

# **My Book of Poetry**

**46 Poems on Love, Life,  
& Butterflies**



**Jessica J Dumas**

# Copyright & Dedication

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## Dedication:

I dedicate this book to my youngest son, Eric Dumas, who inspired and encouraged me to write poetry. In high school he started writing poems in minutes and I asked him how he did it. He said it just takes an idea or inspiration that starts with a few words and grows from your heart. He was right and the first poem I wrote, with some input from him, is about when he was born. It's called "Love Wins Over Pain" and is included in this book.

He lives some distance from his family and I want him to know that his brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles, and I love and miss him very much.

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# From the Author

This is a book compiled of poems that I have written during my lifetime and put in alphabetical order. I have published them so future generations and others can enjoy them. You can see by them what a full life I have had and hope it is inspirational for you to follow your dreams even when difficulties arise.

My passion for butterflies is apparent throughout these poems. My mother is responsible for passing the love of butterflies on to me after she passed away in 2000. One of my poems in particular is called “Pain’s Inspiration” and is special because it was inspired by my mother, father, and oldest brother who are no longer with us.

Many of my poems are about or addressed to family and friends. Some are about my health, my love of butterflies, and even about pets. There are some of a spiritual nature as God is my biggest inspiration, and I wish to give glory to Him as our Creator. A piece of my heart is in each poem and I hope you enjoy them!

Wishing you many butterfly blessings!

Jessica J Dumas

November 2018

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# Among Daisies

Among daisies in grassy fields still sprinkled with fresh fragrant parts of clouds, I gaze for hours staring up wondering where the haze has gone and what makes the sky so blue. If I lay here long enough, can I slow down the pages of time? Maybe it's just too many missed nights of moons full or just too many missed days of joyful sights that bring me to this place of daisy fields that seem to stretch on and on without a struggle. Their beauty was squandered before my eyes took in their sights of pleasure.

Still cool, the hills appear as when a mist covered them at dawn, but now the past noon shadows drift quickly behind the trees as the warmth of the sun helps me forget the world of hard times that too quickly turned the pages of time.

I turn from the sun's glare to slumber cradled under the arms of a big maple tree and then gingerly indulge in old time picnic flavors beyond my usual dreary brown bag lunches. With a satisfied grin, I share leftovers with winged friends as my eyelids grow heavy.

Before long I'm dreaming of the one I've been waiting for all my life.

I feel her soft kiss on my skin as she whispers sweet words of tenderness. How I long for her soothing touch to slow down the turning pages of time.

I try not to wake so I can keep her close for a little longer but the rustling of the leaves disturbs my dream as a chilled breeze wakes me as I open my eyes surprised to see the sun sinking behind the darkened hills.

This will not be the last day I try to slow down the turning pages of time spent in a blissful nowhere that is somewhere among daisies.

*By James Gault and Jessica Dumas*



# Beautiful as a Butterfly

**Love seems as beautiful as a butterfly  
Coming on soft and gentle as a sigh**



**But then a treacherous heart asks why  
Multicolored moods of love make you cry**

**Being as vulnerable as those satin wings  
The heart no longer feels strong or sings**



**But cautiously flutters soft wings in flight  
To be like a butterfly, a beautiful sight.**



**By Jessica Dumas**

**6/16/18**

# Brotherly Reflections

Of all men in the world, there is no other  
That is like you, my precious big brother  
Since childhood, we've been close like no other  
You've taught me to follow my dreams with desire  
Even if they may disappear or get burned by fire  
At 2, you clung to me after our brother died in mire  
At 4, playing games and coloring we would never tire  
At 6, my fairytale dream was to be your beloved wife  
At 9, you taught me rock-n-roll and carving with a knife  
At 10, we'd climb trees and watch clouds become real like  
At 11, when mom was pregnant you taught me facts of life  
At 13, on the dirt back roads you taught me how to drive  
At 14, you taught me not to date boys who tend to connive  
At 16, you married one undeserving as she hid her contrive  
At 18, after graduation, you taught me work ethics to survive  
At 19, I married too young for the groom's eyes wandered in a lie  
At 21, baby girl arrived and you loved & spoiled her just as have I  
At 23, while abused by my husband, you helped keep me alive  
At 28, you were thrilled when my new love taught me how to fly  
At 31, you helped with a brotherly name for a son soon to arrive  
All these and so many more memories give me much cheer  
Your brotherly love keeps going but how I wish you were here  
And now that we're getting older, losing you is my biggest fear  
I will love you always, more than you'll ever know, my dear.



T.A.G.

# Counting Backward Relaxation Poem

By Jessica J. Dumas



This relaxation technique is a form of progressive muscle relaxation taught by many therapists and stress management classes. I am not recommending this as I am not a licensed therapist. I simply wish to share what works well for me when I'm anxious, can't sleep or my Fibromyalgia pain/stiffness is flaring badly. I wrote this poem on one particularly stressful day when the breathing exercises I had learned were not enough to relax me. I added tension/release and imagery techniques to the breathing hoping it would work better and it worked so good I decided to share it with others so I hope it helps you.

It works best for me when I'm in a quiet darkened room with good air circulation, on my back with pillows under my knees and elbows, and a heating pad under my back but you should use whatever makes you as comfortable as possible. Placing hands loosely on stomach helps focus on breathing instead of any pain. On each number, you inhale through nose as you tighten the muscles in the each of the below body parts, hold it for 3-4 seconds, then exhale slowly blowing through mouth and loosening the tightness in muscles. After you read and do them a few times you, will know the poem by heart so you can relax anywhere.

- 10** (inhale) Is for my 10 little piglets that feel more like big sore squealing hogs.  
(exhale) **Imagine wiggling them by a warm cozy fireplace slowly burning logs.**
- 9** (inhale) Is for my still swollen ankles and worn-out throbbing feet.  
(exhale) **Picture them soaking in a warm bubbly bath smelling so sweet.**
- 8** (inhale) Is for my worn-out, numb and cramping, charley-horse calves.  
(exhale) **Imagine being on the beach wading through ocean waves.**
- 7** (inhale) Is for my joint-popping, stiff and swollen, always buckling knees.  
(exhale) **Envision myself being massaged for as long as I please.**
- 6** (inhale) Is for my terribly aching, wobbling and off-balance thighs.  
(exhale) **Picture stepping into a warm bubbling spa as I let out sighs.**
- 5** (inhale) Is for my not so swinging hips and that tight, trigger-point fanny.  
(exhale) **See myself floating on marshmallow clouds so soft and comfy.**
- 4** (inhale) Is for my achy-breaky back and those stomach muscles clenching.  
(exhale) **Imagine myself stretched out in a country hammock swinging.**
- 3** (inhale) Is for my heavy feeling arms, creaky elbows, stiff fingers and shaky hands.  
(exhale) **Picture stretching them out in the warm sand of tropical islands.**
- 2** (inhale) Is for burning pain and tension in my neck and shoulders that hurts for hours.  
(exhale) **Envision myself as a butterfly floating over gardens of flowers.**
- 1** (inhale) Is for my clenched jaw, frowning face and those non-stop,  
headache-causing, worrying and racing thoughts in my mind.  
(exhale) **Picture my temples being massaged as I let my jaw drop,  
slowly, whispering "Thank you for the blessings so kind."**



# Flying Solo



**In memory of Robert Dumas**

Have you ever wondered...

Are we as God's creatures alone, flying solo?  
Like the majestic eagle soaring above mountain height  
Or the song birds like the gentle and tiny sparrow  
Like the butterfly fluttering alone in sky so bright.

Somehow the polar bear survives alone in the snow  
As does the lone wolf howling at the moon at night  
And in the beam of your headlights, a dashing doe  
It is clear that God makes sure creatures are alright.

But what about the lonely pilot on missions to and fro?  
Reflecting brings back memories of my first solo flight  
And of the days with my pilot that made our love grow.

Now every plane reminds me of his smile out of sight  
As the 30 years of memories bring tears that overflow  
For the pilot that gave me his heart as well as insight  
To use my gift of life to the fullest, and in faith know  
That God answers prayers & gives comfort from plight.

So the answer is NO—we are not alone, even when flying solo.

Written by Jessica J. Dumas (June 23, 2007)  
*Dedicated to my pilot & husband, Robert Henry Dumas Sr.*  
*(June 6, 1933—May 10, 2007)*

# For My Sister, Dolores

For my sister, Dolores, to whom I truly miss  
I miss your silly ways that make you my sis  
I miss your big hugs and on-the-cheek kiss

My husband Jim calls you guys Dick & Jane  
Because he doesn't remember your name  
But I will always call you DoDo with no shame

I wish you many more happy journeys with Dick  
Don't go anywhere that could make you sick  
Always make sure to give Zoey a treat to lick

You are my only sibling to visit from so far  
It makes me sad that I can't go there in a car  
Just because I have some disease so bazaar

Your friendship means more than others  
Much different than both our brothers  
Your kindness reminds me of our mothers

I truly hope you can come next year  
To escape the cold winter not so dear  
So your big Sis can have you near

By Jessica J. Dumas

4/15/18



## *From My Heart to My Love*

Whenever I hurt you my love, I'd feel so bad  
Surely my hurt cannot compare to yours so sad  
It's so awkward to express my feelings deep inside  
I want to make things right so your pain can subside  
My heart hurts that I cannot make all the wrongs right  
But I'm making strides to make your heavy heart light  
For all the hurt I caused you, my apology is only the start  
I pray that you forgive me and I say it with all my heart  
For the hurtful things I did or said, I send my love in its place  
So we can start to mend the wounds and heal the empty space  
For it keeps our connection severed by knives of hurtful sayings  
Please don't cut the threefold cord as scripted in holy writings  
Our children need us, not apart but living forever together  
You mean the world to me and that's not just for blether  
Check out my ways for they are true and are trustworthy  
Together we can wipe away the pain in steps so that you see  
A return of good times and a rekindle of love and affection  
As a spark of our love grows into a warm new connection.

By Jessica J. Dumas

2/11/2017



# God's Butterfly Garden



Dedicated to All My Christian Sisters

**One of God's most awe-inspiring creations is the remarkable butterfly  
It is such a thrill to watch those beautiful wings fluttering through the sky  
As they zealously perform their mission of pollinating from flower to flower  
Although meek, modest, and fragile, God has blessed butterflies with vast power  
To fight and survive difficult times as they go through the stages of their short life  
Just like a butterfly, our life is filled with many trials, tribulations, and even strife  
But remember it is through these trials that we grow stronger and wiser  
To keep spreading the nectar of good news to many a neighbor  
Like the butterfly, it's our mission to put forth our best effort indeed  
Seeking out those searching for truth or earnestly praying for God's speed  
From one flower to another, they all need the waters of life that we proclaim  
Without fear as the angels guide the pollinating of God's butterfly garden  
Jehovah says, "The women telling the good news are a large army."  
So let's keep on being like a butterfly to fulfill God's prophecy.**

**By Jessica Dumas**

**August 27, 2009**





# Grateful Every Day

Oh how I long for the Pacific ocean breeze  
Riding the bike path with wind in my face  
Makes Long Beach feel like a heavenly place  
Formed by the hands of God for calm peace  
I must take the time to be grateful for all I see  
And not just one day of the year but all my days  
Praying His Kingdom will make wickedness cease  
Leading a humble life so He knows I want to please  
Him and His son who died so we can be death free  
Soon to trade my pain and sorrow for joyful glee!

**By Jessica Dumas**

**11/22/18**

# I Want to Be a Butterfly



I'm wondering if I can be a butterfly  
To go as far as the wind will carry me  
Flying through the bright blue sky  
Like when I run fast feeling so free

Mom won't worry when I tell her bye bye  
She knows I'm going to pick flowers that I see  
But to chase butterflies is the real reason why  
I go to look for them over by many a tree

Oh, how I dream of being a colorful butterfly  
Opening my big wings, so beautiful I would be  
My friends looking up in wonder with many an eye  
What a joy it would be to fly all the way to the sea

Over the ocean I can watch the waves as I fly  
I would see the surfers and someone on a water ski  
On the shore I see bright colors of flowers in July  
Then drink the juice of a flower but here comes a bee

"Oh no, I don't want to get bitten" I say with a sigh  
Could it be that to be a butterfly is just my fantasy?  
I really can't fly and must run back home as I start to cry  
Then I see Mom with open arms crying "Oh my dear sweet pea!"

Dedicated to my wonderful mother, Lorraine Joyce Mattson, who always let my siblings and I run free in the countryside of Afton, Minnesota. She lost her fight with breast cancer on March 31, 2000.

By Jessica J. Dumas

March 31, 2017



# Jazmyne



Back in 1997 sparks flew with love and passion  
Between two Class of 98 seniors, Andrea and Walt  
An unexpected beautiful thing was to happen  
The event was meant to be, nothing made it halt  
And mother-to-be would graduate no matter the fashion  
In the Valley of the Sun it's hot enough to fry eggs on asphalt  
But in Cali, a baby girl arrives, pretty as a bouquet of jasmine  
Walt was so delighted that he jumped for joy in a somersault  
The 4 grandparents were very proud as you can imagine  
They took turns babysitting and always bragged to exalt  
For they had the most beautiful granddaughter, Jazmyne  
Jazmyne Cache Dumas grew as fast as a thunderbolt  
She won't recall when things caused her daddy to resign  
For education in the Valley of the Sun past the lake of salt  
Her mom was strong and built a family that grew just fine  
Motorcycles were not his only attraction to the desert vault  
Creating a new family, he never forgot his 'firstborn of mine'  
Years went by and hard times were plenty, but no one's at fault  
Grandma came to visit saying even with arthritis you can shine  
Grandpa Dumas passes his legacy on to an ununified gestalt  
Teen years arrive as a beautiful young lady goes into design  
She yearns for her Dad, but Grandma's love sooths like a malt  
They keep in touch over Facebook and make visiting a plan  
Auntie and Dad care for Grandma after she divorces Jim Gault  
  
Whatever may come, never forget the love for our children is divine  
All these years have flown by but we hope lost time warms our heart  
When reunited we will all be hugging Walt's beautiful daughter, Jazmyne

By Jessica J Dumas, Jazmyne's Grandmother  
7/21/18



# Joyful Day

Awesome wings of a butterfly remind us of the angels  
Myriads help in God's work with over 8 million evangels  
Under the direction of our Leader and King the Archangel  
We wait for God's great day when He and Satan wrangle  
And the wicked cry in fear trying to survive with an angle  
Only the meek inherit the earth as long as they're faithful  
What a joyful day for which we will be forever thankful.



**By Jessica Dumas 4/14/14**



# Learn Like a Dolphin



Are you swimming through life with questions?  
Wishing to be of high intelligence like this wonder of the sea,  
You can be just as astute, paying attention to the many life lessons  
You learned the difference between holding a hand and chaining a soul  
Then you learned kisses are not contracts and presents are not promises  
And that love doesn't mean dependence nor companionship mean security  
Learning to accept defeats with your head held high and wide open eyes  
You've learned to suffer with adult maturity, not crying like a child  
Now you need to take the narrow path with tomorrow's uncertainties  
Unfortunately, dreams and plans have a way of failing and changing  
Do you wonder now how you were able to live with such insecurities?  
Then with sorrow you learned that with every goodbye there's a lesson  
But with excitement you began to see yourself learning to sooth worries  
Instead of getting mother's little helper to bring you sweet numb bliss  
Then with a joyful awakening, you learned that your heart endures  
And it was with an impact, you learned you really do have self-worth  
Not puffed up with pride but like the humble strength of dolphins  
As God keeps teaching you fruitages of his love to give you wisdom,  
Keep learning like a dolphin as you travel the road of healings.

**Written With Love By Your Mother,  
Jessica Dumas  
January 15, 2017**

# Life on Wheels



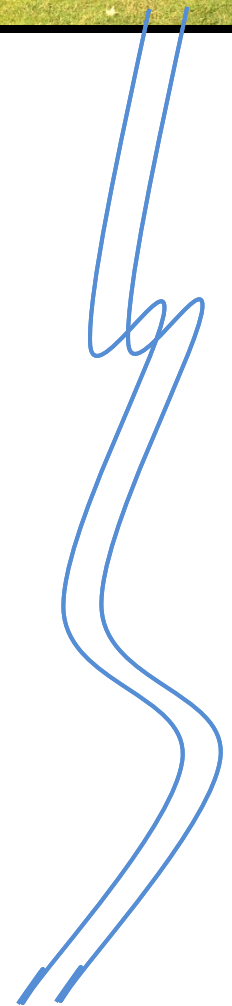
His true love is to ride with the wind in his hair  
In Phoenix summer heat he would take his bike  
Riding for miles and miles until needing a spare  
Having a new electric bike was very dreamlike

Then he meets a red head that makes him stare  
So he asks her to lunch but acts too businesslike  
She doesn't see how much he likes her being so fair  
He tries to pursue her with walks in the moonlight

She doesn't want marriage but soon becomes aware  
That he is sincere and there isn't anything to dislike  
He keeps showing her love until there's a Yes in the air  
Then it's down the isle to prove love after 60 can strike

To Minnesota with toy hauler in tow, rolling on many a turnpike  
To enjoy remarkable countryside and with her family they share  
But to avoid more injuries on ice, it's to NM—what's not to like  
Living on wheels then brings a full circle still in love they swear

Settling in AZ mountains, she gets wheels when unable to hike  
He rides on trails in Black Canyon around the many curves there  
She writes about butterflies and he rides his recumbent trike  
Still loving a life on wheels, Jim and Jessica are quite the pair.



# Love Wins Over Pain

To My Son Eric.....

That November night you were born was an awesome night  
when I saw my love win over pain.

It was a long and battling fight which almost drove me insane.

With your strength and my patience our love would grow in our  
little family of five bonded together for all time.

Our colorful visions caught sight

the moment you opened those big brown eyes.

I saw a twinkle as I turned on your light.

It brought tears of joy as you showed me ways you would shine.

Thirty-eight years of nights and days have passed  
and still my love wins over pain...

the pain of you cutting the ties of family.

Whatever the reason, I still love you the same.

What I am trying to say

May truly bother some,

But let them say what they may,

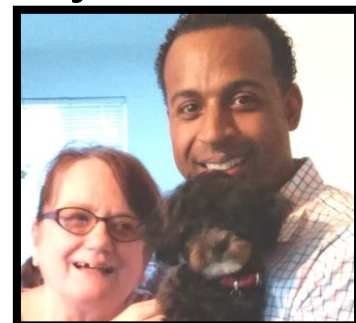
I love having you as a son.



Every day I thank God for the gifts he has given me

and know that you will share your gifts with another.

Hoping that they will see how blessed I am to be your mother.



By Jessica Dumas  
11/11/18



So thankful to be staring up through the palm trees  
Feeling the cool ocean breeze  
As gentle waves put my mind at ease

I feel love's pain as I lay on sandy ground  
And suddenly I feel you all around  
Whispering softly as a butterfly sound

In the shining waves do I see you for an instant?  
Surrounded by a glow so sweet and innocent  
Is it your cry or the seagulls cry in the distance?

You know I've been waiting for a sign  
To tell me it's getting close to the time  
For you to become forever mine

A soothing thought I do endeavor  
The only way we will share forever  
Is to leave this world to be together

My endless pain is like a dream of late  
Not having you here brings me such heartache  
So tired as I sleep, not ever wanting to wake

As they fight to keep me here, I call your name  
Still loving you with all my heart without shame  
As I pray that my loved ones will feel no blame

Now asleep and in God's memory I wait on He  
I've passed love's lessons with A's and B's  
Graduating with your love as my degree

With my love's pain gone, it is plain  
That our amazing love will forever reign  
As I pass my gifts on to heal Love's Pain



We lost Jayme when he was only  
35 from a heart attack.

# Miss Loriss, The Tigress

You may think we don't miss your scurrying around with constant bursts of loud boisterous guffaw  
True we love a day or two alone but you mean much more to us than a downstairs maid that cleans  
Whether it's because you have a great idea and lots of chatter comes quickly from your beautiful jaw  
Or because those demons of the past wake you with horrible night terrors and I hear your screams  
We love you and want you to see how much we admire your strength and endurance, dear Lorissa  
Dad says it's because you're built like a brick outhouse that you have the strength of cement beams  
Of course it comes from above and your love of Ezekiel woke me this morning as I exclaimed, "Aha!"  
You're like a Siberian Tigress who cared for her cubs' needs in their early years by whatever means  
Now that they're not so needy, you aimlessly seek to comfort someone wanting closely to draw  
The empty den syndrome came too early sending you down a long hard road of painful scenes  
It wasn't your fault—it was caused by Satan who brought sin to us all that not even God foresaw  
Just as I taught you, you taught your cubs about courage & strength to survive the world's schemes  
Do you remember the kid who rode her bike down the middle of the street, not obeying my law?  
Little did we know that it would help you years later to develop and teach courageous routines  
As a young cub you lost your mother thinking it was your fault—what could you do but withdraw?  
Then there were the years of short visits but suffering from separation anxiety and the in-betweens  
But you never forgot your Mommy even when told not to speak of her or get beatings from your Pa  
Going from a motherless cub to a young mother Tigress whose cubs were stolen weren't your dreams  
God wasn't ignoring your pleas then; he allowed it to build your endurance until you could see with awe  
That when you serve him first, his blessings are beyond your imagination and gives you hope gleams  
You can be a Tigress from afar watching your cubs' courage and strength grow even if they say "Ha, ha."  
If they have tribulations of motherhood they may understand what you've endured of painful extremes  
Remember that tribulation brings endurance\*—without it you have no hope—with hope there is no flaw  
Courage and strength can be learned from example but endurance comes from tribulation and sufferings  
Written especially for my daughter, Lorissa, with all my love, Your Mother—Jessica Dumas—Your Ma.

\*"Let us exult rejoice while in tribulations, since we know that tribulation produces endurance; endurance, in turn, an approved condition, the approved condition, in turn, hope, and the hope does not lead to disappointment; because the love of God has been poured out into our hearts through the holy spirit, which was given us." ~Romans 5:3-5

By Jessica Dumas

(8-1-12)



20



# Mother's Prayer

**Dear Father in Heaven,  
Let your name be sanctified in every land.  
Thank you for the gift of these words to expand  
On the love I have for my sweet Lorissa Ann.  
My unconditional love for her is more than  
Millions of your stars or even all grains of sand.  
Due to your gracious love and blessings so grand  
My Baby Butterfly is transforming into a new woman  
Spreading her loving wings as far and best she can  
To turn her life around obeying your Word firsthand  
So she can put you and your Kingdom first in her plan.  
Our hearts rejoice and so proud her brother and I am  
To see her spread her wings as she takes her stand  
Drawing closer to you and taking your right hand  
To walk in your ways progressing to understand  
How to do your will to gain life that will never end.  
She waits for when no more will she be suffering pain  
As you dry every tear from her eyes so she can spend  
Her life forever in Earth's peaceful paradise garden  
As you welcome back your dear loved ones then  
Praising you with all her heart, soul and mind.  
Thank you Father, for the gift of Lorissa Ann.  
I pray this through your son's name,  
Our King, Jesus Christ...Amen**

Written/Designed By Your Mom, Jessica Dumas (1-15-13)

# Never Alone

In our short lived life  
It would be fortunate  
To know one person  
Whom there is a bond  
Deeper than friendship  
A special companionship  
One that is a kindred soul

They may laugh at the same things  
Delight together in God's wonders  
Read each other's mind and feelings  
As they share each other's sorrows

If apart, they are not alone and can imagine  
A special place to be together to entwine  
A place where simple pleasures bring joy  
Where recalling them makes time stand still  
Like the perpetual ebb and flow of the ocean tide  
Gentle waves like hearts beating in unison forever  
As kindred souls never alone, we are eternally together

Dedicated to the late Robert H Dumas Sr  
6/6/33-5/10/07  
By his wife, Jessica J Dumas (10/27/18)



# Ode From a Butterfly

## To My Children

What would it be like to be a butterfly?  
Soaring among clouds in the bright blue sky  
Gliding as far as the wind would carry me to fly  
Going anywhere without pushing my body to comply  
Fluttering over God's creations admired by many an eye  
Picturing paradise on earth helps me to not wonder why  
That so many kind and humble people suffer in pain as am I  
But I have faith for the Bible says God's not a mean guy  
Only His evil enemy is to blame because God does not lie  
So with strength of friends and family I struggle and try  
Not to give up hope even when it hurts me to see them cry  
To have loved ones care for my needs brings such a solemn sigh  
My two children help while butterfly flights of imagination get me by  
Trying to accept what cannot be changed & use this time before I die  
To thank all who were here for me while bringing me a warm supply  
Of unconditional love, laughter, and so many things meant to gratify  
When I'm gone remember how much I love you if I don't say goodbye  
Have faith you will see me after God cleans up a world gone awry  
All I ask is to think of me when you see an awesome butterfly.

By Jessica Joyce Dumas  
11/22/18





# Ode to My Lymph Nodes

**The importance of the lymph node system was not very understood  
But when breast cancer hit the surgeon decided to remove many a node  
I was so happy the cancer was gone with no worry of what may later explode  
Ten years later I fell flat on my face and put my groin nodes into injured mode  
Not long after my legs are swelling as I wonder why they feel like a horned toad**

**My doctor sends me to a vein specialist who tells me that I have lymphedema  
And I ask, "Lympho what?" I thought it was just edema and all I can say is hurrah  
It's just another ailment to add to my long list and I cry "There should be a law!  
As I silently curse the doctors who never told me about this possible surgical flaw  
Soon red-hot pain sets in and to the ER I go to find I have a skin infection that's raw**

**Then a hospital stay to clear the infection and to rehab therapy to help as it slowed  
The horror was about gone but without the constant care at home they began to erode  
My once adored legs and cute toes now twice their size makes them a heavy load  
Soon to start therapy for family to learn how to wrap bandages for leakage that flowed  
Many other things could help but funds are low so I will be on a slow recovery road**

**So thankful I am for my daughter and son who want to be my caregivers in my abode  
Make sure to take care not to injure your lymph nodes so you will not need this ode.**

**By Jessica Dumas 10/18/17**



# **Oh, to be a Butterfly**

**Gliding far as the wind will carry me  
Flying high over clouds in the bright blue sky  
Gleefully pain free as children running carefree  
With no worries where money will come from to buy  
just the necessities of life without a shopping spree  
To go anywhere without prodding my body to comply  
Having loved ones to support me that don't want to flee  
Oh, how I dream of the paradise without any reason to cry  
Spreading awesome rainbow wings so perfect and pain free  
Fluttering over springtime blossoms admired by many an eye  
Able to hug family without them being afraid to touch me  
To be with loved ones passed on brings such a solemn sigh  
Not a fleeting fantasy to get me through my painful plea  
Always sending up prayers asking for help to get me by  
Accepting God's purpose for what I was meant to be  
Oh, to be as free as a butterfly.**

**By Jessica J. Dumas**

**12/8/08**



# Out of the Darkness

Benzo withdrawal syndrome keeps hitting like dark destruction  
My hope for others is that telling about it will be eye opening  
I quit benzos to care for my mother who suffers a big portion  
She needed me after a hospital scare and her legs quit working  
My help on benzos was lacking so quitting was my only option

Within days the flu from hell strikes with vicious vomiting  
Concentration is gone and I sure have lots of disorientation  
Agoraphobia is much worse as well as any decision making  
Overwhelming fatigue hangs on from adrenaline depletion  
Afraid of unlikely things with awful dreams that are disturbing  
Even the daytime is like a dream...it must be depersonalization

Horrible terrors come to scare me and go away only by praying  
Things seem to move when they are still—it's perceptual distortion  
I could see and hear others talking but why am I not understanding?  
They look at me like I've gone crazy or it may just be my perception  
My damaged memory won't let words come and it's so exasperating  
Unrelenting insomnia is killing me along with deep dark depression

My thoughts are racing making me frazzled as they keep looping  
I'm having feelings that nothing is real, which is called de-realization  
Clueless of what my brain is going through, I am constantly crying  
With dizziness came electrical jolts to my brain, feeling like a delusion  
Constant itching with allergies as my sinus hurt and ears keep ringing

From chills to excessive sweats with hot flashes causing dehydration  
Hypersensitivities to light, sound, smells, and touch keep me trembling  
As I relive violent bad memories, I wonder if it's PTSD or a hallucination  
It's all giving me migraines as all my muscles become weak and twitching  
Then came sick anger and aggressiveness toward anyone with confusion

Dedicated to  
my Daughter,  
Lorissa

My hands and feet are numb with pins and needles plus all over tingling  
I wish I wasn't so horribly anxious, irritable and filled with frustration  
The horrible anxiety worsens without my medicine so I go into hiding  
Why am I hostile toward everyone with major paranoia and suspicion?  
Feels like having several nervous breakdowns with more panic attacking

My panic may subside but there's no rest with days of sleep deprivation  
It's all making me have suicidal thoughts, which keep my heart racing  
Making plans on how to die but too scared to try—I've lost motivation  
Sleepily I drift in dreams of a death and distress with hope that I'm dying  
But no, my mom's hand is rubbing my head as I wake with blurred vision

Too weak to get up, my mom says I just had a seizure so why try walking  
"I don't want to die," I cried and she soothes me with loving consolation  
Slowly I get stronger as my thinking gets clearer and my mind is calming  
Restless leg syndrome pain worsens but my mind has a lot less confusion  
I hope God won't let withdrawal wipe me out as my brain keeps healing

I'm working to educate others on not letting benzos become an addiction  
For doctors not to give them out like a cure that doesn't need monitoring  
As I strive for wellness, I am so grateful for my family's caring compassion  
Vowing to never take benzos and never again let them cause dark suffering  
Thanks to my Heavenly Father, I see the light in my future  
with exultation!

By Jessica J. Dumas  
1/15/17

# Pain to Purpose

As I wake to a new dawn's sunray  
My first feeling is of terrible fleshly pain  
But my first thought is of thanks for this day  
As I know for all my suffering He is not to blame  
What would life be without blessings from above  
My daily prayers of thankfulness are never the same  
As each day brings new things to appreciate and love  
Each prayer brings more strength to endure my pain<sup>①</sup>  
His Word the Bible teaches his purpose as number one<sup>②</sup>  
And not like the world seeking pleasure, riches or fame<sup>③</sup>  
It is to teach Bible truths, following the steps of His son<sup>④</sup>  
By first seeking His kingdom as Jesus did without shame<sup>⑤</sup>  
For He promises that all other needs will come my way<sup>⑥</sup>  
With hope of a paradise earth where death, sorrow nor pain  
Will be no more, where the former things have passed away<sup>⑦</sup>  
Until that day, His good news I will continue to proclaim<sup>⑧</sup>  
For He is the most high, my Shepard, and Savior...<sup>⑨</sup>  
Jehovah is his name!<sup>⑩</sup>

By Jessica J Dumas (10/04)

## Footnotes:

①Isa 12:2—I shall trust and feel no dread for Jehovah is my strength, my might & my salvation; Isa 40:29—He gives power to the tired one.  
②2 Tim 3:16-17—All scripture is inspired of God and beneficial for teaching ... that man may be fully competent, equipped for good work.  
③Rom 8:8—Those in harmony with the flesh cannot please God; 1 Tim 6:10—Love of money is root of all sorts of injurious things;  
Pro 11:28—The one trusting in riches will fall; Heb 13:5—Let your way of life be free of the love of money, while you are content with the present things. For He has said, "I will never leave you, and I will never abandon you." ④1 Pet 2:21—Christ suffered for you, leaving a model for you to follow his steps closely. ⑤Heb 12:2—Jesus despised shame and endured much pain. ⑥Matt 6:33—Keep on seeking first the kingdom and his righteousness and all other things will be added to you. ⑦ Rev 21:4—He will wipe every tear from their eyes, and death will be no more, neither mourning nor outcry nor pain be any more, the former things have passed away. ⑧ Matt 24:14—This good news of the kingdom shall be preached in all the earth for a witness to all nations, and then the end will come. ⑨ Ps 83:18—That people may know that you whose name is Jehovah, you alone are the Most High over all the earth. Isa 40:11—Like a shepherd He will care for his flock; Isa 43:11 I am Jehovah and besides me there is no savior. ⑩Is 42:8—I am Jehovah, that is my name, I give my glory to no one else.

# Pain's Inspiration

Pain, pain, go away...  
And please don't come back another day!  
As I cry out, "Haven't I done enough to pay?"  
Straining my aching muscles with every stretch and sway.  
Not that I'm ungrateful to wake so early this day  
But just once, I'd love to feel like I have made some headway  
Wouldn't it be wonderful to be a child and go out to play.  
Instead, I retreat to the zone of silent tormented dismay  
Searching for why this relentless pain keeps me from my portray  
Of the real me--once an active and fun loving grandma gourmet  
Missing the joy of creating grandbaby blankets that I used to crochet.  
All day wandering aimlessly lost without purpose, it is sad to say  
The only joyful anticipation left is curling up in my heated cocoon as I lay  
Waiting for glorious milligrams to induce my sleep and take me away  
To be for just a few blissful hours in a painless dreamy soiree.  
All too soon, I awaken to a bright sliver of the new dawn's sunray  
As my persistent alarm of pain cuts like a knife—an atrocious cliché  
Making hope fade fast and leaving nothing to welcome with hurray.  
With one painful stretch, I cry out, "No more" and I silently pray...  
Lord, please take away the pain just enough so that I may  
Summon the strength to continue doing your will today.  
Once more, I push through the agony and tears hoping for one forte,

Then above me, I see three softly glowing lights fluttering, as if in play.  
One energetically chases the other who is slower and wanders astray.  
As it dawns on me who they could be, their wings of light form an array  
Three brilliant sparkling butterflies circle over me, as I hear one say,  
"Keep going my child...you can make it through yet another day."  
Their soft sweet touch fills me with a shiver that opens a gateway  
To strength and support that could only be from the spirit of Yahwey.  
Still feeling the presence of my dearly beloved papa and mammae,  
A surge of energy pulls me to my feet, as the butterflies fade away.  
I feel the pain is still there, but no longer is it a dark doomed soothsay  
Gratefully I whisper a sincere thank you for showing me the pathway  
By bringing blessings of their love on the wings of a butterfly bouquet,  
And showing me that whatever challenge comes my way,  
Our Heavenly Father is still with me and I will be okay!



**By Jessica J Dumas (inspired by a true story)**  
**Dedicated to my dearly beloved brother, mother and father (the 3 butterflies)**

1/28/03

# Paradise on Earth

**In memory of  
Lorraine  
Joyce  
Mattson**

2/16/23 - 3/31/2000



**Written by Eric &  
Jessica Dumas**

4/4/2000



There's a place for you  
set into many hearts  
that no one has ever laid eyes.  
It can be described  
but there's not one  
imagination that can visualize,  
where wild flowers grow  
everywhere you go,  
butterflies of beautiful colors  
floating beside many others,  
birds fly high  
touching the sky.



There we can all joyfully work and play  
With amazement where you may lay  
to rest with a lion without fear and say  
this paradise is a peaceful place  
that we can all look forward to face.  
Where the hot sun would never fade  
your lovely hair, a flaming red shade.  
Such beauty does not compare  
to all the loved ones greeting you there.  
Following today's cries, will be tears of joy  
knowing you will then be with  
your precious first born boy.  
You nor he have left us  
for your faces will still be seen  
in our hearts, minds and as we dream.  
We will try our best not to be blue  
for we know to God you were true.  
Now we reflect on how much we love you  
As we await Paradise on Earth that's due.





# Sweet Metamorphosis

I have been lost, not really going anywhere  
Caught up in a web and not caring I was there  
But then, out of the blue, you flew back into my life  
Like a breath of fresh air, you revived me from strife

Since letting you go years ago in Long Beach  
A life together has drifted out of our reach  
But now I remember what it feels like to fly  
As your love has given me wings of a butterfly

I was hiding in fear until you opened my chrysalis  
Now I'm fluttering always in a happy state of bliss  
No longer do I need to close my eyes and fantasize  
For you make me feel as fresh as emerging butterflies

Butterflies emerge when you talk sweetly to me  
Your love gives me butterflies that make me feel free  
Your love of God's way brings joy and gives me glee  
Your warm and generous spirit are truly the key

You lift me up high instead of holding me down  
You steal my heart instead of stealing my crown  
You've untangled the strings that kept me tied  
How grateful I am to have your love at my side

I wrote this so you would know what your love brings  
It's a sweet metamorphosis that has given me wings!

By Jessica J Dumas 11/19/18



# *Symphony of Season's Colors*

**Deciduous trees determine what symphony of colors the season will be**

**Naked brown limbs in winter make a warm crackling fire so inviting**

**Soon warming winds with mounds of clouds melt the dirty white snow**

**The now long-endured and chilly winds of winter await the buds of spring**

**Pushing wispy white clouds from crystal clear blue places in the sky**

**Soon weathered limbs fill with new pink, purple and white blossoms**

**The spring flowers bring showers to turn the world shades of green**

**The sneezing season of spring leaves and we embrace the summer heat**

**Bringing the sounds of chirping crickets piercing warm navy blue nights**

**Misty winds blowing through whispering willows like a soft playing flute**

**Until the dusty moist monsoon winds turn into dry crisp winds of Fall**

**And like a massive finale of a bursting sonata, deciduous pigments appear**

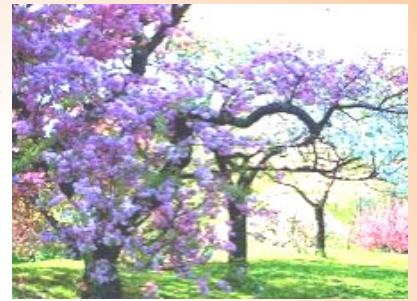
**Shades of Autumn leaves leave us breathless to see such awesome wonders**

**But too soon they float down swirling paths to decay as they join the earth**

**Soon winter winds blow in with a cover of a soft white blanket of snow**

**Now the forever evergreens stand out so green among the leafless trees**

**And the amazing cycle of the symphony of colors continue endlessly.**





# The Door Climber

Feeling so very sad and down low  
Heartbroken like Juliet & Romeo  
But I don't want anyone to know  
I could probably get down by the window  
Or go to sleep so I fall far below  
I just want someone to love me and say whoa  
To stay and chill as he brings a gift in tow  
To boost my confidence and make me glow  
Recreating me to feel as special as a calico  
But it's nothing but a dream—he's a no-show  
So I must hang on until help comes as I do owe  
My human family that have lots of love to show  
I won't jump but accept their love and not let go.

By Jessica J Dumas

2/14/18



This kitty was my Cocoa who never seemed happy unless outside. When she couldn't get outside she would climb to the highest point, so we started letting her go out but then she disappeared. She was special and I miss her.



# The Flat Tire Syndrome

Fibromyalgia & chronic pain are as real as a flat tire!

By Jessica Dumas  
11/24/18



I used to go for miles enjoying all kinds of places, people & things that I was seeing.

Then something happened to cause the air to start leaking I was losing energy along with lots of pain and stiffening Trying to do everything as before but legs were weakening It's like air gets sucked out of me so I need some pumping I get pumped up so I can go for a while to do some shopping But the more I do the more air leaks out, but I keep trying What's really awful is that other parts also start stalling But there is no fix-it shop to fill me up and get me going Most mechanics have no clue how to go about treating And it could become very serious, even life threatening Many say all you need is a good diet and lots of exercising But I was doing that before which brought about nothing Except more organs failing and more pain excruciating Just please understand and I so appreciate you caring.



# The Heavenly Candy Store



Remember as a child how you loved going to the candy store?

Prayer is like that but on a much grander scale and it's free!

The store owner loves the sweet scent from the faithful who implore.

Whether the sun or moon is shining, God is open for our every plea.

So don't ever stop praying and He'll never think you're a bore.

Crave Him only & pray through His son so He'll hear what you need.

He'll give you sweet endurance for the pain radiating in your core.

By sending comfort as sweet as caramel fudge morsels you may seek.

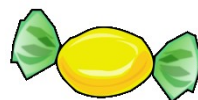
His sweets never add pounds so feel free to indulge more and more.

Yes, take refuge and comfort in God's heavenly candy store...

Taste Jehovah—you'll see he is very good, indeed!



~Psalms 34:8



By Jessica J. Dumas (6/29/09)



## *The Majestic Monarch*

What an awesome work of art is the majestic monarch butterfly  
Thrilling are bold black and orange wings fluttering in the sky  
They joyously perform their duty pollinating from flower to flower  
So delicate, humble, and vulnerable yet are blessed with vast power  
Hard times they have going through the four stages of their short life  
From egg to caterpillar that eats all day to a chrysalis full of strife

To become a beauty spreading wings of a new creation

With the plight of a dwindling population.

Autumn brings a mission to put forth a big effort indeed  
As they navigate a migration flying southwest at slow speed  
To hibernate in mild winter instead of a cold death with no pardon  
Springtime urges the mothers-to-be go to find a milkweed garden  
To lay her 300 eggs that start a new generation of butterflies  
Perhaps this generation will die if all the milkweed dies  
How can these pollinators keep the earth like a park  
When they keep stealing the habitat from the monarch!

*By Jessica Dumas (2/1/18)*



### The Monarch Butterfly

One of the most awesome creations is the monarch butterfly  
It's such a thrill to watch those beautiful wings fluttering in the sky  
Zealously they perform their mission of pollinating from flower to flower  
Although built small and fragile, they are unique butterflies with vast power  
But oh what a time they must have going through the stages of their short life  
Being pursued or killed by many predators and poisoned brings such strife  
They have been blessed with instinct giving them strength to fly further  
As they earnestly seek sweet nectar while taking pollen to another  
Autumn monarchs have a mission to put forth a big effort indeed  
Following their ancestors' path south up to 2,000 miles at top speed  
Sleeping through mild winter instead of a freezing death with no pardon  
When they wake let's pray that the females make it to a milkweed garden  
To place precious eggs that will grow into another monarch generation  
Again to go through their four stages designed but not by evolution  
Continuing the cycle of trying to keep our ecosystem like a park  
Give thanks for where would we be without the monarch.

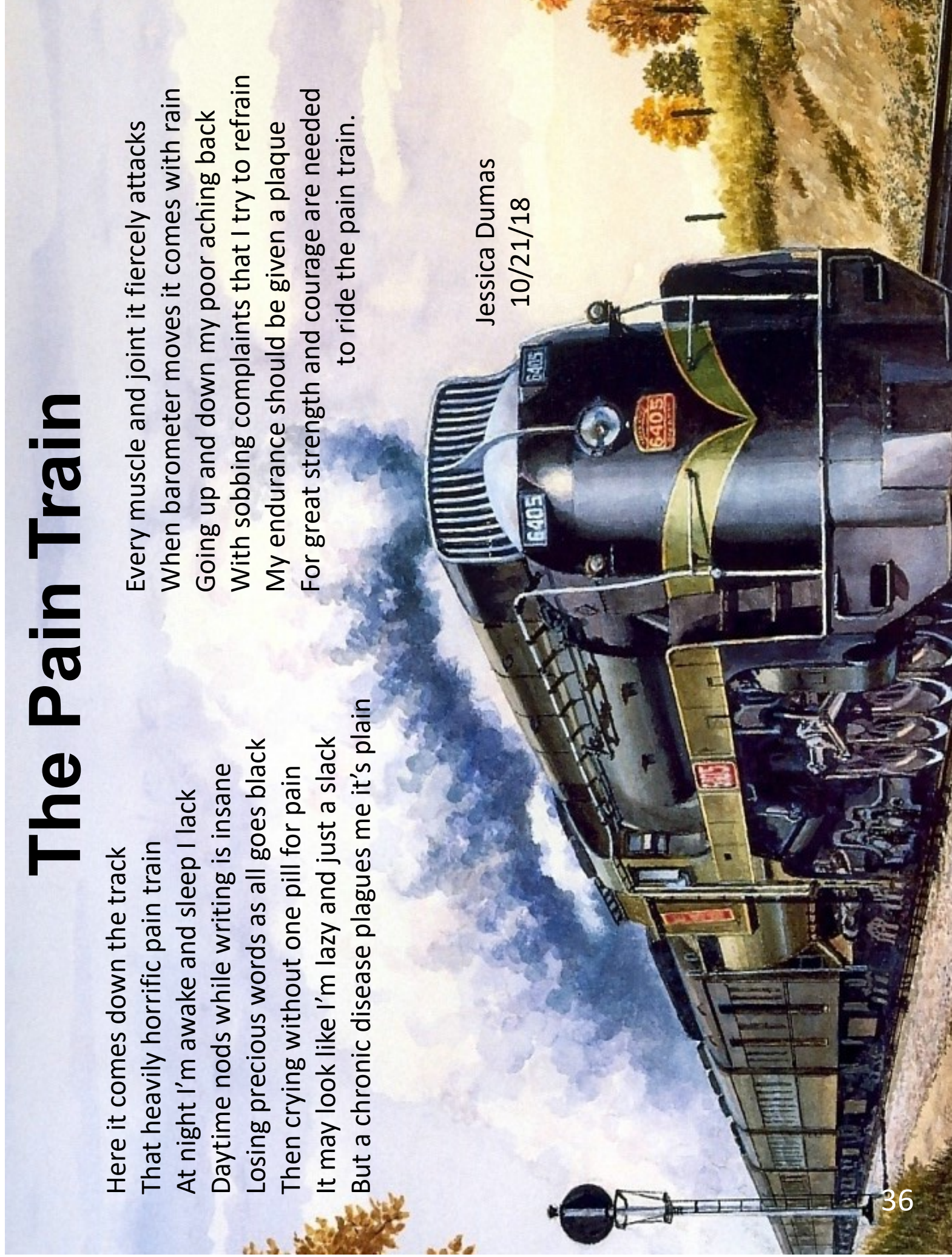
*By  
Jessica Dumas5*

# The Pain Train

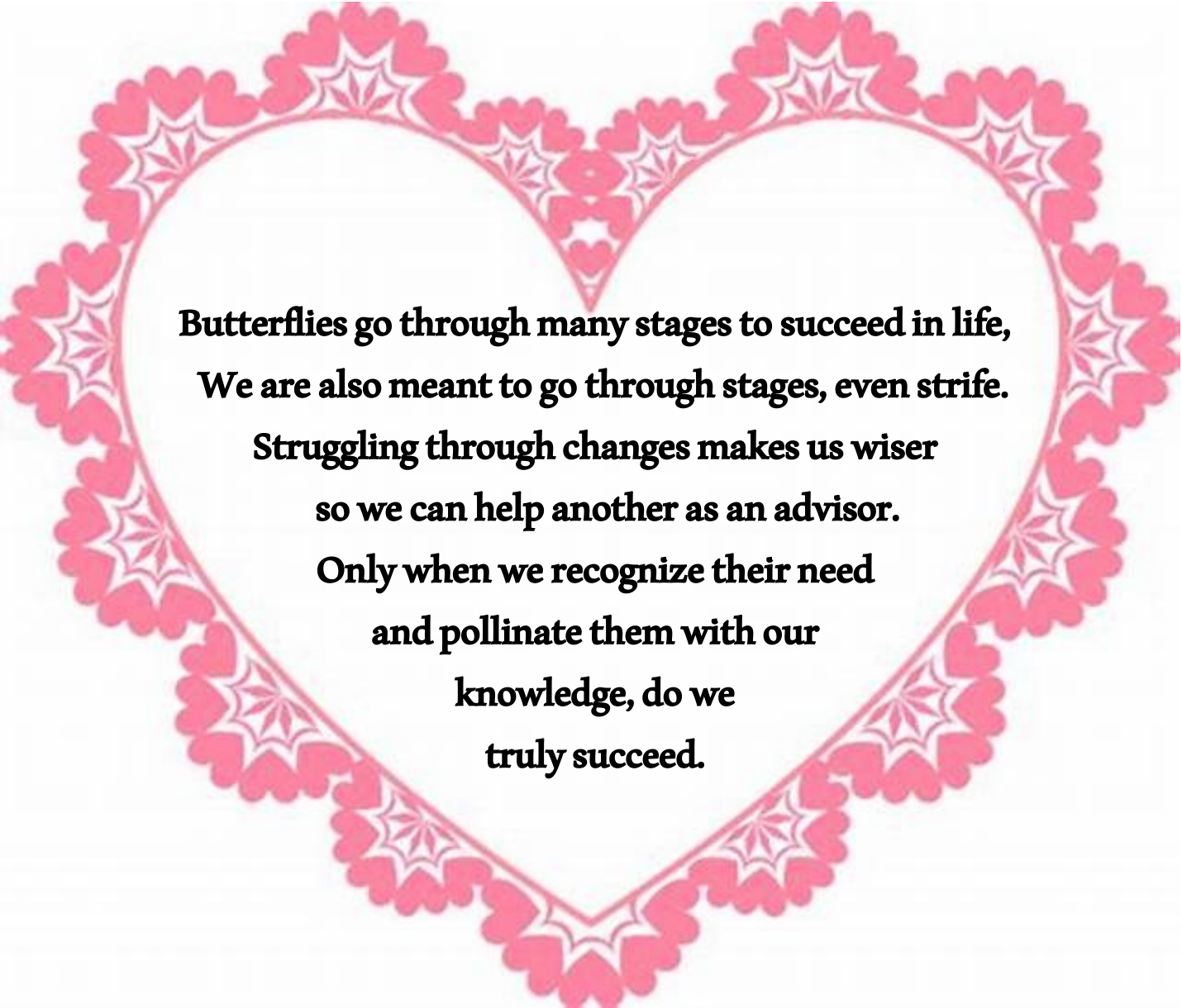
Here it comes down the track  
That heavily horrific pain train  
At night I'm awake and sleep I lack  
Daytime nods while writing is insane  
Losing precious words as all goes black  
Then crying without one pill for pain  
It may look like I'm lazy and just a slack  
But a chronic disease plagues me it's plain

Every muscle and joint it fiercely attacks  
When barometer moves it comes with rain  
Going up and down my poor aching back  
With sobbing complaints that I try to refrain  
My endurance should be given a plaque  
For great strength and courage are needed  
to ride the pain train.

Jessica Dumas  
10/21/18



# True Success



**Butterflies go through many stages to succeed in life,  
We are also meant to go through stages, even strife.  
Struggling through changes makes us wiser  
so we can help another as an advisor.  
Only when we recognize their need  
and pollinate them with our  
knowledge, do we  
truly succeed.**

**May You Be Blessed with True Success!**

**By Jessica Dumas**

**2003**

**37**

# Truth is Like a Little Flower

**The truth is like a little flower in the wilderness of life  
Modest but beautiful that struggles to grow in strife  
Surrounded by luxuriant growth of the weeds of error  
That try to desperately choke out its life with terror  
To find it you must be sincere and ever on the lookout  
To possess it, seek God's help to stoop for the tiny sprout  
But do not be content with just one little flower of truth  
There are many to seek and gather even if you're not a youth  
The more truths you have, the closer you will be to your Creator  
The one who watered the flowers to show there is no one greater  
Now we must tell others where and how to find little truth flowers  
So they can flea from the weeds that want to weaken and devour  
When we help others to gather more, our love for them will grow  
And we can go down the narrow path to a much greener meadow  
Filled with hills of unending flowers but not one weed growing  
Living forever as Jehovah has promised when his will we 're doing  
Keep on seeking those little flowers of truth in the wilderness  
For Jehovah will be our refuge -- forever and ever he will bless.**

**By Jessica Dumas  
3/25/18**



Inspired by article in  
the first issue of the  
Watchtower of  
July 1879

# ***Two Little Words-Thank You***

**Forgive me for not saying those two little words enough  
Sometimes expressing the simplest feelings can be tough  
But never would I ever want to intentionally hurt you  
From the bottom of my heart, I apologize for making you blue**

**And just so you don't think I'm taking you for granted  
I've listed a few ways that I hope help you feel thanked  
First, thanks for coming to my aid in the 80s as a friend  
By making me feel special, desirable and loved again**

**Even more, thanks for coming back into my life during my darkest hour  
Thanks to your sweet love, my heart is healing and you've given it power  
I'm really thankful for your looking out for me and your protection  
Thank you for putting up with my wacky ways and imperfection**

**Sometimes I even wonder why you want to be around me  
So thanks for the many things you've helped me to see  
Like how it's not a good idea to rush decisions to marry  
Thanks for showing me that our love should be like a tree**

**It needs time to grow as it branches out getting stronger day by day  
Thank you so very much for your assurance that things will be OK  
I'm very thankful for your sweet devotion and tender gentleness  
And very, very grateful for your strength and steadfastness**

**I love the way your smile lifts my spirits when I'm down  
And how your silliness makes me smile instead of frown  
I love when you just be you - a little kinky but generous and warm  
Thanks for telling me about the calling for what you were born**

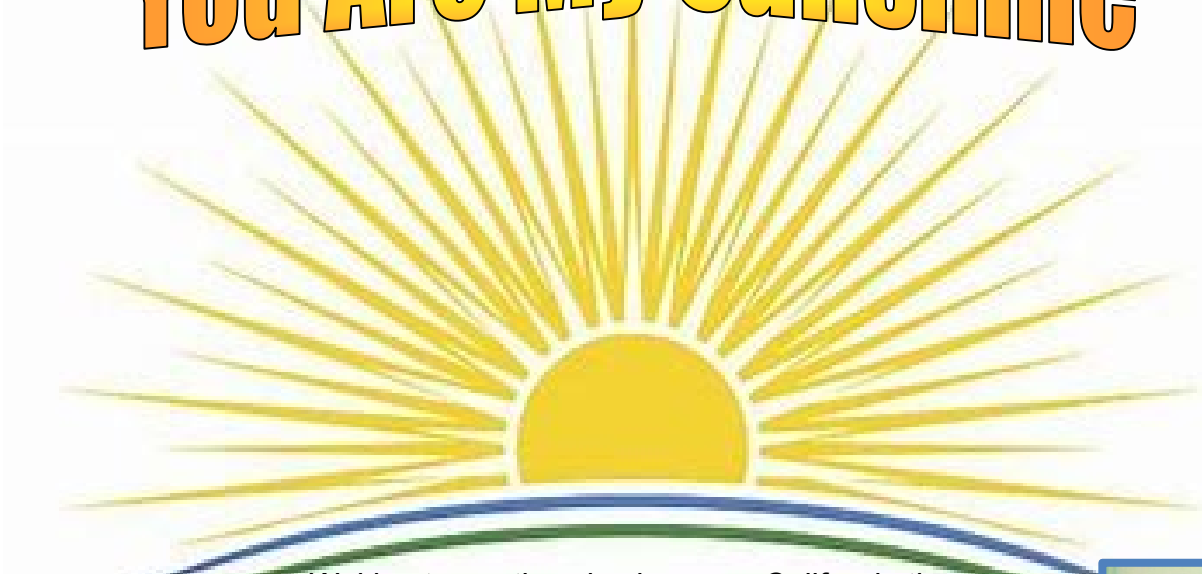
**I truly appreciate your respect for my faith and the Kingdom Hall  
Watch my appreciation grow as you find a way to answer your call  
To some this may not be important or even seem odd  
But most of all, I love the way you love Jehovah God**

**And I can imagine how much God loves the way you love me  
Thanks so much for your heartfelt prayers for what we receive  
I'm so thankful He has sent me to you, so please believe  
No one on earth means as much to me as ye!**





# You Are My Sunshine



Waking to another day in sunny California time  
I peer through the blinds and see brightness but silently say  
“Miss you sunshine” with a feeling so lonely and blue  
For you see, my sweet sunshine has gone far away.  
With a sigh, I wipe the teardrops and begin to feel just fine  
The clouds of sadness blown away by love’s warmth to stay  
In my heart from the past stuck in my mind like glue  
A soothing serenity as my mom would softly pray...  
“You are my sunshine, my only sunshine  
You make me happy when skies are gray  
You’ll never know dear, how much I love you  
Please don’t take my sunshine away.”



You may not recall, when you were a babe of mine  
This same song I softly sang to rock you many a night and day  
The only thing that helped sooth you after many hours of ado  
Our bonding connected us making you the giving person you are today.

Getting older with worries of your own, you try hard not to be blue  
Over the never-ending burdens that are sometimes too much to pay  
For you dear son, I send soothing words to help carry you through  
Close your eyes now and remember the love you felt in my arms as you lay.  
Relax, my child, and listen to my new song, clearly inspired by thine

“You are my sunshine, my only sunshine—you make me happy when skies are gray  
You’ll **always** know dear, how much I love you  
Please **don’t** take my sunshine away!”

Hope you know how much I love you and how badly I miss you!

By Jessica Dumas

November 11, 2003

(original written when Eric was deployed)

# You're a Friend I Can Rely On

You're the wind  
wilting wings that  
beneath my  
couldn't fly.

Your kindness &  
compassion has  
lifted me back  
up into the sky.



You can always  
make me feel  
special, just  
like a butterfly.

May God bless  
you for being a  
friend for which  
I can rely.



By Jessica Dumas (9/1/17)



# We Are Survivors

## Mother & Daughter

In my 70 years, I have learned how to survive  
So many trials and tribulations that I've had to fight  
Starting with losing a big brother that drowned from a dive  
Into a murky ice-cold pond that was hidden from his sight

It caused my mom deep depression not wanting to be alive  
Somehow it affected my speech from 2 years old as it might  
Special school lessons didn't help me want to talk or hear a lie  
The only one to understand was my other bro who also had a plight  
I survived but was always shy taken advantage of by a neighbor guy

At 11 it was traumatic but I trusted no one to tell and cried all night  
I survived by getting involved with my faith, volunteering to strive  
To do my best to graduate school so I could go on to a school of flight  
How I wanted to fly airplanes high above and be like the butterflies

At 17 I met a handsome guy who swept me off my feet like a brave knight  
It was unbelievable how smitten he was lending me his car to drive  
To get my driver's license and within weeks giving me gifts so alright  
After graduation he pushed me to get a better job so off I went to apply

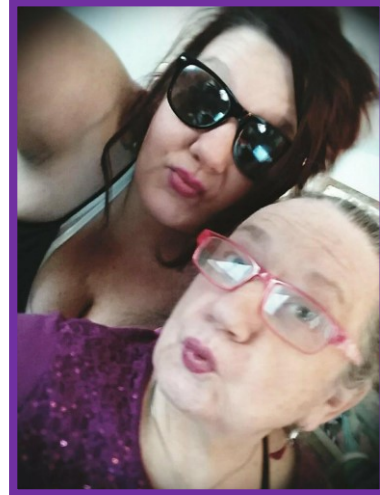
He would borrow money and not repay saying we will be getting tight  
As soon as we marry as I jumped for joy and by age 19 I was his wife  
Months later his best friend died and he struck out at me in a fight  
He began to get drunk and belittle me no matter how I would strive

When I got pregnant his joy made it seem that things would get bright  
I didn't realize his happiness was due to now having a new pawn arrive  
We moved to the country near my mom and dad so happy to their delight  
While pregnant he chased me in the snow barefoot laughing at my cries



Continued on next page...

**By Jessica J Dumas (11/26/18)**  
**Dedicated to My Daughter Lorissa**



**When she was 3, he took us miles away from family and things were such a plight  
Little did I know he was turning into a narcissistic sociopath by twenty-five  
I refused to be a statistic by the hands of a killer posing as an angel of light  
For 8 years I was under his power but survived by escaping, no more a slave**

**I was saved by a friend who taught me to fly as he put me on a pedestal of true incite  
My friend and him butted heads when he tried to get me back using a butcher knife  
I survived with bruises, broken ribs and 22 stitches but then he kidnapped our little tike  
For months I didn't know if she was alive but it worked out once he found another wife**

**My new husband and I had two boys to join my girl without fear of abuse that connives  
30 years together until he had a stroke and I nursed him before his death came in spite  
I survived thanks to friends and family to search for new adventures as I began to revive  
A year later breast cancer struck and to survive, I had to have radiation and give it a fight**

**I've survived still having feelings of PTSD and other disorders since the winter of 75  
My daughter has had it worse since her father did to her the unthinkable--what a fright  
The circle of abuse continued as she had 3 abusive partners while using drugs to survive  
Losing her 4 babies caused by deep depression and addiction to benzos wasn't right**

**But she survived by becoming as tough as nails and two girls have learned to forgive  
After over 40 years, we fight health issues caused by continuous cruel abusive trite  
She has given up addictions taking her power back to use to care for my health plight  
As survivors, we educate women in abuse awareness & how to escape the abusive.**





## Wedding Vows From James to Jessica



### To the Butterfly of My Dreams

While turning the pages of time, I have waited all my life  
For someone as exceptional as the Monarch to be a lifetime wife  
Among daisies in grassy fields sprinkled with fragrant parts of cloud  
I would search only to awake from the misty dream squalling out loud  
But then there you were among purple daisies of the Deer Valley flock  
My grateful heart knew you were the one down the aisle I would walk  
Seeing the secret person of your heart was as gorgeous as a butterfly  
I gently glided and hovered to prove that this ole bird was not a bad guy  
Slowly you emerged from a cocoon of sorrow to new feelings of joy  
As you embraced the challenges a butterfly and seabird would employ  
Since the Monarch and Albatross follow a path not commonly traveled  
My vow is to stick by your side as we journey down that narrow road  
Striving to constantly show you as my wife, complete love and honor  
Promising to forever put Jehovah God first in all that we endeavor  
Acknowledging that when I say I do, I am vowing to Him and you  
That I sanction the threefold cord and forever promise to be true  
From now on I vow to love you more than my own being  
For it's to you I want to wake every morning  
Thanking God, as I open each eye,  
To see my gorgeous butterfly.



By Jessica Dumas 10/1/09





# Wedding Vows from Jessica to James

## To My Precious Albatross



It is no mystery why Albatross is your nickname  
 Coming from one known as the butterfly poet, it's plain  
 The Albatross is a rare seabird who chooses a lifetime mate  
 You surprised me when you chose me so I asked you to wait  
 Calmly you replied, That's OK, I am as patient as an Albatross  
 Your friendship opened my eyes to many joys I thought were lost  
 With love as sweet as green clover and as pure as clear blue skies  
 Your kindness made me feel as if I were a butterfly gliding over daisies  
 Our mutual love for God's creatures in the blue sky and over the sea  
 Made it seem to be a sign that us two love birds were meant to be  
 Since the Albatross and Monarch seek a path not commonly traveled  
 My vow is to stick by your side as we journey down that narrow road  
 Striving to always show you as my husband, deep respect and honor  
 Promising to forever put Jehovah God first in all that we endeavor  
 Acknowledging that when I say I do, I am vowing to Him and you  
 That I sanction the threefold cord and forever promise to be true  
 From now on I vow to love you more than my own being  
 For it's to you I want to wake every morning  
 Thanking God as I reach across  
 For my precious albatross



By Jessica Dumas 10/1/09



# When is the Question

When will my two youngest siblings get with social media?  
Perhaps they have a bit of social anxiety that could be shook  
Not surprising as it runs in the family to a great degree  
We call the oldest a hermit but he just got on Facebook

When will we ever be able to get together for a time?  
Because of the distance between us I miss seeing them  
We're spread out from Arizona to Minnesota to Wisconsin  
I'd still be close if it wasn't for my health needing to be warm

When and how did our family get its start & where did it begin?  
This little house is where it started between our dad and mom  
She was a young maid of 19 and he was a farm hand at age 29  
He was reserved but fell for the red-head who was hot as a firebomb  
It was around 1940 when they wed while living outside of Houlton  
A Wisconsin farm no longer there but for them memories lived on  
They and 5 of their 6 kids were together in 1999 for the last reunion  
When will you (Deb & Jon) be on FB so we can plan the next one?



By Jessica J Dumas  
(2<sup>nd</sup> from right)  
11/24/18

# WJ #1 Son

## The Motorcycle Lover



Hey, Hey  
 Whata ya say WJ  
 You're my Scoobydoo  
 Who soothed my dismay  
 Then son #2 Scrappydoo  
 Tight together you'd stay  
 You had big sis to love too  
 Big bro had football to play  
 Time flew fast as you all grew  
 Your 1<sup>st</sup> car at 16 was Mazda RX-ray  
 With many a girl to go on rendezvous  
 At 18 a proud dad to #1 girl Jazmyne Cashe  
 But being with her mom became untrue  
 Even though you loved Long Beach's sunray  
 You needed to go away to start anew  
 And to Phoenix MMI you went away  
 Then met Osh & you stuck like glue  
 Though staying at MMI didn't pay  
 Your love for motorcycles did brew  
 Along came girl #2 you named Anyah Nashe  
 Back to LBC & a love dilemma of two  
 You created your image—another WJ  
 But which way to go you had no clue  
 Back to AZ to name girl #3 Zyalah Oshe  
 I hoped my advice helped that I gave you  
 To stay in Arizona would be the best way  
 And in the hot depressing city you knew  
 You'd get a Honda MC come what may  
 Wanting to be like Pops when he flew  
 Cruising on the wind down a highway  
 But things were becoming like a zoo  
 When #2 son Dez came on the 21st day  
 Then your Dad's passing made you so blue  
 Finally the MC came—a Honda in May  
 You kept on track with your love so true  
 In time you parted as her heart went astray  
 Glad mom moved closer as it was overdue  
 But you worked so hard without more pay  
 When big sis needed help you came through  
 A blessing for her to be out of Green Bay  
 But losing your bike was worse than cruel  
 As my health failed you two came to stay  
 And the mountains gave you a fresh view  
 Now free of big city blues in an ashtray  
 Your errands for us all are of great value  
 It's a joy to see you & your kids at play  
 The poem is too long so I bid you adieu  
 God bless you & your family I pray  
 You'll always be my #1 son  
 & I love you!

By Your Mom, Jessica Dumas (12/06/17)



# Wonder of Autumn

Autumn is when leaves of each tree  
Becomes so very weary of being green  
So they turn warm hues of colors to see  
And descend ever so gracefully with sheen.

The summer's heat cooling gives me such glee  
It is the most favorite time of year to be seen  
As the children roll in rustling piles so carefree  
Leaping, diving, and tossing leaves in faces that beam.

Watching them play, I can feel on my face the crisp fall breeze  
As I sniff the air trying to get a whiff of leaves burning so serene  
But then I recall there is a law that says, "No burning please"  
Still my mind recalls that sweet smell years ago as in a dream.

Let's gather leaves, bark, and pine cones to make potpourri  
Thankfully our children don't want costumes for Halloween  
So innocent with no clue of how precious time will fly I foresee  
In the blink of an eye they'll be grown, with the attitude of a teen.

I hope to be here to see them grown but there is no guarantee  
The dead leaves remind me of all the pain and sorrow I've seen  
Losing loved ones I wonder day after day when my turn will be  
I believe there to be many tomorrows if it's on God I lean.

By Jessica J. Dumas (10/1/16)



# *Wonderous Ending to My Poems*

**Dear Heavenly Father,**

**May I be blessed with the insight of a butterfly, to realize that using my short life to struggle through many stages of trials and tribulations to worship only you will be worth it for your name's sake.**

**May I be blessed with the courage of a butterfly, to spread my wings and pollinate others with your ways and commands no matter what jokes others may make.**

**May I be blessed with the beauty of a butterfly, to reflect my inner image with many colorful qualities of the fruits of your spirit.**

**May I be blessed with the strength of a butterfly, imitating your love as I do your will and walk the path that's narrow and straight.**

**May I be blessed with soft touch of a butterfly, bestowing on my loved ones the same gift of your love that you have given me.**

**May I be blessed with the wisdom of a butterfly, to take in accurate knowledge of you and your ways, as your son teaches us to be.**

**May I be blessed with the endurance of a butterfly, to accept the changes beyond my control and entrust my cares into your hands so you may comfort my fears.**

**May I be blessed with the gentleness of a butterfly's demise if the need arises, as I thank you for the hope of remaining in your memory until the joyful day arrives of a new earth with no tears.**

**Most of all, I ask through your son's name, with this plea...**

**May I be blessed with the grace of a butterfly, to be as patient, merciful, and kind to others as you have been with me.**

**Amen**

*Wishing you Many Butterfly Blessings!*



# My Book of Poetry

46 Poems on Love, Life,  
& Butterflies



## Thank You for Reading



I hope you enjoyed my Book of Poems. If you would like more copies, want to write a review on the book or need help writing or publishing a book, send me an email at:

[www.jessicajdumas.com](http://www.jessicajdumas.com)

*This book was made especially for you by*

*Jessica Dumas*

