

This world is not conclusion;
A sequel stands beyond,
Invisible, as music,
But positive, as sound.

Emily Dickinson



A POEM

A poem's a story to be told
Of young romance for hearts to hold.
Of days gone by and knights so bold,
The summer heat, the winter cold.
A word or two that's meant to scold
A realm of beauty to unfold.
So wise and kind it tries to mold
More priceless than the purest gold.
It's the victory beat when drums are rolled
It's a treasure meant for young and old.

J.P.K.

I have gathered a few of Jim's many poems which will have the most meaning to his family and close friends. In reading and re-reading them I'm sure Jim will live again for they are truly a part of him. Never satisfied to skim the surface, Jim did a lot of deep thinking and soul-searching for real answers. Footnotes have been added to set the mood or to bring thoughts into their right perspective.

With deep love and humility I share these beautiful and cherished words.

Marlyn Kinney

THIS DREAM BEMUSING

Engulfed as we are in worldly splendor
We are prone to live a dream.
Emotions ere they're harsh or tender
Come o'er us in a stream.

Like a twisting, turning, well-worn path
Our thoughts heave to and fro.
First, black as sin in thoughtless wrath,
Then as new fallen snow.

This dream bemusing we hie to keep
Forever to the fore
Must give way to Celestial sleep
Where we twist and turn no more.

* * * * *

TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY

It's better to light one candle
Than to curse the dark, they say.
Have you in any manner
Tried to cast some light today?

Did you see someone who was lonely
And stop to chat awhile?
And the multitude of words you spoke
Did they cause someone to smile?

Perhaps someone to spite you
Made this a day to dread.
Did you cast your pride behind you
And return them love instead?

If self-love, false pride and ego
Were removed as though a shroud,
And you saw your day before you,
Would you be very proud?

If we find these virtues lacking
And would like to change, we may.
For that's one of God's great gifts to man.
He made tomorrow another day.

J.P.K.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

What is success? Pray could it be
The same for you as it is for me?
If we took our question to the Lord above,
Would His answer be, Success is Love?
If we face the truth wherever found,
Our thoughts and deeds with love abound;
And if given the chance we could do no less,
Is this not then a real success?
Though a man should try, yet fail the same
To earn great wealth or worldly fame
But exhibits love wherever he can,
Is he not then a successful man?
If a child can see in his father's face
A love for men of every race,
His love of God, hear him confess
I dare say he's a great success.
So when I pray my prayer shall be,
Lord, make a successful man of me.
Though through human error I may lose all other,
Help me to learn to love my brother.

THE SECRET OF LIFE

Don't pity his failure or count what it cost
For his time and his money is all that was lost.
You could ask rightly so, what else could he lose
So I'll tell you in verse a few thoughts you should muse.
In the very beginning success he could feel
His visions of wealth were as though they were real.
These thoughts were his profit although they receded
For success is no better than the dream that preceded.
A dream in itself is an actual event
When you dream of a rose you include the rose scent.
How much better is winning than playing the game
If you bask in the pleasure of your own realm of fame?
So don't pity the man who may gamble and lose
For it's part of his joy, is this freedom to choose.
And in losing he's winning, or so it seems
For the secret of life is in harboring dreams.

J.P.K.

(Our early venture in the chinchilla business-as Jim said, "Our first million" - prompted this musing.)

NEVER ALONE

I sat alone near the ocean shore
My thoughts engulfed in the sea's great lore.
Untroubled by fear or nagging doubt
In this quiet setting I had shut them out.

This blissful hour I felt would end
As I gazed toward the shoreline's bend.
For a sightless man with cane in hand
Was making his way along the sand.

If I sit real still, I thought with a sigh,
This unwanted guest will pass me by.
But as he approached he raised his head
Good morning sir, the blind man said.

Quite taken aback that he should know
I felt my interest begin to grow.
Please tell me sir, if you cannot see,
How could you know to speak to me?

A pleasant smile beamed across his face
Then in verbal wisdom he began to trace
A line of thought both wise and plain
From which a man could only gain.

It's very simple he said to me
For I'm not as blind as some who see
Not being hampered by a worldly glare
I can feel your presence and know you're there.

My mind raced ahead as he continued to speak
I saw God a companion of the blind and weak.
An awakening thought then occurred to me.
Which of us is blind and cannot see?

I looked for my friend but he had strolled away
Perhaps to talk to some others that day;
But I learned the lesson he had come to teach
I was never alone on that sandy beach.

J.P.K.

(Inspired on vacation, camping.)

CREATIVITY

Preface -- Only God can create, man is blessed
with the ability of continuing enlight-
enment of God's Plan.

Since first things first were animated
The buffoon claimed that he created.
If this we feel in part is true
It's the part that we have learned to rue.
For the vain man hears what he wants to hear
And he hears this only through the mortal ear
While those who know it's all God's plan
Can hear the voice of the inner man.
The fool beholds with prideful eye
What he has done with land and sky.
While the wise man thanks the One on high
For the glimpse of truth that's his to spy.
Most men are prone to laugh and boast
And wealth to them is uppermost.
What man looks on as his work of might
Is merely that which has come to light.
There is nothing made that hasn't been
And it's all of God excepting sin.
And when it's time for man to die
He has as yet to answer why.
So this then is creativity
What is and was and will ever be.

* * * * *

GONE CAMPING (Eulogy to Johnny)

My friend has gone camping
As he was wont to do
And I'm sure he's the same
Though the campground is new.

How happy his countenance
In dawn's early glow
What rapture engulfed him
Only Johnny could know.

With the aroma of coffee
And a cheery "hello"
He would start off each day
And his friendships would grow.

He was loved by so many
Yes so many can tell
We were lucky and privileged
To know Johnny so well.

Now as I stir up the campfire
In the cool mornings chill
And my coffee starts perking
I see my friend still.

For though Johnny's gone camping
In a celestial sphere
Memories of his friendship
I'll always revere.

J.P.K.

(Ironically, this eulogy written to a very dear friend in our early
camping days could well apply to Jim himself now.)

GRANDMAS AND CHRISTMAS

We should tell our kids of the Saviour,
How he was born on Christmas Day
And how he lived, and why he died,
We can help them in this way.

And while they are still little tots,
We should tell them of St. Nick.
For it's only when they are so small
We can make that fable stick.

Yes, we can fail in our Christian duty,
To teach Christ, and him so dear,
Or fail as modern-day parents,
If we leave out Santa's cheer.

But the one thing we cannot forget,
Is grandma on this day,
For the thought of going to her house
Is what makes our children gay.

When you see the love that's in their eyes,
When they look upon her face,
You are seeing beauty that can't be marred,
That even death will not erase.

So, I say to all you grandmas,
When you hear the children call,
Raise up your heads in well-earned pride,
God bless you, one and all!

J.P.K.

OF LIFE'S SAD MOMENTS

What better way to spend a day
Than planning for the winter.
With pail in tow, away you go
A blackberry patch you enter.

In weeds head high, snakes pass you by
On ground still wet with dew.
Your skin is torn by jutting thorn
The end's not yet in view.

You start to itch in every niche
Where a chigger can get hold.
Your tongue could burst from nagging thirst
A drink's worth more than gold.

As the sun gets high up in the sky
The sweat rolls down your neck.
The blowflies land upon your hand
Your nerves become a wreck.

In all of this you find some bliss
As you conquer your dismay.
You see jelly spread upon your bread
On some cold winter day.

Now the day has come to be rewarded some
For the many hours you toiled.
As it's in your grasp, your wife's heard to gasp
The blackberry jelly's SPOILED!

J.P.K.

(Typical Jim Kinney humor)

THE COLD WITHIN

Six humans trapped by happenstance
In bleak and bitter cold.
Each one possessed a stick of wood
Or so the story's told.

Their dying fire in need of logs
The first man held his back
For of the faces round the fire
He noticed one was black.

The next man looking cross the way
Saw one not of his church
And couldn't bring himself to give
The fire his stick of birch.

The third one sat in tattered clothes.
He gave his coat a hitch.
Why should his log be put to use
To warm the idle rich.

The rich man just sat back and thought
Of the wealth he had in store
And how to keep what he had earned
From the lazy shiftless poor.

The black man's face bespoke revenge
As the fire passed from his sight.
For all he saw in his stick of wood
Was a chance to spite the white.

The last man of this forlorn group
Did nought except for gain.
Giving only to those who gave
Was how he played the game.

Their logs held tight in death's still hands
Was proof of human sin..
They didn't die from the cold without
They died from the cold within.

James Patrick Kinney

(Happilly, the rejection slip (poem follows) on
this poem was rectified, as many, many printings
of THE COLD WITHIN have appeared around the country
and it was used as a sign-off by The Christophers on
TV.)

OF A REJECTED POEM

I sent a poem the other day
For the editors to edit.
And this is what they had to say
Though it's not much to my credit.

We thank you for your honest work
It was given our attention.
But we send it back without a quirk
Without the least pretension.

It was in our considered views
A thought that should be heeded.
But it's just not something we could use
It's not just what we needed.

Again we thank you for your poem
Our sorrow we've admitted.
You'll always find us here at home
To study works submitted.

Undaunted I will act as though
My poem just made a hit.
Until it does you'll never know
But what I care one wit.

* * * *

WHO AM I?

The wonder years how they do flee,
As too the dreams once held so dear.
The child that sat upon my knee,
Now claims his right, his course to steer.
I tell myself as parents will,
I need more time to teach him well.
But the tide of time I cannot still
And his zest of life I must not quell.
A well worn, safe and lighted path
I would he travel, to never veer.
But this boy turned man in righteous wrath,
Would challenge wrong both far and near.
So when I question mode of dress,
And ask where do his values lie,
I must to self a question stress
Who am I, Who am I?

J. P. K.

A GLIMPSE OF PIONEER DAYS

What manner of thought your lot my friend
As you stand here ere it's calm or wind
And view what's left of a bygone trend
Or read the brave words some ancient penned?

Does it make you want to shed some tears
For hard-won struggles of pioneers
That are all but lost by passing years?
Does it awake in you latent fears?

Can you feel the pain they must have known?
Can you all but hear the women moan
As the wilderness claimed one of their own?
Can you think of these with heart of stone?

How they must have felt the winter cold,
The tender young and the failing old
As its icy fingers lay them hold.
Should the price they paid go on untold?

With tools so crude, but with hearts quite stout,
They challenged the forest here about
And braved the frightening world without.
They didn't have any time to pout.

Their constant watching for beasts of prey,
As they let the children out to play,
Was just part of struggling on their way.
What mental anguish, who here can say.

Can you and I come visit today
And just stand and look, then walk away?
Do you have a feeling of dismay
That they had the strength to still be gay?

At our own complaints do you feel some guilt
As you look upon a handmade quilt
And the other basic needs they built?
Does it make your self-importance wilt?

Friend, come join me in a silent prayer.
Take hold of your heart and lay it bare
Before our Dear Lord and His kind care.
He has love for all and some to spare.

Dear Blessed Father, my prayer will be,
As I give Thee praise on bended knee,
Let me see in this the hand of Thee
And make humbleness a part of me.

J. P. K.

(This poem was prompted by Vesper Services in the Rose Garden
at Spring Mill restored village, Spring Mill State Park, Indian
a very special camping spot in our memories)

TO MY CHILDREN

My children, I must take pen in hand
And with a feeling of inadequacy espouse
The love in my heart for each of you-
My adopted, those born into my house.
What man, blinded by vanity proclaims
To be proof of materialist might
In truth is a gift of a gracious Lord
Bringing into darkness a blessed light.

For he is a fool, an egotist,
One cloaked as a clown complete
Who can view as his own with prideful eye
An infant of perfection so pure and sweet.
It matters not which mother's womb
Is the portal for its worldly fare,
For they all are children of the Lord,
Entrusted with love to a parent's care.

What makes a parent in the truest sense
Is this feeling of love innate,
And has nought to do, as some would say
With our duty to procreate.
Therefore, I, as your dad cannot feel
That this one is mine, that of another.
For this parental love is a wondrous thing,
Which has been granted to me and your mother.

A love that's whole need not be shared,
Regardless how many partake.
The more it is given, the more it grows
As do blessings that flow in its wake.
So when it should seem as I'm sure it must
That at times your dad is unfair,
Remember he loves you very much -
But being human is prone to err.

How can I tell you of the warmth
That wells up in this breast of mine
When I see within your eyes a light
Which says, dad everything is fine.
Or of the anguished, painful thoughts
That shroud the sun from view
When with a thoughtless word or deed
I cause some hurt to you.

So often I lay awake at night
Wherein the dark I can hide.
And give vent to the sorrow I feel -
To the tears I've held inside.
For if its pain you feel, I feel it too.
My children I wish you to know
That all I say and do is meant
As a guide to help you grow.

This then is the nature of parental love,
The length and the breadth of this poem,
Abundantly given to each alike -
My adopted, those born unto my home.

J. P. K.

MY NEW-FOUND FRIEND

I met a man who instructed me
In the knowledge of life's perplexity.
It seems the Lord had shown him the way
While permitting all others to go astray.

I listened intently for I wished to know,
Just what things were evil and hence, my foe.
These words that follow from the man I met
Are his guide for avoiding corruptions net.

All faiths 'cept his, upon this earth
He views their beliefs with a bit of mirth.
For they're all dead-wrong, if you stop and look,
Only his can be proven by the Holy Book.

He says love your neighbor, as a Christian should,
But before you do, make sure they're good.
He can name you the ones who are mean and base,
And of course, there are those of a lower race.

He told of a man who lives next door
Who's the kind of person you should abhor.
Though respected by all who know him well,
He drinks a bit, so will go to hell.

What manner of life this man shall live,
Nor the time and talents he is wont to give,
Can gain salvation when his life shall end
For he doesn't think like my new-found friend.

This new-found friend I've come to know,
Is everywhere I chance to go.
In varied robes he'll be bedecked
For he's the length and breath of every sect.

So if you should meet him on your way
Perhaps he'll ask you to stop and pray.
Don't turn your back in a fit of wrath-
This man needs help along life's path.

Don't miss your chance to do some good,
Though his exalted manner makes you feel you should.
From this chance meeting, God's love may stem,
For this man needs you more than you need him.

J. P. K.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

The judge was stern, but his heart did yearn
As he looked at the youthful face.
If there were only some way that he could say
Who's to blame for this disgrace.

The youth stood there with a jaunty air
His parents' eyes burning with tears.
For they just couldn't see how this could be.
Hadn't they raised him all these years?

He was taken away, he had to pay
For the sins of the human race.
The courtroom was still, it had lost it's thrill,
Then the bailiff called, "Next Case".

In a short while they'll walk that last mile
A few whom we see here today.
And we sit, you and me, too blinded to see
That we led this child astray.

How did he err this youngster so fair
Was this killing really his crime?
Ought we to have stilled this mad urge to kill
Or didn't we have the time?

How many days in how many ways
Does false pride influence our lives,
While you and I stand idly by
As hate and avarice thrives?

For want of gain we let lust o'er us reign
Advertisings polluted with sex.
Then we look at our youth and think them uncouth
And wonder what they will do next.

Can we be proud or condemn them aloud
When decency's lacking in us?
Our morals are sinking, we do things unthinking
We're deaf to the harm it does.

He bears not your name, but your guilt's the same
Of obstacles placed in his way.
It's crime we provoke to take as a joke
The trial transpiring today.

So to save our youth let's face the truth
Let's each heed his conscience's plea.
Let's clean up this life, let's do it up right
Let's start it with you and me.

J.P.K.

(Prompted by a headline news story)

Thanksgiving Day

Amid the festive guests they sat-
The beagle dog and the calico cat.
Engulfed in the aroma of a cooking feast,
These thoughts came over each watching beast.
With heads all bowed the host said grace
As thanks was written on every face.
The calico cat, being prone to brood,
Thought of many who had no food.
Their praying done, all heads were raised.
The dog, as into the fire he gazed,
Had thoughts of those who through life wend,
With neither hearth nor warmth of friend.
As the day wore on with merriment wrought,
These two just sat in troubled thought.
The dog looked up, said could it be,
From them is hidden that which we see?
The cat replied, they see alright,
And they try at times to set things right.
They're just saying thanks the human way,
For you see, this is Thanksgiving Day.

* * * *

Thanksgiving Day is once a year
When our praise to God we share.
But it's all the other days that pass
When we really need to care.
So I say my thanks to you, Oh Lord,
With a worthwhile Christian Prayer.

Should I see a person lonesome,
Have me stop and chat awhile.
And when it's time for parting,
Let me leave them with a smile.
So that my thanks to you, Oh Lord,
Is in a worthwhile Christian Style.

And if my heart should feel a tug
By another's basic need.
Instead of waiting till somethings done,
Inspire me to take the lead,
So that I say my thanks, Oh Lord,
With a worthwhile Christian Deed.

When prejudice should show its head,
Let my love for man hold sway.
And so your message comes out right,
Guide my mouth in what I say.
So that I give you thanks, Oh Lord,
In a worthwhile Christian Way.

May I show my thanks to you,
In whatever place I can.
And may everything I say and do
Be according to your plan,
So that my thanks to you, Oh Lord,
Makes of me a Christian Man.

J. P. K.

This prayer
used in many
churches :
published in
Hills

A Better World

I look at my son. I see the hair,
The rebellious attitude, the strange set of values,
The unbending stand which says
I want none of your ways, I spit on your values.
Leave me be. And I am sad.

I see a disregard for life. The riots,
The contempt for law, the hatred
Which feeds on itself and grows
To become a way of life.
I see. I hear. I feel. And I am fearful.

If this were but the limit of my vision,
My life, my very being, would have no meaning.
But I see beyond the irritants, the noise, the confusion.
I see a desire. I hear a cry. I feel a need
For truth. And I am hopeful.

I look at my son as through a veil.
I see love - a love torn between what is and what should be.
I see that he as I may stray far afield.
But I see a concern, a searching mind, a troubled heart.
And I am proud.

I hear his voice above his noise and know
His life, not unlike mine, will be weighed in the
Balance of time. And man in his search for truth
Will sift the chaff from the wheat,
Knowing a better world. And I am thankful.

James P. Kinney
9/14/70

I CAN'T CHANGE YOU

I can't change you, but only me.
Oh how I would that man could see.
I can't change you, but only me.
And by the change I make in "I"
True brotherhood comes ever nigh.
For when in anger I judge you,
I lose the love I thought I knew.
And without love no man is right,
Nor can the truth be brought to light.
So when some one by what he said
Or did has caused you to see red,
If you really want to set it right,
Exhibit love instead of fight.
And in this way he'll plainly see
He can't change you, but only he.

J. P. K.

This was written very early,
before much study of poetry.

MY ARMY LIFE

By James P. Kinney

Now gather round you fellows
Of the 45th CA
And listen very closely
To what I have to say.

T'was back in 1942
The last month of the year
When I received my greetings
They were not ones of cheer.

They said to me, "My boy"
Your Uncle Sam needs you
Then they took me to an Army camp
And fed me Army stew.

They gave me ~~heck~~ that first three months
They made it rough and tough
They taught me how to shoot a gun
And all that sort of stuff.

Then they put me on a ship
Which sailed across the sea
An Officer stood up on deck
And said these words to me.

Now fellows, where we're going
The name I cannot say
But the palm trees in the evening
With a gentle breeze do sway.

The brown skin girls who live there
Wear skirts all made of grass
And boys let me tell you
Their shape sure speaks of class.

Now he must have thought me crazy
Not to know where we would go
For I had seen it many times
In a two bit movie show.

But since I've been to Hawaii
And have seen it with my eyes
I have no use for Officers
Who tell such gosh darned lies.

I spent ten months in that place
The worst place yet so far
And then I made a move
To the Island of Angaur.

Forty-nine weary days and nights
We sailed the deep blue sea
We stepped once in the Marshall Group
To visit the Island of Parrio.

We left there on a Sunday morn
For dinner we had beef
We traveled there for eight days
To stop at Kossol Reef.

We had a storm on Tuesday night
With roaring wind and rain
The lashing waves went rolling by
As would a monstrous train.

T'was the worst storm that I saw at sea
And how that wind did blow
What kept that old Komoro afloat
'Tis something I don't know.

On Friday we pulled out again
With an unknown expectation
Early on the following morn
We reached our destination.

Now they say that Hell is very hot
And of fun there is no trace
But let me tell you boys
It has nothing on that place.

You could wake up in the morning
In that terribly tropic heat
And see the snakes and insects
Dying at your feet.

We worked like ~~heck~~ in that heat
On that I don't mean perhaps
We even went to Ngarogong
And fired upon the Japs.

I spent six months in that place
And then I moved on
I landed in the Philippines
On the Island of Cebu.

They put me near a little town
To keep the Japs away
A month up in the mountains
Was all I had to stay.

Then they moved me to the valley
Where they used to raise some rice
And when it rained, oh brother
It was anything but nice.

The water in my tent
Was about ten inches deep
And the damned thing leaked so bad
That I couldn't get to sleep.

I went about my work
With the mud up to my knees
And the bed I had to sleep in
Was as muddy as could be.

I had to put up with that stuff
About three months you see
And then I moved again
To this Island of Iyto.

I can't say much about it
For I haven't been here long
But its just like all the others
On that I can't be wrong.

I've been overseas two years now
Just another Army Vet
And that furlough that they promised me
I haven't gotten yet.

They promise this and they promise that
And when the time arrives
If they give you what they promise
It is a heavenly surprise.

But it won't be long now follows
Until I'm on my way
I'll be leaving these damned tropics
For the good ole U.S.A.

~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~
~~_____~~

Mr Randy Phillips
To Promise Keepers
P.O. Box 18376
Boulder, Co. 80308

Dear Mr Phillips,

I just received an interesting letter from my sister telling me my husband's poem, "The Cold Within" has made its way to Colorado. Her son, Dr Joe Lutz recently attended a Christian Parenting Seminar and bought your tapes. He was enjoying hearing them while riding around Columbus when the familiar quote surprised him.

I am aware Jim's poems occasionally appear in church bulletins around Cincinnati, O. where we lived but this was amazing coming from such a distance.

I thought you might be interested in knowing "the poet." James Patrick Kinney was the "poet laureate" of the Procter + Gamble Engineering Div. where he worked for 20 yrs as a mechanical technician. He saluted birthdays, promotions and retirements with humorous ditties. However, some of his more serious poems have been shared with the family

in a booklet I ^{composed} produced after Jim's death. This explains how my nephew recognized the poem. Jim died in 1973 at age 51 of a heart attack, leaving many more poems unwritten. He did realize his dream to retire to Florida, even though it was on a disability retirement of 11 months duration.

"The Cold Within" truly his best work, was sent to "The Saturday Evening Post" in the 60's and was returned with a rejection slip as being too controversial for the times. Jim happened to be a Methodist serving on the local joint church Ecumenical Committee with Al Hiseaman of St. Martin's Catholic Church. Al, his chief mentor, sent "the poem" in to "The Liguorian", a Catholic publication where it appeared in print!

Jim always said life is only worthwhile if we leave something of value behind. I'm sure he would be gratified to know you appreciated his poem enough to include it on your tape.

I've ^{sent along} ~~included~~ a couple of Jim's other poems I like, in case you care to read them.

Thank you,

Mrs James Kenney
(now Kenney as I married
a Horner Kenney in 1978)



ABBY VAN BUREN

'Abandoned' man needs to control temper

DEAR ABBY: I've been living with someone for nearly two years. When we first met we both expected it to last forever. We work together and were together nearly all the time. This took its toll on our relationship. I did everything for her, Abby, including buying us a house I honestly didn't think we were ready for with my life savings.

Six months later she told me she wanted to separate. This wasn't the first time she's done this. After a week of lethargy, I got angry and threw her out in a rage!

Abby, I admit I'm not easy to live with. I loved and still love her and her young son. I've humiliated myself trying to win her back. Despite the advice of my friends, I still want to share my life with her, but she's stubborn and fiercely proud and says she just wants to be "friends."

While I'm not a vain man, I wouldn't have a hard time finding someone else. Problem is, for some reason, I want HER. What do I do?

— **HEARTBROKEN, CANADA**

DEAR HEARTBROKEN: Since you were the one who threw this woman and her child out, I fail to see why you are now taking the stance of having been abandoned.

You describe yourself as "not easy to live with" and have demonstrated a

volatile temper. You describe your efforts to win this woman back as "humiliating." Has it occurred to you that she may have felt humiliated when she found herself and her child without a roof over their heads?

Whether it's possible to patch up this rift remains to be seen. A giant step in the right direction would be for you to seek counseling in anger management techniques. That way she would have some assurance that your apology is sincere and that you are taking steps to change.

DEAR ABBY: My husband, James Patrick Kinney, wrote the poem "The Cold Within" in the 1960s. It is gratifying to know he left something behind that others appreciate.

He submitted it to the *Saturday Evening Post*; however, it was rejected as "too controversial for the times."

Jim was active in the ecumenical movement. His poem was sent in to the *Liguorian*, a Catholic magazine. That was its first official publication to my knowledge. Since then, it has appeared in church bulletins, teaching seminars and on talk radio, listed as "Author Unknown." If that was done for legal protection, I understand. My family is always happy to see it appear, but we do think the true author should be given credit.

Jim died at 51 of a heart attack on May 23, 1973, after retiring to Sarasota, Fla. My second marriage was to Homer Kenny, a Sarasota widower, so I became ...

MRS. JAMES KINNEY-KENNY

DEAR MRS. KINNEY-KENNY: I agree that the true author should be given credit. James Kinney was a gifted poet. How sad that he died so young, because he had keen insight and constructive things to say to all of us.

Write to Abby at P.O. 69440, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

'Cold' poem reminds us of futility

DEAR ABBY: The letter from "Stuart" decried what he felt was the tragic rebirth of bigotry today, here and elsewhere. Whenever I hear about intolerance, I'm reminded of an old poem. (I do not know the author.) It made me think. Perhaps it will touch one of your other readers as well.

— **GEORGE R. GOLDIE IV,**
OXNARD, CALIF.

DEAR GEORGE: The poem is well worth space in this column.

THE COLD WITHIN

Six humans trapped in happen-
stance
In dark and bitter cold,
Each one possessed a stick of
wood,
Or so the story's told.
Their dying fire in need of logs
The first woman held hers back,
For of the faces around the fire,
She noticed one was black.
The next man looking across the
way
Saw not one of his church,
And couldn't bring himself to
give

The fire his stick of birch.
The third one sat in tattered
clothes
He gave his coat a hitch,
Why should his log be put to use,
To warm the idle rich?
The rich man just sat back and
thought
Of the wealth he had in store,
And how to keep what he had
earned,
From the lazy, shiftless poor.
The black man's face bespoke
revenge
As the fire passed from sight,
For all he saw in his stick of wood
Was a chance to spite the white.
The last man of this forlorn group
Did naught except for gain,
Giving only to those who gave,
Was how he played the game.
The logs held tight in death's still
hands
Was proof of human sin.
They didn't die from the cold
without,
They died from the cold within.
DEAR ABBY: I am a mammo-
grapher. I do screening and diagnos-



ABBY VAN BUREN

tic mammograms for a living. I have a problem that seems to bother me more and more each day. I am asked several times a day, "Is this all you do, ALL DAY LONG?"

I find this question extremely irritating. I save lives. I have to bite my tongue to prevent sarcasm. Abby, how would you respond?

— FRUSTRATED AND UNAPPRECIATED

DEAR FRUSTRATED: I would just say "yes." And I'd add with a smile: "Isn't it wonderful that we have this life-saving technology? Before we had the miracle of mam-mography, cases of breast cancer usually went undiagnosed until it was too late."

DEAR ABBY: Last fall I started thinking about our 50th wedding anniversary made it clear they had no intention of a big celebration.

My sister and I remembered a letter we saw in your column about a woman turning 80, whose daughter arranged a mail campaign to requesting they send a note of recollection instead of a gift went to work.

It was an unbelievable experience. Their anniversary was Feb. 5 through Feb. 27, I received 166 cards and letter mail, with the majority still in memory.

Our parents were surprised and delighted with their overflowing mailbox of pleasant reminders. It truly was the greatest gift they could have given them. Dad's party would have been over in hours, but this lasted three weeks.

Thank you, Abby, for the reminder.

— PROUD DAUGHTER

DEAR DAUGHTERS: adult children ask how to p

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Thank you for your interest,

Allan Weinert C.Ss.R.

Allan Weinert, C.Ss.R.
Editor-in-Chief