

Mrs Turner -

I think of you often and especially
when I write; I hope that you enjoy
these. Please know, I'll always have a
very dear place reserved in my heart
for you always.

Love you too,
Rebekah

all things are possible
for him who believes
in me. For the Son of Man
will be lifted up, and
after three days he will
rise again. And he will
sit on the throne of David,
and will reign over the
house of Israel. And
I will send the Holy Spirit
upon you, as he has
promised. And you will
baptize one another in
the name of the Father
and of the Son and
of the Holy Spirit,
and you will receive
the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

For he who believes
in me, he will receive
the Holy Spirit,
just as he has promised
to you. And you will
baptize one another
in the name of the
Father and of the Son
and of the Holy Spirit,
and you will receive
the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

Bedtime Story

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:47 PM

To:bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

Bedtime Story

You held us spellbound in that sunroom for an evening with you tales of imagination.

Your detailed account of a beach trip, as vivid in our minds today, as yours was on the evening.

Sand castles, umbrellas, and striped towels caught all of your giggles and excitement.

In a twist of plot, the oceans waves brought the villian close to shore; stalking and watching you causing you terror. You had us jumping in our seats, as acted out the villainous moves. Like chess peices moving to try and cheat death.

Shivering scared, you showed us the glance back, the one you took that was most likely your last.

Then the second twist came in the nick of just time; when the villainous shark asked to take you for a ride!

We were locked in a trance, with your fanciful dance as you showed us your travels, your adventures and plotting escape.

And finally after your journey was done, you made it back to safety and more family fun.

To close out our evening of excitement and fears, you hugged each one of us and told us good night.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

3 years

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:46 PM

To:bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

3 years I've given you, to inact the lessons, you were shown in your youth.

Being the watcher of failure, over and over, days upon days.

And yet your single dirty sock, lies on the floor, right in front you in the bathroom.

You take advantage of the nighly dinner, only taking your sustenance but nothing else.

No fingers are lifted, without direct instruction and timeline of expectations. Followed by a flurry of reminders, as the clock winds down, as the deadlines are rarely met.

I'm tired of watching you fail, watching you sit in your made up world, watching you waste the care others have for your possibilities.

3 years, I've waited to see you stand up and take part, take ownership, take adulthood and take your flight.

Yet, here we are.

Instead of apart, you cling to my legs and beg me for help. You're a leach and pathetic. An overgrown child.

3 years you've been here. Overtaking my life, you hide in my shed only to get high. Never offering a taste to squash my insanity, my anxiety, my frustration.

Your flippant disregard created a sty in my house, attracting the bugs, the roaches, and a sow.

The odors that have seeped out the door utterly astound, and I hate to think of those walls when you leave. The mess of the things I'll have to clean.

But I'll do to it to take back my space, and knock down those walls as I cry, while I celebrate.

Your exit must be more than a dream, if we're to make any future and still be family.

3 years I've been waiting

3 years is too long

3 years without changing

It's now been 3 years, and time to be gone.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

The Empath

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:45 PM

To: bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

 3 attachments (1 MB)

Voice 001 (1).m4a; Voice 002 (1).m4a; Voice 003 (1).m4a;

The Empath

I felt you.

I felt you screaming,
 crying on the inside.

I felt your loneliness,
 abandon dreams,
 love lost.

All in that silent moment,
 two strangers
 passing in the isle.

Carts filled with temporary
 pacifiers;

From desserts to colorful drinks, filled
 with false hope.

Lost in the colors, the sweetness,
 the promises.

I don't know you; but
 I heard you.
 I felt you.
 I saw you.

And all you had to do,
 was turn around.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

No Wonder I'm Fat

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:46 PM

To: bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

 3 attachments (1 MB)

Voice 001 (2).m4a; Voice 002 (2).m4a; Voice 003 (2).m4a;

No Wonder I'm Fat

It's no wonder why I am fat.

I've been consuming the p's and q's required by you all my life.

It's no wonder I'm fat, as many times as I have had to swallow my pride, eat my words, and internalize my emotions.

It's no wonder I'm fat;

I lost count of the times I've had to hold my tongue, focus on my food, and dine with discretion.

No wonder I'm fat, when I've been made to appreciate the finer things, the effort of hardwork, and the recognition of unfortunate others.

I'm fat, from the manners, the do's and don'ts, the polite conversations and constant surveillance.

I'm fat, from the overwhelming conditions of a filter that keeps nothing out, but keeps everything in.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

Cross- dressing Emotions

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Wed 6/26/2024 11:05 PM

To:bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

Cross- dressing Emotions

Don't freak out, don't panic,

I am still me.

Quiet,

Polite,

Funny and kind.

I'm always helpful to strangers, and

Courteous in meetings.

I am business attire, in emails and dress.

Respectful, "I gotcha."

Dutiful, "YES, sir."

Prim and proper, I'm your princess.

Conservative to the core.

But inside, I'm a mess.

I'm conflicted, and confused,

A process, and

A fuss.

A ball of electricity,

A fuse on the fritz.

A contradiction of labels.

A rebel imprisoned.

A caged bird,

A fighter,

An independent free -thinker.

I'm a cross dresser of emotions,

A switchback of reasons,

A fork in a path, to too many regions.

A traditional dish, with too many seasons.

I'm the head and the heart of two different
systems,

One foot in the the door,

While the other commits treason.

Nowhere near black or white,

I'm a muddled up cup,

Holding too many colors,

Without a rinse up.

Thrown out of my comfort,

Kicked out of my safety;

I've showed you my insides,

And now you think I am crazy.

Carrier Bag

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:48 PM

To:bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

The letters we write and carry around with us, in our own carrier bag

Remind me of lessons taught, advice given, support built, and shelters raised.

We hold onto the reminders, even when our memory banks them for utilization daily, monthly, yearly, rarely.

We forget that we have already received the post we carry. We carry the thank yous written by our use and utilization, to be delivered back with acknowledgment of implementation and effectiveness.

Stored within our library of Alexandria, to be handed down to generations. To restore hope, compassion, encouragement and love.

A note to be delivered; to be recognize that it was brought to the surface, a precisely timed reawakening.

So that you could show up, exactly where you were needed, when you were needed.

Just like them

Just like you

Just like they will be.

Be delivered.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

Preplanned Presets

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:49 PM

To:bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

Preplanned Presets

We have let the critics rule us down to miniscule decisions, for what?
So that our teeth are whiter,
Our hair is softer, brighter, 'healthier'.
A market to tell us our feet are killing us, our clothes, our food, our needs are not
sustaining us.
But all of these are staining us.
Nothing we put in our bodies, or on our bodies are good enough.
They all trying desperately to confuse us.
No matter the move, left, right, forward, up;
It becomes backwards by two,
Everytime we move.
So it's down, down to the ground.
I'll sit here, or lay here, catch my breath here.
To silence the critics, the naysayers, the ghosts; to give me a moment to silence my head.
In the silence I get a moment of reprieve.
A reset and recharge, we so desperately need.
Down here on the ground are the artists, the dreamers, the musicians, the magicians;
The free spirits, the free thinkers are all here too,
Looking up through the crowds, doing the choreographed dance.
Free of confines that keep setting us back.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

The Middle

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:49 PM

To:bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

The Middle

Not the big city, nor the miniscule dot in the abyss of a lost landscape,
Just in the normal middle.

Where some have heard and flocked to retire for middle weather

Not too hot, nor too cold,

But the wind, the wind it blows.

No overcrowded scents, with no place to go.

Nor prairies or pastures, nor meadows or mountain lakes.

But sand and mesquite, dust and stings from insects and thorns.

The middle, the desert. Where escaping means trudging. Trudging through arroyos of loose sand and debris,
Losing your compass, while losing the time.

To while away the days, turning months into years.

In middle of never,

middle of where,

the middle of care.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

Escaping the pond

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:51 PM

To:bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

Escaping the pond

Confronted by a legacy;
Weak and forced upon by manners and expectations to be met.
Such a small-minded limited view, that create ripples nobody feels.
I'm searching for a new way to fly out of these back yard decorations.
Searching for the moving living water to take me the distance.
Rapids will knock off the algae build up of responsibility and confinement.
Oxygen will ignite new exploration and invigorate wonderment;
I'm in need of expansion.
I'm ready to dive in
I can still change my legacy
I am not only a four letter word,
I am more than kind. So much more.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

The Restoration Artist

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:51 PM

To:bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

The Restoration Artist

I've been duped by the devil twice;

One by music,

One by nature's wonders.

Showing off plagiarized works of astounding beauty.

The flags were hoisted to full mast; but the lies held my sight souly on them.

Those flickering shadows in my peripheral, kept me guessing for years.

I experienced the master at play; indulging me in the rhythmic pipers and the artists of geology and weather.

I witnessed the creationist 's gallery, under the devil's guided tour. Purposefully hidden insincerity and ill-intentions in masterful key changes, and provocative landscapes.

While you've etched your mark on each masterpiece in pompous pride;

You didn't catch me locking you out.

I'm not your innocent victim, I am the restoration artist.

I will erase your liar's marks, and return these master works; unblemished, untarnished , unaltered.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

Missed Purpose

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 1:52 PM

To:bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

Missed Purpose

Sitting at the table on my back porch again, stacked up a days worth of burnt worries and chores in the ashtray. Under strung lights and light breeze, in a yard that no one from the outside visits.

This is no more useful than the uterus in my belly or the breasts on my chest. For looks and occasional pain only; no life has been given.

Purpose driving dreams have eluded me for the entirety of life; I wonder how I missed the call to action? Envy tries to plant thier garden where eyesore of abandonment can be overgrown into jealous rage; but I will send my scientist to analyze the driving force in others that compel a focused sight line of purpose.

Extrapolating decades of data, has yet to produce clear data. Leaving only random statistics or chance.

Was it derailed by the tragedy of my brother? So traumatic, that I have bore my weight of it ever since and have lost the chance to look up and see my own path?

Was it then I was called upon, but deafening cries blocked the siren's songs?

The heavy ladden are to be blessed, is promised; my load is becoming unbearable, and the years are showing how broken this body has become.

The sacrifice given freely, is not to blame; but the weary bones from whom carry it.

I'm aging faster now,

With no purpose, other than a mule.

With no legacy, other than I was kind.

With not a dream conquered, unless in restless sleep of nonsensical means.

No second call or left message, once missed, I missed.

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone

(No subject)

rebekah.hurd <rebekah.hurd@yahoo.com>

Tue 6/25/2024 4:05 PM

To: bexbug76@gmail.com <bexbug76@gmail.com>

Unbury the Artist

Have you ever been found, before you knew you were lost?

Have you ever dated your wounds?

Dined with your scars?

Hiked with your scrapes?

Cooked with your bones?

Painted with your tears?

Or thrown clay with your rage?

Have you ever sat down, just to think about that?

To look up at that moment, and realize you're lost.

The scene unfamiliar;

Your direction askew.

The sounds, they seem foreign;

Are your senses renewed?

Your balance off kilter,

Your vibe out of sync,

In an instant you wobble,

And fall off your feet.

In a split of a moment, a hand just appears,

It grabs you and pulls you,

then clinches you near;

In a jolt of realignment,

renewed senses of life

What an aroma of pure delight!

It's the scent of your travels, your loves, and your past.

It's the return of your vivid visions, you'd sworn you'd once lost.

The sights and the sounds, the scents and the feels;

The memories in storage, the files of feelings, your drawers full of dreams;

Rediscovered by a cleaning.

Everything's there, there's not one thing missing;

Rediscover, reorganize, reprioritize, and refile.

Now again for our records, now that we know it's now you;

Have you ever been found, before you knew you were lost?

Sent from my Verizon, Samsung Galaxy smartphone