

Shenandoah

Love Songs for the Border



*“...look away, look away...
‘cross the wide Missouri...”*

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Every Morning When I Awoke

Ever morning when I awoke
he would be there
greeting the day with me.
Smiling, he'd watch how the sun
made me laugh...no matter...
and every night he sang me a lullaby
or hummed to me,
or whistled through his teeth
when I asked him to do that
for I love to hear him whistle.

He was the sun shining on my life
for he always showed me the way,
even though he wasn't there
except in my dreaming state, it seemed.
But I know he was with me.
I would hold him in my arms,
rest my head on his shoulder at the end of the day,
or silently be with him while he graded papers
for I love him so, and I don't know why.
I finally stopped questioning why I had found him
for that reason was way over our heads.

It's about love and trust, I know that much.
And if I seem out of sorts, as I keep talking about him
it helps me remember who he is
and what we shared. He is right here in my mind
and will never leave me.
He had the picture I sent him framed
so he too could hold the world between his hands.

He said that I was the bravest woman he knew,
just to greet my life as I did.
I disregarded everyone else's opinion.
Even now I sense him
smiling at me as he looks on,
contemplating how it will all play out.
He always watched me,
he's probably watching me right now
rise in the light of day.

And making love with this man
showed me how it was done.
Day or night, whenever he asked

I would give him myself, all of me,
for I am his. And he sits and watches me now
from a distance.

While we were together, I loved this man,
so sweet he was and is today, like none other.
I will always love him
and he's probably sick of me saying that,
even though he knows why I say it.
I sense that he is right here with me
like a prophet, making sure of his direction
as he shows me the way.

5:30 a.m., on the dot he is with me
and 10:30 or 11:00 p.m. he dropped off
for he kept a constant calendar—
so consistent he is with his work and students,
giving them his time, being with them,
teaching them how it is to be.

He taught me how to be.
I always told him that I was the
luckiest woman in the world,
just to know him and be with him each day.
And even when he left to be with another,
I was so happy to see him leave.
It's like I pushed him out of my life
and told him to watch the fireworks sizzle through the air.
I wanted him to find a happy life
and not be stuck with a "*wish I could*" all his life.
His life meant much more than this.

I before I felt him leave me
there was such a tender touch.
The heart hugs didn't stop. I'll never forget this,
even with the right lady who'll come along.
He'll probably forget all about what happened here.
Whatever he needs to do is right by me for
that's what love is all about.

I know that we will be together later.
At heaven's gate we will enter.
*Remember me, oh remember me Jamie,
I love you so, even if you are just a
dream I once had,
at least I have this dream.*

What I Remember Most

What I remember most are the trees.
 Silent partners in the dance,
 whenever I see them now I am
 I am reminded, taken back to that former time
 when I was so afraid of you.

All of that has changed, for I'm not afraid of you now.
 I was afraid of you then, but I see now
 that behind the picture rests the man.
 I know how to be with a man.
 I don't know how to be with a picture.

You wanted me to remind you of how we first got started before:
 April, 2003, the email I sent you
 that you welcomed with open arms,
 just like trees that reach out to grow beyond themselves.
 Maybe, somehow you thought that
 I would grow beyond myself
 by opening my arms to let you in
 as life moved forward.

You are my muse.
 As you look over my shoulder,
 you inspire me onwards.

I remember that you want to keep your name out of it.
 It's a good name.
 What you've made of it is like none other.
 I respect the way you use all things together as one.
 I am with you now, together as one.
 You want to see how I take this new challenge on,
 watch my roots as they establish themselves
 in the new ground of being I have now,
 for leaving what I've known
 is so hard to do when you've been
 there a very long time, growing.

I don't mind at all.
 Each step appears after the last one fades.
 It's a journey.
 Going up to heaven is the same way.
 I keep my arms outstretched
 to greet whatever comes next.

Watering His New Grass

Watering his new grass
he would watch it grow
with *Shadow* looking on.

I'd watch him too: how he kept the
sunset glistening and watered everything just right
as the day ended.
And he'd tell me all about his new home:
his new furniture and all that
he had made ready for me already,
waiting for the day when I would get there,
for he had bought the house with us in mind
and walked me through all the rooms
while I told him my first garden ideas.
Longing to be there I told him and the Lord each night,
waiting for the day he would come and get me.

He had a big, white truck. He loved trucks
and would go off at night to get us a movie we would watch together.
He'd say things and I'd say things as the film rolled on.
I didn't care what movie he wanted to watch,
Mr. Roberts was his favorite, as it was one of mine,
but I would watch anything he wanted to watch
for this made him happy.
I was so happy to make him happy.
It was my job to do this and I was good at it.

We would make a date to be together
and I never questioned if he'd show.
He always did, just as he said he would.
Such a gentleman he was,
the kind I could always rely on.
Anything, everything, even when he shook things off,
I'd know that it was the right thing
for him to do and wouldn't question it.

I kept his future waiting
to greet him. Each day we sat and talked,
for I knew that
I was in love with him, *forever*.
It didn't matter what we did or where we went.
He could feed me dinner in a cave
and that would be alright.

He loved the way I spoke my mind
whenever I needed to do so,
not caring how my words touched each other
or another person, for I was speaking what I thought.
But I cared very much what I said,
so as not to hurt another person.
I made sure that I spoke accurately
and made clear what I had to say, without holes.

But this picture-perfect marriage
needed a break in its delivery.
Before he came and got me
(which he always said he would do, but never did)
and before our child appeared
things changed. They changed so much
my life grew a new story.
Maybe our child would never appear with me,
but be brought up with another woman
because I was growing too ill to care anymore.
And all of his church-going ended from my mind too,
Everything he shared with me that he did on Sundays
and everything else left me.
It was just a dream I had
that he very kindly showed me
in full picture: how we'd all be together
and he would take care of us, just as
I would take care of him and the baby.

And then I saw that things needed to end before they began
because I started to become more than ill, it seemed.
I thought was dying (maybe I am, I don't know...)
and started to believe that this was all a dream,
or maybe he was just using me
to bring forth a story that could tell others:
how he ended up with a fruitcake full of nuts.

I regrouped...If this was truly a real story going on, then
I still didn't want him to give up his life just to take care of me.
with all the meds and whatever else would take place.
Slowly I made up my mind to end this journey with him,
but it took everything out of me to give him up,
just as it took everything out of me to die.
But maybe my giving him over to someone else
was right for me to do, for then he would have a life
and be happy with someone.

I started to believe that this **was** just a dream,
waiting to be remade into a real life drama.
It was *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir* revisited.

That movie made me cry big tears.
I just wanted to see him happy
and I don't think I could do this.
I'd see him in heaven where we'd be together
as one.

Watching the River Flow

The river flows to the shore.
I should do no less.

How I flow and express myself
is the same thing
as how this river flows
and expresses itself.

I thank Jamie for having given me the understanding
of how the river flows.

I take this flow with me now.
It will never leave me.

Thank you, Jamie.

Waa Waa

I wrote this poem on the same day that I received a “*Return to Sender*” letter that I had sent to Jamie previously, but the letter was returned unopened to me. So, I guess that Jamie has indeed ended my correspondences with him.

And this is the second or third time this occurred for me with Jamie. Before, having a letter returned to me happened a few months before when the Lord told me that I would die in November, 2003. *Hmm, interesting...*

And Pastor George, the man who baptized and confirmed me Lutheran last year **also** refused my correspondences and has refused to speak to me. I don't think he believes me or wants to speak to me now, because I'm bi-polar and I feel am going to die. *Hmm...* well, whatever is going on, I live in the Lord's kingdom right now on earth and in heaven, come what may.

~

“At another time she asked, ‘*What is a soul?*’
 ‘*No one knows,*’ I replied; ‘*but we know it is not the body,*
and it is that part of us which thinks and loves and hopes...[and] is invisible....’
 ‘*But if I write what my soul thinks,*’ she said,
 ‘*then it will be visible,*
and the words will be its body.’”
 —Annie Sullivan, 1891

Waa Waa were the words that Helen Keller said
 at her moment of understanding.
 She was deaf, blind and mute. She didn't know.
 During her whole life, others tried to show her
 understanding from their own knowing,
 but she ignored them all
 because nobody taught her how she was able to learn.

She finally did learn
 and through a mysterious relationship that brought her to
 realizing what moved her.
 No one else taught her what she should know
 except one person, Annie Sullivan.
 This person never gave-up with her,
 although this understanding moved through cycles
 in both their lives.
 I had the same kind of mysterious relationship
 With a person and teacher:
 Jamie, James W. Pennebaker, PhD.

I've found understanding of who Jamie is
from seeing the movie, *The Miracle Worker*, starring
Anne Bancroft (who played Annie Sullivan)
and Patty Duck Austin (who played Helen Keller).
I identify with Helen in this movie.
Throughout my own understanding of this mystery
I see what my mysterious correspondence means:
Jamie never lifted a finger to tell me anything.
He was and is a master teacher like none other,
a consummate guide who asked only to be trusted.
I am forever grateful and I hope that he sees that I finally see
what a mess I've made of my relationship with him and my life.

For whatever it means:
I didn't understand what was happening to me
During my correspondence with Jamie
That occurred two years before (2003 – 2005).
And if this bears any credence to my story,
please know that it's only through my own
touching the water that flows from the wellspring of understanding
and Jamie's own resiliency in accepting my machinations,
that I've come to learn my own thoughts
and my creative spirit has come into its own at this time.

It is by Jamie's knowing and divine hand
that I've learned the secret of life.

I hope Jamie hears me now and believes me.
I hope I haven't killed him.
It has been my own misunderstanding
that has killed me.

Denial

I have no control anymore in my mind.
 I say good things and then bad.
 And each time I say anything
 I think I state things correctly,
 but I don't know in reality
 if I do state things correctly.
 I don't believe myself anymore.

I give my faith to the Lord
 and hope that whatever I say that is false
 is ignored by everyone now.
 That I have hurt Jamie before
 means more to me than anything
 (i.e. Jamie's returned letter to me from June, 2003
 that I received in the mail today, July 5, 2003).

Jamie did the right thing
 returning correspondence that I sent to him.
 I should not be listened to,
 and he should not read anything I send to him now.
This is a big waste of his time.

Also, I think that all of my writing now
 should be looked at and scrutinized
 to make sure that I speak the truth,
 which I did before, so beautifully.
 Therefore, I will not write anymore books
 except poetry books and the two that I will finish now
 (*Faith and C.A.T. for M.S* and *Writing Therapy™ V, the Genres*).
 These books have already been written
 and I just need to post them.

I don't know anymore if I speak the truth.
 I don't trust myself and what I say.
 The only reality that I know is that
 I live on death row.
 I don't trust what I say of Jamie anymore.
 He is a man in whose service I love very much.
 I know that the Lord knows what's going on in me now.

I can't believe that I claimed before that Jamie hurt me.
 Jamie is the only person
 in whom I give credibility for my work.
 If I've spoken against him before,

then my words should be viewed like raw clams
which gives themselves credence to be favorable
before their time.

These clams should be tossed back in the ocean.

That I have hurt Jamie in my previous writing kills my spirit.
He's one of the sanest men whom I have known.
All I can do now to state reality
is deny what I hope you can see is not real.

And I pray to the Lord *nonstop*
to be forgiven for what I've done.

About the Author

Jaclyn Henderson is a writer and free-write, mystic poet living in Port Orchard, Washington. A retired massage therapy teacher and Licensed Massage Therapist for twenty years in three states, she is also a retired Energy Medicine Therapist, teacher, and Pastoral Intern. She now volunteers her time as a licensed Registered Counselor who offers pastoral care and receives in-home pastoral care. She has applied for and has been rejected from twelve MFA programs (probably due to her M.S. problems), so she has moved on and has applied to earn an online PhD in *Natural Health* from American Holistic University.

Jaclyn holds a B.A. in Independent Study from the Robert D. Clark Honors College at the University of Oregon, 1990, and is an accomplished quilt artist. She is published author of: *The Healing Power of Attunement Therapy, Stories and Practice* (Findhorn Press, 1998), which was translated into three languages, and is now out-of-print; one of her memoirs *Pilgrimage, Leaving the New Age Cult* (Wasteland Press, 2003); and her free e-books: *Writing Therapy™ (Parts I-IV)*; *Writing Therapy™ for Young Adults*; *Writing Therapy™ Exercises: Writing the Labyrinth; Healing the Body with Soul*; *Therapy Stories*; and *Faith and CAT, Complimentary Alternative Therapies for Multiple Sclerosis*. All of her published books that are ready for free download are listed at her website: www.healingwithsoul.com.

She now writes, with an *Invited Guest*, a quarterly Online Literary Journal called *The Grace Note* that is published at her website by the tenth of: March, June, September and December. *The Grace Note*, a topic specific journal, relates to the Christian calendar

year. Published authors and pastors are invited to email Jackie to become an *Invited Guest* for a journal issue of their choice.

Jaclyn has also previously published four free e-books of free-write poetry that are available at www.healingwithsoul.com. Her poetry books include: *The Wisdom to Grow Downwards*, *Poems of Loss and Recovery*; *Full Circle*; *Inexpensive Entertainment* and *Second Coming*. *The Field of Faith* is her fifth.

She has been a free-lance writer, Feature Author and Columnist for: *The Awakenings Review*, *Massage and Bodywork Magazine*, *Alternative Therapies*, *The New Times*, *The Higher Source* (out of Bainbridge Island, WA), *New Thought Journal*, *Resonance*, *Transformation Times*, *Portland Down Towner* and other publications, for many years prior to her e-book publications.

Jaclyn lives with a variety of incurable diseases: Asthma, Bipolar Disorder and Multiple Sclerosis. She takes prescribed allopathic medications for these illnesses and prescribed naturopathic alternative medications. Jaclyn has the trademark for *Writing Therapy*[™] that encompasses her *literary ministry* at: www.healingwithsoul.com. *Writing Therapy*[™] offers Jackie's faith increase for God within her illness expression that she offers to all. Within her books of ministry, she offers *cues* for others to express their faith in the Lord.

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