive
and reel
Given this chance to make e difference
I grasp it in fast
There's always happiness in the
shadows around
And hope delivered by the birds
and butterflies filled beauty
In the distance I see my dreams
come true
There in the front standing patient
and wise
My dearest friend, I share my dreams
with, my love this is you

Dedicated to my mother end her friend in heart
Heather Simas





Jackson Koller

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Jerry W. Mosley

NACOGDOCHES - Graveside services for Jerry Wayne Mosley, 40, Crosby, are scheduled for 11 a.m. Saturday in Lower Chireno Cemetery with A. C. Hoke officiating under direction of Laird-McGill Funeral Home, Nacogdoches.

Mr. Mosley died Wednesday in Houston.

He was born July 13, 1955, in Houston to Charles N. and Evelyn Louise Mosley. He was a machinery repairman and installer and a Baptist.

He was preceded in death by his father, Charles N. Mosley.

Survivors include three sons, Jason Wayne Mosley, Spring, Jerry Wayne Mosley Jr., Jesse Wayne Mosley and Johnny Wayne Mosley, all of Cleveland; one daughter, Tina Renee' Mosley, Spring; mother, Evelyn Louise Mosley, Huffman; five brothers, Jimmy Mosley, San Mateo, Calif., John Mosley, Richmond, Calif., James Mosley, San Pablo, Calif., Joe Mosley, Pinola, Calif., and William Mosley, Spring; four sisters, Patricia Mosley-Davis, Bellevue, Wash., Brenda Cockerham, Houston, Linda Brannon, Tampa Bay, Fla., and Cynthia Mosley, Huffman; and one grandchild.





RISKS

To laugh is the risk appearing
the fool.
To weep is the risk appearing
sentimental.
To reach out for another is to risk
involvement.
To expose feelings is to risk
exposing your true self.
To place your ideas, your dreams,
before a crowd is to risk their loss.
To love is to risk not being
loved in return.
To live is to risk dying.
To hope is to risk despair.
To try is to risk failure.
But risks must be taken,
because the greatest hazard
in life is to risk nothing.
The person who risks nothing,
does nothing, has nothing, and
is nothing.
They may avoid suffering and
sorrow, but they cannot learn,
feel, change, grow, love, live.
Chained by their attitudes, they
are a slave, they have
forfeited their freedom.
Only a person who risks is free...
Anonymous...

God made every one of his children
equal so they could live in Peace and
good will and with Love in thy hearts
with everything God made He gave to his
children with all the Love He could give. That
comes within his heart and soul.
J.W. Mosley 10-27-93



Sisters Forever

For the love we've finally found, that's,
 always been in our hearts.
 I wish we could have been together
 from the start.
 Even though we've talked and we have
 laughed, let's forget about the past.
 And get together, finally at last.
 For sisters we are, and sisters we will
 always be.
 Even though we are miles apart our
 love for each other, comes deeply
 from our hearts.
 For some day soon, I hope and pray that,
 we can get together for at least a day. For the
 love between us I know will
 always be there to stay.
 For sisters we are, and sisters we will be. Thank
 you sister, for being there for me to find.
 To give all my love that's in my heart for
 you, Dearest Sister of mine.
 Let's hope and *pray* the years we have lost,
 that there will be many more
 year's for us to find.
 Dearest Sister of the past, I have
 found you at last.

J.W. Mosley



The Most Happiest and Memorable Day Of Our Married Life

One of the happiest and most memorable days of our married life was when we received the call for our baby boy. This baby boy became a part of our lives on November 14, 1983, and was only three days old when we brought Him home. We were fortunate enough to be able to name this baby boy. David wanted to name the baby after his Daddy, Robert Edward Thacker, therefore we named the baby boy. . .BRYAN EDWARD THACKER.

The 17th of November was on a Thursday, it was pretty late when we finally got away with Bryan, then we went by my mother's house and let my family see the baby, but first thing that Friday morning the first one to hold our brand new three day old baby boy was Louise.

After getting the call for the baby we called Granny (LeLa Mae) and told her about the baby and she came down that Friday and spent the week-end with us and the baby. Everyone on both sides of the family accepted Bryan with open arms. David and I really appreciated you all and Love you all for accepting this baby into our family.

THE CALL

I was receptionist at an insurance company, and our social worker told us she would not call us until it was time for us to receive our baby. As I was sitting at work one day on November 17. 1983, I was feeling really depressed that day. I answered the phones at a slow pace that day. I prayed that God would send us our baby soon, at that time we didn't know if it was a boy or a girl, because we said it didn't matter about the sex of the child we were going to receive. We were so thankful it was a boy so he could carry on the Thacker name. I had three lines on my phone at work that was not caught by the tape, and would ring continuously until I answered them. All of a sudden the third line rang and I jerked it up as fast as I could because something told me it was THE CALL for our baby!!!!

Sure enough it was, I was so excited because I knew when I heard the social worker's voice I knew what that meant. The minute she started talking I knew immediately it was her because she has a foreign accent.

She asked for Carol Thacker and I told her this was Carol, she asked me if I was sitting down and I said yes I was but I started panting for breath just as if I was in labor myself. My friend was around the corner and asked me if I was OK and I said yes and I started crying, she looked at me and said that's the call for your baby isn't it, I shook my head yes. I got this call at 3:15 and David got off work at 3:30. First of all though she told me well Carol you have a Baby Boy that weighed 6 pounds 12 ounces and was 22 inches long, and asked if we could be there at 5:00 to pick him up, I told her YES MAM we could be there at 4:00 and she said oh! so soon. After hanging up with her I immediately called David at work.

David had told Robert McGee that he would work overtime that day, Robert asked me if anything was wrong and I told him no but David needed to come and get me as



soon as he got off work at 3:30. I told Robert to tell David not to call me just come and get me. but as we all know David he just had to call, and told me he was not coming unless I told him why, because he was going to work overtime like he said.

Actually Robert McGee was the first person to know about the baby because I went ahead and told him so that David wouldn't get in trouble for not working. I wanted David to come to me because I wanted to tell him in person but he made me tell him over the phone.

When I told David they called us about the baby there was complete silence, all David said was 000000000000HHHHHHHI 1 1 1 1 believe you could have knocked him over with a feather. You always hear people say they have everything ready in cases like this. Well, we did have everything ready, the only problem with that was we had things done at home, but we were on the opposite side of town from where we lived. So this is what we had to do before we got to Delpelchin. David went ahead and left work which would have taken about 5 to 7 minutes to get there it only took him 3 minutes to get there.

My job went ahead and let go at 3:30, we had to stop at Northwest Mall and get an outfit, blanket and a little cap because it was cold - now keep in mind it should take about 30 minutes to get to Delpelchin from my job. We left my job at 3:30 stopped by the mall and had to go in and get the outfits, then stop by Stop-in-go and get a pair of clippers to take the tags off and get to Delpelchin. Well, we were sitting at Delpelchin and was in the social workers office at 3:35. Now come on, please do not tell me that David Thacker cannot move fast. When we got into her office she spoke to us for a brief moment and then she said, 'well, I know you didn't come to see me, let's go get your baby.'

She walked us to the nursery which we walked down this long hall that seemed like eternity, we finally got to the nursery and there was this tiny tiny little baby laying on his stomach, I started crying (like I'm doing right now even typing this up) the nurse in the nursery was sitting along beside the baby bed and looked at us and said congratulations, you can pick the baby up and dress the baby yourself. I picked the baby up and immediately hugged and kissed him and told him that I loved him already. Such an experience it was for David and I.. .

We have been blessed ever since. David and I relive that day everyday of our lives. Our social worker Mrs. Ricks said when we got there, 'my goodness, I just got off the phone with you,' I said, 'yes, mam, I know, but my husband and I have been waiting for this day long enough. We went back to her office and they gave us some diapers and formula and sent us on our way.

Before we left her office we had to give her Bryan's full name so that she could get the birth certificate filled out and send to Austin. We were able to get Bryan as soon as he came to Delpelchin from the hospital, Bryan was only at



Delpelchin for about an hour when Mrs. Ricks called me. The reason for this was the birth parents of Bryan wanted him to go into a home immediately. They did not want him having to stay at Delpelchin any length of time. It was so exciting and unbelievable that David and I actually had a new baby riding in the car with us. We just could not believe it.

BRYAN EDWARD THACKER

David and Carol's Most Prized Possession. We owe it all to God. We thank God every day for the son that we have. Bryan is a very good boy, and we are proud of him. But one note you can ask anyone Bryan is just like his darn daddy. believe me when I tell you he is Gilbert David Thacker made over. But then I guess I wouldn't have it any other way. 'Well.* no, just kidding.

Sometimes: or let me say most of the time when David and Bryan take sides and gang up on me I feel like running away, but then I have decided I can't do that, after all I'm the best thing that ever happened to David. HA! Well I like to think that way anyway. But, believe you me they do gang up on me. that's no joke (bigtime).

Carol

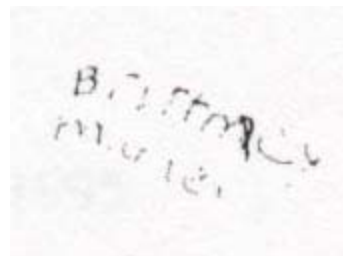
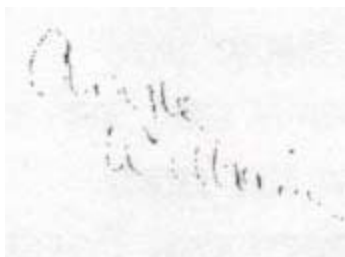
I just have one more thing to share with you, when I worked at the insurance company my friend bought me a real pretty plaque that reads like this:

Adoption Creed
Not flesh of my flesh
not bone of my bone
but, still miraculously my own
Never forget
for a single minute
you didn't grow under
my heart, but in it.

This is very true, there couldn't be a truer statement than this. Thank you Lord for this wonderful gift you have given to David and I.

We love you all...

David, Carol and Bryan





**Dreams are illusions
Created by ones inner mind Hopes are dreams
Created by ones inner self Emotions are desires
Created by ones deepest hopes.**

Heather Simas

**Left behind
No one. No direction
Vast distance, cold
The crisp breeze
Lingered in his eyes
Alone...
Alone to survive
No one. No direction
Left behind**

Heather Simas

**Let us sit and think about
all the happy moments we've
shared together**

**Let us walk side by side,
without a worry or doubt
prying at our minds**

**Let us lay together, body to
body, soul to soul whispering
words of pleasure only we know**

**Let us share thoughts holding
nothing back. Open up and be
honest with one another.**

**Let us understand the other,
for who we really are. Not
letting our actions elude the
impressions of our beautiful
love**

**Heather Simas
May 28, 1995**



In Memory



There's an open gate at the end of a road,
Through which each must go alone;
There is a light we can not see
Our Father claims His own.
Beyond the gate our loved one
Finds happiness and rest;
And there is comfort in the thought,
That a loving God knows best.



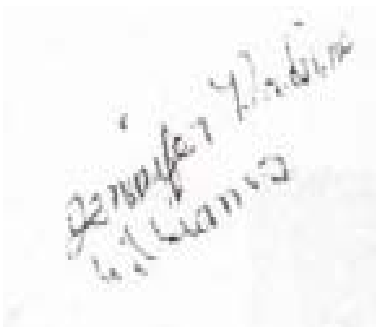
Laird
McGill
Funeral Home

2116 South Street
Nacogdoches, Texas 75961

(409) 569-1366
1-800-529-0583



In Memory of
Jerry Wayne Mosley
July 13 1955 to Wednesday September 20, 1995
40 years
Graveside Services
Lower Chireno Cemetary
1100 AM Saturday September 23, 1995
Officiating
Bro. A C Hale
Survivors
Evelyn Louise Mosley
Jason Wayne Mosley -Jerry Wayne Mosley Jr.
Jesse Wayne Mosley -Johnny Wayne Mosley
Tina Renee-Mosley
Jimmy Mosley-John Mosley
James Mosley -Joe Mosley
William Mosley
Patricia Mosley-Davis - Brenda Cockerham
Linda Brannon - Cynthia Mosley



Where I Must leave You
When I must leave you far a
Little while,
Please do not grieve and shed
wild tears
And hug your sorrow to you
through the years
But start out bravely with a
gallant smile,
And for my sake and in my
Nave
Live on and do all things the
same
Feed not your loneliness on
empty days
But fill each waking hour in
useful ways
Reach out your hand in com-
fart and in cheer
And I in turn will comfort you
and hold you near
And never, never be afraid to
die,
For I am waiting for you in the
Sky!



I AM SOMEBODY

I am responsible for my behavior, the results of my behavior, and what I become in life. Life does not accept excuses.

**I will not let my need to be accepted by the gang keep me from doing what is right
I AM SOMEBODY. I am unique. There never has been and never will be another person like me.**

I do not have to pretend to be something that I am not.

I AM SOMEBODY. Losers let it happen, winners make it happen. Therefore, when faced with a mountain I will not quit.

I will keep striving until I climb over, find a pass through, tunnel underneath, or simply stay and turn that mountain into a goldmine. I will do my best. I know I can, I am a winner.

I AM SOMEBODY

Anonymous.. .



'A Single Tear'

**A single tear rolled down my pale
and chilled cheek
As thoughts of us filled my mind**

**He is so cold towards me with no
remorse at all
All his feelings are left behind**

**The pain and hurt I feel is
like a dagger driven deep within
I've tried to tell him many times before**

**That single tear reached the end of
it's lonely journey
As it fell swiftly to the floor**

**I feel so lonely and there seems
to be no way out
Knowing well, we won't last as man and wife**

**Like that single tear my
journey has to reach an end
When I took my own life**

Heather Simas February 12, 1991

**The formation of ice
crystals**

**The bitter frosts stinging
touch**

**Summer has been long
past...**

**Winters rage overpowers
all**

**Earth Mother's longing to be
free**

**Captured beneath winters
bitter hold.**

Heather Simas



IN MEMORY

Charles Neal Mosley

Funeral for Charles Neal Mosley, 59, of El Sobranto, Calif., will be held Thursday, Jan. 14, 1993, at 10 a.m. in Laird Funeral Home Chapel in Nacogdoches, Texas, with the Rev. A. C. Hoke officiating and interment in Lower Chireno Cemetery in Chirano, Texas.

Mosley died Saturday, Jan. 9, 1993, in his home_ Born Sept. 20, 1933, in Chireno, he was the son of Clarence Neal and Lillian Miley Nelson Mosley. He was retired from machine work, self-employed, was owner-operator of Bay Area Laundry 40 years, was a U.S. Navy veteran of Korean War and was a Baptist. He and Evelyn Louise Thacker were married, and she survives. They had been married more than 40 years.

Also surviving are mother, Lillian Nelson of Etoile, Texas; sons, Jimmy, Jerry, John, James, Joe and William Mosley, all of El Sobrante; daughters, Patricia Davis of Bellevue, Wash., Brenda Cockerham of Houston, Texas. Linda Brennon of El Sobrante and Cynthia Mosley of Houston; brothers, Bobby Mosley of Nacogdoches, Billy Mosley of Missouri. Robert Gilbert of Humble, Texas, Glenn Gilbert of Houston, George Swanson of California and Ricky Nelson of Etoile; sisters, Louise Knife of Shepard, Texas, Belinda Ackridge of Lufkin, Texas, and Esther Porter of Kentucky; 28 grandchildren; two great grandchildren; and other immediate loved ones, Lula Baker, Bud Moore and Frances Walker, all of Buna, Texas.

Sons will be pallbearers.

Visitation will be Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1993, from 5 to 8 p.m., in Laird Funeral Home.



The morning sun began the
ritual with her daily climb
Thus allowing the stars of
wishes time to vanish from
the believers mind.

Bright contours of orange
and pink slowly taking over
the Earth above. Dancing and
chasing one another, so much
in love.

Reaching the crest of peaks
so mighty and high. The color
of crystal blue now laces the
sky.

Heather Simas

To learn is to live
Finding peace within
yourself. Discovering the ease
that follows

To learn is to grow
Educating and expanding your
mind. Allowing new paths
to venture

To learn is to concur
Grasping and absorbing
all. Converting it to
prospirable use.

Heather Simas Jan 1, 1997





APPRECIATION

We the family wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to friends and neighbors for the many acts of courtesy, prayers and kind words during the hours of our sorrow.

FUNERAL SERVICE FOR

Mrs. Lela Mae (Owens) Poskey

TIME

2:00 P.M. saturday, April 30, 1999

PLACE

Laird Funeral Home Chapel

CLERGY

Reverend Ennis Fuller

Eestside United Pentecostal Church

Necogdoehes County, Texas

Music

Amazing Grace

One Day At A Time

Never Grow Old

INTERMENT

Fairview Cemetery

Nacogdoches County. Texas

PALLBEARERS

Alvin Poskey

Jerry Mosley

Jimmy Mosley

Pace McBride

Richard Broadway William Mosley



MRS. LELA MAY (OWENS) POSKEY

BORN: March 1, 1917 Nacogdoches
County, Texas

DIED: April 28, 1994 in Nacogdoches, Texas

AGE: 77 Years, 1 month, 27 days

****SURVIVING FAMILY****

Husband: Jessie Gabriel Poskey of Nacogdoches,
Texas

SONS: Eugene "Buddy" Thacker of Houston,
Texas - Kenneth Thacker of Nacodoches,
Texas - David Thacker of Humble, Texas -
Henry Poskey of Nacogdoches, Texas

DAUGHTERS- Louise Mosley of Huffman, Texas -
Rachel Mcgee of Livingston, Texas -
Nadine Ellerbe of Huffman, Texas - Sue
Nell West of Houston, Texas

GRANDCHILDREN: 24

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN: 40

GREAT GREAT GRANDCHILDREN: 5

Mrs. Lela Poskey, the daughter of Robert Milton and Mary Catherine Whitten Owens, was reared in the Woden area of Nacogdoches County, Texas where she also attended school. She was a lifelong resident of the area, worked at Ray's Washateria for 11 years and was a member of Mill Baptist Church. She and Jessie Poskin enjoyed 35 years together. They were united in marring in 1956 in Nacogdoches County. Mrs. Poskey looked forward to reading the newspaper everyday. She liked to know how things were going in and around town and keep up with the other events around the world. She enjoyed watching -the soaps- on television, her favorite was "Days Of Ours Lives" and she enjoyed spending time with her friends. Mrs. Poskey was a very loving and giving person. She loved her family dearly, especially her children who called her "MaMa" and her grandchildren who call her "Granny." She will be missed by all who knew and loved her.



Nearer True Love

They say once in Love always
 in love. But not necessary true.
 For I'm always blue. For I'm
 always listening to you.
 They even say once you've been
 loved you always be love.
 Well once again I listen
 To you and I'm still blue.
 With no true love at all, and I had
 A great fall. So from now
 on mom,
 Please wait till I'm
 twenty to tell me of
 love not there.

J. W. Mosley



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God

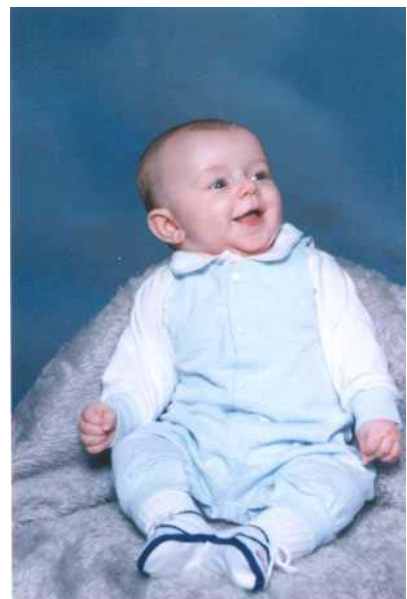
God is here. God is there
No matter what you say or do
God will always care for you
When you're feeling down
and out
God will be there without a
doubt
So when ever your feeling blue
Remember God stays with you
I go to church every day
I worship God in a different
way
I write this poem for People
to see
That he can work for them
Like he works for me.

Robert Mosley

Love

Love is a Mysterious thing
blooming inside like a rushing
spring
It treats you good - it treats
you bad
Love is a feeling you never
had.
Till at last you find it one
day
Love is a feeling you can't
take away.

Robert Mosley





The Town With The Red Brick Streets

When you come to the town
with the red brick streets
You will find a friend in
every one you meet.
You can shop for food, clothes
and the best antiques
When you come to the town
with the red brick streets.
Bring your boat and fishing
poles new
for the lakes and creeks
are not far from you
When you come to the town
with the red brick streets.
There are plenty of churches,
clubs, parks,
and restaurants where people
meet.
When you come to the town
with the red brick streets.
You can read all the news
every day in a newspaper
so neat
When you come to the town
with the red brick streets.
You will find plenty of schools,
hospitals,
and a big university quite elite.
When you come to the town
with the red brick streets.
So follow the crowd bound
this way and enjoy all
the treats.
When you come to the town
with the red brick streets.
Nacogdoches!

J.W. Mosley



Death When It Comes

I wonder when death finally comes for me
will I face death with no fear in my heart and
a forcefull look on my face. Are just to show
death that I'm not scared or maybe I'll cry
for mercy and beg not to go.

Hopefully the Good Lord will smile on me that
day and send an angel to help me face death
so I won't be alone.

When death comes for me I still believe
I'll face it like a man that I am. Regardless
what I do it's going to take me with Him
when, where, an' how, so I do not know
untill it comes for me.

J.W. Mosley 10-27-93





The Mudmen
by Billy Mosley

One nice beautiful fall evening, a small boy set thinking in a freshly painted green Garage. It seemed that something was troubling him. He was covered with a layer of thick, crusty brown mud.

"I wonder what Mom is going to say," said the boy questioning himself.

Soon after speaking, the back screen door blew open in a strong gust of wind. A beautiful young woman strolled through the door and stopped in front of the sitting boy.

"Daniel Edward Wilson!" Exclaimed the woman, "what in Heaven's name are you covered in?"

Daniel just sat there and slowly raised his head to meet his mother's gaze.

"Well," he finally was able to say, "I... I... was riding the bike you gave me for Christmas. Oh..." Daniel quickly finished his last sentence, "and a giant mud man grabbed me from my bike, and threw me in a pit where hundreds of other mud creatures tried to devour me! They were mud men. I tell you, Mud Men! They had ravaging teeth and huge glowing eyes! I was terrified, but they wouldn't let me escape. I crawled out... and now I'm here."

"So you say," began Daniel's Mom crossing her arms, and lowering her eyebrows.

"It's true!" Pleaded Daniel.

By that time Daniel's mother had begun shaking her head from side to side.

"Daniel, I've told you a million times to stop making up these silly stories. Now go in and wash that grimy fifth from your body!"

Daniel crept into the house. Followed by his mother.

When Daniel finally exited the shower he quickly noticed his immense hunger. Daniel crept into the shadows and slunk down the stairs toward the kitchen. He looked left then right. His mother was nowhere to be found. He let out a sigh of relief, and entered the dark kitchen.

"Yum!" Whispered Daniel eyeing the freshly



baked batch of muffins cooling on the window sill.

The muffins seemed to lure Daniel with invisible bait.

“I can’t take it any longer!” Yelled Daniel sinking his teeth in a hot, steamy muffin. The blueberries were still gooey from the oven’s heat.

Bite after bite, muffin after muffin. Daniel ate half the batch! Suddenly the light switched on, illuminating Daniel and his mess.

“Hold it Mr...” stated Daniel’s mother, “I caught you at the scene of the crime.”

Daniel froze in place and dropped a half eaten muffin.

“If wasn’t me!” Yelled Daniel, “it was that mean old muffin monster. He shoved me to the ground and forced muffins in my mouth! I nearly choked!”

“The only Muffin Monster is you!” Exclaimed Daniel’s mother. “Go to your room and think about what you did.”

Daniel throws the muffin in the garbage and walks off to his bedroom.

Half an hour later Daniel opened his room door and casually walked downstairs. He turned on the television.

“Just in time for Captain Seaweed, my favorite show!” Exclaimed Daniel, he jumped up and down to the theme song.

**CAPTAIN SEAWEED ROAMED THE SEAS,
TO FIGHT OFF CAPTAIN SQUID....
HE THOUGHT HE’D TEACH THAT GUY A
LESSON
AND THAT’S JUST WHAT HE DID...**

Daniel was so excited he jumped up and down. He sent vibrations that knocked over his mother’s lamp. **CRASH!** Daniel’s mother ran in immediately to check on her son.

“What is it this time?” Asked Daniel’s mother, “The evil lamp bugs that eat through any lamp in sight?”

“Actually it was more on the lines of a lamp creature from Neptune.”

Suddenly Daniel’s mom went berserk. “That’s it,” she snapped, “No dinner for you.



Out, out, out of this room! No dinner for you!”

Daniel went up stairs to bed

Soon it was seven o'clock and Daniel fell asleep, but as soon as he fell asleep he woke up.

A green light was shining in his eyes from the nearby window. He sat up, squinting. When he walked to the window he began to float out the window.

“Mommy,” he exclaimed, “I want my mother!” Daniel floated until he reached a spaceship! It was bathed in eerie light. As Daniel floated in he couldn't see anything. Everything was dark.

Daniel reached for a light switch and found one. It was a lamp! Before turning it on he felt something wet oozing on his arm! Since he was too scared to scream he turned the lamp on. The wet thing on his arm was drool from a strange creature, it was the LAMP! The creature had eyes, a large jaw, and arms that he grabbed Daniel with.

Daniel stared at the creature before passing out.

When the small boy awoke, he found himself in a strange kitchen full of things he'd never seen before. A purple refrigerator lay on sparkling green tiles. Daniel smelled something sitting on the orange table a few steps away. It was a basket of muffins, bigger than any he'd ever seen!

He remembered the muffins he ate. It was yesterday wasn't it? Then he remembered the lamp creature from Neptune. Daniel knew what was going to happen!

The muffins seemed to explode as a large muffin leaped on Daniel's chest, it began to grow and take shape.

“It's the Muffin Monster!” Daniel screamed, “I thought you weren't real!”

Daniel sank his teeth into the Muffin Monsters' arm. Forcing him to jump off. Daniel quickly jumped to his feet and ran through the nearest exit. He let out a sigh of relief and locked the door tight. He tried to run for help, but his feet seemed to be stuck! He looked down to see muddy



hands dragging him into the floor.

“I Wish I could say I’m sorry to my Mom,” wished Daniel as he was up to his neck in mud.

Daniel woke from his nightmare and sat up. He quickly smelled something good. Very good! A plate of steaming meat and vegetables sitting on his bedtable.

He ran down stairs with his eyes watering.

Daniel’s mother was washing dishes in the kitchen. He ran toward his mother with outstretched arms.

“I love you, Mom,” said Daniel hugging her, “I’m sorry!”

And with a kiss on his cheek, and a pat on his shoulder, all was forgiven.

THE END





St. Peter Wouldn't let Me In

Through the darkness I did go not knowing
What was ahead. I soon realized I was
Dead, when suddenly it appeared the
Most beautiful and biggest Gate I've Ever seen.
I knew then that I would be at peace but to
My surprise the gate was locked. So I
Knocked and knocked when this man did
Appear who I realized was St. Peter. When
He spoke His words were fearful but
Truly with love the words He spoke brought
Tears to my eyes. Wait a outside the gate
For I shall not open the gates at this
Moment Before you shall enter the Lords
Kingdom He awaits the words that shall come
From your heart for the sin you have is
Not forgotten. Gracefully He turned and
Walked away. I didn't know how to say what
Was in my heart So I knelt and prayed
With all my heart and soul. Then came
The voice which was soft spoken and
With love in which I could feel all
Around me the words he spoke will remain
With my soul forever. You shall have the
Forgiveness that you seek.

J.W. Mosley

Love With Respect

There is a little woman I
Dearly respect, for she will
Stand up to the biggest old
Red Neck. When she speaks
Softly with a smile and grin
You know right then she's
Ready to fight again. The
Big old bull stands his
Ground and never knows
What to expect, and
Then there she is hugging
His neck.

Love and war
with respect
J.W. Mosley



Randy

Lo, I have opened unto you the gates
of my being,
And like a tide, you have flowed into me.
The inner most recesses of my spirit are
full of you.
And all the channels of my soul have
grown sweet with your presence.
For you have brought me peace;
The peace of great tranquil waters,
And the quiet of the summer sea,
Your hands are filled with peace as
The noon - tide is filled with light;
About your head is bound the eternal
Quiet of the stars, and in your heart
dwells the calm miracle of twilight.

I am utterly content

In all my being is no ripple of unrest
for I have opened unto you the
Wide gates of my being
And like a tide, you have flowed
into me

I love you

Patricia A. Mosley-Davis





Patricia

Sing a song
Write the words
Might you understand?
 The love behind them
No
Substance lacking
All the caring
In my acts and deeds
 Short of consistency
 Comes to naught
 If forgotten
My day is brighter
My life fully
 Because of you
 Every time your in them
Thought of often
Do you know?
 How much
 your with me
 when your not
My life is happier
Since you entered it
 and more that you stay
My place is with you
My heart your home
Warmer and stronger
 with your love
I can say I love *you*
And not mean it
 as much as I feel
 words as symbols
 for definitions
Can never begin to explain
 what or how I feel
 about *you*
Feelings cannot be expressed
Nor passed on in touch
Deeds small reflections
 of such a larger pool
My love
 for you
 is bigger than me,
 us or you



I am sorry
when I say I love you
that it doesn't even begin
to convey how I feel inside
This love for you
Makes my life worth living
Fills my heart with joy
Lifts my spirit
in the face of ALL adversity
Makes my days
And calms my nights
My love is beyond
any words I might feel
I love you
and am lost
on how to tell you so
that means what I feel
I love you...
Randall D. Koller





Jackson Koller

Mosley 1997 Page 34

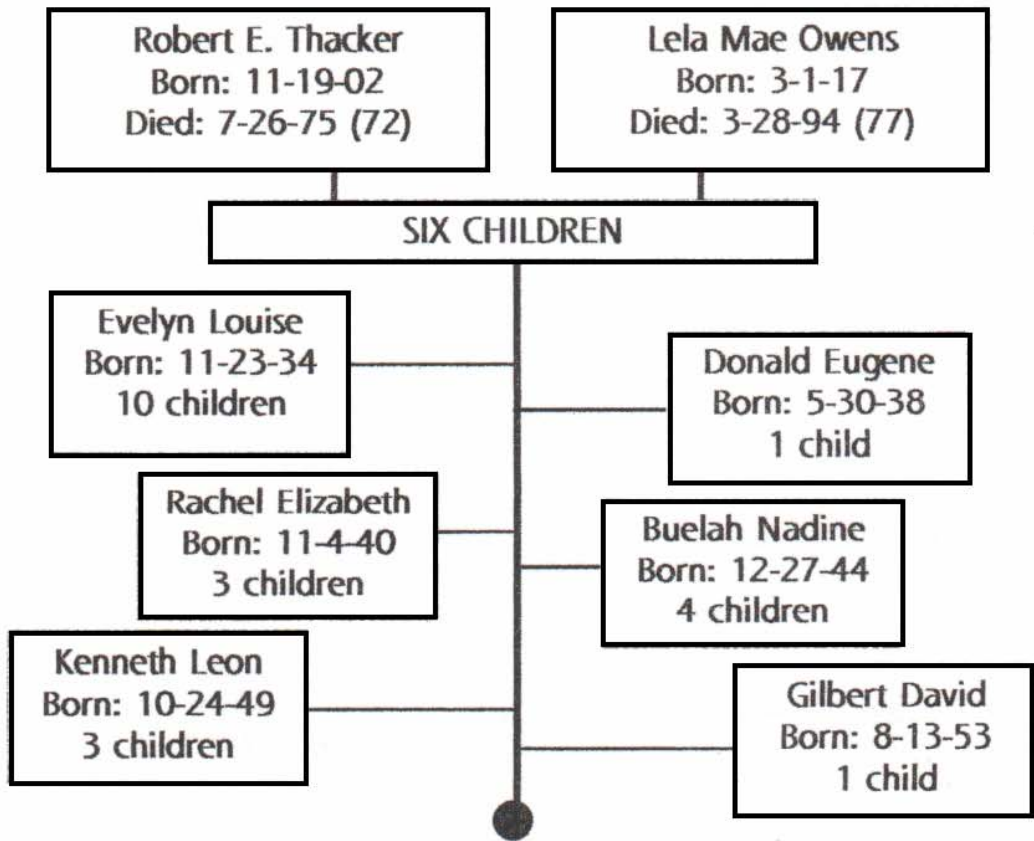


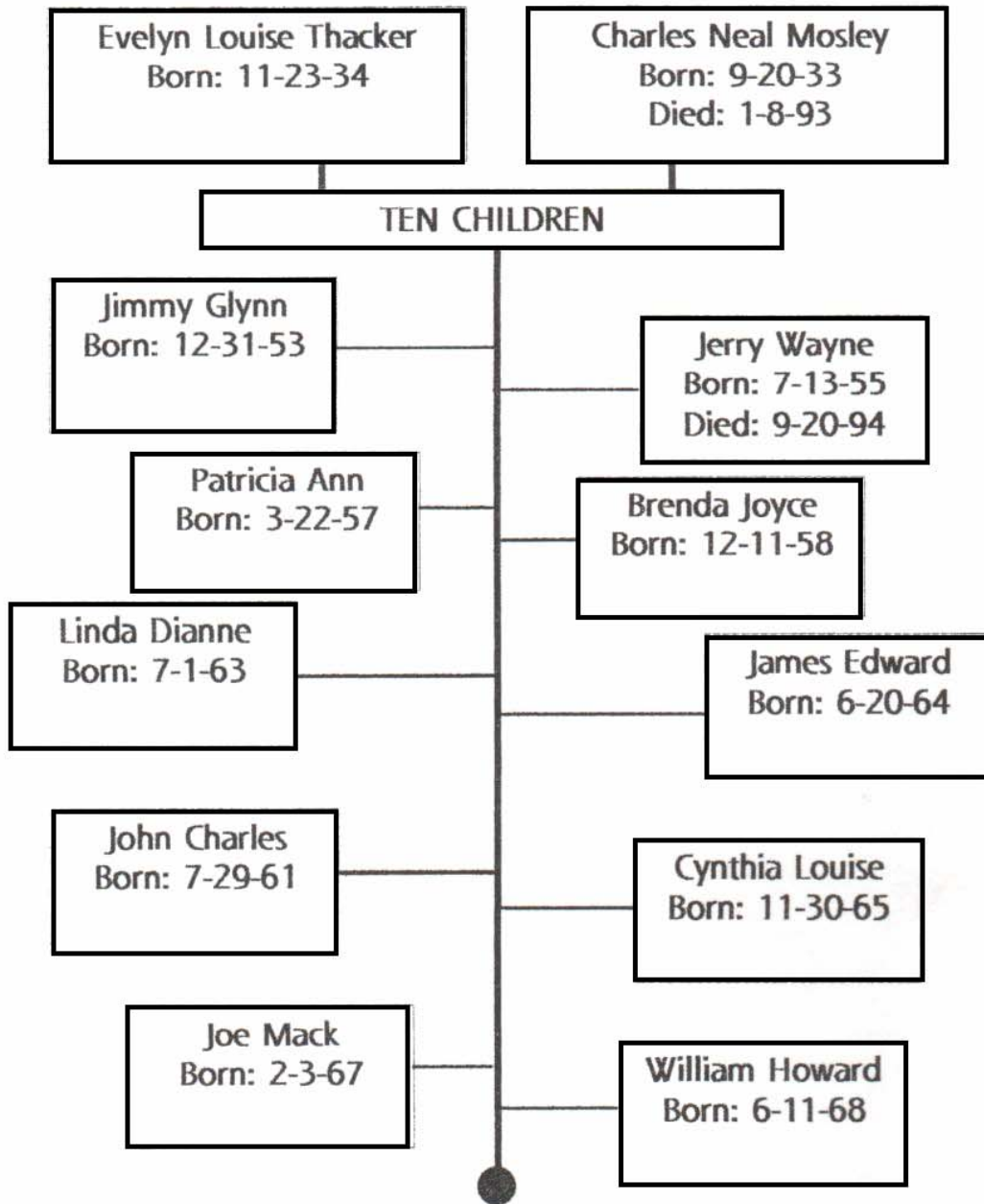


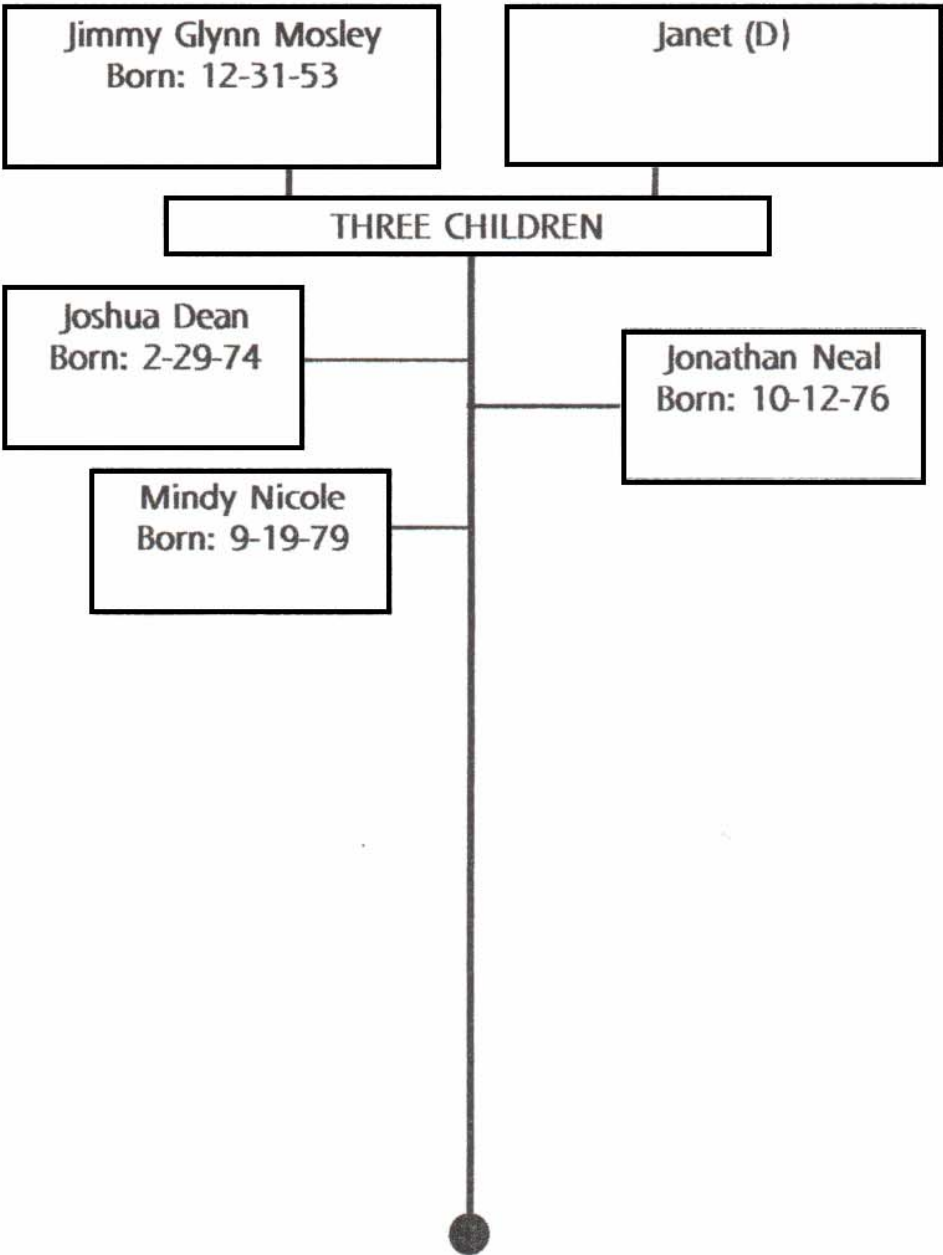
Jackson Koller

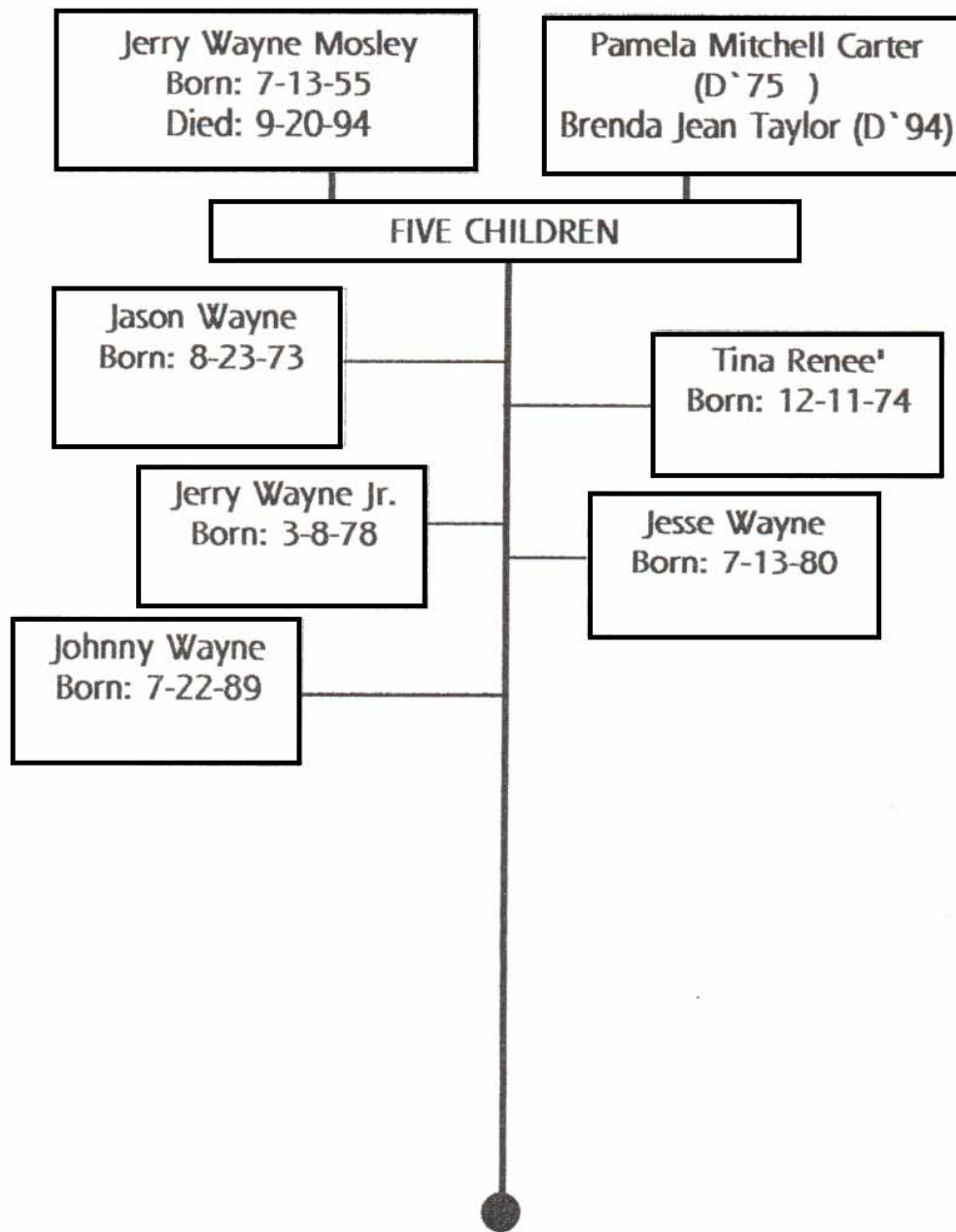
Mosley 1997 Page 35

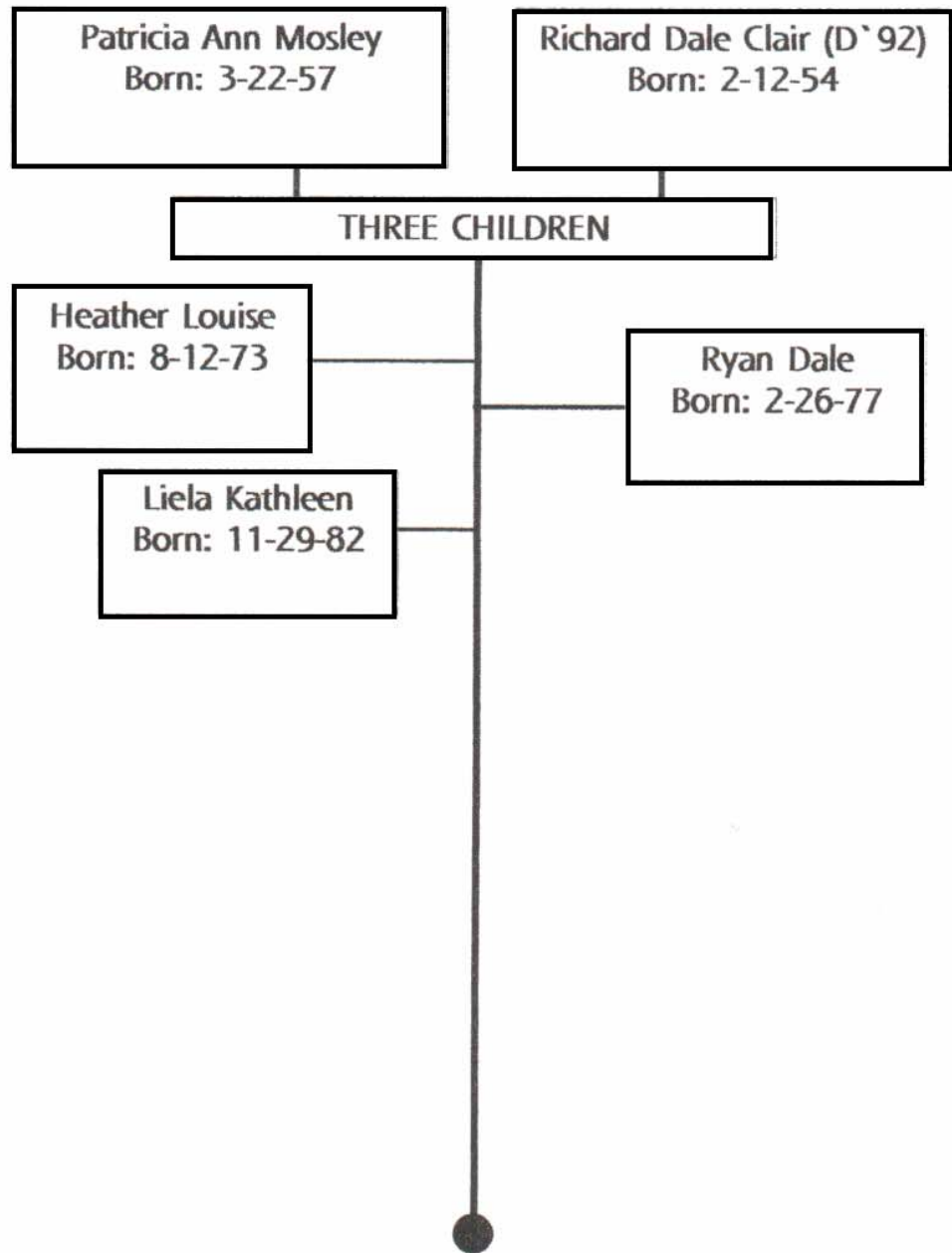


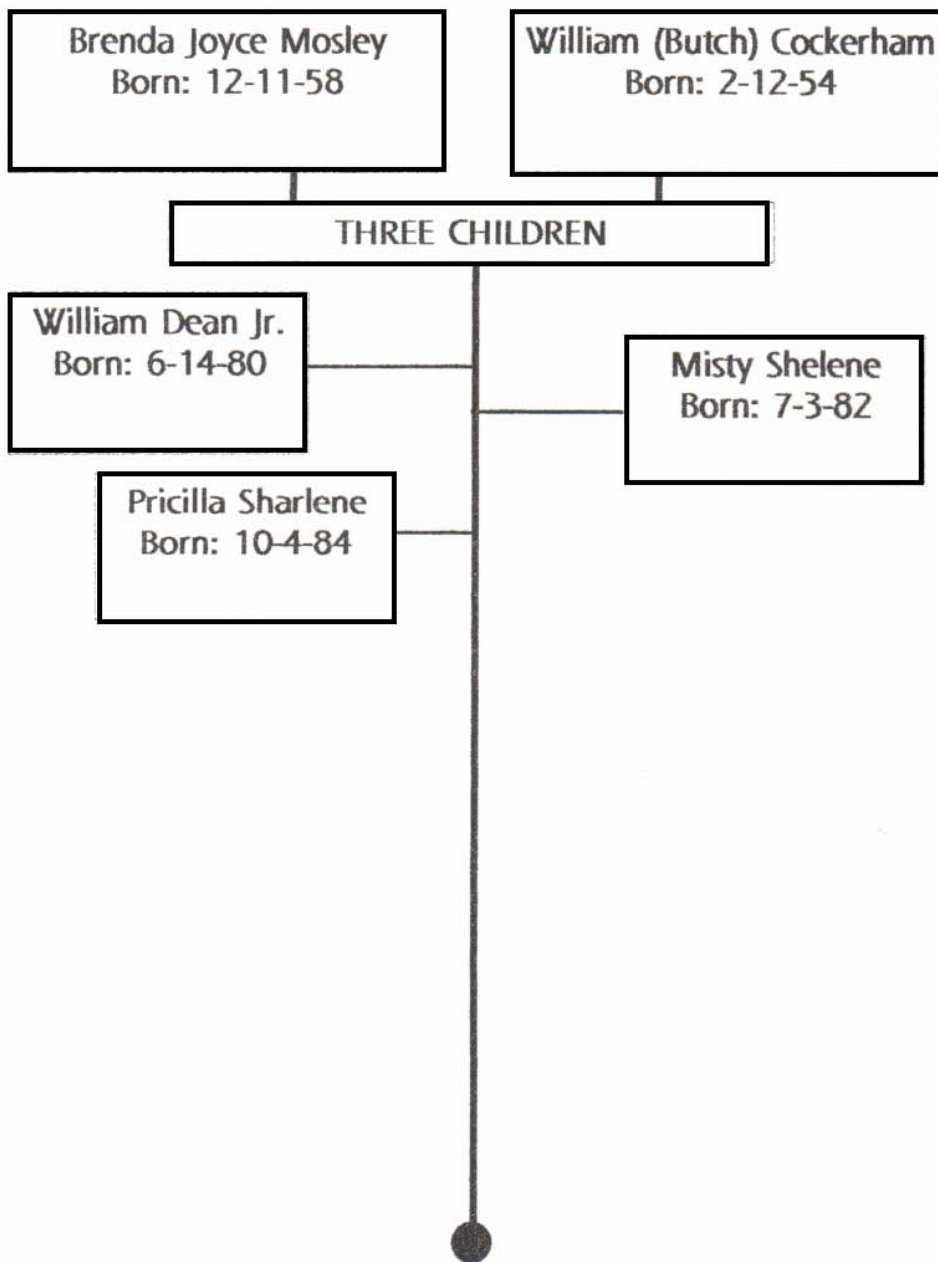


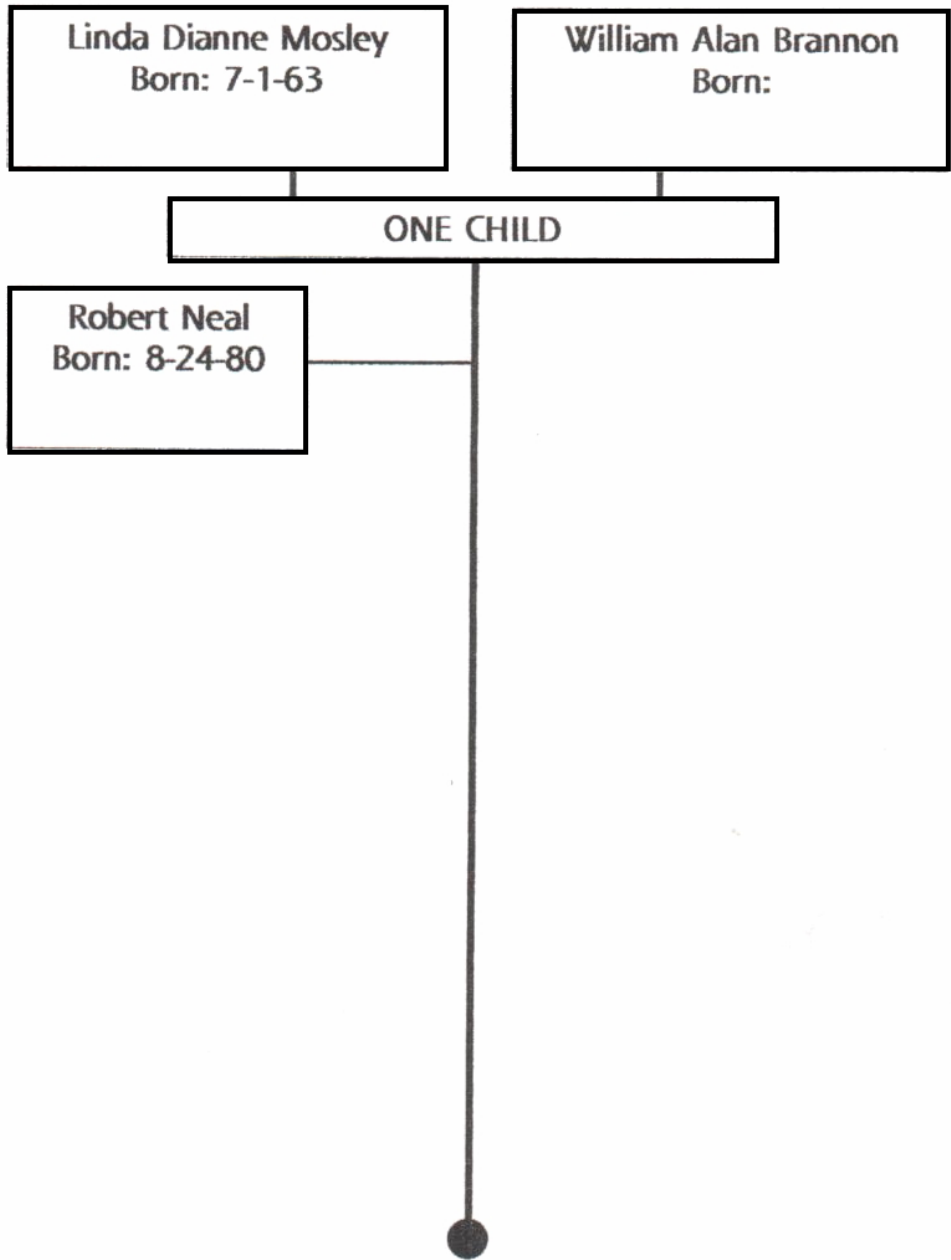


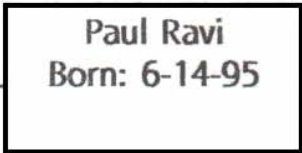
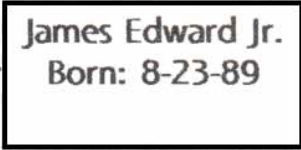
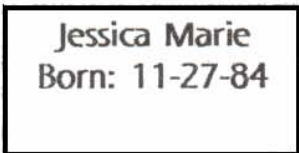
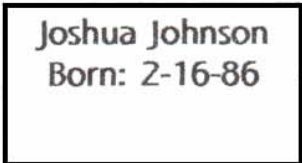


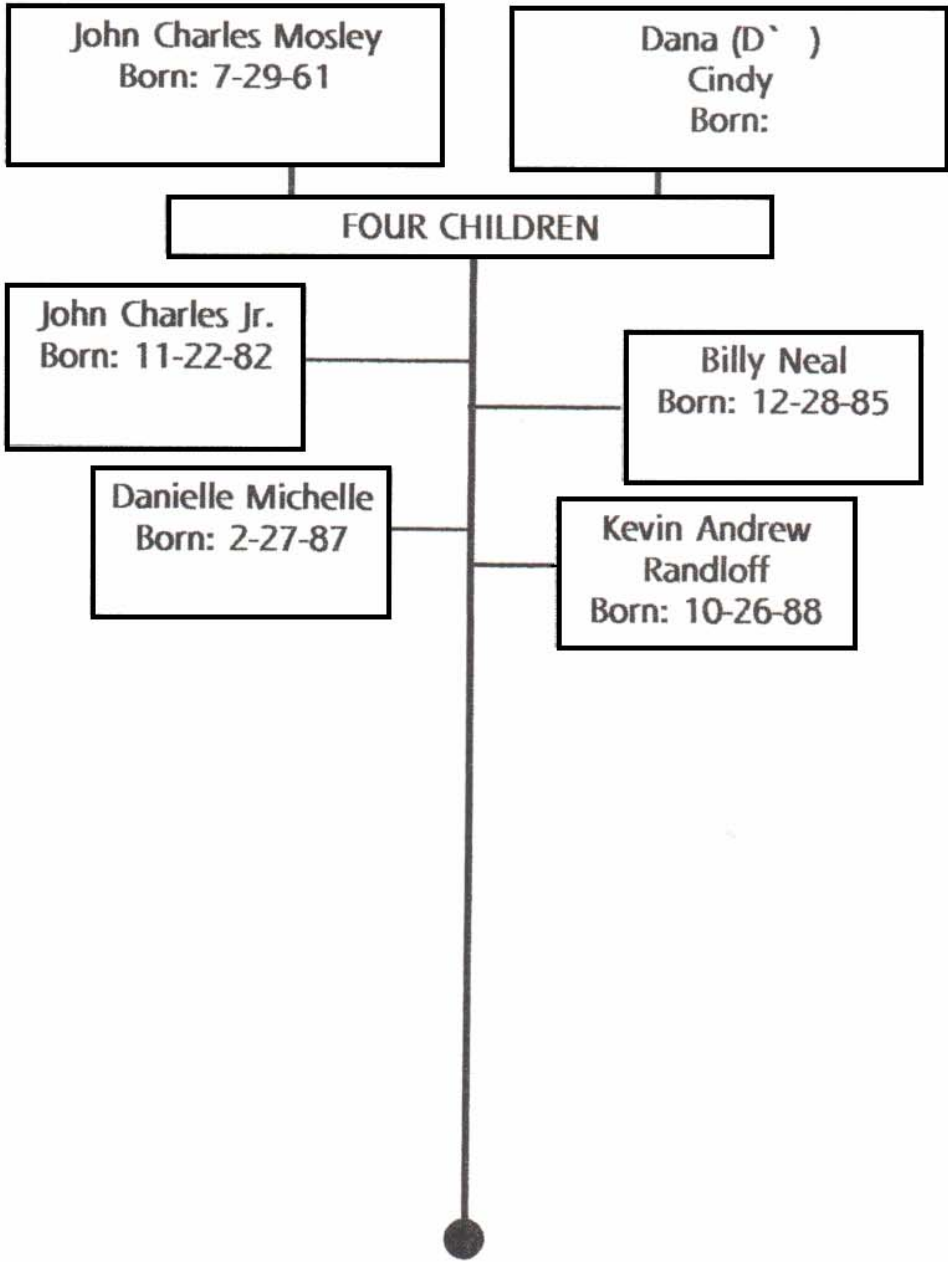






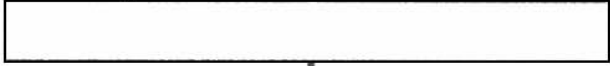


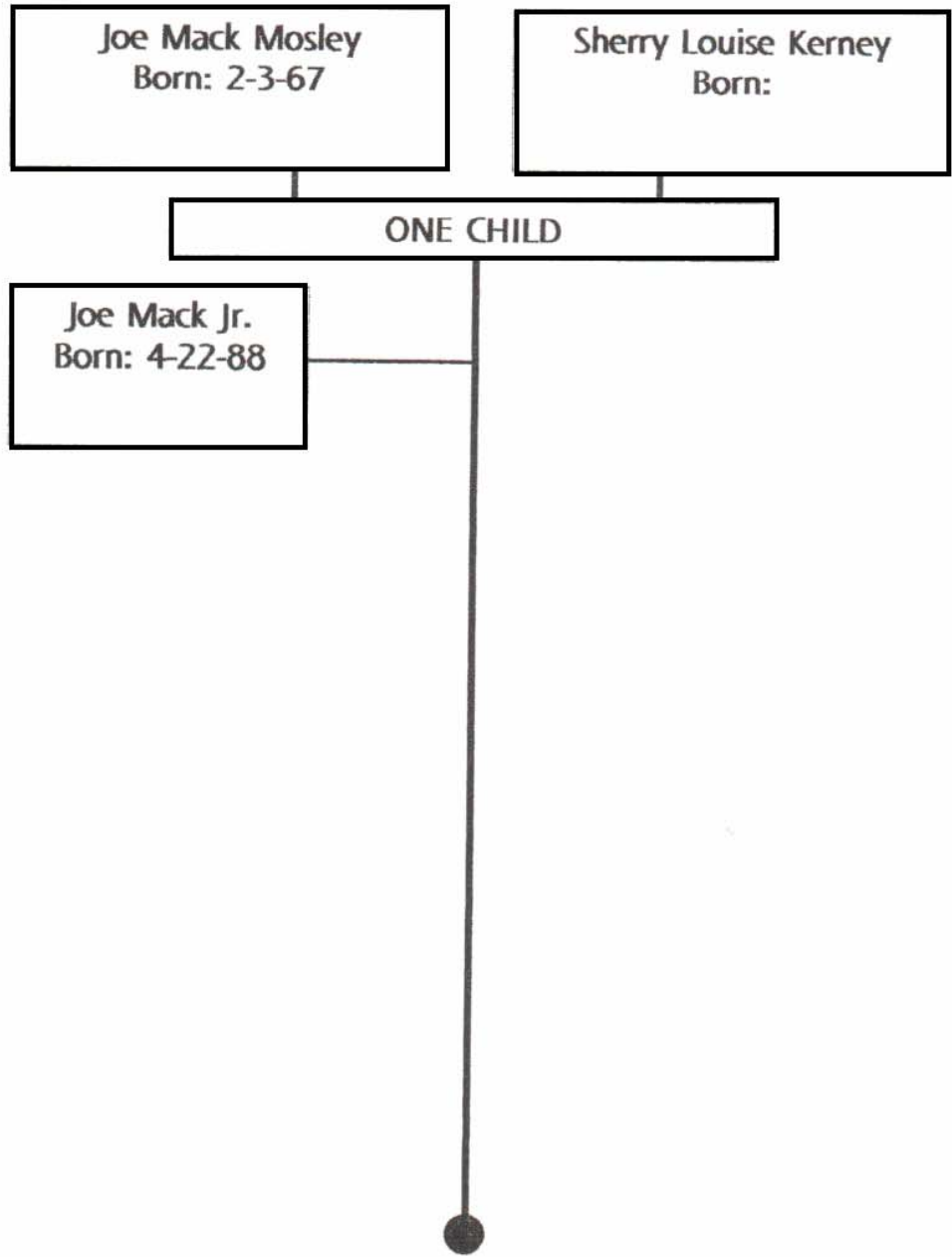


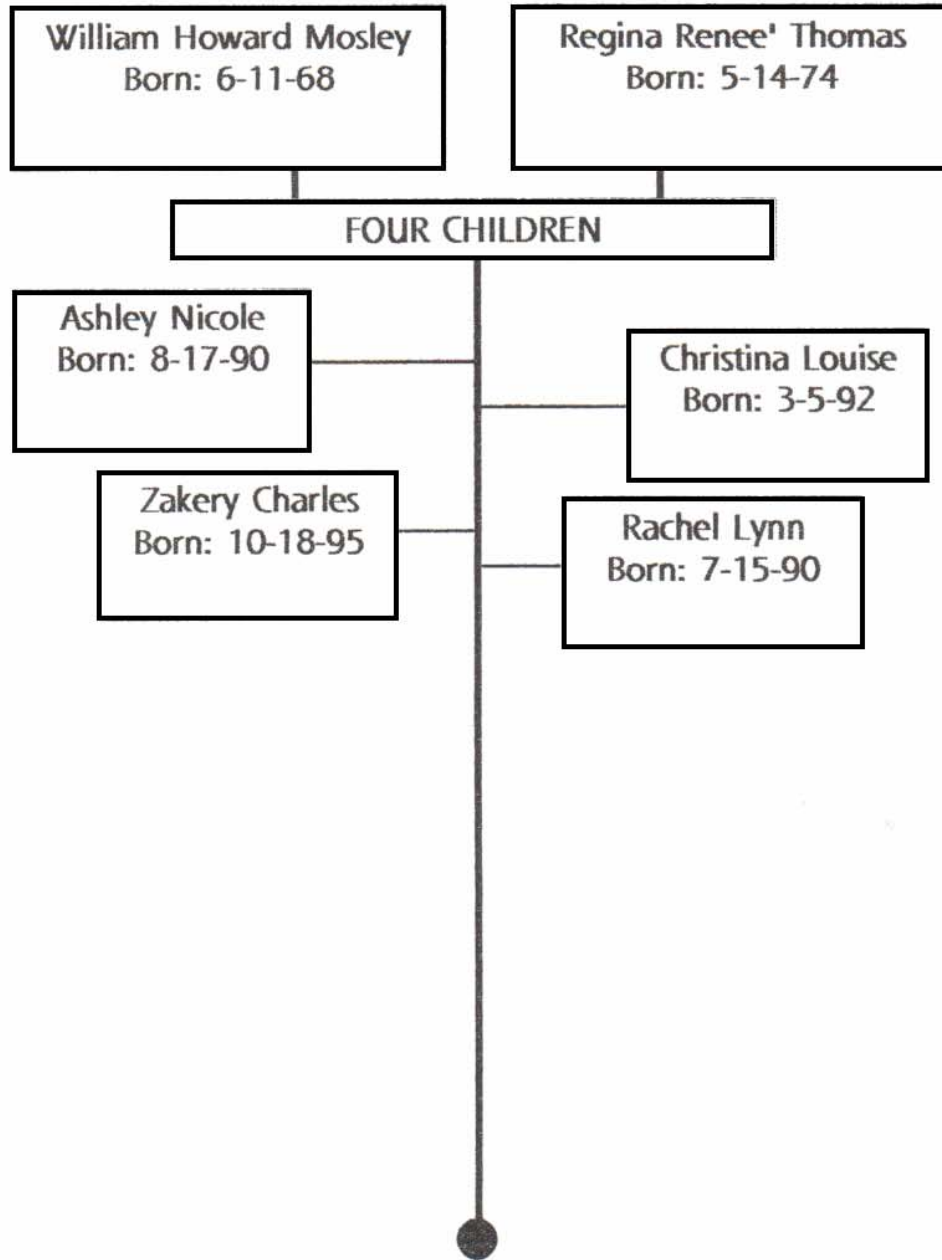


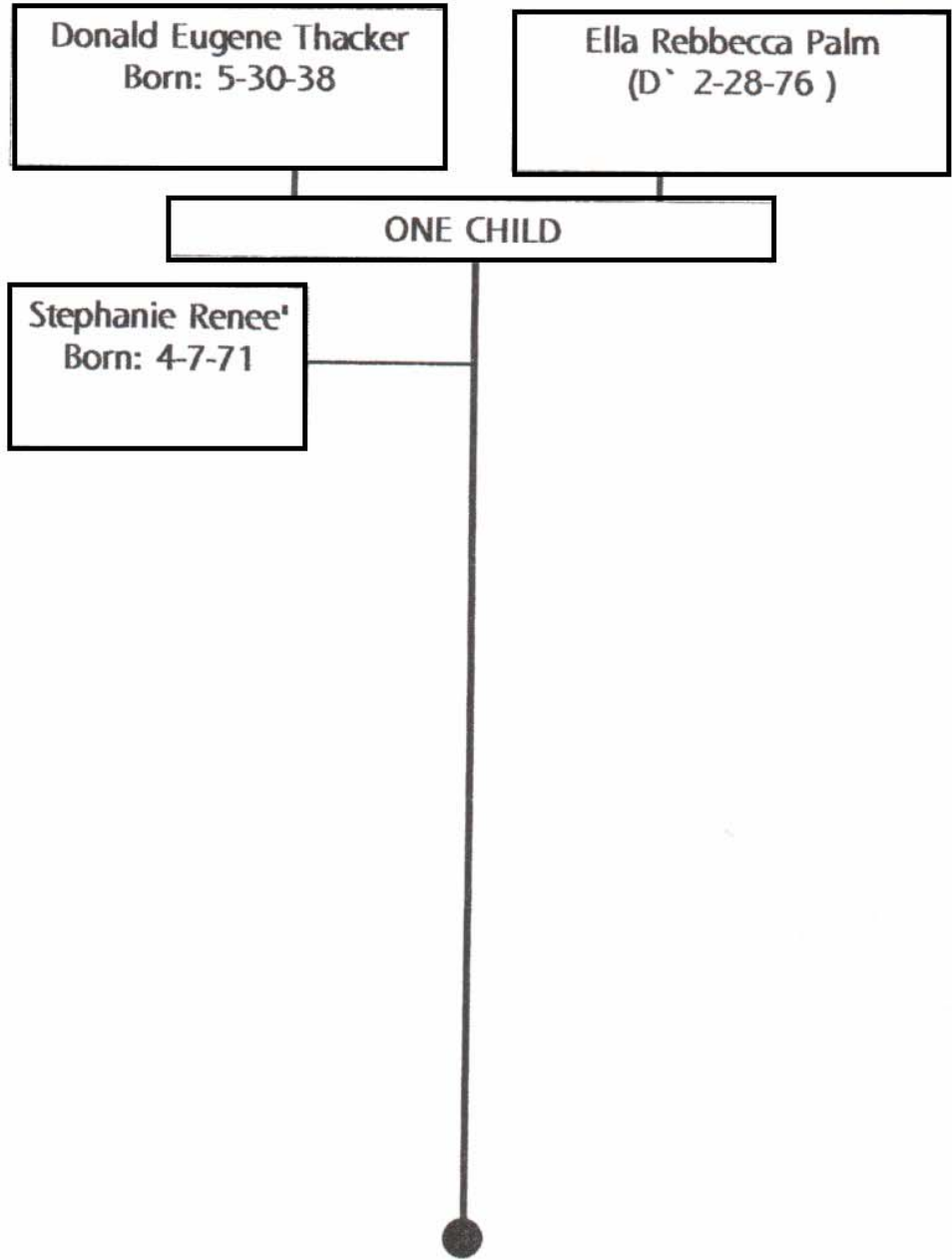


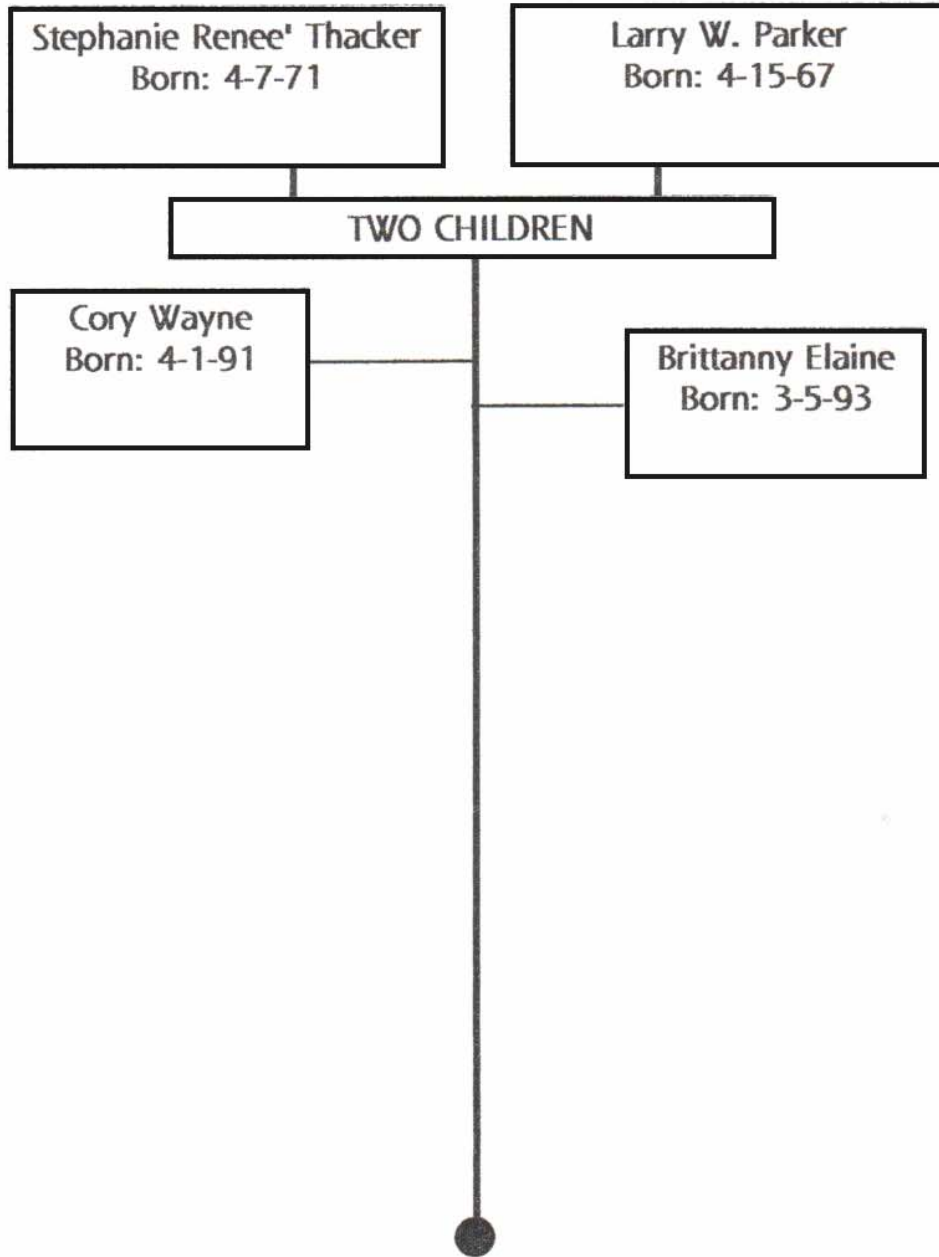
Cynthia Louise Mosley
Born: 11-30-65

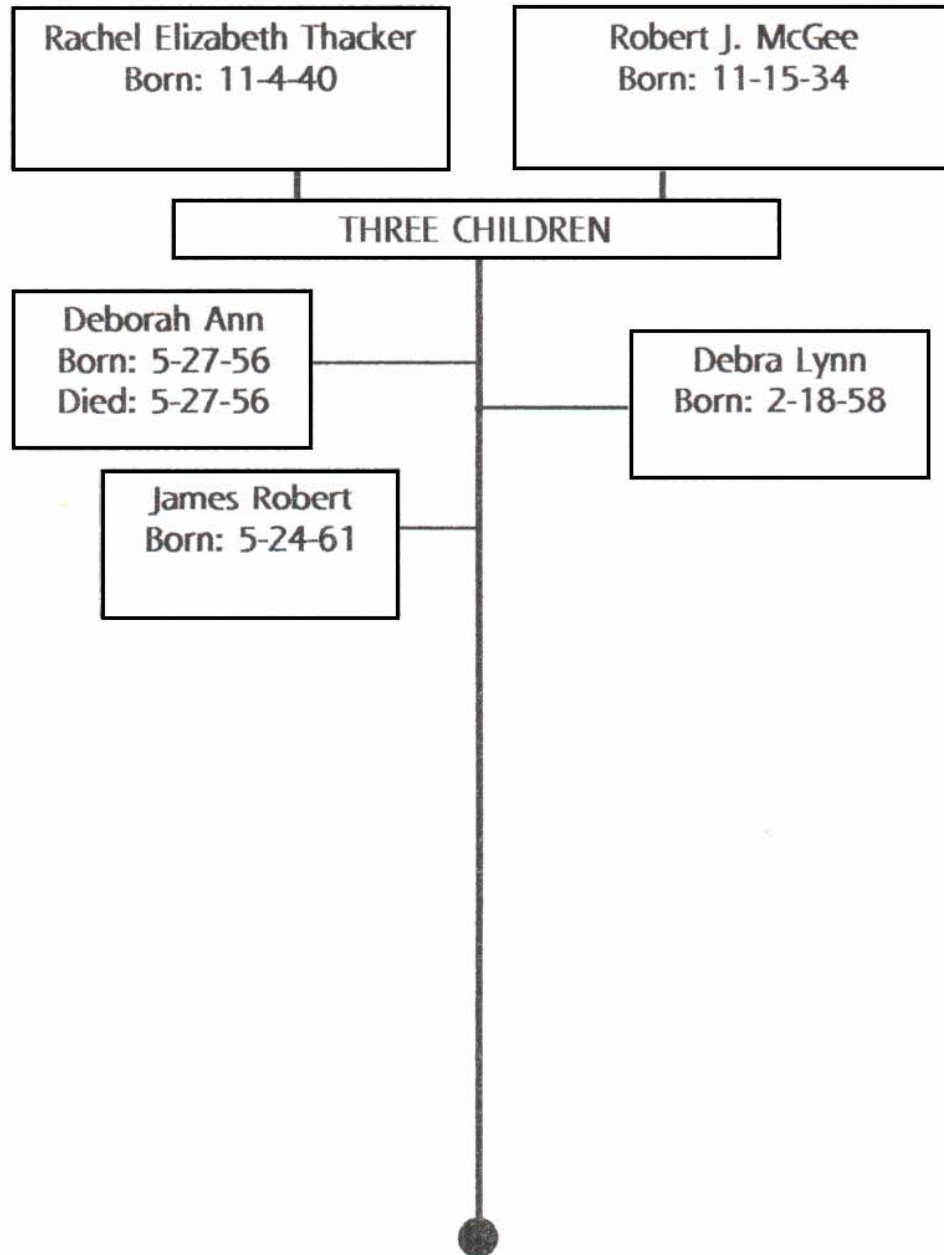


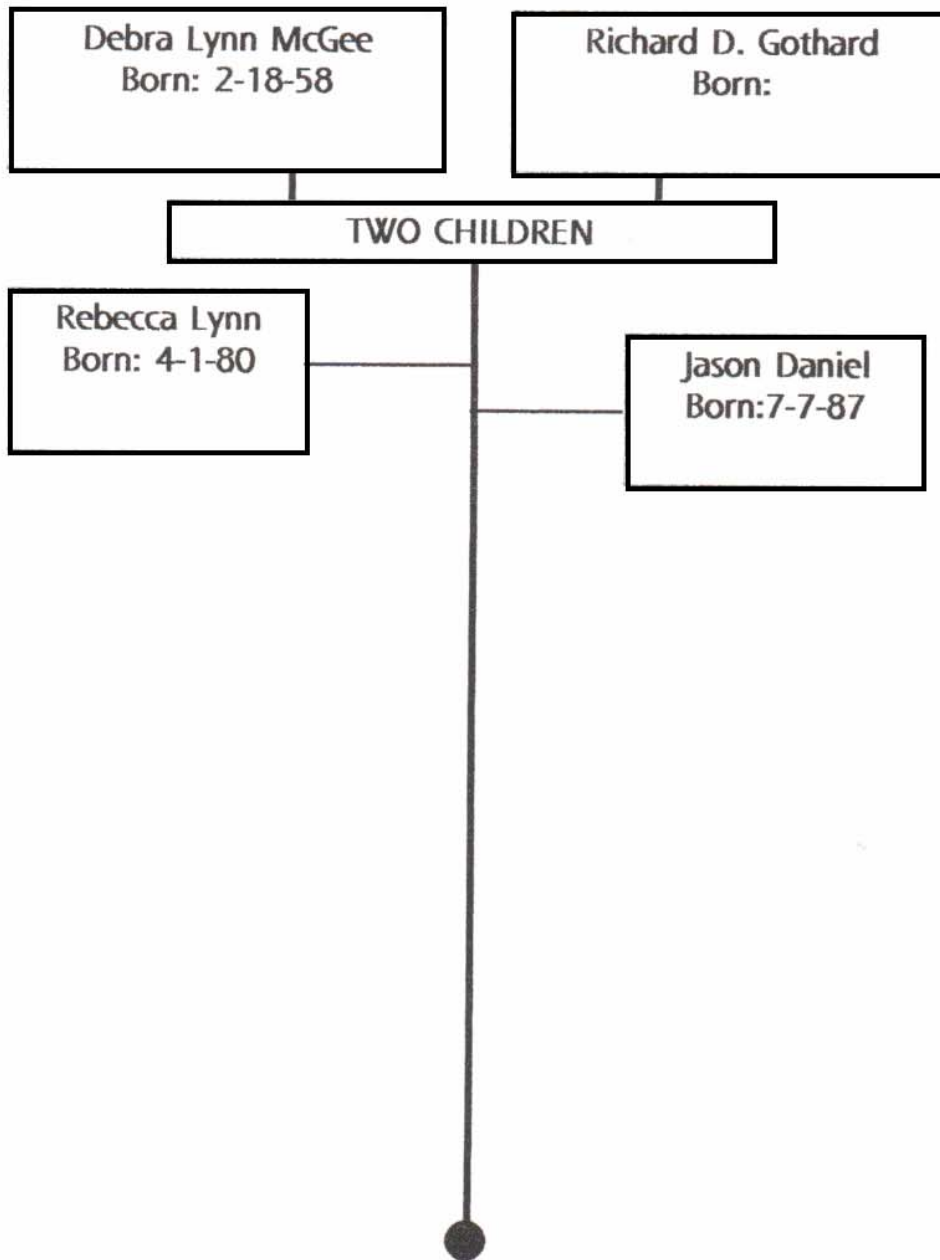


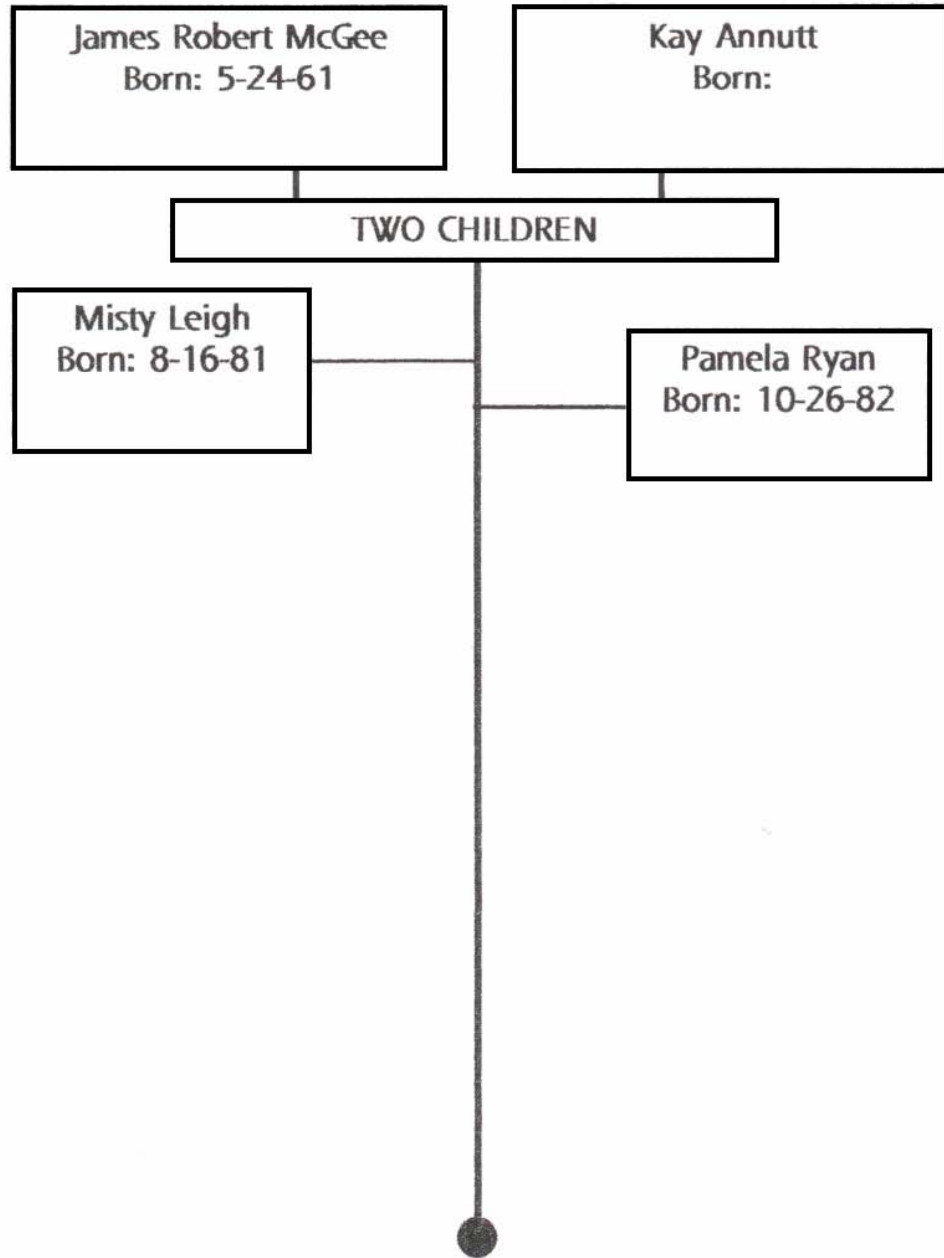


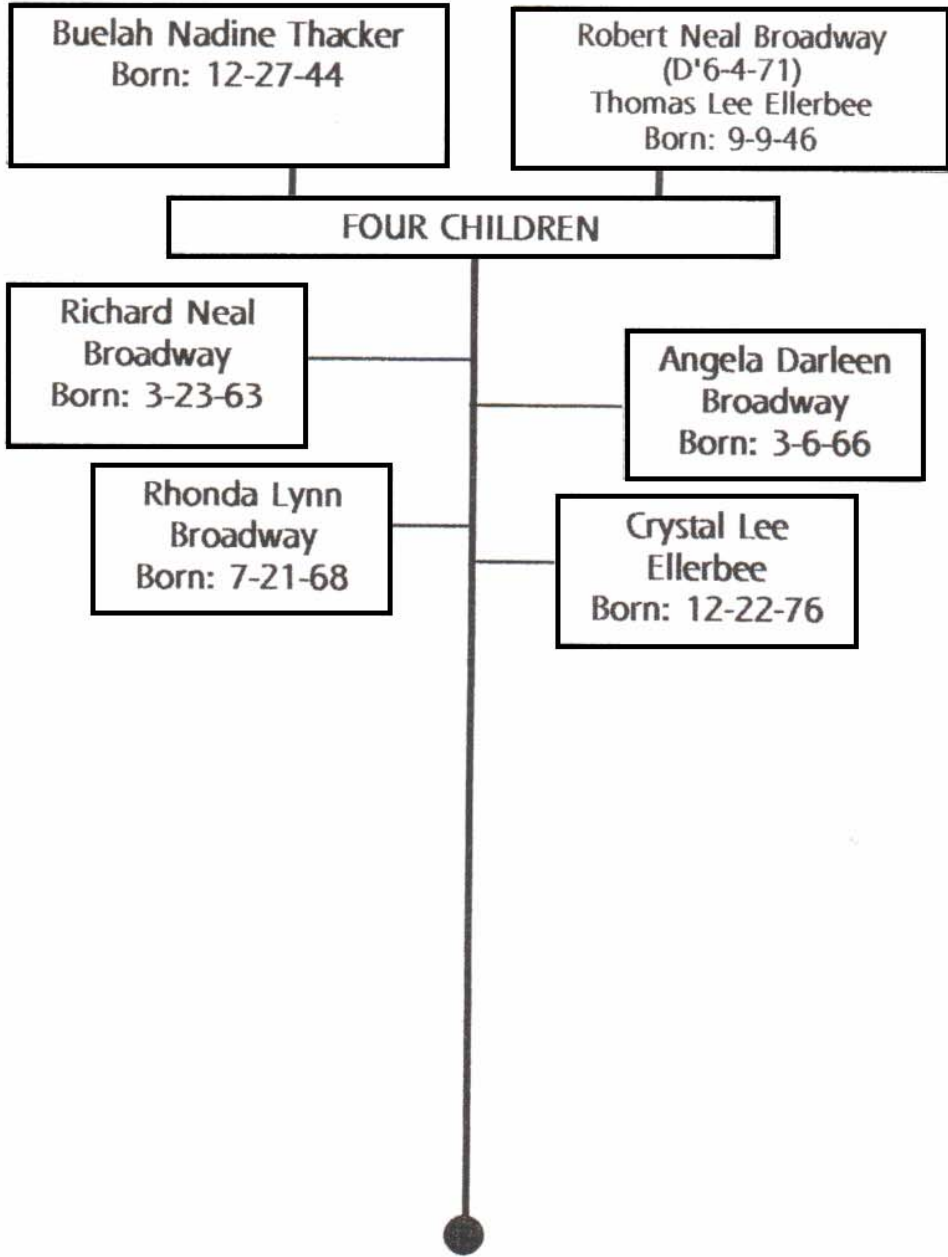


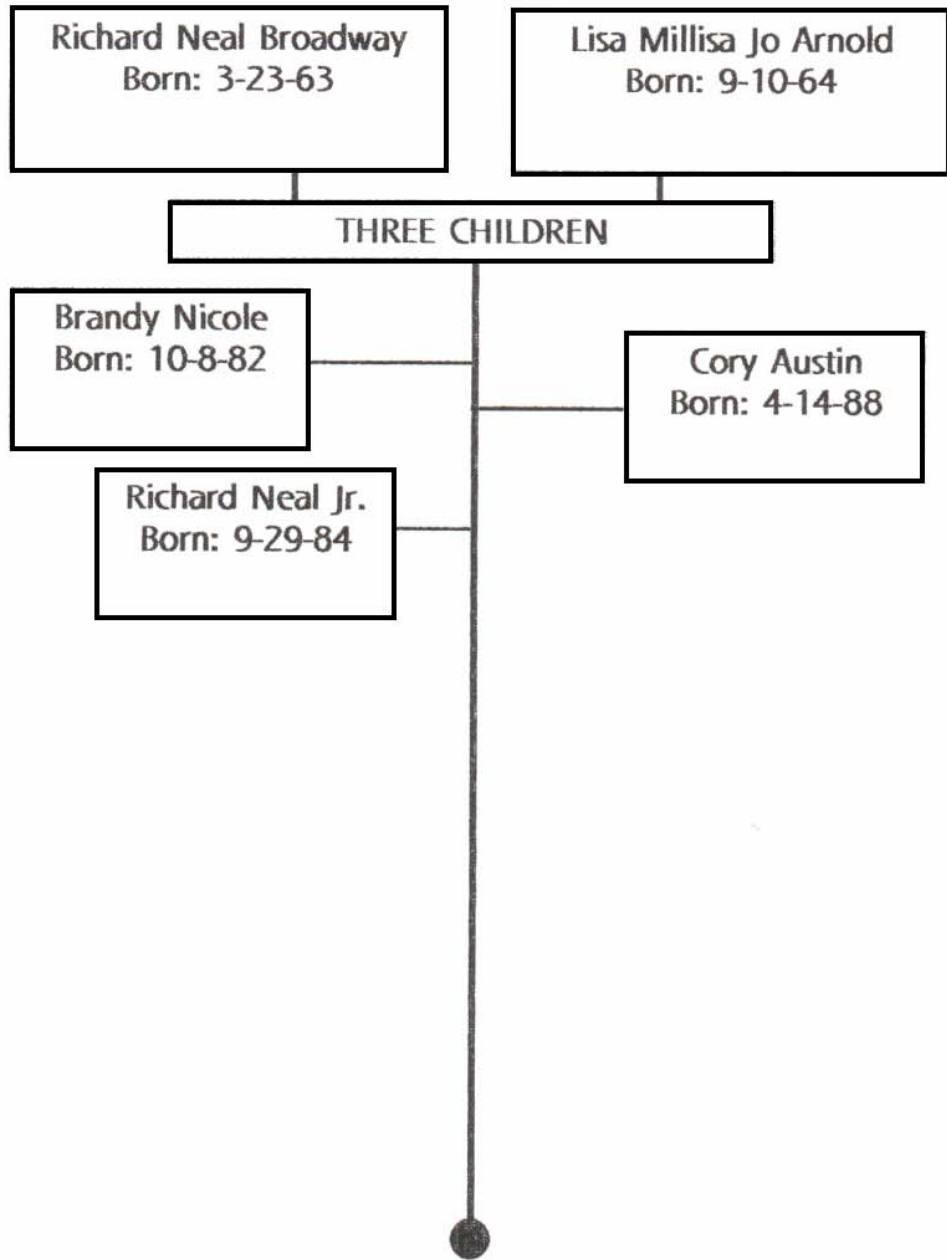


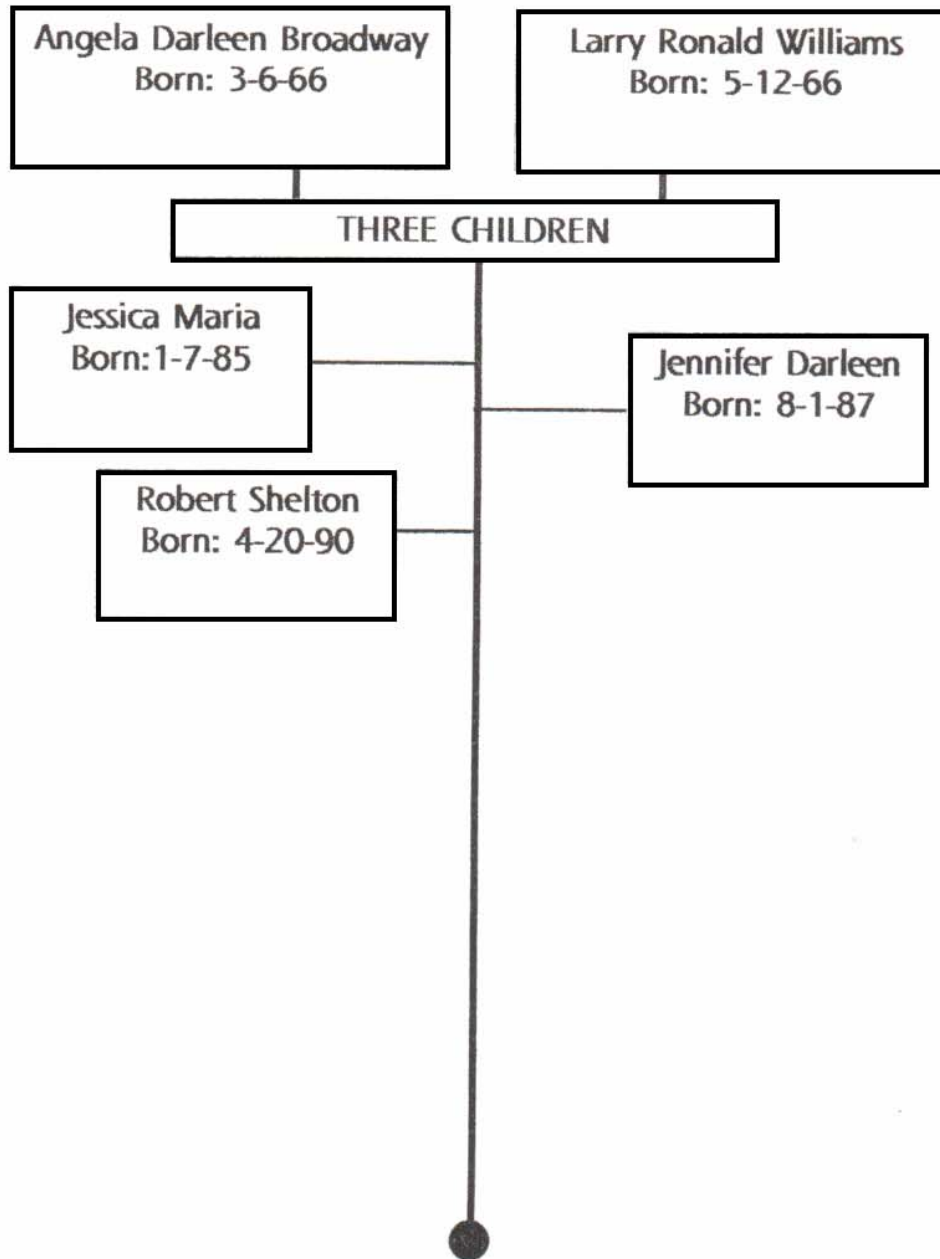


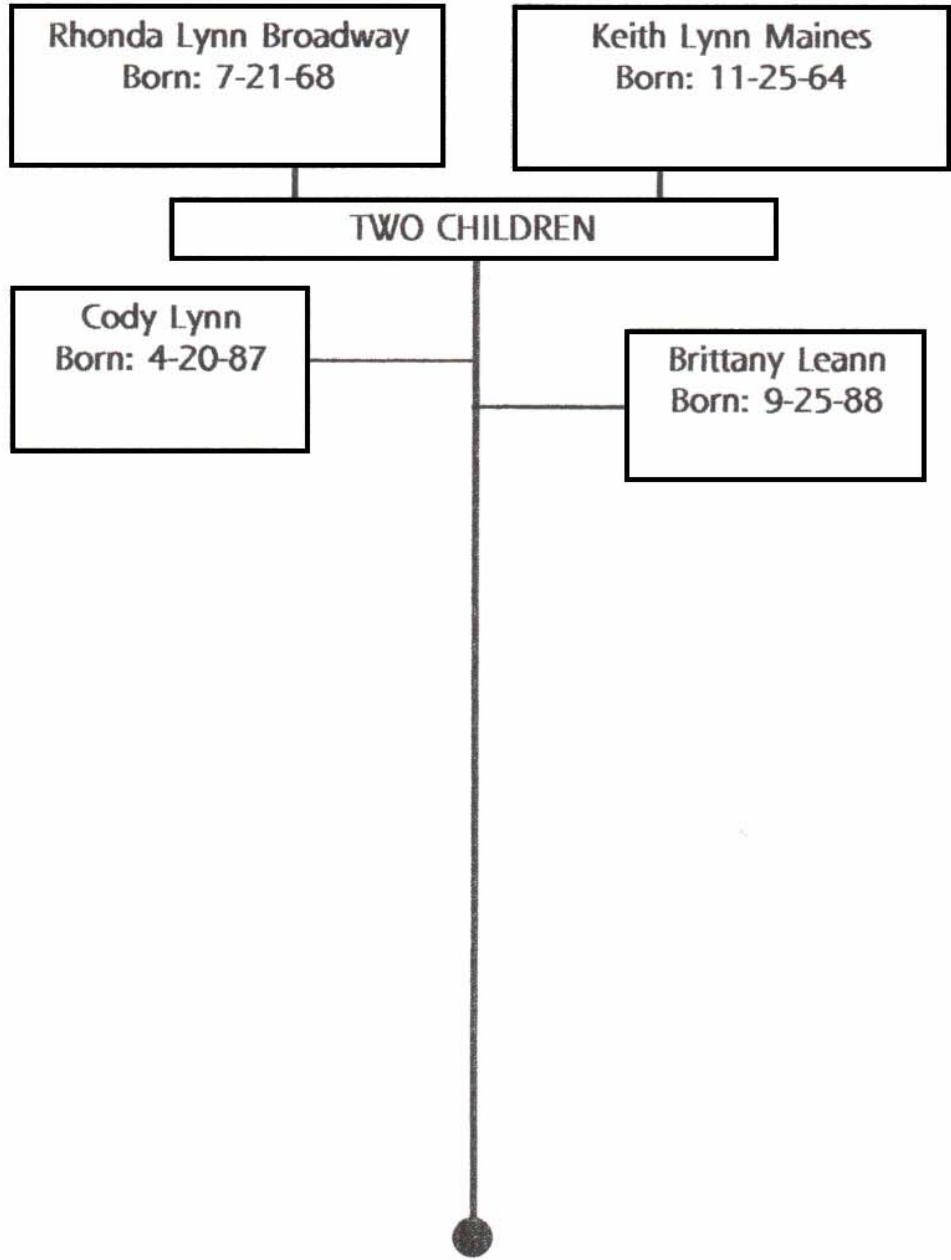


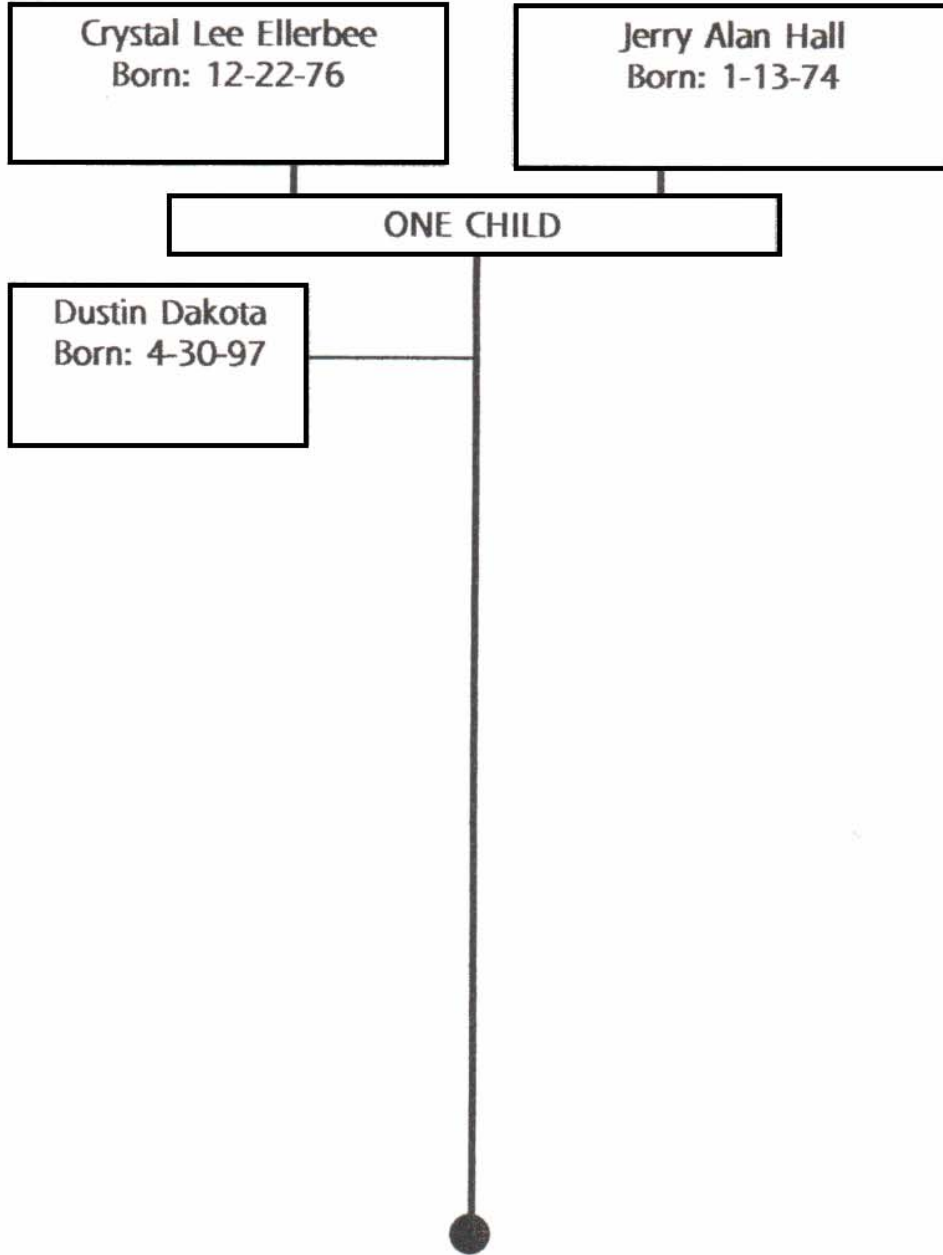


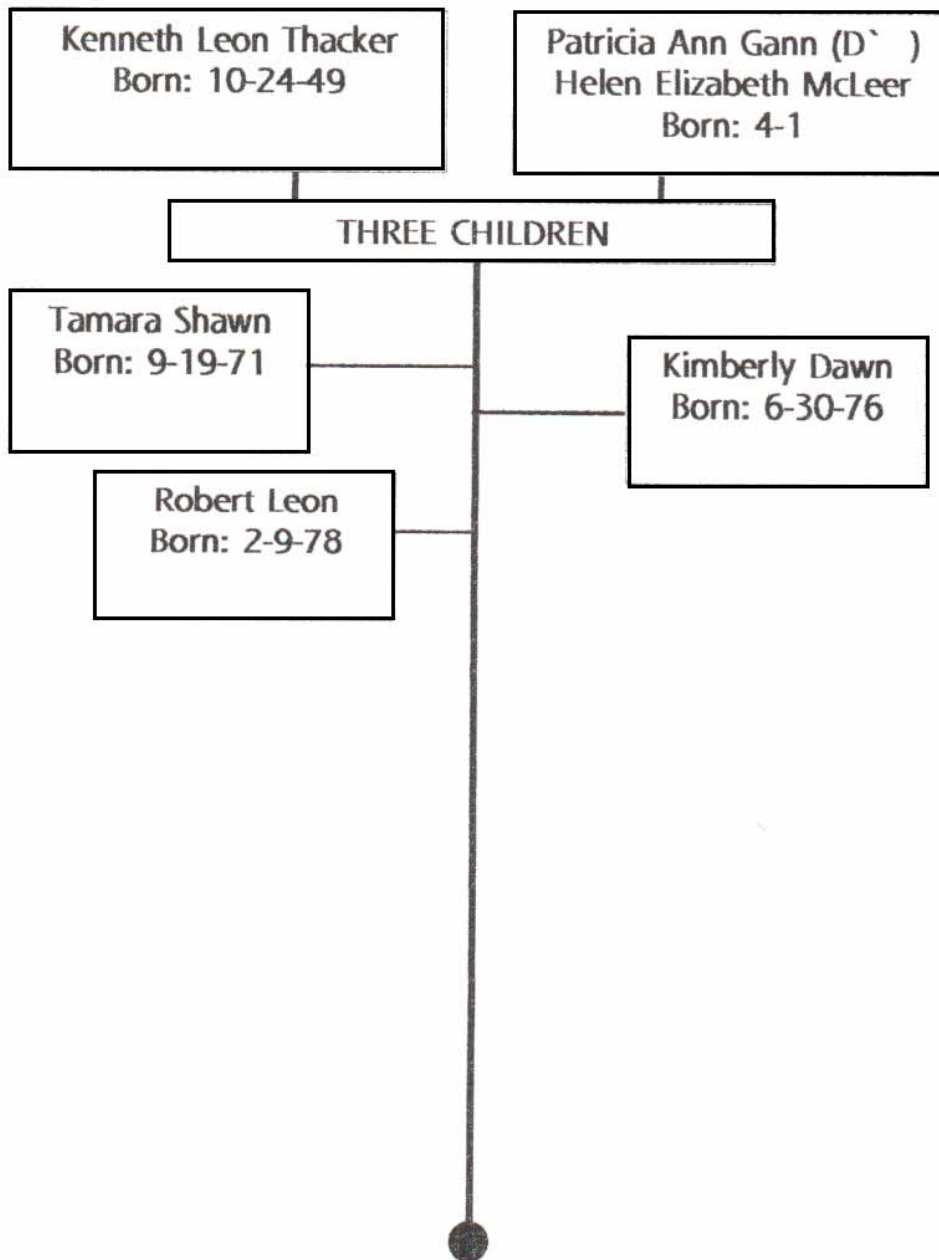


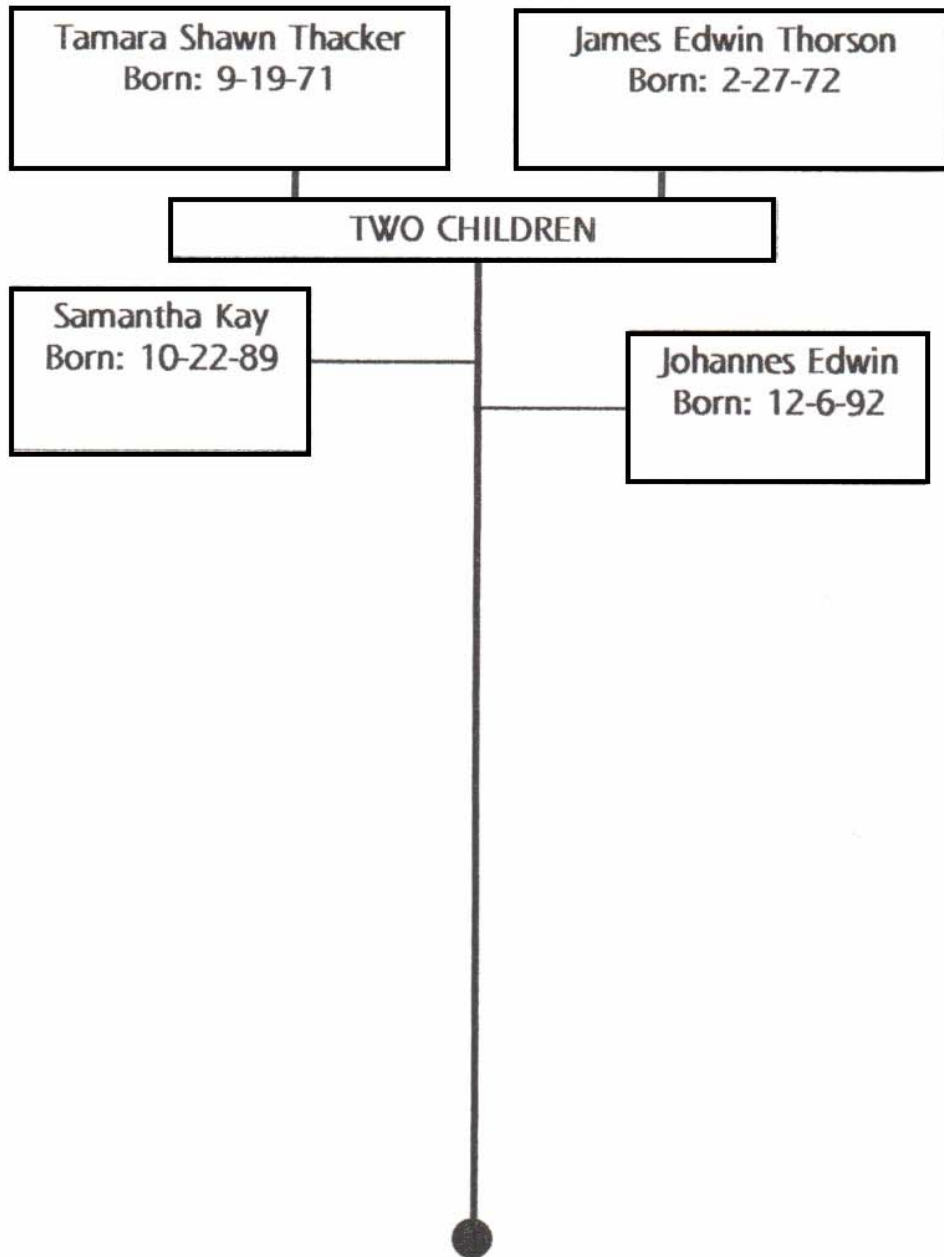


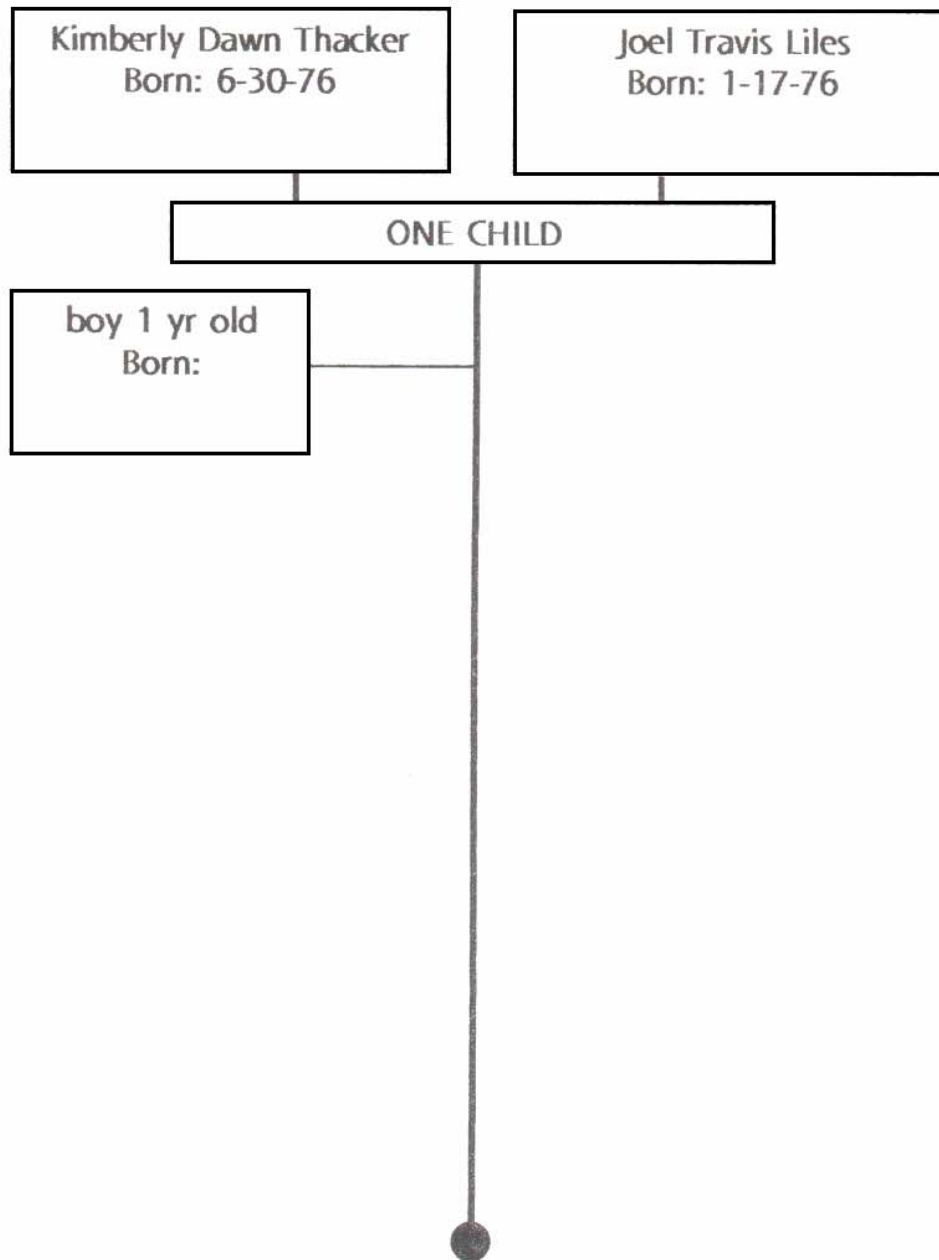


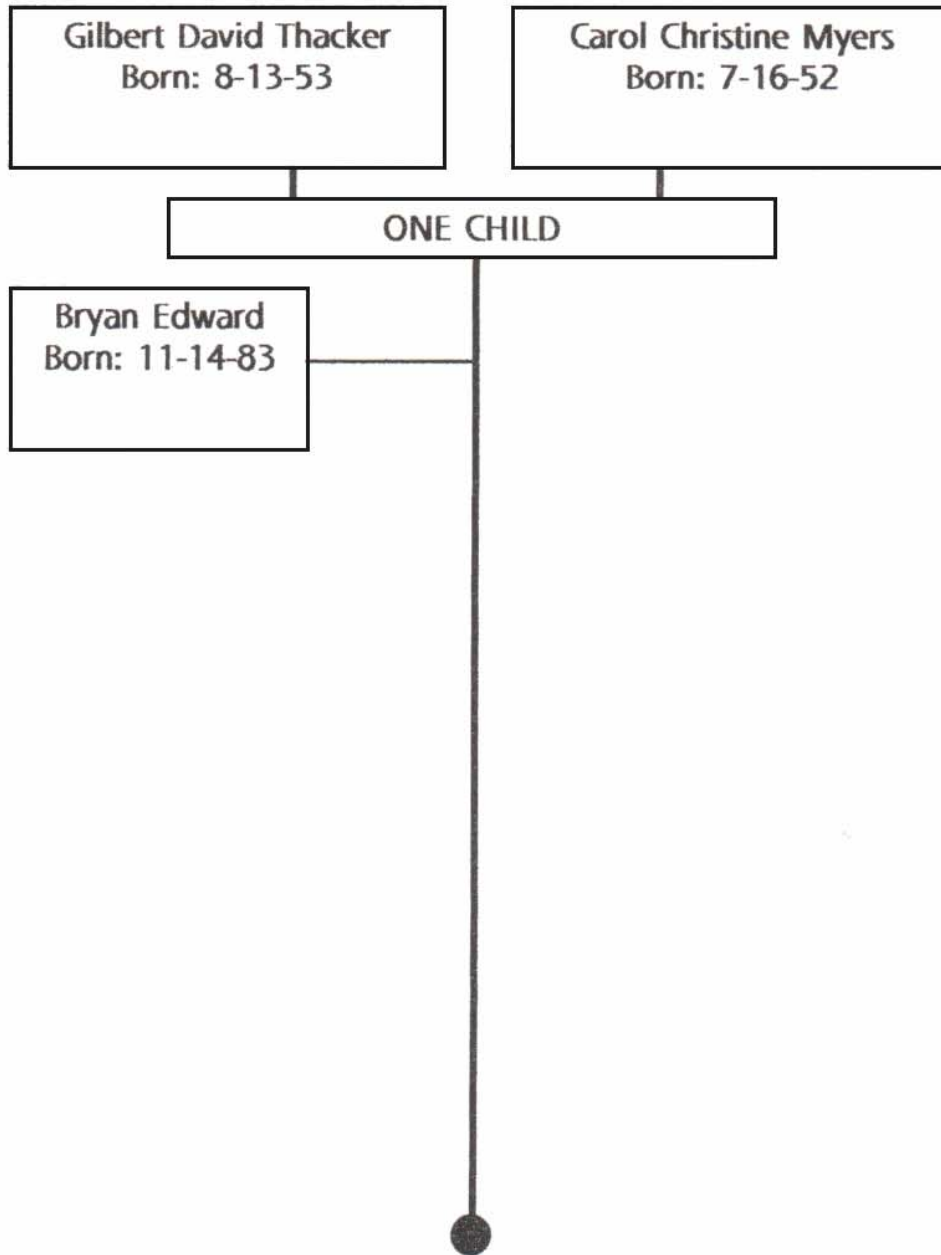














Of Special Note...

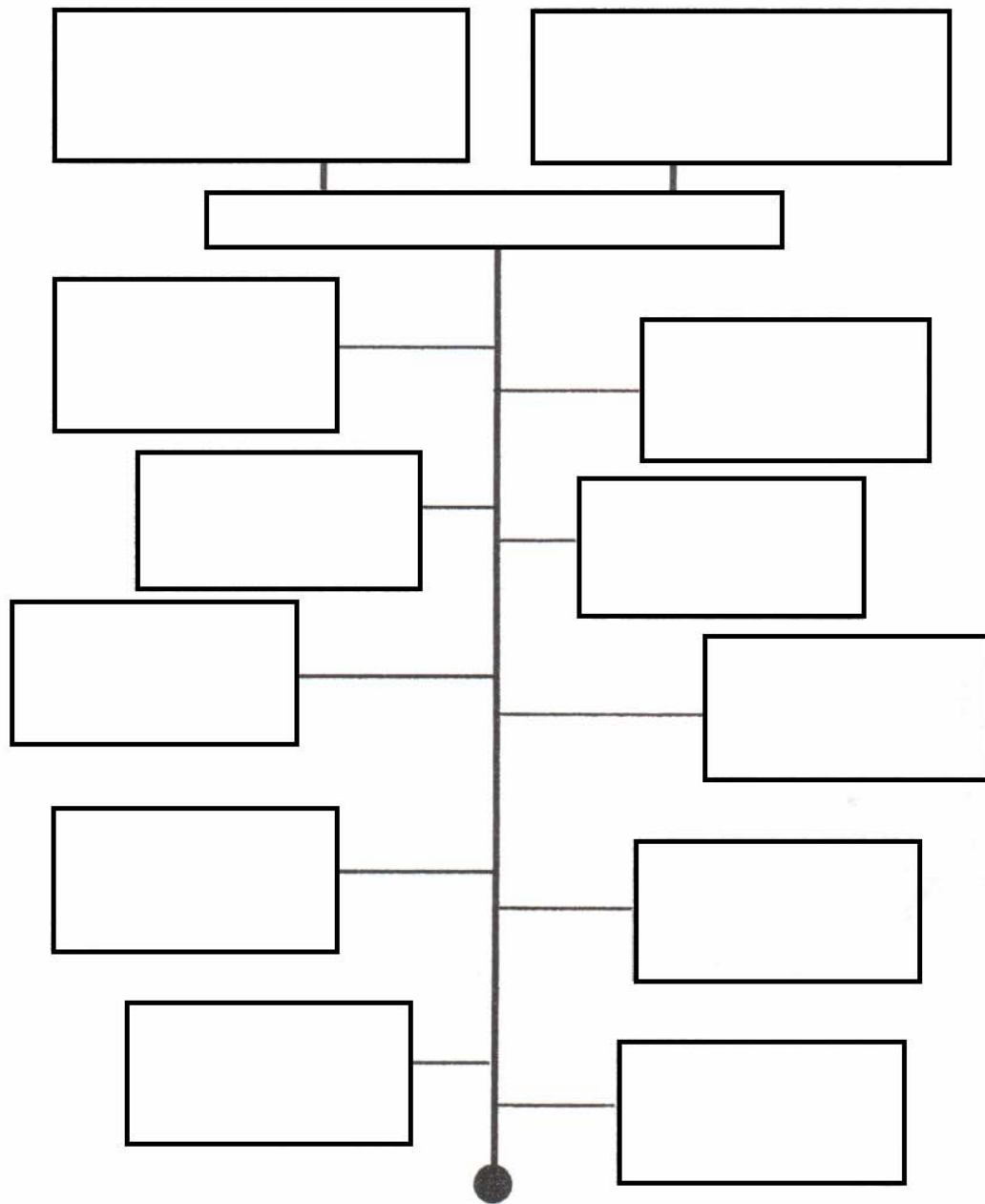
The information gathered here is from several different sources, and was compiled as accurate as the information that I received.

Thanks much on the behalf of those individuals, I appreciated the work involved.

Please check your genealogy tree (and any others you may have information on) for inaccuracies: Name spelling, middle or maiden names missing, divorce dates, birthdates, etc.

Forward them to me at the address at the front of this collection, to update next years collection. In advance, thanks!

Also, for your convenience, note the blank gene-tree on the reverse of this page, either copy it or the page with the mistakes on and return to me corrected!





published in the pages of
THE SENTINEL
NACOGDOCHES, TEX.
AUG 27, 1975

Memorial Obituary



*Entered into Eternal Rest
Tuesday, Aug. 26, 1975*

Robert E. Thacker

Funeral for Robert E. Thacker, 72, of Huffman will be held at 2 p.m., Thursday, Aug. 28, at the Cason Monk Funeral Chapel, with interment in the Fairview Cemetery.

The Rev. Jerry Jones, pastor of the New Hope Congregational Methodist Church, will officiate.

Mr. Thacker died Tuesday, Aug. 26, at the Dayton Memorial Hospital.

Born in Chireno on Nov. 19, 1902, he was a retired landscaper and had lived in the county for the past 13 years. He was the son of John Burton Thacker and Lula Bridges Thacker

and was affiliated with the Baptist Church.

Survivors include three sons, Eugene Thacker of Houston, Kenneth Thacker and David Thacker, both of Nacogdoches; three daughters, Mrs. Louise Mosley of Houston, Mrs. Rachel McGee of Huffman and Mrs. Nadine Broadway of Lufkin; one brother, Elmer Thacker of Houston; and one sister, Mrs. Jewel Smith of Nacogdoches; 17 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren.

Nephews will serve as pallbearers.

Cason-Monk Funeral Chapel is in charge of arrangements.





A Family Is

A crop of children,
seeded by two people,
nourished by love,
watered by tears,
enriched with values,
protected from disease
and emotional storms.

And in 18 to 20 years,
harvested into worthwhile human beings
to go through the entire process again.

Nothing else I would do
would equal it in importance.

contributed by: Nadine Ellerbe





First of all let me say this, that the Most Prized Possession that David and I have is our salvation. This is when we accepted Jesus Christ as our personal Savior. And let God come into our lives. With God all things are possible, without God you have nothing.

Serving God is an investment that pays eternal dividends.

John 3: 16-18 should be your key to salvation. These scriptures read:
vs. 16 For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.
vs. 17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world but that the world through him might be saved.

vs. 18 He that believeth on Him is not condemned but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

God gave up his only Son so that we might have life eternal. Would we give up our only Son? Think about it. .Would you?

I will have to be honest, I wouldn't!

Eternity or Eternal meaning. . .for ever and ever and ever.

Bryan is now saved and has accepted Christ as his Savior as of October 1, 1990. I thank God that my family is a whole and we have that assurance that we will spend eternity with one another in heaven with our Lord.

David, Carol and Bryan





One of the funny moments of mine and David's visits with granny was when we went up there one week-end granny was working at the washerateria. Granny never knew when we might drive upon her and when we pulled up she was standing at the table folding clothes and had a cigarette in her mouth. She didn't see us but we seen her and David told me to watch momma, sure enough when granny seen us she yanked the sheet she was folding up over her face and when she pulled it down she had dropped the cigarette and put it out and shuffled it under the table hoping David wouldn't see it, but he did. When we went in we were laughing and David said momma what did you do with that cigarette, and granny said what cigarette. David went over and got it off the floor and said this one, granny just started laughing and trying to explain what she was doing with it. She promised David she would not smoke a cigarette again, and to our knowledge she never did, or let me say we never caught her.

Carol

One week-end David and I went up to grannys and we were sitting on the porch, and granny was mad at Gable and I was mad at David, so David and Gable went in the truck down the street to see something and granny said they're gone Carol, lets smoke a cigarette, and I said O.K. so she went and got us one. We were sitting on the porch and just a puffing away and all of a sudden granny said GD Carol here they come (granny used a few choice words) throw these cigarettes on the side of the house, so I took both of our cigarettes and throwed them on the side of the house like she told me, and stupid me I came and sat down beside of her with those cigarettes just a burning on the side of that house. Thank the good Lord David didn't walk on the side of the house like he usually does or me and granny would have been in a lot of trouble. Granny and I made sure we kept David and Gabe on the front porch with a lot of conversation until those cigarettes burned out. After David and Gabe went in I told granny that I was sure glad David didn't go around there and she said God, me too. That was mine and grannys inside secret and we laughed every time we were together, and David and Gabe could never figure out what was so funny all the time. I finally several years later told David about it.

Carol



Olinda School
5855 Olinda Road
El Sobrante, CA 94803

Dear Patricia

Our class recently read the book, Flat Stanley. In this book, a little boy gets flattened by a falling bulletin board. When he wants to visit a friend in California, his parents put him in an envelope and mail him to his friend. (He later returns to normal).

In our class, we each made a "Flat Stanley," and I have mailed mine to you. I am hoping that you will take my "Flat Stanley" to visit a place of interest in your area and then mail him back to me. Please write some information about the area he visited so that I will know where he went and what he saw. I would appreciate it if you could send a picture postcard from your area. If you could take a picture of Flat Stanley enjoying himself — that would be great!!

When we get our Flat Stanleys back, we will look up the places he has visited on the map, look at all the pictures of him, and discuss the information that you sent us. Of course, we can't wait for the mail to arrive!

All of the "Flat Stanleys", pictures, and information will be on display for our Open House on April 24. We are very excited about this project and are anxiously waiting for our Flat Stanleys to return.

I hope that you will show Flat Stanley a good time and send him back to me quickly.

Thank you very much!

James

Please send him to:
Olinda School
5855 Olinda Road
El Sobrante, CA 94803



To Larry with prayers

Heaven In My Mind

In my mind Heaven is a place where, love and peace surrounds thy soul.

In my mind Heaven is a place of great beauty of thy soul.

In my mind Heaven is a place of no time for sorrow and sin of thy soul.

In my mind Heaven is a place for love and peacefulness of all souls.

In my mind Heaven is a place of no evil only warmth and tenderness of thy soul.

In my mind Heaven is the place, I want to be when it's time in my mind.

J.W. Mosley

Being scared with no fear
It was mainly like a soul
searching for a place to go without
A light to follow
You would never believe
It was silence.

J.W. Mosley

The moment has come
for us to part.
I'm sorry to say there
was a broken heart.
My love will always
be there, for you, even
though you say we are
through.
With tears in my eyes and
no smile on my face.
I wish this moment, hadn't
taken place.

J.W. Mosley



St. Peter Wouldn't Let Me In

Through the darkness I did go not knowing
 What was ahead. I soon realized I was
 Dead, when suddenly it appeared the
 Most beautiful and biggest Gate I've Ever seen.
 I knew then that I would be at peace but to
 My surprise the gate was locked. So I
 Knocked and knocked when this man did
 Appear who I realized was St. Peter. When
 He spoke His words were fearful but
 Truly with love the words He spoke brought
 Tears to my eyes. Wait outside the gate
 For I shall not open the gates at this
 Moment. Before you shall enter the Lords
 Kingdom He awaits the words that shall come From your
 heart for the sin you have is
 Not forgotten. Gracefully He turned and
 Walked away. I didn't know how to say what
 Was in my heart. So I knelt and prayed
 With all my heart and soul. Then came
 The voice which was soft spoken and
 With love in which I could feel all
 Around me the words he spoke will remain
 With my soul forever. You shall have the
 Forgiveness that you seek.

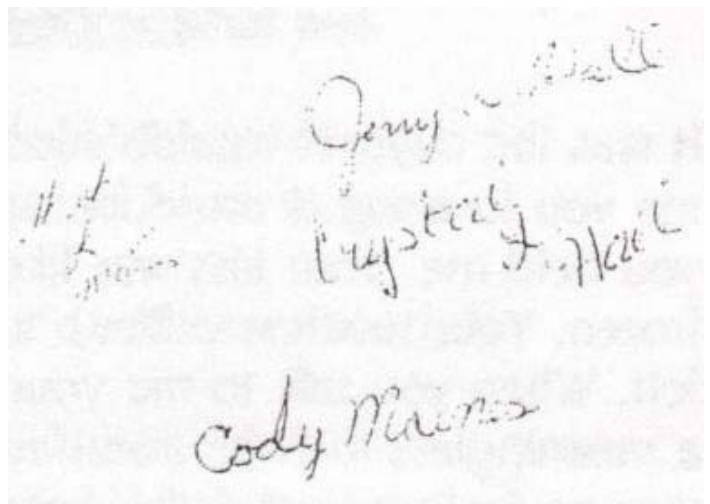
J.W. Mosley

Love With Respect

There is a little woman I
 Dearly respect, for she will
 Stand up to the biggest old
 Red Neck. When she speaks
 Softly with a smile and grin
 You know right then she's
 Ready to fight again. The
 Big old bull stands his
 Ground and never knows
 What to expect, and
 Then there she is hugging
 His neck.

Love and war
 with respect

J.W. Mosley





Christmas Day

Christmas is a day of loneliness for me, but it's no different than the last two years.

The presents I've been giving, is a broken heart which I will keep for awhile, one of the best is a feeling called Loneliness which runs through the body, mind and soul, like a river which never seems to stop. The most of all present I get are the many tears in which I will never share, for they are tears of emptiness which comes from my very soul.

The fear of spending a Christmas by myself is getting stronger each day. So maybe Santa Claus will bring me something different this year, so it won't be so lonely this year, maybe even send a little love.

Merry Christmas
Everybody

The Day Your Love

It was the day you couldn't look into my eyes, or tell me you love me. I could feel it was gone by the way you held me. Your kiss was like a cold winter stream nearly frozen. Your touch was like a feeling of emptiness that I felt. When you talk to me your voice was soft spoken with a meaningless look on your face. Your hugs were like a strange feeling I never felt before that sent cold chills through my body. When you held my hand it was like holding a hot burning cold. That I will never forget, I knew right then that your love had grown apart.

J.W. Mosley



Facing Death

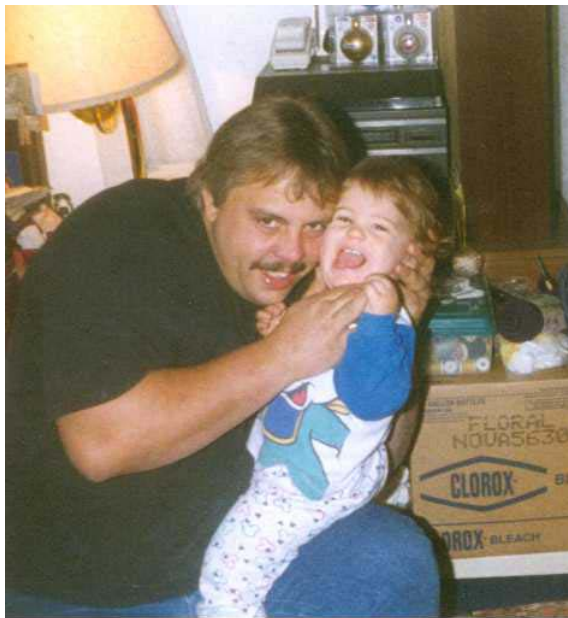
The day I faced Death was not the
First time I met death. It was late one
Night. A cold wind blowing which would
Send shivering chills down one's spine
So dark that dark itself was brightened
Only to bring this tall dark figure which
Spoke with a commanding voice. That would put
Chills in any bone. He spoke these words
Do not be afraid of me for there isn't
Any harm coming to you for I'm here only
To make sure that you are not lost, for
I will be with you until thy Fathers angels
Come for you. For you see, I'm a servant
Of thy Father just like you.

J.W. Mosley 10-27-93

A Look At Death

Death is a very strange thing, it's something
that you can't see, feel or touch. It will come
for you without warning and never has any
Shame or regrets of what souls it takes
But what worries me is that it will come
Anytime. Day or night. But the main problem
With death. There is no age group death
Will take new borns without a tear in his
Eyes. And older people he takes with pride.
Somewhere down within the darkest darkness
There must be some feeling within death
Because he comes for some of the real
Sick souls that would just lay and suffer
If he didn't take them with him sooner
Than expected. Most people get the wrong
Ideal about death because they never
Seem to worry or care about it until it
Takes someone close to them that's
When they cuss death but death is just
Doing his job. Always respect death and
Learn to deal with it. Yes it hurts but
All we can do is, pray to the good Lord and
Hope He and his angels are watching over
The souls that death took until we face
Death. Let's keep an open mind on it.

J.W. Mosley



New Born

**A new born soul brings love to the heart
of two people that helps bring this new
born soul into the world.**

**A new born soul brings other people together.
So they can share their love with the new
born soul.**

**A new born soul brings closeness and joyfulness
for whomever that surrounds the new born
soul.**

**A new born soul brings a new outlook on
life with each and all that is close to
the new born soul.**

**A new born soul brings love and peace from
God himself in which he gives to all
others that wants to feel what he has to
give from the new born soul.**

**A new born soul brings hope for love and
peace for all of God's children of the world.**

**A new born soul brings sunshine and brightness
to all hearts that are open to God's
Love that he gives through the new born
soul.**

**A new born soul brings for all his children
to never quit believing and give all
the love in the heart and soul for him.**

**For the new born shows everyone of his
children that there is a God almighty,
Lord thy father, in Heaven.**

J.W. Mosley 10-17-92



As My Guide Thy Father

When the angels left me to face thy
Father. 'I didn't know what I would say or do.'
I didn't know what thy Father would expect
of me. When thy Father came forth, He
Spoke to me with feeling that I never
knew before. He held out his hand for mine.
His hand was warm and with love and
peacefulness. The words He spoke will
always be with me. My son if you would
walk with me. I will guide you through my
kingdom for I have much to show you. As we
walked He told me of all the love and
peace that was within his kingdom, for
there are no lost soul, here. That everyone is
equal in His kingdom. As long as thy
light in thy heart and
soul, it will always be there to guide me
through His kingdom. He said He wanted me
to enjoy the beauty that surrounds me.
Now Son of mine, I must leave you for now,
But do not worry for I'm always with you, for
I have other children to share my love with for
someday soon we'll talk again
sayeth thy Father of all fathers.

J.W. Mosley 10-27-93





The Lord's Angels

The good Lord told me that
Being an angel of his would
Be one of the hardest things
That would ever be asked of me
For it didn't matter how much
Love I had to give or offer
That it would be turned down
More than received.
But to remember not to give up
For time was on my side and
Love would always be there for
someone who would receive Love
and return it as they receive it.
So here's all my love that goes out to
someone who would like to receive it and
return it.

J.W. Mosley



The Gate

There is a gate that
Everyone must go through
Beyond that gate is
Something I cannot
 explain, all I know is
 that it is full of
 peace and happiness.
Past the gate you will
Meet your loved ones
 that went there before
 you. When you go there
 to join your loved ones,
 they will be full of joy and happiness.
Past that gate is...HEAVEN.

Misty Cockerham

When Will Death Leave Me Alone

Why won't Death just quit
Following me and haunting me
Like it belongs to me
Just about the time I think it's left me
There it is again
It always takes someone close to me
Why don't it come for me
I welcome you Death
Come for me and leave my family alone.
Take me if you're not scared of me.
Most people don't know Death like I do.
I met Death one day
 and I respect Death so much
But death don't respect no one at all
So you have to be brave and
 show death you're not scared and
 will welcome death when it is your time.
But never close your eyes and try to hide from it.
Because if you do Death will hurt you in so many
ways.
So always keep an open mind.

J.W. Mosley



The days are getting longer as
The nights are getting shorter as the
Hours tick by slow and the minutes even
Slower as far as seconds go, there is no use
By day I think of my love. By night
I cry for her. As days turn into months
And years into decades you look back
An' wonder where your time has gone
Then you remember of your true love which
You never had. Now you start thinking
Of the good times you had. But then you
Remember that most good times were bad.
As tear drops puddle in your eyes and The
emptiness that hides there too,
And your mouth too dry to speak, for then
You wake up and remember you getting
Married in a week

J.W. Mosley

When My Time Comes

When my time is called upon me will I cry
for mercy or will I plead for the forgiveness
that I pray for.
Will I ask for my mothers' love
to be with me that she always gave.
Will I face thy Father with sorrow
and sin, that is deep within my soul.
Will there be a light to show thy soul
to thy Fathers Holy land.
Will I have an angel to be with me until
I face thy Fathers words, when my time
comes
I pray with all my heart and soul
the good Lord, welcomes me with open
arms
when my time is upon me.

J.W. Mosley 10-27-93



The time finally came
When I had to leave with
Shame with my head hung
Low I step on the plane
I closed my eyes

Hoping and wishing
That the shame I felt
In my heart was just
Stupid drunkness left
From the night before
Knowing that it wouldn't change

So slowly opening my eyes
Nothing was the same to
The left of me there
Were clouds to the right
Of me the same

There was a roaring
Sound in my ears but
There was no plane
I closed my eyes again
And listen again this
Sound was soft and sweet

In which I never heard before
The sound of wind blowing
In my hair. It was like
Music with no sound like
Love with no heart to break are.

J.W. Mosley

God made every one of his children
Equal so they could live in peace and
good will and with love in thy hearts
with Everything God made He gave to
His children with all the love he could
give. That comes within His heart and soul.

J.W. Mosley 10-27-93



Thy Prayers For Young Souls

Dear God, Father of all fathers.
Please hear my words, that I'm about to speak.
For the young souls that have been taken
from their mother's arms, for they will
never be forgotten, for I hope and pray
that thy angles of your kingdom are
watching over thy young souls and will be
there to help them find the light they are
seeking. So please God let them know that
there is Love and Peace waiting for them
when your angles bring them safely
Home.

Amen.

J.W. Mosley 10-27-93

Death

Death is like a cool wind blowing on a Summer
afternoon. It's always there and for now it stays
behind me. Haunting me like a cat stalking a
bird. I can feel it as if it's closing
in on me. Ready to jump me anytime when
I turn to face Death. It hides like it wants
to play games with me. But I'm stalking
death and playing the game that death wants
to play.

Just to show death that I'm not going
to run.

So we can play the game together, I'm sure
that death will win in due time. But
I'm one of a kind. And death didn't
expect me to play this game. So each
day I feel death getting closer.

But I'm ready to face death,
anytime it wants the game to
end.

J.W. Mosley 10-27-93



Sabrina,
 The time has come to
 say good-bye, the feeling
 of sadness overwhelms me
 as I watch the tears
 fall from your eyes.

The distance between
 us seems so hard, but,
 your close to me every
 time we're apart.

Only time will tell
 when we'll be together
 again. But our friendship
 stands strong from
 beginning to end.

Heather Simas
 February 21, 1997

Sabrina
 Roses are red
 Violets are blue
 No flower in the
 world
 Is as special
 as you.

Heather Simas
 February 21, 1997





Tomorrow

As I sit here, wishing for Today
and hoping for Tomorrow
Praying that both are filled
with Happiness and no sorrow.
I'm trying not to worry
about tomorrow, but deep
inside, I know that tomorrow
will be upon me soon enough
So listen to my words, don't
worry about tomorrow, just
grab hold of today.
So you can live your
Life to the fullest
because NoBody knows
if tomorrow will ever be.

J.W. Mosley

Death When It Comes

I wonder when death finally comes for me.
Will I face Death with no fear
in my heart and a forceful look
on my face
Just to show Death that I'm not to go
Hopefully the good Lord will smile on me
that day and send an angel to help me face
Death.
So I want to be alone when death comes for me
I still believe I'll face it like a man
that I am.
Regardless what I do.
It's going to take me with him
When - Where and How -
I do not know until it comes
for me.

J.W. Mosley



Dear Antone

February 16, 1991

This morning is the most
beautiful form of our
friendship.

With this we come together
as one
a whole.

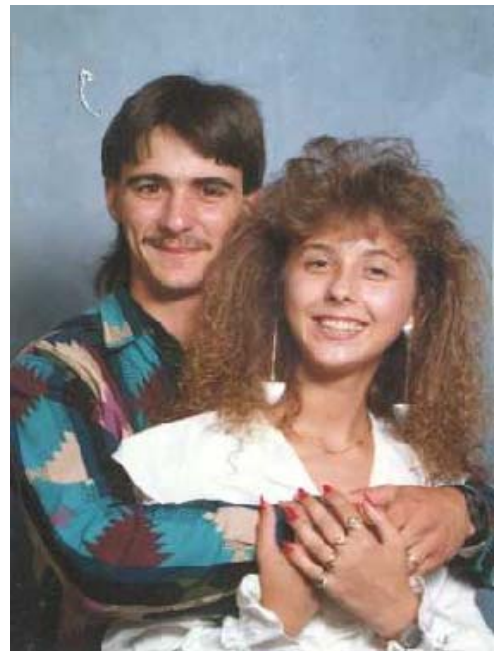
I vow to stay with you
through the good and the
bad times
and to love you
as long as this bond
of friendship
remains

Love Heather

Heather Simas February 16, 1991

The sky above flowing with
a calm crystal blue
The clouds scattered, hovering
without unison, so few there may be
Radiant fire lighting the earth,
the heat pounding below
Experience the joy a day like
this produces
Children in the yards. laughing
and playing
Sprinklers, pools, and ice cream
too. Cherish them all.

Heather Simas July 27, 1995





What Is A Dad

A dad is a person who
Tries to teach you right from wrong
A dad is a person who
 is usually wrong more than he's right
 but is always right when he's wrong
A dad is a person who
Expects you to be there for Him
But never there for you
A dad is a person who
 is always saying He works hard for his
 money, but never has any to spend.
A dad is a person who
 will bust your butt when you do something
 wrong, but all the time he's doing it he's
 telling you how much he loves you
 and it hum him more than you.
A dad is a person that
 if he knew I was writing this note
 he would be having a stroke.
But a dad is a person who
 we just can't live with out.
That's my Dad!

J.W. Mosley





To Sabrina Trahan

That brightest star, shining
high above

Represents a bond we share
and love

When I watch that diamond
twinkle in the sky

I remember the last time
we had to say good-bye

As long as my star shines
way up high

You my friend, are always
close by.

Heather Simas April 1996

'Day after Day'

Day after day
Time passes by
Slowly dragging on

Day after day
The loneliness grows
Deeper in my soul

Day after Day
Thoughts of you
Dwell in my mind

Day after day
Troubles progress, not
Wanting to subside

Heather Simas, November 1989





Not Yet My Time

Never before knowing darkness of this kind
Never realizing what it meant, but as fast as
darkness had appeared, a beautiful light
began to surround me. and not yet realizing
fear that had come about me.

When a great voice I would hear, 'As His hand
reached out for me,' this great voice spoke
softly these words,

'Forgive me my son, for it's not yet your
time,
for some of your work for me is yet left
undone.

But go back with love for Me in your heart
and soul. For someday you will be with
me.'

Many years has past since that day and
not yet have I had to ask who was the
Voice of the past.

For in my heart and soul, I will always know.
And to this day I know it's
not yet my time.

J.W. Mosley 10-27-93





Can you hear it?
There listen ...Shh...listen

Can you hear that?
Can you hear the voice? ?

The faint voice in the background...

Can you hear it?
The voice guiding is guiding you.

There listen.. . Listen to that voice.

It's your guardian angel
Using your inner voice.
Heather Simas

Lost in an illusion
Filled with total confusion
Left here with no direction
Life on Earth without perfection
There's a child in need
Of love and care
So many homeless with
Nothing left to spare
Learning to accept
This dreary scene
Chaos is overwhelming
So it seems
Heather Simas

Praying with my mind
is what you like to do
You say I love you
then you tell me we're through
I wish I knew what
you want from me?
If it's her you want,
then set me free.
I've cried too many tears.
I'm all worn out
If this is love, I'd
rather live without!
Heather Simas July 1995

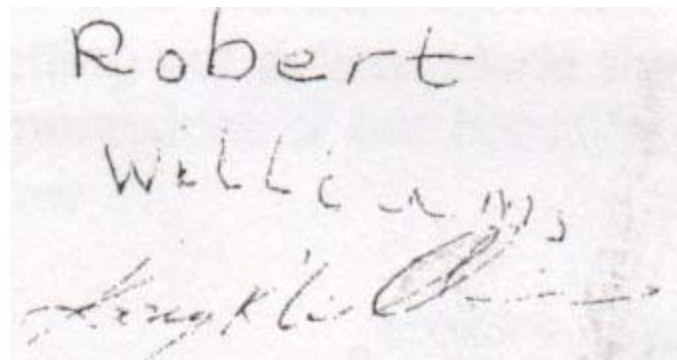


Why does it have to be
this way
Why, do you contradict
everything I say
Why can't you feel any
love for me
Why don't you love this
family
Why do you insist on
tearing us apart
Why do you enjoy breaking
my heart.
Tell me why?

Heather Simas December 19, 1993

Do you ever sit and ponder?
ponder on emotions withheld
inside
Do you ever sit and wonder?
wonder why.
Thoughts are all conflicting
in your mind. Never amusing
and so very confusing
The pain pierces like a spear
with speed
Your heart in the center of it's
path, hit! Slowly bleeds.
Bleeding the love, hope and
all happiness contained
Never to be healed. Do you
sit and ponder, just wondering
why

Heather Simas



Robert
Williams
August 19, 1993

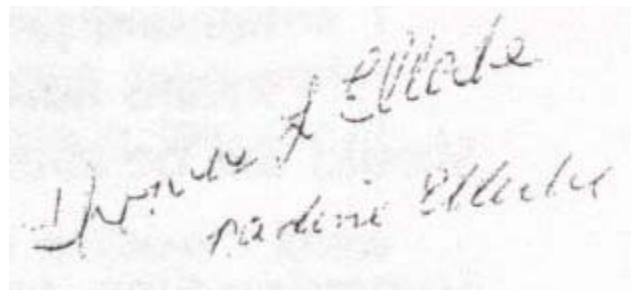


Alone, desperate,
 Crying for help
 Please someone listen
 Help...
 Cold, hungry.
 Crying for help
 Please someone listen
 Help...
 Young, fragile.
 Crying for help
 Please someone listen
 Help...
 Frightened, delirious
 Crying for help
 Please someone listen
 Help...
 Please someone.
 Hear my cries for help.
 Quiet, listen...
 Help...



Heather Simas December 18, 1993

I am lost in love
 and feeling blue
 He doesn't care
 What should I do?
 I am lost in love
 is it all a lie
 Not a day passes
 he doesn't make me cry.
 I am lost in love
 it's all one way
 The harder I try
 the more I pay
 I am lost in love
 my dreams falling apart
 Maybe I should let go
 and make a new start.



Heather Simas December 19, 1993



The things I write
Express how I feel
The meaning of each phrase
Sincere and real
I can't make you see the
Way I feel inside
So I let the words flow
From my pen astride
Instead of releasing a
Flood of tears
I concentrate on writing
Poems full of expressions
Appear

Heather Simas

Where are you tonight?
are you all alone?
What are you thinking?
let it be known.
Are you lost inside?
please tell me.
Is the loneliness controlling?
I'll set you free.

Heather Simas

Alone on this planet, standing
tall and proud, our existence
means nothing.
Should this be allowed?

Surpassing time, one may
forget the meaning of life. Why
dwell on miseries.
Piercing all like a knife.

Confusion takes control of all
with each passing day. There is
nothing we can do.
Except sit and pray.

When all is lost and vanished
forever. Please, I'm asking, let
our souls and spirits.
Rest in heaven together.

Heather Simas May 28, 1995



Dad's Last Words

the last time we 'spoke,' Dad spoke with his eyes. So when I looked deep inside his eyes, these words Dad said, We've been together a long time and we have done things together that most people only dream of.

So, please understand, I'm not giving up, but I'm tired and need to find peace with myself, so don't cry for there is no need.

We've been together so long I wouldn't dream of leaving you for long, for someday soon we'll be together once more, then he took my hand, and to him I said, 'Please take all my strength for you shall need it more than me, for where I'm going there is only Peace and Love.

For you will need the strength that we both have to keep you going.
His last words were, 'I'll see you someday soon when it's time.'
I said, 'Dad I love you with all my heart,' he closed his eyes
that's the last time we spoke.

J.W. Mosley 1427-93





Always Things To Remember
Just One Never To Forget

Your presence is a present
to the world.
You're unique and one of
a kind.
Your life can only be what
you want it to be.
Just stop and think, it only
takes one day at a time.
Count your blessings, not your
troubles.
You'll make it through, what
ever comes along to you.
Cause in you, are all the
answers.
You just need to have lots
of courage, and be strong.
Then you will understand.
Don't put limits on yourself.
There are so many dreams
waiting to be realized.
Decisions are important too.
Nothing wastes more energy
than a feeling kept inside.
The longer you carry a problem
the heavier it gets
Live a life of serenity.
Not a life of regrets.
Remember a little love goes
a long way.
But a lot goes forever.
Love is one of life's wisest
investments.
You are one of life's most
precious treasures.
Realize that it is never too late
to reach out to the ones you love.
All it takes is a little understanding,
and a lot of room in the heart to share.
And don't never forget
it takes mistakes to learn.
Most important of all, learn
and teach how to forgive.

Linda Brennon

In Memory



Lela Mae (Owens) Poskey

Funeral for Lela Mae (Owens) Poskey, 77, of Nacogdoches, will be Saturday at 2 p.m. at Laird Funeral Home Chapel with the Rev. Ennis Fuller, pastor of Eastside United Pentecostal Church, officiating. Burial will be in Fairview Cemetery.

Ms. Poskey died Thursday in Nacogdoches.

She was born March 1, 1917 in the Woden area of Nacogdoches County, her parents were Robert Milton Owens and Mary Catherine Whitten.

She worked at Ray's Washateria for 14 years and was a member of Hoya Hill Baptist Church of Nacogdoches.

She was married to Jessie Gabriel Poskey in 1956 and was a lifetime resident of the Nacogdoches area, attending Woden Schools.

Surviving are her husband, Jessie Poskey of Nacogdoches; four sons, Eugene "Buddy" Thacker of Houston, Kenneth Thacker of Nacogdoches, David Thacker of Humble, Henry Poskey of Nacogdoches; four daughters, Louise Mosley of Huffman, Texas, Rachel McGee of Livingston, Nadine Ellerbe of Huffman and Sue Neil West of Houston; 24 grandchildren, 40 great-grandchildren and eight great-great-grandchildren.

Active pallbearers will be Alvin Poskey, Jerry Mosley, William Mosley, Richard Broadway, Jimmy Mosley and Pace McBride.

Visitation was Friday from 5p.m. to 8 p.m.

Laird Funeral Home will direct arrangements.



Uncle Buddy remembers:

I broke my arm when I was about ten years old trying to kiss Willie Faye, the girl that lived next door, thru the window screen, while I was standing on a wooden keg, and I fell off of it. I thought I was in love, he-he. It was on San Augustine Rd., the house your grandpa built.

Another one, the same house in Nacogdoches, we did not have indoor plumbing, so we had to draw out water from a well and mama would heat it on a stove for us kids to take a bath, in a galvanized number 2 wash-tub. There was only 3 of us kids at the time. Your mama, aunt Rachel and myself.

Anyways, your mama and aunt Rachel would take a bath first, and the water got real dirty and I took a bath last, and when I got through I thought I was the cleanest little white boy in town. Looking back, how could I have got clean, ha-ha, as the water was really black and filthy.

One more: In those days, guess I was about 8 years old, and like I said earlier, we did not have indoor plumbing, as we had an out house, about a quarter mile from the house.

Mama smoked back then, and I was always trying to sneak a cigarette from her package, but, she always caught me, so I waited until she threw the butts from the cigarettes *away*, then I would get four, or five. then run to the out house with them. We had always kept a Sears-&-Roebuck catalog down there for toilet tissue, as we did not know what Charmin was, besides we were too poor to buy any, if they even made it then. It was in the late 40's. What I'm trying to say is that I would tear out a page from the book, and tear the tobacco from the butts, as you can just think and try to roll it into a cigarette, which was about 4 times as long as a regular cigarette, tobacco was real loose, and then I would lite it, and you can not believe how the flame shot down my throat. Liked to choke me to death. Guess that's what made my 'ole ticker' bad now, as I have smoked ever since.



A Time For All Things

This jar contains 10 pecans and one cup of rice. The pecans represent the things that God would have us do, and the rice represents the fun things that we like and want to do.

If you pour the rice into the jar first, the pecans will never fit. If you put the pecans in the jar first, the rice poured over and around the nuts fits perfectly.

The lesson is if we set God's priorities first before the time for the things we want to do, we will have time for both. If however, we put the urgent before the important, we will never fit time in for God.

May this jar be a constant reminder of your priorities in your walk with Him.





Texas, Texas, it sure is hot,
Texas, Texas, I like it a lot

L. Kathleen Swenson-Clair





Lisa Broadway
Richard Broadway
Cory Broadway
Brandy Broadway
Richard Broadway

