

OUT IN THE OPEN

Volume 8 of 8

(Featuring All My Songs - Alphabetically)

(178 Pages)

By

Francis William Bessler

Featuring a Compilation

of

The Complete Written Works

of

Francis William Bessler

From 1963-2011

**Compiled in June, 2011 -
though new songs added
till last of Dec, 2011
as they were written.**

**Featuring
Original essays, stories & songs
In
Chronological order.**

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Laramie, Wyoming
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OUT IN THE OPEN

By Francis William Bessler

Written 4/8/2011

Refrain 1:

Out in the open – it's the best way to find God.

Out in the open – truth does not depend upon applause.

Out in the open – no devil can exist.

Out in the open – there's no room for sin.

Well, my friends, I'm no guru,
but I don't think I need to be.
When I simply look at life,
it's all I need to be free.
Let others read lots of books
if they believe that will help;
but I think that if that's all they know,
what they know will be more like Hell. **Refrain 1.**

I'm told I should fear Satan
and I say, why should I?
It's clear Satan can't exist
when I'm standing beneath a sky.
Just look out as far as you can see
and all devils disappear.
So just keep looking outward
and you'll never need to fear. **Refrain 1.**

I learned long time ago,
back when I was a child,
That the only truth anyone needs
is found in the wild.
To the degree, I can be
one with the deer and antelope
is the same degree I can find peace
and that wonderful thing called hope. **Refrain 1.**

I think it's good to know
that we're all the same.
I don't need you and you don't need me
to share a common fate.
The truth we both need
is out there in the universe.
Just become one with the All –
and let that be what we rehearse. **Refrain 1.**

And when I die what will happen
to this thing I call my soul?
It will just continue on
on the merry path I know.
Wherever my souls goes,
it will stay among the stars.
Freedom's only belonging to All
whether that All is near or far. **Refrain 1.**

Refrain 2 (several times):

Out in the open – it's my favorite phrase.
Out in the open – it lets my nights look to day.
Out in the open – it's the way I want to go.
Out in the open – it's the best way to know.

Introduction

Welcome to my final volume of my *OUT IN THE OPEN* writings series. The end has come. It is Volume 8 of 8. The previous 7 volumes have featured a mix of essay, song, and story that I wrote from 1963 to this time – February of 2012. Lots of songs were featured in those volumes – but in chronological order – or in the order in which they were written. Of course, those songs were scattered, as it were, among other type writings – namely essays and stories. Most of my non song features have been spiritually or philosophically oriented, but then most of my songs have been too.

Anyway, this final volume of my eight volume series will be featuring only song – or at least only poetry. Down through the years from 1963 to now, I have written 150 poetic type compositions. All of those will be featured in this volume – in alphabetical order – or at least in mostly alphabetical order.

I did not write a lot of poetry before 1963. My earliest “saved” poem is a thing called **Prayer Of A Priest** – which I wrote in 1963; but I did write some before that for which I have no record. I think my earliest poem, which was really a song, I wrote at about the age of 11 or so, written around 1953. It was a happy but sad song about a little boy who was run over by a truck. It was happy because the little boy died with his loving father by his side; and, of course, it was sad in that the little boy died at all. I called my little song: *Why, Daddy, Why?*

I can only remember some of the first part of it, but it went something like this:

**A little boy was playing with his ball in his yard one day,
when the ball slipped away and rolled onto a nearby highway.
The little boy didn't look and just ran after his ball.
Tripping over a curb, the little boy did fall.
A speeding truck was speeding down the highway
and hit the boy before he could stop on this unlucky day.
The little boy woke up in the hospital with his father by his side,
and all the little boy could think of was – *Why, Daddy, Why?***

Hey, it was my first song. What do you expect? I have forgotten the rest of the lyrics, such as it is, except that it might have been translated later in life as real life in a way to me. My Dad was killed by a truck – maybe not a speeding truck – but like the little boy, Dad was somewhat of a pedestrian. In my Dad's case, someone fell asleep at the wheel of a pickup truck and crossed over a highway, hitting and killing my Dad in the process. Dad was standing on the other side of the road. It was certainly a freak accident, but it does go to show that the story I wrote in song in 1953 could well have reflected life. My little boy was killed by a truck in my story; and in real life, my Dad was too. The day my Dad was killed by the truck of his story was July 7th, 1966. Dad was 59. I was 24.

In my first song, the little boy continues to question why things happen as they do – while dying in process. His last words to his father are: *Why, Daddy, Why?* And I suppose that lost song of my early years reflects my life in general – not that I have been caught up in tragedy, but in that I have always questioned things. I guess you can expect

a lot of *Why, Daddy, Why?* in all of the 150 songs of this volume – or at least in many of them.

So even at a very early age, I was asking questions; and in retrospect, that bit of conduct, as it were, has probably led me to lots of different ideas that many never encounter. Two of my great heroes in life – *Socrates & Jesus* – did the same thing, I think. *They asked lots of questions.* Socrates was supposed to have said that **the unexamined life** is no life at all – or something akin to that. I think Jesus would have agreed; but it can be dangerous too. I guess you could say that it was partly because Socrates and Jesus asked too many questions and did not accept traditional assumptions that led to their executions.

At least I can ask, why? – and not fear execution. That goes to show that we humans have made a lot of progress since the days of Socrates and Jesus. Of course, there will always be some who become upset when some favored way of tradition is challenged; but overall, I think we have become much more tolerant and do not consider a difference of opinion to be a matter for execution. *I'm sure glad for that!*

But let me get on with it. In this final *OUT IN THE OPEN* writings series, I will be featuring a pc file I call *ORIGINAL SONGS & POEMS* – with its own **Introduction (Preamble)** and **INDEX**. When I write a song, generally I write a tune or melody to go with it – even though some tunes are repeated among many of my songs. If a particular song interests you, I would recommend you assigning your own tune to it; but if you wish, you can contact me at the address I offer below and I can try to supply my tune. None of my songs have been scored as such, but if there is interest, I'm sure that such can be arranged.

Once again, I thank you for coming along for the ride. Please keep in mind that my songs are only my opinions expressed somewhat poetically.

When I look at life, I see nothing but equality. I see a lot of variety, but all that variety is equal. It is only those who thrive on inequality that need lords – or some who are better than others. I do not need to be better than anyone; but I do need to be as good as others. That comes easy, though, when you see all life as wonderfully filled with the same Divinity. It is that filling, as it were, that makes it all so nice and makes for **Paradise in Laramie** for me – since Laramie is where I live now. When we are done with the 150 songs, I will have a parting comment to say about that. For now, like I said, let's get on with the song. If only a few of the 150 appeal, that's not so bad. Is it? Just enjoy what you can – and what your heart and soul and mind allows. OK? And later, I will see you again in *PARADISE IN LARAMIE!*

Gently,
With A Song In My Heart – and Soul,

Francis William Bessler
4746 E. Skyline Drive, # 108
Laramie, Wyoming 82070
307-742-6868
February 22nd, 2012

ORIGINAL POEMS & SONGS

(150 Compositions)

(178 Pages)

By
Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
(From 1963-2011)

PREAMBLE

I have tried to assemble most of my poems and songs since the 1970s in this poetic collage. I may even feature a song or poem before that time as well, but most of them were written after the age of 30. I am now 70. Many of them were featured in a four cassette album of commentary and music I produced in the 1980s called **MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE** and in a previous single album of commentary and music called **FEELING FREE**. Many of those that are specified as written in the 1980s were written for those programs.

FEELING FREE was produced in a few months for \$3,000 in 1983 and was pretty bad, partly for being only a first effort; but **MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE** is another story entirely. That one cost me a fortune and took over eight years of writing and producing and rewriting and reproducing and recording a song and enhancing it later to get it done – starting in 1983 and ending in 1992. I started it in 1983, expecting it would take only a year and expecting it to cost less than \$10,000; but it took nearly a decade and cost me well over \$140,000 in the end. I have not been able to successfully share it, market wise, though I have tried a number of times. It features a lot of wonderful musical talent from the Atlanta, Georgia area – where I lived for twenty-one years. I am still very proud of that effort; and maybe someday, someone else will be too. Who knows?

Some of the songs are featured in an attempted opera (or operetta) I wrote in the 1980s featuring a Naturalist town. I called that effort **SUMMER TOWN**. I have not even attempted to do anything with that, expecting that if anything happened with that, it would have to happen after an introduction through **MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE**; but maybe in time. Again, who knows?

I am what I consider a **Divine Naturalist** – or **Naturist** – in terms of believing that God is in everything, making everything **Divine**. Much of that philosophy was featured in the two albums of mention above and much of that philosophy is featured in many of my lyrics. To a great extent, this is a volume of poetry and song reflecting my love of Nature and my love of myself as part of Nature – seeing myself as **Divine**, along with everyone and everything. I am not special in my **Divinity**. I think everyone is **Divine**, but few realize it.

I will let my lyrics speak for themselves now. Not all of them reflect my **Divine Naturalism**, but many of them do. I hope you find them somewhat satisfying.

Though it may seem superfluous, I am attaching a *by Francis William Bessler, Laramie Wyoming* to each song in case one wants to print a selected song or songs. In the event one would like to make contact because of a particular song, if that song is printed out of context, then one would have a general location in which to find me. Of course, if I move away from Laramie, Wyoming, it won't be so easy to make contact, but as long as I remain in Laramie, contact should be easy.

That is not to say that contact will be desired by any; but I think any author who really believes in what he or she offers ought to make it easy for others to make contact. With all my works, I have tried to identify a work as my own; but if a selection of a work is printed in isolation of a general work of which it is a part, such identity could be lost.

To better assure that my identity is not lost for any given song of this production, I will attach my identity and current town residence to each song.

Thank you so much!

Gently,

Francis William Bessler

Country Meadows

4746 E. Skyline Drive, # 108

Laramie, Wyoming, U.S.A. 82070

February 22nd, 2012

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(Mostly songs. Poems noted in parenthesis.)

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A FRIEND TO THE MOON

*(From my audio cassette album I call **MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE**)*

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s. (A Poem)

I'm asked what I would look for in a lady, but her description does elude me.
How can you describe a notion, confirmed in flesh, that moves so free like the breeze?
I have walked many a mile – and lurched ahead – and run many a mile too,
looking to find upon this earth, a lady – a friend to the moon.
Man is caught up with this thing he has – this notion he should be a king
and cannot see that a real prince feels clothed in Nature's own scheme.
Woman is caught in what's equally vain – the notion she must be loved
and she cannot see that a real princess sees her flesh like the wings of a dove.
There is no God inside the soul – that's not, too, inside the stone.
God's not aloft. She is the fiber – the filament of soul and bone.
To go with God is to go with Mars – and Jupiter and Saturn and Neptune.
To be at peace is to smile and wave at Mars – and Jupiter and Saturn and Neptune.

A MASTER'S PRAYER

(Freedom's Prayer)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Oct. 29, 2007

Our Loving God, My Generous God,
Holy is your name.
I thank you for my life and blessings.
That's why I feel no shame.
Our Father, My Father -
Thy Kingdom's here as well as there.
Thy will is only that I share –
what I am with the world.
Our Father, My Father -
To be forgiven, we must forgive;
that's the only way peace can live.
Our Father, My Father -
I thank you for my daily bread.
My needs are simple – thus I do not dread.
Our Father, My Father -
To see only good is to allow no evil.
I pledge to you a life of no guile.
Our Father, My Father,
I will always be your child.

Our Father, My Father,
I will always be your child.

A 21st CENTURY (PERSONAL) PSALM

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written July 1, 2007

Praise the Infinite Presence in All.
Praise the Mystery of the Infinity
that exists everywhere and makes all that is, Holy.
Oh, Infinite Being or Presence,
Thanks so much for All You are
And all I am because You are in me.

Praise the sky, for it is filled with vision.
Praise it as it extends for ever and ever and ever.
Oh, Infinite Sky, I look out into your vastness
and I experience a vast-less sense of existence
because a little of you is all of you
just as a little of me is everyone
because we are all alike.
Thanks, Infinite Sky, for filling me with awe.

Praise the earth, for it is part of the Infinity of Existence.
Praise the sands of the earth,
for mixed with the waters of the earth,
Life springs forth and abounds.
Oh, Plentiful Sands! Oh, Bounty-less Waters!
Thank you for the life of All
that results when you combine.

Praise Divinity, for It knows no limit and exists everywhere.
Praise Divinity, for It cannot be opposed
for It has no need to defend Itself because It is everywhere.
Oh, Lovely Divinity, you can have no foe
and since I am an expression of You,
neither can I.

Praise Heaven, for where It is, there can be no hell.
Praise a sense of Heaven, for it is only being aware
that the Infinite & Divine abide everywhere.
Oh, Endless Heaven, Thank You for being here
where I am and wherever I may go.

Praise my soul, for it allows me to retain tomorrow
an attitude I knew today.
Praise my soul, for it is my investment in the present
and my promise for the future.
Oh, fantastic soul, thanks for letting me know today
and be secure in that knowledge tomorrow.
Thank you for the Infinite Presence within you
the Infinite Mystery in which you will always be,
and for being my own little infinite mystery
that will never end.

ADAM & EVE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written July 24, 2006

REFRAIN:

***Let me tell you a story of Adam and Eve,
the way it was never told.***

***Listen to my story and then proceed
to live your life as graceful and bold.***

God said to Adam, look around, my friend.
Can you see her, standing there?
Well, Adam did as he was bid
and found Eve blushing so fair.
Eve looked at Adam and said to him:
Hey, I am so glad you came.
Then God pushed Adam He made so slim
and told him to go on and play. ***Refrain.***

God said to Eve, you're the mother of all.
From you, all will come.
I made Adam for you not to fall
but to give you many daughters and sons.
Eve looked at God and smiled bright
and told Him, thanks for my grace.
Then she took Adam and held him tight
and kissed him all over his face. ***Refrain.***

Adam said to God, this is really nice.
Wow! What an awesome home!
I am so glad you made me from your sight.
I thank you for my flesh and bones.

Then Adam said to Eve, I love you so.
It's so nice to be in your arms.
With all my life, I intend to show
just how much I enjoy your charms. **Refrain.**

Well, my friend, that's how it was.
No other tale should be believed.
We should love our lives only because
we are blessed just as Adam and Eve. **Refrain (2).**

ANITA

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written in 1971

Anita, my sweet little child, I'm loving you all the while
I'm holding you close in my arms, and enjoying your sweet little charms.
Anita, my pretty girl, my love for you unfurls.
I'm trying to be a good Daddy and make your Mommy happy.
Anita, as you are growing, it's good that I am knowing
my love for you is strong; so your hurts won't be very long.
Anita, I will always be near, when life causes you tears;
but more than that, my dove, you can always count on my love.
Anita, my pretty princess, you're gaining a lot of finesse.
Soon, you'll end being a baby, and blossom into a fine young lady.
So, Anita, my sweet little child, I'm loving you all the while
I'm holding you close in my arms, and enjoying your sweet little charms.

BE AN ANGEL

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

Be an angel, be an angel, let me be me.
Be an angel, be an angel, don't make me see.
Be an angel, be an angel, it's really easy.
Be an angel, be an angel, go Naturally.

Be an angel, be an angel, don't tell me lies.
Be an angel, be an angel, lies are not wise.
Be an angel, be an angel, to lie is to die.
Be an angel, be an angel, don't compromise life.

Be an angel, be an angel, don't scream at me.
Be an angel, be an angel, it's you that can't see.
Be an angel, be an angel, don't imitate God.
Be an angel, be an angel, for God's not a rod.

Be an angel, be an angel, it's simple you know.
Be an angel, be an angel, take off your clothes.
Be an angel, be an angel, don't live for dough.
Be an angel, be an angel, I love you so.

BRIDGE:

*There's no such thing as a bad angel. There's no such thing as a good devil.
There's no such thing as a bad angel. There's no such thing as a good devil.
Angels are those who care for us all,
but who know it's our way or no way at all.
Devils are those who would capture us all, make us go their way or no way at all.*

Be an angel, be an angel, obey no one else.
Be an angel, be an angel, live for yourself.
Be an angel, be an angel, don't live in Hell.
Be an angel, be an angel, for Hell's someone else.

Be an angel, be an angel, don't step in my way.
Be an angel, be an angel, don't ask me to pay.
Be an angel, be an angel, light up my day.
Be an angel, be an angel, go your own way.

Be an angel, be an angel, don't be a leach.
Be an angel, be an angel, never deceive.
Be an angel, be an angel, don't hang on me.
Be an angel, be an angel, let me be me.

Repeat BRIDGE. Then repeat last verse, duplicating last line.

BE AT PEACE WITH THE UNIVERSE

(Between Master & Student)

(From my "opera" called SUMMER TOWN)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

MASTER:

Be at peace with the universe, and everything within.
Be at peace with the universe, and you'll not know sin.
To be at peace with the universe, accept this as a clue,
Peace can only be if you're free – and peace depends on you.
Peace can only be if you're free – and peace depends on you.

Be happy with the universe, and everything within.
Be happy with the universe, and you'll always win.
To be happy with the universe, listen to this advice.
Happy can only be if you're free – and you see with your own eyes.
Happy can only be if you're free – and you see with your own eyes.

So, open your eyes, My Friend, and look
Life should be an open book – just sit back and read.
The pages of Nature are there for you.
Be in awe and you'll find truth in the grass – the sand and the sea.

STUDENT:

I'll be at peace with the universe, and everything within.
I'll be at peace with the universe, and I'll not know sin.
I'll be at peace with the universe, the path I clearly see.
Peace can only be if I'm free – and peace depends on me.
Peace can only be if I'm free – and peace depends on me.

I'll be happy with the universe, and everything within.
I'll be happy with the universe, and I'll always win.
I'll be happy with the universe, thanks for your advice.
Happy can only be if I'm free – and I see with my own eyes.
Happy can only be if I'm free – and I see with my own eyes.

MASTER: Repeat third verse.

STUDENT: Repeat both your verses.

BECOME A CHILD

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s. (A Poem)

It's time, My Friends, that we took a different look
and begin to see life in a very different way.
It's time, My Friends, that we read a different book
and begin to be as children, each and every day.

It's time, My Friends, that we stopped listening to fools
who know not of wisdom, but claim to be of God.
It's time, My Friends, that we opened another school
that teaches not of swords – and offers guidance with a nod.
Look at the love of a child – and let it be your own.
Don't pretend to be a master because you have grown.
A little girl or a woman – why should there be a difference?
A little boy or a man – there's no change in essence.
It's time, My Friends, that we begin anew –
Close your eyes and forget the sins of the past.
It's time, My Friends, that another picture we drew.
Open your eyes again – to see a truth that will last.
It's time, My Friends, that we learn to admire the child –
Forget the line of arrogance we crossed when we matured.
It's time, My Friends, that we embrace the kind and wild
so that we can finally say – truth and peace will endure.
It's time, My Friends, that virtue, not sin, survives.
Yes, My Friends, it's time – that each of us becomes a child.

BELLA VITA

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Nov. 4, 2007

I stand on a hill and shout – ***Bella Vita!***
I don't need to know what it's about – ***Bella Vita!***
I'm content to be within the mystery
I'm so glad to be part of the scene.
It's all so very satisfying – ***Bella Vita!***

It says, life is beautiful – ***Bella Vita!***
It's about looking at life as bountiful – ***Bella Vita!***
I'm not into wading in misery.
I'll take what's coming to me thankfully.
It's like a never ending party for me – ***Bella Vita!***

Life is far more than I can know – ***Bella Vita!***
Life is such a wonderful show – ***Bella Vita!***
There's wonder in everything I see
and I try to accept it joyfully.
Why don't you come and join with me – ***Bella Vita!***

The mystery will never end – *Bella Vita!*
And that mystery I do commend – *Bella Vita!*
Become part of the flower on a hill
and in a lake, swim freely to fulfill
all that's in your soul and will – *Bella Vita!*

Put on Nature to embrace – *Bella Vita!*
Know you're part of God's good grace – *Bella Vita!*
God is in everything we see
and that includes you and me
Be aware, you are a child of Divinity – *Bella Vita!*

I'm in love with you, my friend – *Bella Vita!*
And to you, these thoughts I send – *Bella Vita!*
You belong to a wonderful paradise,
but to see it, you must open your eyes
and then let your soul begin to rise – *Bella Vita!*

Don't bother me with your pains – *Bella Vita!*
If you would relax and would not strain – *Bella Vita!*
You'd find that the miracle found in all
should turn life into a wondrous ball.
So come on and obey the call – *Bella Vita!*
You'd find that the miracle found in all
should turn life into a wondrous ball.
So come on and obey the call – *Bella Vita!*
So come on and obey the call – *Bella Vita!*
So come on and obey the call – *Bella Vita!*

BETTER THAN WAR

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written June 5, 2006

REFRAIN:

*I'll meet you in the park.
I'll meet you in the street.
I'll meet you in my yard.
I'll meet you where you be.
We will have a wondrous time
just being what we are
and find that life has always
been better than war.*

I'll go with you on a walk - and leave my clothes behind
so that you can see - we're two of a kind.
I'll meet you in my home. I'll meet you in yours.
I'll meet you just as I am - and never more be bored. **Refrain.**

We'll let the kids be themselves. We'll let them take a look.
We'll let them find for themselves – they're as wondrous as a book.
I think it's time that we stopped - acting like we're not the same
or that being different - should be grounds for shame. **Refrain.**

War is really only – combat between two –
where neither one is content – and neither loves the truth.
The truth is really only – that God's in Everything.
You cannot hurt a brother – of equal Divinity. **Refrain.**

So, let me be your friend – knowing you are Divine;
and if you'd like – be a friend of mine. **Refrain.**

FINISH (2 times):

*We will have a wondrous time
just being what we are
and find that life will be
better than war.*

BIRDS OF AQUARIUS

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

*Try on my way of life. Try it on, you see.
Try on my way life, and see if it's for thee.
Try on my way of life – like a bird, you're not free
Then my life is not your own. Just leave it all with me.*

Guess I was born a bird of Aquarius.
I have never liked clothes from the age of four.
You don't have to be a bird of Aquarius.
If you need clothes, then clothe yourself and love yourself the more.

Guess I'll always be a bird of Aquarius.
No way I can ever change my ways.
You don't have to be a bird of Aquarius.
Have your tea in clothes and hope for a better day. **Refrain.**

Let me tell you about we birds of Aquarius.
Though we stand for freedom, sexaholics we are not.
You see, it's true about we birds of Aquarius.
Though we like sex, it's all of life that we think's so hot.

Let me tell you more about we birds of Aquarius.
We will not press our lives on you.
But if you deny us birds of Aquarius,
Just think what life has been without our truth. **Refrain.**

Here's the corker about we birds of Aquarius.
Though we're high on Nature, drugs we don't need.
If you would be a bird of Aquarius,
Then flush all your dope right down the sink. **Refrain (3).**
Then my life is not your own. Just leave it all with me. (3 times)

CAN THE HOUSE OF GOD BE DIVIDED?

A song or poem
By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Oct. 31st, 2011 - Nov. 1st, 2011

Note:

Consider this to be a mixture of poem for the verses and song for the refrain.

REFRAIN:

***Can the house of God be divided?
Can it be split in two?
Is it possible for God to be on one side
and missing from the other's view?
If the house of God cannot be divided,
then this is the story, friends,
You are in the house of God;
and that house can never end.***

A long, long time ago,
Jesus said, Heaven's everywhere.
He said that the Kingdom's spread upon the earth
though men don't seem to care.
Don't be fooled, he said,
if others claim it's here or there.
Just open your eyes and heart
and look around and be aware. **Refrain.**

Jesus said, if Heaven's up above,
then the birds will precede you.
He said, if it's in the sea,
the fish will get there before you do.
But the Kingdom's inside of you, he said,
and also outside, it's true.
Just know that you're a son of God
and be delighted with the view. **Refrain.**

So many think that God
belongs to only some.
But we're all God's children
and that means God belongs to everyone.
Some believe that when they die,
they will see God face to face;
but God's not a person with eyes and ears.
It's simply a Presence that's everywhere. **Refrain.**

You can't divide the Infinite
for how can you divide what has no ends?
If you think you can divide what has no middle,
tell me how it can be done, my friend.
In truth, no one can lose God
because Infinite Division is an impossible deed.
If God cannot be separated from anything,
then God must be present in thee. **Refrain.**

ENDING:

*Yes – in life – as in death –
and as in any life that may proceed,
If God cannot be separated from anything,
then God will always be present in thee.*

CHILD OF THE LIGHT

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming

Written May, 2001 (A Poem; may also be sung)

Oh, Child of The Light, play as you will.
You have but to live to find your fill.
You can't understand from whence you came.
Just embrace it all joyfully as if it's a game.

For a game life is, or should be for all.
Oh, Child of The Light, have yourself a ball.

Look at the earth and the sun and the moon
and know that they are all in tune.

The wonder of all of God's great creation
should fill your mind with jubilation.
Oh, Child of The Light, you fit in well
and you ring as you should as one of the bells.

So, don't fret and worry and live in fear.
As God is your source, It's also your care.
Be not afraid as you go forward in time.
Oh, Child of The Light, you've a life that's Divine.

CLARA'S HILL

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written July 19, 2009

Dedicated to the memory of my Mom, whose name was Clara.

REFRAIN:

***Be careful where you step,
but step where you will;
and you will find yourself
upon Clara's Hill.***

***Be careful not to stumble,
but when you do,
get right back up
and know it all belongs to you.***

Hey, My Friend, life is out there,
but it's not a distant thing.
No matter where you are,
it should make you want to sing.
Just take time to look at it
and be amazed how it grows.
Then lose your self in all of it
and what you see you will know. ***Refrain.***

The wonder of life as I see it
is that it is filled with mystery.
There is no way I can see sin
because all I see is Divinity.
If all you see is full of God
there is no way to be sad;
Put your hands together and applaud
and let your heart be glad. ***Refrain.***

Stand upon a hill and loudly shout,
Hey, God, I'm your little kid.
I'm so glad to be about
being happy without sin.
I think it's such a waste of time
to shudder and fail to embrace.
It's so much better to see life as fine
and love it without shame. **Refrain.**

So, God, I accept your gift to me
of the life that's standing here.
I pledge, my God, to believe
that what I am should be dear.
I am as worthy as a flower
that grows so brightly on a hill
to receive whatever shower
of blessings you choose to instill. **Refrain (several times).**

CLOTHES OFF TO THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Oct. 3, 2002 (A Poem)

Clothes off to the Mystery of Life.
May Life forever stand.
It is not for me to know it all,
or think I can understand.
Life is Beautiful for what it is -
always has and always will be.
There is no God That is in Time,
That's not also in Eternity.

Clothes off to the Mystery of Life.
Embrace all you are without sin.
Know that God is not apart from you
because God is our Movement within.
To love Life outside and not love yourself
is to miss the greatest lesson of all.
It's because God is in you and me and in them
that between us should be no wall.

Clothes off to the Mystery of Life,
as my friend, Jesus, might say.
Love Life because it is of God
and neither shall ever pass away.

Don't pretend that you have knowledge
just because a spirit talks to you.
God is in that spirit that talks,
but just as much in the skies of blue.

Clothes off to the Mystery of Life.
Let your soul wonder and dream.
The Soul takes a body because it allows it
to watch the flow of the stream.
Be amazed at that flow as you see it,
and always know it is right.
Embrace Life as it is – from God –
and you can only gain insight.

Clothes off to the Mystery of Life.
Say Thanks for all that Life is.
You'll never know it – nor will I.
Keep in mind that Life's not a quiz.
Instead, Life is a Doctor and a Teacher
that shows the Grandeur of Being.
And all we must do to live life well
is to treat Nature from God as a Queen.

COME ON OVER

(Featured in album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1970s.

Come on over and lay down by my side.
Let me put my arms around you . Let me feel so dignified.
And as we love each other throughout this whole year,
let's not have any more tears.

Let me tell you, my Darling, what I feel inside.
Let me tell you of my love for you – how your love makes me shine.
Allow me, my lady, to take you in my arms. Let me enjoy all your charms.

I can't help but wonder how lucky I came to be -
to meet you on the streets of life – to find your love so sweet.
Like the moon up in the sky and the stars twinkling bright,
your love has been for me – my wonder and my light.

Let me tell you, my Darling, what I feel inside.
Let me tell you of my love for you – how your smile makes me shine.
And let us have a child – or two or three or four. Let us love forever more.

Come on over and lay down by my side.
Let me pass my hands through your hair. Let me look into your eyes.
And as we love each other throughout this whole year,
let's not have any more tears.

As God gave us the power to love, it's no good unless its used.
The pool of love is there for all, but only the free can be amused.
If we'd only let it be and see God in our lives,
there'd be no need for sorrow and no limit to our height.

I can't help but wonder how lucky I came to be –
to meet you on the streets of life – to find your love so sweet.
Like the moon up in the sky and the stars twinkling bright,
your love has been for me – my wonder and my light.

Let me tell you, my Darling, what I feel inside.
Let me tell you of my love for you – how your love makes me shine.
And let us have a child – or two or three or four. Let us love forever more.

I'll come on over and lay down by your side.
I'll put my arms around you. You look so dignified.
And as we love each other throughout this whole year,
we'll not have any more tears.

CONSENSUS ON IRAQ

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Sept., 2003 (A Free Style Song)

REFRAIN 1:

***We're stabbing people in the back in Iraq
and we're turning our face from Jesus.
We're stabbing people in the back in Iraq
and it seems to be the general consensus.***

Several thousand years ago,
a man named Jesus walked this earth.
He said, no matter what you do,
violence is never justified.

If you want to enter the Kingdom of my Father,
there's only one way in;
and that, My Friend,
is the way of being kind – but - **Refrain 1.**

Jesus said to be kind to your enemy
and not just your friends.
Bombing the guilty may seem smart,
but it kills the innocent as well.
An eye for an eye and a life for a life
is the wail of only fools.
Two thousand years ago, he said it.
That's what he came to tell – but - **Refrain 1.**

When Peter drew his sword
for his friend, Jesus, to defend.
Jesus quickly scolded him
to put his sword back into its sheath.
Then rather than do violence to another,
he let them put him on a cross.
To do different would have entailed force
and his soul to make weak – but, still – **Refrain 1.**

When will we ever learn
that to kill is to kill yourself?
To harm or to punish another
does the same to your soul.
No matter why you do it –
if you kill another man,
you've lost a chance to be brave
and attend wisdom's school – but - **Refrain 1.**

In September of 2001,
some fools destroyed twin towers
expecting to gain revenge
for some previous hurt done to them.
In March of 2003,
victims chose to strike at others
to even the score perhaps,
but no hurt can it ever mend – and - **Refrain 1.**

What fools we were when Jesus lived
and how deaf we still are.
Lessons then were never heard,
yet for those lessons, Jesus died.

We still continue to defend life with force
and think we are not vain.
How little we have learned by one man's life
to march on and on as blind – still - **Refrain 1.**

A wise man does not kill
because earlier he was killed;
for if he does, it will go on and on
and he will have to kill again.
There's only one way to be free
and that's not to take a life.
Instead be kind, even to the cruel,
lest you become one of them.

REFRAIN 2:

***Let's not stab anyone – in the back - or anywhere;
and let's not turn our face from Jesus.
Let's be kind to all who are - everywhere
and let that be our new consensus.
Repeat Refrain 2 several times.***

COUNTRY LANE

(From my audio cassette album I call FEELING FREE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written in 1982

You may have been born in the city. You may have not seen a day on the farm.
But I can tell you how to get there quickly – and it won't do you harm.

Country Lane, Country Lane – what, my friend, is Country Lane?
It's a takin off your clothes and a driving down that road.
That's what I call Country Lane.

Life was made for the living – and it's too bad we can't all relate.
But just because we can't be all forgiving, that's no reason to hate.

Country Lane, Country Lane – what, my friend, is Country Lane?
It's takin it all off and a working at your job.
That's what I call Country Lane.

I'm sorry some hate their body. I'm sorry others love their shame.
But the world belongs to the meek and holy. It's time we stopped honoring the lame.

Country Lane, Country Lane – what, my friend, is Country Lane?
It's stripping to the buff and enjoying life so much.
(or – It's wearing only your skin and avoiding the world of sin)
That's what I call Country Lane.

DANCING AMONG THE STARS

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Oct. 22, 2007

REFRAIN:

*I go dancing among the stars – when I go natural.
I go dancing with the Moon – every night.
I go dancing with the Sun – and I'm in love with everyone
when I feel that I'm part of the light.*

It's all so very clear to me – why there's insanity.
It's because mankind insists on separation.
It is so sad it is that way – because we're all part of the day
and our souls should be leaping in celebration. **Refrain.**

I think we insist – on knowing way too much
when we should be content with what we are.
Why must I have the truth – to know that I should lose
myself within the mystery of the stars. **Refrain.**

I am what I am – and I am as I began
within a Nature I think knows all.
The wise know they should concede – to be part of what they see
and to listen to Nature's welcome call. **Refrain (several times).**

DANCING'S JUST A WALK

(From my audio cassette album I call FEELING FREE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1983.

REFRAIN:

*Dancing's just a walk. Dancing's just a walk. Dancing's just a walk with a wiggle.
You can dance (be happy) if you've a mind to – just like a long eared beagle.
Dancing's just a walk. Dancing's just a walk. Dancing's just a walk with a wiggle.
Don't mind if I do – carry on with you – with a little chatter and a giggle.
Dancing's just a walk. Dancing's just a walk. Dancing's just a walk with a wiggle.*

Now, listen here to what I say – then come on and do it.
Never mind if you're all alone – because walking's just not for duets.
Walk around the floor, bending to and fro. Let your feet slide and shuffle.
Fred and Ginger, you don't have to be – because dancing's just not for couples.
Refrain. Repeat verse again, followed by Refrain again.

DESTINY

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Oct. 25, 2007

REFRAIN:

***Destiny, destiny – I'm thinking of my destiny.
Destiny, sweet destiny. Oh, what will my destiny be?***

People think life is mysterious –
and I agree it is;
but while I see it full of goodness,
others see it full of sin.
I think it is quite clear
that as I thought yesterday,
I'm still thinking now,
though it is a different day. ***Refrain.***

Yesterday, I had some bad shoes
and they made my feet ache.
Today I wore the same shoes
and the pain was still the same.
My destiny tomorrow
if I do not change my ways
will be to know tomorrow
the same pain I knew today. ***Refrain.***

Though I agree life's mysterious,
I think destiny is clear.
I will have to recover tomorrow
all that today I hold dear.
So, if I want a kind tomorrow,
there's only one way to make it be.
I must be kind today
if tomorrow I'll be free. ***Refrain (several times).***

ENDING:
Destiny, sweet destiny.
Oh, what will my destiny be?
Destiny, sweet destiny.
Oh, what will my destiny be?

DEVIL IN YOUR CLOSET
(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:
There's a devil with you in your closet – and he won't let you out.
He keeps you there with all your clothes – and you'll never find him out.
He hates sunlight as he hates all lovers - and those who clown about.
There's a devil with you in your closet – and he won't let you out.

There's all kind of devils – spirits who want control.
Some love BIBLES and some love bottles – and some just plain love clothes.
But all of them love us fearful and bowing to them in fright.
They'd love to take the day out of time and leave us just the night.
Now, ladies, let me tell of a story that frightfully true.
There's a devil for every panty that you choose for you.
If you'd like to beat the devils and not let them survive,
Then throw all your panties in a fire box – and make love in the light. *Refrain.*

Since they've been the preachers of God from the first of time,
This next verse is for the men – let me lay it on the line.
We've been wrong and blindly led in listening to the gods.
They've turned out to be devils – and upon us they have trod.
I'm not gonna say the devils hate sex – cause that's just plain not true.
They love sex as they love preaching – if it makes life look crude.
They lead us to love in darkness – then turn it back on us.
They shout that sex is dirty and dark and hidden from the just. *Refrain* (twice).

But here come the angels, here come the angels, riding with Nature and me.
The devils are buzzin, fumin, and runnin. In the presence of angles, devils can't be.

(In *MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE*, the song *BE AN ANGEL* follows.)

DON'T BE IN A HURRY

Written July 14th, 2009

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

(an idea suggested by my friend, Orval Van Deest)

REFRAIN (in a moderate pace):

Don't be in a hurry – to get there.

Don't be in a hurry, my friend.

*Don't be in a hurry – to get there -
or you'll miss some of life's full blend.*

Don't be in a hurry – to get there.

Slow down, slow down, my friend.

Don't be in a hurry – to get there.

You've plenty of time – to reach your end.

Enjoy what you see, my friend –

as you pass through life.

And as the Jesus of the Gospel of Thomas would say –

become a passerby. **Refrain.**

People wonder why they are here – and some

think life is meaningless;

but every time I think of my heart beating,

that notion I do dismiss. **Refrain.**

Many live their lives, storing things –

as if there will always be a tomorrow,

but, of course, for each, time will run out

and there will be no more time to borrow. **Refrain.**

Life is a miracle – and for me –

it's the Heaven for which I seek.

Knowing that God is where I am

is the meaning of Heaven for me. **Refrain.**

Enjoy the wind – in your face.

Soak in the warm sunshine.

Put a smile upon your face

and wave at the people when you go by. **Refrain.**

When it comes for me – time to die,

I will peacefully pass on

to whatever adventure that's next in line -

with the same notion of right and wrong.

And when it's my time – to be reborn,
I'll be the same ole me
that I was in this life
when I walked the world with thee. *Refrain.*

Repeat Verse 1:
Repeat *Refrain* in a very slow pace.
Then repeat it again in the normal moderate pace.

ENDING:
Yes, you've plenty of time to reach your end.
Slow down, slow down, my friend.
You've plenty of time - to reach your end.
You've plenty of time - to reach your end.
You've plenty of time – to reach your end.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TALENTS
(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

A blind man is a blind man because a blind man cannot see,
but he would be the first one to say, don't pity me.
I may not have your eyesight, but I have a sight as grand.
It's not only the eyes that see or the mind that understands.

A deaf man is a deaf man because a deaf man cannot hear,
but he would be the first one to tell us not to fear.
I may not hear your sounds, - vibrations I do sense.
Let me feel your pulse – my love, it will commence.

REFRAIN:
Don't waste your talents. Don't throw them away.
You should use them every night and day.
Don't tithe your eye sight – or the sight of your flesh.
or your soul will suffer for the test.

A dumb man is a dumb man because a dumb man cannot speak,
but he would be the first one to say listen to me.
I may not have your voice or words - I can smile just the same.
Though my words are hard, there's softness in my gaze. *Refrain.*

A sinner man is a sinner man – he sees only sin,
hears only that man is trash – speaks only with a grin.

He pleads, God come to me, because he knows not God inside.
He clothes himself in fear – his body is his plight.

A holy man is a holy man – he sees only God.
He doesn't look for heaven in religious applause.
He prays – God, You're in me, outside of me as well.
As long as I go naked, I'll be in your spell. *Refrain.*

ENDING:

Or your soul will suffer for the test. Yes, your soul will suffer for the test.

DRINK TO BE FREE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written October 12th, 2011

I'm told by some I drink too much
because I've always at hand - water or such.
The more I drink – of non alcoholic beverage, that is –
the healthier I am for lack of physical sin.
The more I drink, the more I drain
various poisons from my system. For me, that's plain.

So, drink at will, my friend, so you can pee;
because the more you pee, the more you're free.
It doesn't matter if you sit or stand;
your system will thank you and understand.
Treat your body like it is your guest
and all of your days will be well spent.

It's ok to gulp now and then – in a minute
as long as you do not make it a habit.
Take it easy as you drink, but drink a lot
and you will find yourself without need of pot.
A glass of water for every non water you drink
and I think you will find it will help you think.

So, be healthy, my friends, and let it flow
and I think you will love what you come to know.
Keep a glass in your hand of a beverage that's grand -
being aware you are alive in this wondrous land.
While you sip, toast with one who is near;
and you may just find that everyone's dear.

ELEMENTS OF FREEDOM

(From my audio cassette album *I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE*)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

*There's an element of freedom in the way that we walk.
There's an element of freedom in the way that we talk.
There's an element of freedom by the way we comb our hair.
There's an element of freedom – almost everywhere.
There's an element of freedom by the look of our eyes.
There's an element of freedom in the sun in the skies.
There's an element of freedom by the way we touch our parts.
There's an element of freedom in shamelessness of heart.*

I don't know who long ago, assigned that man should not
feel the goodness of his nature without the help of pot,
or who first said that man has lost his righteous ways
and needs some special grace to lighten up his days.
It's all a lie, I'm telling you as I'm standing here.
The only thing we need to love is the freedom to care,
about one another –man, woman, and child,
giving as we take – without a hint of compromise. **Refrain.**

They say that man and woman have lost the fiber of their strength,
that we're breaking down the walls of morality at length.
We should have tumbled down those walls so very long ago.
The walls of the unnatural is why our progress is so slow.
It's shameful that man and woman should feel ashamed of their excitement.
It's part of life and should be embraced in all of its enticement.
How dare we tell our children that our truth is to tell the lie –
that the impulse of the flesh is sinful and undivine. **Refrain.**

(This song was also featured in **FEELING FREE**, including this final verse
that was not included in **MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE**)

**Note: Many of the songs of MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE were also featured in
FEELING FREE, though it may not be so noted in this litany of songs.)**

All that I can say is take your life in your hands.
Don't apologize for your nature walking naked in the sand.
Hold your head up high and be glad for the freedom that you have.
Let's drink a toast to all of life and embrace the worthy task
of letting each other live and sharing each others parts,
laughing and crying and telling the feeling of our hearts.

The one thing that's outrageous that's a violation of us
is to claim that we're unworthy and call it sinful lust. *Refrain.*

ENDLESS YOU

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written June 16, 2007

I go up on our mountain – climbing my way to the top.
I enjoy the sights we knew – when our love was so hot.
And though I know I'm all alone – I think you're sharing the view
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

The kids and I look back upon – the times we had so keen.
We enjoy the times we were – together as a team.
Memories serve to bond us still – united so in truth
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

How wonderful life was when you – were dancing here with us.
We sure did skip to the beat – of embracing life in trust.
And now I know that what we were – in you will ensue
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

I thank you, Dear, for being here – when you could share your life.
And what a life you shared with us – every day and night.
We miss you but we know you're free – and shining like the moon
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

So, My Dear, continue on – and take our love along.
Take out those fiddles where you are – and sing our worthy song.
Kick up those heels and dance a jig – we trust that you will do
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

I go up on our mountain – climbing my way to the top.
I enjoy the sights (sides?) we knew – when our love was so hot.
And though I know I'm all alone – I think you're sharing the view
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

FREEDOM

(From my “opera” called SUMMER TOWN)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

I want freedom in my life – freedom in my soul.
Freedom to be right – freedom to be a fool.
There’s no way that I can be what it is that you call free
if I have to wear the garb of your society.
I want freedom for you, Dear, freedom for you, Sir;
and if you’re not free to be, then none of us are free.

I want the freedom to ride my bike without any clothes,
without the charge of indecency directed at my soul.
I want the freedom to do what I feel my soul should do,
and you ain’t got the right to tell me I can’t lose.
I want freedom for you, Sir, freedom for you, Dear;
and if you’re not free to be, then none of us are free.

FREEDOM LIVES AS FREEDOM LOVES

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written May 5, 2006

I want to be free – like the Moon above,
holding on to the Earth - like a kid with a baseball glove.
I want to be free – like a spotted fawn
finding the milk it needs - in its mother at the break of dawn.

REFRAIN:

*Freedom lives as freedom loves
but no one’s free who doesn’t need.*

*I am free only because
that which I need is liberty.*

*I must be free to love my life
to find in Nature all that’s right -
to know for sure that all that’s true
is bound together in me and you.
Yes, it’s found together in me and you.*

I want to be free – like a little child,
clinging to its Momma’s hand -with a yearning to be wild.
I want to be free – like a little kid,
bouncing on its Daddy’s knee - with no yearning to be hid. ***Refrain.***

I want to be free – like a flowing stream
finding its gentle way - over rocks and things.

I want to be free – like a kite in air
gliding in the sky - without a hint of care. **Refrain.**

I want to be free – like the God I love,
inspiring all - and sharing its Blessed trust.

I want to be free – like an eagle’s wings
swooping through the sky - giving me this song to sing. **Refrain.**

I want to be free – and this is my final verse -
knowing I am fine – for in God I proudly thirst.

I want to be free – to find the love in you -
sharing all we are - bonding together and finding truth. **Refrain.**

GALAXY VIEW OF LIFE

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Oct. 2, 2007

REFRAIN:

***I take a galaxy view of life. I take a galaxy view of me.
I take a galaxy view of you – and that, my friend, is why I’m free.***

I think I’m made out of galaxy dust
from a star from whence the sun did come.

I guess that’s why in the stars I trust;
and it’s why my soul is having so much fun. **Refrain.**

I wonder how my consciousness did arise,
but I know it doesn’t matter much.

As long as my attitude is kind,
I know my life will always be just. **Refrain.**

I think that those who lived before,
before we found the earth is round
lived life like they were sure
that where they stood is the only ground – but **Refrain.**

But now we know a lot more than we did.

We know we’re part of a grand universe;
and if we’re smart, we all will commit
to belong and to reject our former curse. **Refrain.**

Beyond the vast sky, there is no Heaven -
anymore than what we can find here.
Heaven's only forgiving to be forgiven -
as Hell is only living life in fear. **Refrain.**

And when it comes for my time to die,
my soul will continue on its path.
There's no need to fear what's in the tide
because my future will be an extension of my past. **Refrain.**

Though I doubt I will ever leave my precious earth,
I will still be part of the most distant star
because no matter where I may find birth,
it's all the same – be it near or far. **Refrain.**

People think that God can be absent
and they can escape It if they try;
but I think an Infinite God must be present
and that in each of us, It must reside. **Refrain.**

I wonder what will happen to my soul
when it leaves this body it's found this time.
I think wherever it goes, it will know
that wherever it goes, it is Divine. **Refrain (2).**

GO IN PEACE

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s – (though I may have written this originally in about 1974).

REFRAIN:

***Go in peace, my brother. Go in peace, my friend.
Go in peace, my sister – with a love that will never end.***

People are walking around this town, trying to fit their key,
but many of the doors they're tryin – are completely outside themselves.
Passing the first door of self, they never will succeed
to find any door but those – that will eventually lead to hell.
If you want to find the door to peace, turn your key upon yourself.
Look at the world through your own eyes – and make your love felt. **Refrain.**

God did not make us free, just so we should concede.
He did not make us to fit any law completely outside ourselves.
He made us to know and love Him through His creations tree –
to accept Him with gratitude – without any guilt.
If you want to find the door to peace, turn your key completely inward.
The door to God is through your heart – and joy will be your reward. **Refrain.**

Christ said to deny yourself, but from yourself, don't turn away.
You still are your own best friend – so don't lack in self respect.
You should deny yourself by helping others find the light of day,
but don't deny others as self denial – and say with God you connect.
If you want to find the door to peace, give yourself as a friend.
There's nothing better than the gift of self – the gift of your own hand. **Refrain.**

People are walking around this world, missing that they're Divine
and act like they are lost fools, wandering in the night.
If God is truly Infinite, then God must be in you and me,
and that would make us all members of God's wondrous Divinity.
If you want to find the door to peace, know All as God's friends.
Then you'll find the love of All – Divinely easy to the end. **Refrain (2).**

*Note: The previous verse – written on 4/18/2006 - is really intended to be
an alternative for a previous 3rd verse – which was itself a replacement for an
initial 3rd verse (written, I think, in 1974 or so); however it can be either
a new 3rd verse – or a simply a 4th verse.
FWB.*

GOD

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 2001

Let me offer you some thoughts about God –
One Which I have always found dear.
We all have thoughts – and these are only mine.
Let me make that perfectly clear.

For me, God is not a person in a body like that of man.
It's only a Presence.
God is not a person with heart and head and hands.
It's only an Essence.

For me, God is an Essence, a Beingness,
but not a being that moves from place to place.
God is the Energy in All that gives us each
a chance to have a face.

God is not a judge of that created.
It's only the Force of and within Creation.
God is in All – always has and always will be.
That thought should cause us jubilation.

If man is damned, he damns himself
by thinking he can lose the Divinity he calls God.
If woman is damned, she damns herself
by acting like she is holier than clod.

Clod or dirt has as much of God as any person or beast –
and all are made of sand.
God is in the sand as mysterious energy
that forms that which we call the land.

But be it land or sea, God is there –
and in the air and all about.
There is no place where God is not.
For sure, about that, we should have no doubt.

All should shout and proclaim joy
as life is blessed because God is there.
God is there and here – in you and me –
in all that is; so, let us care.

Let us care about the life we have
and embrace it as a gift for a gift it is.
We know not how it came – or how it will go;
but we can know it's right and show it with a kiss.

GOING NOWHERE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Feb. 27, 1999.

REFRAIN:

***I'm going nowhere – no matter where I go.
I'm going nowhere – no matter who I know.
I'm going nowhere – we're the same – you and me – cause where I go,
I'm still the same ole me.***

I used to think I had to travel this whole world wide
to find the love I need – to find peace of mind.
But now I find that's all I need is the me that's in this room –
For knowing me as a reflection of God puts love into bloom. ***Refrain.***

People think they have to go into someone else's arms –
to find the love they need to bring out all their charms.
But what they don't realize is all they need is their eyes -
For looking back at them in mirror is God's own sunrise. *Refrain.*

I wonder why it is that people can look up into the sky
and see only clouds and miss God near and wide.
For God must be in everything, in everything we see.
In everything that is is Precious God and Blessed Divinity. *Refrain.*

FINISH:

*You're going nowhere – no matter where you go.
You're going nowhere – no matter who you know.
You're going nowhere – we're the same – me and you.
You're going nowhere – cause where you go, you're still the same ole you.*

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING!

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
April 28, 2006

REFRAIN:

*Ah, Great day in the morning!
'Tis a wonder that I see.
Ah, Great day in the morning -
to see the likes of me!*

I'm no different than anyone else,
but I'm as fine as anyone.
My God has blessed me with so much.
How can I not be one of fun.
I look at myself and I say, Wow!
What a wonderful sight!
A smile appears across my face
and my heart leaps in delight. *Refrain.*

I stand in front of a mirror and look
at the miracle looking back.
And I say, My God, I love you so.
Thanks for all of that!
I think the key to loving life
is not to lord, but to accept.
I should be thankful for my life
and say thank you for the gift. *Refrain.*

I take delight in thinking that
I am just the same as you.
You are with me if I love me
and between us, love does bloom.
So, My Friend, here's my pledge:
Here's looking delightfully at me.
If I get me right, it's your gain.
and no better gift can there be. **Refrain.**

Yes, the greatest gift I can give
is to love in me, my flame.
Then you will see, God's in you
because we're just the same. **Refrain.**

Final REFRAIN (3 Times)
Ah, Great day in the morning!
Our love is shining through.
Ah, Great day in the morning -
to like the likes of you!

HAIL TO THE PEOPLE OF POWELL

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written July, 2003

REFRAIN:
Hail to the people of Powell, for a lifetime that's been great.
Hail to the people of Powell, known as the Garden Spot of the state.

Listen, my friends, and I will tell you, a tale of my youth.
I grew up in Powell, Wyoming – and there began to know the truth. **Refrain.**

Let me continue the tale of my childhood, with attendance in the Powell schools.
My second home there was the library – where I began to learn the meaning of cool.
Refrain.

When you've had as great a lifetime, as I did way back then,
you can always hear children singing – though it may only be the wind. **Refrain.**

Whatever I learned in my youth in Powell, I've taken with me wherever I've gone.
No matter where I live in the world – Powell, Wyoming will always be my home.
Refrain (a few times).

HARMONY

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Oct. 13-14, 2008

REFRAIN:

*I believe in harmony –
everything that is, bonded together, as one, you see.
I believe that's the way it should be, for me.
Yes, I believe in harmony.*

I don't pretend to understand life –
from a beetle to a bee to a human being.
I look at a bird and I feel delight –
and I'm caught up within the mystery.
I wonder how a bird survives the cold
when it's bitter freezing and the snow is deep.
Yet survival of the bird teaches me to be bold.
If it can survive, then why not me? **Refrain.**

I think that if I could be a rose,
I'd wonder just how I came to be;
but I don't suppose I'd ever know
anymore than I'd know if I were a tree.
I look at a dandelion – and it makes me smile
and I wonder what it's like to be one of those;
but as I wonder, I pledge no guile
and to be grateful for the dandelion and the rose. **Refrain.**

I see myself grazing with some deer
and running wild with some antelope.
Being part of all of that makes it clear
that none of life should be disposed.
I watch an eagle glide high overhead
and I feel like I am standing on its wings.
That eagle and I will soon be dead,
but we will both arise for another fling. **Refrain.**

The choice is yours as the choice is mine.
It's up to each to go their own way.
You can choose anger to make you blind
and make some an enemy that you hate.
But I choose to see all as friends.
I do not yearn to mingle with fire.
I do not need to make amends
because friendship is always my desire (attire). **Refrain (3).**

HEAVEN AND EARTH COME TOGETHER

(From my audio cassette album *I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE*)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

REFRAIN: (Male/Female Duet)

Heaven and earth come together in my baby's mind.

Heaven and earth come together in my baby's smile. (sighs)

Heaven and earth come together in my baby's mind.

Heaven and earth come together in my baby's smile. (sighs).

(Note: Originally I wrote the above refrain to say "between my baby's thighs."

Later, I changed it to say "in my baby's smile" which is recorded in

MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE as "sighs.")

Male:

When I'm loving you, Dear, I'm loving more than you -
I'm loving the ground and the blue.
And when I'm kissing your breasts,
I'm doing it for the rest of all the world and even God too.

Female:

And, yes, Sweetheart, when I'm holding you close,
I'm also letting you go.
And when our lips do meet,
there's nothing more sweet – and love in the world does grow.

Refrain.

BRIDGE: (Duet)

Look over there, Dear, can you see the moon rise?

Can you feel my love with the tide?

*Are you looking this way, as the night becomes day,
and the sun relieves the moon in the sky?*

Refrain.

Female:

Look over here, Dear, at the gleam in my eyes, and at my curves as they complete.
God made me this way, and I'm not just clay, and I'm love from head to feet.

Male:

Look over here, Dear, at the gleam in my eyes, and the strength in my body lines.
There's nothing so dear as a man without fear who gives himself as if God's pride.

Refrain.

Duet:

When I'm loving you, Dear, I'm loving more than you –
I'm loving the ground and the blue.
And when I'm kissing you, Dear,
I'm doing it for the rest of all the world and even God too.

Heaven and earth come together. Heaven and earth come together.
Heaven and earth come together in my baby's mind.
Heaven and earth come together. Heaven and earth come together.
Heaven and earth come together in my baby's sighs.
Heaven and earth come together in my baby's mind.
Heaven and earth come together in my baby's sighs.

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Dec. 3rd, 2011

REFRAIN:

*Hello, Everybody, it's time to smile.
Hello, Everybody, your time's worth while.
Hello, Everybody, know you are a mystery.
Whether you're a boy or a girl,
you're a son of Divinity.*

When I look out a window
to see a tree leafed in green,
I become aware
of a greater truth that is unseen.
All that's in that lovely tree
is also found in me.
The tree & I are one
as we both share eternity. **Refrain.**

When I look up into the sky,
I see a sun shining bright;
and I become aware
that all's dependent upon the light.
All that's found upon
our wonderful, plentiful earth
depends on the light of the sun
for its very birth. **Refrain.**

When I look out into space,
I'm sure no end can be;
and I realize that all must be
lost within Infinity.
No one can know where it ends -
anymore than where it begins.
Just be happy you're part of it all -
and to that, just say, Amen. **Refrain.**

When I look into the future,
I see that same ole tree
that is in my present now
and shares my mystery;
and I know the tree & I
will go forward as we've done,
knowing that we are among
Life's blessed sons. **Refrain (2).**

ENDING:

***Yes, whether you're a boy or a girl,
you're a son of Divinity.
Whether you're a boy or a girl,
you're a son of Divinity.***

HELLO, MY LOVE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written September 2, 2005

(A true story from a real walk in the park)

REFRAIN:

***Hello, My Love, it's good to see you.
Hello, My Love, it's good to be.
Hello, My Love, it's good to know you.
Hello, My Love, let's be free.***

As I was walking in a park one day, I passed a walking lady,
holding a bundle to her chest.
Then I peeked in and saw a little baby
feeding oh so gently at her breast. **Refrain.**

I asked the walking lady about the child that she held.
Smiling, she thanked me for my care.
I can't tell you the good feeling that I felt,
knowing that life is ours to share. **Refrain.**

She told me it is Lilly when I asked the baby's name.
Cheering, I told her that it fit.
Then we parted and went our separate ways,
giving me a memory I won't forget. **Refrain.**

Repeat 1st verse – then Refrain (3).

HOW CAN I BE BORED

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s

REFRAIN:

***How can I be bored with my life, my friends?
How can I be bored when Nature's goodness never ends?
Why should I deny the many fruits of time?
How can I be bored with my life, my friends?***

This is a simple little song with a simple little melody.
It's not Brahms or Mozart or Henry Mancini.
But it tells what in my soul like they have never done.
And it tells what I love – like the cricket and creek and evening and the sun. **Refrain.**

When I look into the mirror and see Nature's body true,
I can't help but want to give it all to you.
As Nature's givin to us – each and every one -
what bores us all is that we fail to give and pass our gifts along. **Refrain.**

To find gentle love, we must give of our life with pride.
That's the golden rule and it always will apply.
You can't measure wealth by how much you can control.
With all your money, you'll still be bored.
What's worse, you'll lose your soul. **Refrain.**

HOW CAN LOVE SURVIVE?

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

*How can love survive?
In this world that we live in,
where there's very little givin,
how can love survive?*

Oh, to look upon the human race – and to see such a dirty, dirty face.
Why, oh why, do we keep this pace – of listening to the lies of the disgraced? **Refrain.**

Oh, when I see so many steeples – who are all claiming to be His keepers!
Ten percent of what you make during the week, Sir.
Now, go my friend. Your soul is clean. Be at peace, Sir. **Refrain.**

What more can I say of our condition? Will our sins be allowed into remission?
Why must we continue to ask permission –
to be at peace with Mother Nature and her legions? **Refrain.**
I ask again, how can love survive?

I AIN'T GOT ME

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Oct. 12, 2009

REFRAIN:

*I got Buddha.
I got Moses.
I got Mohammed – to begin with, you see.
I got Peter – pretending Jesus,
but what I ain't got, I ain't got me.*

People live their entire lives,
placing their confidence in someone else.
They think those others will take them to Heaven,
but where they all end is more like Hell. **Refrain.**

Oh, Peter, why could you not hear
what your friend, Jesus, told you so plain?
He said that to know him is to know yourself
if you know yourself without shame. **Refrain.**

The key to finding happiness in life
is to know that all are equally good.
If you think another is better than you
then you do not know yourself as you should. **Refrain.**

So, my friends, take off your clothes
and know that you need no disguise.
Bow to no one, hold up your head
and quietly tell yourself, I am Divine. **Refrain.**

I AM DIVINE

(From my “opera” called SUMMER TOWN)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written March 30, 2005 (and later added to a revised *SUMMER TOWN* in 2005.)

I’m like a star in the heavens. I’m like a sun in the sky.
I’m like a star in the heavens – because I am Divine.
You’re like a star in the heavens. You’re like a sun in the sky.
You’re like a star in the heavens – because you are Divine.

REFRAIN:

*Who knows what the life of mystery is – who knows, who knows?
Who knows what the mystery of life is – who knows, who knows,
who knows, who knows – who knows, who knows?*

I’m like a deer in a meadow. I’m like an eagle flying high.
I’m like a deer in a meadow – because I am Divine.
You’re like a deer in a meadow. You’re like an eagle flying high.
You’re like a deer in the meadow – because you are Divine. **Refrain.**

I’m like a horse on the prairie. I’m like an angel riding high.
I’m like a horse on the prairie – because I am Divine.
You’re like a horse on the prairie. You’re like an angel riding high.
You’re like a horse on the prairie – because you are Divine. **Refrain.**

I’m like a man in a garden. I’m like a lady in Paradise.
I’m like a man in a garden – because I am Divine.
You’re like a man in a garden. You’re like a lady in Paradise.
You’re like a man in a garden – because you are Divine. **Refrain.**

I’m like a parent holding hands. I’m like a child running wild.
I’m like a parent holding hands – because I am Divine.
You’re like a parent holding hands. You’re like a child running wild.
You’re like a parent holding hands – because you are Divine. **Refrain.**

I'm like a star in the heavens. I'm like a sun in the sky.
I'm like a star in the heavens – because I am Divine.
I'm like a star in the heavens. I'm like a sun in the sky.
I'm like a star in the heavens – because I am Divine.
I'm like a star in the heavens – because I am Divine.
I'm like a star in the heavens – because I am Divine.

I AM THE WORLD

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Sept. 3, 2007

REFRAIN:

***I am the world – and the world is me.
I am the world – because the world's in me.
All that's in the world – is also in me.
I am the world – and that world is free.***

People wonder about the world
and they wonder about creation.
I wonder about it too,
but I wonder with jubilation. ***Refrain.***

I look at a little flower
and watch it blooming bright.
And I know I am a reflection
of that flower in the light. ***Refrain.***

I watch the snow blowing
and the leaves falling to the ground.
And I know that eventually
that's where I'll be found. ***Refrain.***

But in a spring, I'll return
from the seeds of my last life.
That's why it's so important
to get my life right. ***Refrain.***

BRIDGE: (Only a slight variation from a regular verse).

***Pick up a stone and there I am
and there you are too.
Because the stuff of stones
make up our bones
and make our blood too. Refrain.***

The world will never end
and neither will you or I.
It's mysterious as it's eternal.
It's material as it's Divine. *Refrain.*

Wherever the world may be
and wherever I might trod,
I can only find creation;
within creation, I'll find God. *Refrain (2).*

ENDING:

*I am the world – and that world is free.
I am the world – and that world is free.*

I BELIEVE IN INDEPENDENCE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written June, 2005 (A Poem)

I believe in independence, especially from law.
I believe in independence, starting with my thoughts.
I believe in independence because we are all the same.
All you have I do too. So, let us celebrate our fame.

People think they need one another for that which they lack,
but in truth, no one lacks that which all others have.
It is a game people of power play to get us to agree
to join with them in some ploy and give up being free.

Just look at the lonely and see how they complain when alone.
That's because they pay no attention to the beauty that they own.
No one is an island. We all share the same humanity.
There is nothing that you have that is not also found in me.

It is also the very same way for each of our souls.
We are the same and all have to attend the same rules
but the rule of the soul is that each should be free
of other souls who try to control and refuse them liberty.

Souls are born into bodies to practice what they believe.
The body is only a lab by which we can use to see –
to see what we might be doing to other souls if we could.
The wise soul will not treat self or others as a piece of wood.

Wood is something that humans use to build and to mold,
but it is dead, not alive, unlike a soul created to be bold.
When people use others as if they were only blocks of stone,
then light turns to darkness and souls in their bodies moan.

So, let us one and all, pledge to see ourselves as whole,
having all the beauty of our Creator in ourselves alone.
Let us know of our true worth and then let us all commence
to never let others keep us from loving our independence.

I believe in independence, especially from law.
I believe in independence, starting with my thoughts.
I believe in independence because we are all the same.
All you have I do too. So, let us celebrate our fame.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'LL BE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written April 8th, 2005

REFRAIN:

*I don't know where I'll be – this time next year.
I don't know where I'll be – I may be outa here.
I don't know where I'll be – with someone or alone,
but one thing's for sure – my heart will be home.*

I may just pack and leave – there's nothing keeping me.
I've insisted all my life – my soul must be free.
I try to love everything in life – make everything a friend.
So, no matter where I go – there's friends at every bend. ***Refrain.***

It's kind a fun to think about – my soul entering this world.
It must have been wonderful – choosing to be a boy or a girl.
I'm delighted to be what I chose – but I could have chosen otherwise,
and, if, in fact, life chose for me – I'm having a great life. ***Refrain.***

When time comes for my soul – to leave the body I have loved,
it will be fun to say hello – and reach for the stars up above.
It should not matter where I am – if peace follows where I go.
The wonder will continue – and friends I'll always know. ***Refrain.***

I ONCE KNEW A MAN

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written April, 1990 (A Poem or Song)

(while sitting on an Atlantic Ocean beach at Savannah Ga., pondering Dad.)

I once knew a man who walked upon this land -
and oh, what a man he was to me.
I once knew a man who was as simple as he could be
and he taught me to be, like he.
I once knew a man who took me in his hands
and taught me that all souls should be free;
but now that man has gone, though his soul lingers on,
and memories of him come and go like the tide of a sea.

I once knew a man who walked upon this land -
and oh, what a light he has been.
I once knew a man who was good for those he loved
and he guided me to seek to understand.
I once knew a man who struggled all his life
to be an example to the children that he had;
and now I'm proud to say, his life was no waste;
for I still love today – the man I call Dad.

Memories of him go on, like ducks on a moonlit pond;
and they comfort me in times of need.
He was like a flower on a hill,
a gentle breeze through a windowsill.
He was, and always will, be to me poetry.

I once knew a man who walked upon this land -
and oh, what a man he was to me.
I once knew a man who was as simple as he could be
and he taught me to be, like he.
I once knew a man who took me in his hands
and taught me that all souls should be free;
but now that man has gone, though his soul lingers on,
and memories of him come and go like the tide of a sea.

IF I COULD TALK WITH GOD

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written December 8, 2008

REFRAIN:

*If God would speak to me – I think that it would be
that I would hear exactly – what I want to believe.
If I believe that God is just – and will punish those I oppose,
then that's what I will hear – and what I will suppose.
If I believe that God is good – and belongs to everyone,
then that's what I will hear – that everyone's God's son.
If God would speak to me – I think that it would be
that I would hear exactly – what I want to believe.*

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:

My son, I'm within you.
Be aware of that when you pray.
He'd say: My presence must be mystery
because the Infinite is not for you to understand;
but that presence is your Divinity;
and that's to say, I'm holding your hand.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:

Because everything is equal in My sight,
nothing can be favored in any way.
He'd say: Look at anything, My child
and be impressed with all the majesty
that you see all the while
and know that it's all of My Divinity.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:

My son, I am with you
every night and day;
but I am not only with you –
I'm with everyone.
Since I am Infinite, I'm in All –
and everyone (everything) is My son.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:

If you doubt that I am Infinite,
just look out into space.
If you can find where it all ends,
then it is for you not to believe;
but if you can't find an end, My friend,
be careful not to be deceived.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:
Don't be fooled when others claim
that Heaven is in another place.
He'd say: Heaven is only knowing
that where you are, I am;
and if you can find where I am not,
then Heaven there is not at hand.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:
Because I am in you, My child,
you should not be ashamed.
I think He'd say that everything
in that which we call creation
is blessed of Him because He's there;
and that should cause in us, elation.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:
Be not confused, My child.
Just be glad when you pray.
Say thanks for the life you have
because it's generous beyond expression.
I hear Him saying, if you do that,
then you will always be in Heaven.

Repeat Refrain.

ISN'T LIFE GRAND, BABE?

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Dec 27 – 28, 2010

REFRAIN:

***Isn't life grand, Babe?
Yes, isn't it grand?
I sing the same songs, Babe,
that I did back then.
Isn't life grand, Babe,
grand right to the end – and beyond?
All I need to do ----- (tone wavers)
is treat life as a friend – and a song.***

There has long been a debate
about how life came to be.
Some think it was by way of chance;
others think it was by Divinity.

Well I think it was a mixture of the two
that best accounts for the truth.
but however it happened, friends,
the result is me and you. **Refrain.**

I think the greatest mistake we make
is that somehow God selects -
when it must be, God's in all
and within all, God must set.
So, whatever is our truth,
one can't be better than another.
Though a bird is not a bee,
both have life as a mother. **Refrain.**

When I look out at life,
I see miracles galore;
and it becomes clear to me
just what I should adore.
It's not any one in life
that should command my respect;
but rather it should be all of life
with which I should connect. **Refrain.**

It is also clear to me
that everything in life does die.
Death is only part of it all -
and to all, it does apply.
Whatever happens after death
must be wonderful
because the miracle of it
extends to one and all. **Refrain.**

Let's not fear what we can't see
because the process is the same.
Life & death continues on
and is our common fate.
Let us know all is well
and let that be our belief.
Life is our common bond;
and our wondrous mystery. **Refrain (at least once).**

IT'S A LOVELY DAY TODAY

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written December 20th, 2008

REFRAIN:

*It's a lovely day today – as I wander all about.
I look at life with wonder – but I wonder without a doubt
that it's all lovely – from the old to the new.
It's a lovely day today – and you are lovely too.*

I thank my lucky stars – for being here with you.
I thank the God that's in them – for the wondrous moon.
I thank the earth for the dirt – that makes up your flesh and bones.
I thank you, dear, for being here – in this wondrous home. **Refrain.**

The time is now to appreciate - the mystery of life.
There's no better time than now – to embrace what's right.
And what is right is all there is – because all is Divine.
And that includes you, my friend, for your soul of light. **Refrain.**

I'd like you to be my darling – and share with me today.
I'd like you to know, my friend – my love in every way.
But all you need to know that love – is first to love the one that's you.
Since we are the same, to love yourself – is to love me in truth. **Refrain.**

So, come along with me, my dear – and share with me what's yours.
Because what is yours is mine – underneath our sparkling stars.
We all own the world that's here – because that world belongs to us.
We are children of a single God – and in each other, we should trust. **Refrain.**
**Repeat first verse – conclude with several refrains – ending with
three repeats of the last line of that refrain.**

IT'S CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Dec. 16, 2004
Fourth & fifth verses added March 9, 2009

**Note: The following song (hymn) is based on my interpretation of the
1st of 5 verses of THE GOSPEL OF MARY (Magdalene).
If it seems to offer a different Jesus, I think it does.
To each, his or her own, but think of how sad it is
to think we may have missed the real instruction and message of Jesus
all through the years? "Power" through another**

is missing from the following version of Jesus.
Each of us must ask, why has *power* through Christ
rather than *Personal Virtue* through his teachings
been the stalwart of Christianity? Then ask, which tale is right?

REFRAIN:

*It's Christmas every day. It's Christmas every night
when you learn to love the truth Jesus brought with his light.
It's Christmas all through the year if you live without fear.
It's Christmas every season if you live within reason.
It's Christmas every day. It's Christmas every night
when you learn to love the wisdom Jesus brought with his sight.*

Jesus was asked about sin. He said there's no such thing -
except when you create it with improper mingling.
I think mingling is sinful if you think you need another
to make of you a child of God, a sister or a brother.
No one needs another for life to be sanctified.
Everything is holy because it's filled with the Divine. **Refrain.**

Jesus said you become sick and die because you love what deceives you.
You think your life is not right and you follow after fools.
You think you cannot be a Christ because another told you so
but a Christ is only one who knows that life is good to know.
A Christ cannot act in shame because a Christ knows she's Divine
and a Christ is only one who lives according to that light. **Refrain.**

Jesus said we should be encouraged by the wonder of all life.
Do not be discouraged by loving that which causes strife.
He said, be encouraged by the diversity in Nature
and know that you are equal to all of that with equal measure.
Whoever has ears to hear, let it be for that one exciting
to know that all of life should be seen as inviting. **Refrain.**

Jesus commented about Heaven. He said, do not be fooled
if someone claims it's here or there or available through a school.
Heaven is everywhere because it's everywhere God is.
God is in everything – and in nothing can there be sin.
We sin when we fail with each other to realize
that each life is holy and filled with the Divine. **Refrain.**

Jesus commented about law. He said, do not establish it.
Look only for the *child of humanity* within you and follow that.
Those who seek it will find it – it's the good news of the Kingdom.
If you think that humanity itself is sinful, you will only find conundrum.
He said, lay down no other rule than this that I have given.
Laws only bind and do not free. Only to my rule, pay attention. **Refrain.**

Finish with repeat of last of *Refrain*:

It's Christmas every day. It's Christmas every night
when you learn to love the wisdom Jesus brought with his sight.

It's Christmas every day. It's Christmas every night
when you learn to love the wisdom Jesus brought with his sight,
when you learn to love the wisdom Jesus brought with his sight,
when you learn to love the wisdom Jesus brought with his sight.

I'LL PUT ON A DRESS TONIGHT
(From my "opera" called SUMMER TOWN)
(By a Young Lady)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

I'll put on a dress tonight – and my boy friend and I will go to town.
I'll put on a dress tonight – but why do men have to act like clowns?

They say we're living in a land that's free – but if I were to go without
they'd point their fingers, cry insanity – but the real insane are among their crowd.

I'll put on a dress tonight – and I'll try to enjoy,
but no one will know my true life – and many will tease like I am their toy.

Oh, what dress should I put on – the red one or maybe the green?
It won't matter to my boy friend – he'd prefer to see the one who is me.
But I'll put on a dress tonight – and I'll go in a disguise.
I'll put on a dress tonight – and go a stranger in the night.

Why, I wonder, don't people want to know – who they really are?
Why must they hide in shadows – and compete in darkness and in war?

I'll put on a dress tonight – because the world is afraid
of all that's good and lovely – and of all that God has made.

I'll put on a dress tonight – and my boy friend and I will go to town,
but I can't help but cry a little – why must men act like clowns?

I'LL SING MY SONG

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Feb. 5, 2006

REFRAIN:

*I'll sing my song in the evening.
I'll sing my song in the day.
I'll sing my song as I go along;
and as I sing, I'll find my way.*

Now some look at life – like a battlefield,
but I look at life – like a song.
I do not see a battle – between good and evil;
rather a struggle – between right and wrong. **Refrain.**

Some look at life – like a warrior's place,
but I look at life – like a tune.
I do not see myself - as having to save face;
rather only finding – the truth to croon. **Refrain.**

Many look at life – like it must be what they say,
but I look at life – like a verse.
I do not see myself – as having to obey,
but only being true – to the self that's first. **Refrain.**

Others look at life – like it's less than ideal,
but I look at life – like a hymn.
I do not see myself – as having to deal,
but only being gracious – to stay away from sin. **Refrain.**

I'M A FREE SOUL

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written August 6-8, 2009

REFRAIN:

*I'm a free soul. It's easy to be.
All I need to do – is know I belong to everything.
I'm a free soul - wandering where I will,
knowing all life is right
and in that knowledge, being fulfilled.*

They ask me why in this world
I seem to get along
with everyone – and seem to be always
singing a happy song. **Refrain.**

I ask why do others
not get along in this life.
I think it's because others
do not see all life as right. **Refrain.**

How can anyone be truly free
who sees life as a pain –
and believes no one is good
and all should be constrained? **Refrain.**

Love is not something, my Friend
that can be restricted to a few.
It's something you offer everyone
because everyone's the same as you. **Refrain.**

Jesus lived a long time ago
and taught that Heaven is at hand.
That's because Heaven's only knowing
that God is where I stand. **Refrain.**

All I need is to look about me
and the evidence is all around.
Wherever there's children playing,
it's where my heart is found. **Refrain.**

The key to being free, I think,
is to know that you belong.
With that in mind, let me repeat
the message of this song. **Refrain (several times).**

I'M A HAPPY SOUL

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written December 18, 2008

REFRAIN:

*I'm a happy soul – it's easy to be.
I just keep a smile on my face – embracing the one that is me.
I'm a happy soul – I try to greet everyone I meet,
thinking that each of us is Divine and each of us must be complete.*

Of course, it's to each his own,
but what makes me a happy one
is to know that somehow, I am Divine
and wonderfully a Divine son.
What keeps me happy is to realize
that you must share my Divinity.
More than anything else,
those are the notions that keep me free. **Refrain.**

When I look out into the sky,
I can't imagine there can be an end;
and somehow that leads me to believe
that all of us should be friends.
How can there be more of what's endless
in the farthest galaxy?
But if it's all the same, then that tells me,
that the same should be free. **Refrain.**

People live their entire lives
wondering where is God;
but if there is no end,
everywhere should find God in applause.
How can God be more where I am
than where you are, my friend?
So relax, and be aware,
Heaven must be where you stand. **Refrain (several times).**

I'M A WEALTHY PERSON

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written July 17, 2007

REFRAIN:

I'm a wealthy person – because I think that life is grand.
I'm a wealthy person – because I like what I am.
I'm a wealthy person – because I keep aware that God's inside.
I'm a wealthy person – because in life itself, I take pride.

Wealth can come in many forms, material and otherwise;
but no matter how it comes, it depends upon the mind.
I feel sorry for all of those who need a mansion to get by
because for them, wealth is so very hard to realize. **Refrain.**

So many think they need to own material to be a king.
They think the more they control, the more they can sing.
They think it's true for them, but it's sure not true for me.
I find the more I control - the less I am free. **Refrain.**

I admit I do not have much, but I've as much as I need;
and that makes me about as wealthy as anyone can be.
Wealth is not determined by what you have you see,
but rather what you have, compared to what you think you need. **Refrain.**

The one who is poor, then, but lacks greed for more
is far wealthier than the rich man who thinks he is poor.
No one needs to lack for wealth who loves life as it is;
for such a one is always filled and is incapable of sin. **Refrain.**

I think that sin is only greed, demanding more than you find;
and only those can sin who are dissatisfied in mind.
So, why not join with me and find life as is complete?
Virtue will be your companion, as happy is your fate. **Refrain.**

I'm not saying that we should not be open to different ways.
I'm only saying that we should be pleased with the day.
Find pleasure in what is and adventure in what you see,
but don't neglect the present, for the future may never be. **Refrain.**

I'M PART OF IT

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

Look at the little bunny – hoppin down the lane,
twitchin its nose and lookin for love and seein me on the way.
Look at the little chick, peckin at the ground,
finding the grains of wheat that make it grow so sound.
Look at the little kittin, purring on my lap,
finding joy in all it does and never finding lack.
Look at the little puppy, jumping about for joy,
sucking on its mama's tit and tagging behind the boy.

REFRAIN:

*No, friends, I'm not above it. God didn't make me to be a summit.
I'm just one of all the gang. I want to be found within the range.
Yes, friends, I'm part of it – not better or worse, but equal to it.
Why should I leave God's friends behind.
All life is God's and God's all life.*

Look at the older rabbit, squatting on its heels,
nibblin away at the carrot, amidst banana peels.
Look at that ole rooster – a cock that is so proud
as he struts around the yard as if it is his town.

Look at that ole cat, set in all its ways,
growing more independent as it sleeps the days away.

Look at that ole dog, still waggin its tail,
still lickin its friends and growlin at those it hates. **Refrain.**

Look at the little bunny, hoppin down the lane,
twitchin its nose and looking for love and seeing me on the way.

I'M WONDERING

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written May 13, 2006

REFRAIN:

I'm wondering about the world.

I'm wondering about time.

*I'm wondering about God –
how it makes us all Divine.*

I'm wondering about life.

I'm caught up in its mystery.

*I'm wondering about myself –
and little ole thee.*

I want to be small – not have to reach so high.
I believe I'm in God – in the middle of the Divine.
I think we're all the same. We're all swimming in Divinity.
Let us all be bold – embrace our wonderful mystery. **Refrain.**

No one is alone – because we're all one in God.
Let us celebrate – our mystery with our applause.
It's fine to wonder – but let's not stop believing
that all life is grand – worthy of embracing. **Refrain.**

So, come, my friend – and realize your worth.
Let's share what's Divine – on this great planet, Earth.
Yes, I want to be small – not have to reach so high.
I believe I'm in God – in the middle of the Divine. **Refrain.**

FINISH:

*I'm wondering about myself –
and little ole thee.
Yes, I'm wondering about myself –
and little ole thee.*

I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming

Written May 22, 2004. (On the way home from my Mother's funeral.)

REFRAIN:

*I've got a bone to pick with you, my friend. I've got a bone to pick with you.
I've got a bone to pick with you, my friend. I've got a bone to pick with you.*

I've got a bone to pick with you, my friend. I do not think you know my end.
You say that I am going to hell - if I don't listen to what you tell.
I've got a bone to pick with you.
You say you think you know the Christ – and have the right to wield his might.
You dare to use the sign of the cross – to make yourself my own boss.
I've got a bone to pick with you. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

Christ did not die for you to think – you have the right to make me think
just like you do or go to hell. You have no right to urge a spell.
I've got a bone to pick with you.
You claim Paul as your righteous leader - but he didn't know Christ any better than Peter.
Jesus said his rule is not of this world - but Peter & Paul still want to rule the girls.
I've got a bone to pick with you. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

You say you know Jesus as a friend – and that you will follow him to the end,
but you won't listen to what he said – or attend to the reason his blood was shed.
I have a bone to pick with you.
Christ only died cause he could not wield – in his own defense cause he could not kill.
Yet you think you rule with the cross of Christ –
when your rule is only with power & might.
I have a bone to pick with you. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

Well, maybe it's time we listened to – the Christ that was and not the few
who think that the way of the cross is might – and that somehow rule justifies all strife.
I have a bone to pick with you.
Christ did not come to bind and rope. The one I know led to give me hope
that if I treat all alike – with love & compassion, I could be a Christ.
I have a bone to pick with you. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

The Kingdom of Jesus is not a place – as much as it is a state of grace.
To know Jesus is to be kind to all – to black or white or short or tall.
I have a bone to pick with you.
It's not who you know that matters, friend –
but what you know that will form your trends.
And it's the trends in your heart that will make – all you do and love your own fate.
I have a bone to pick with you. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

For Jesus, there was neither Jew nor Greek – anymore than there was slave or priest.
The only slavery that hurts any soul – is the slavery to arrogance that makes one foul.
I have a bone to pick with you.
So, get on with your life and know – that nothing you do is only for show.
Because what you do is what you are – and only you can change it, be you near or far.
I have a bone to pick with you. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

No matter how I'm dressed or clothed – it only matters that I know
that all of life is good and fine – because God being in it makes it Divine.
I have a bone to pick with you. **Refrain (several times if desired).**

JESUS IS MY WAY

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written November 27, 2008

Note: Phrases in parentheses are spoken. The rest is sung.

Jesus is my way – but not my lord.
Jesus – for me – represents the word;
but the word is “nothing's evil because everything is pure.”
(because, God, as Infinite, must be in everything,
making everything pure)
Jesus is my way – but not my lord.

Jesus is my way – but not my lord.
Jesus – for me – is all I can afford.
All I can afford is to be kind to all that's in this world.
(because kindness is its own reward).
Jesus is my way – but not my lord.

Jesus is my way – but not my lord.
Jesus – for me – is Heaven on this earth;
but Heaven is only knowing the Divine is in the dirt.
(In the Gospel of Thomas, Jesus says,
***The Kingdom of the Father is spread upon the earth –
but men do not see it.***)
Jesus is my way – but not my lord.

Jesus is my way – but not my lord.
Jesus – for me – is Heaven beyond this birth;
but Heaven beyond this birth is only extending Heaven here on earth.
(Assuming, of course, that I know Heaven on earth).
Jesus is my way – but not my lord.

Repeat all verses, excluding sayings in parentheses.

JUST WALKIN IN THE SUN

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written June, 2004.

**As a variation of a song by Jim Reeves called “Just Walkin in the Rain.”
Same melody – different verses.**

Just walkin in the sun – taking in the rays –
commending to my heart – the wonder of the day.
Just walkin in the sun – embracing all the good –
loving everything – in God’s great brotherhood.
People come to windows – they all look at me –
still shake their heads, but smile – saying who can this guy be?
Just walking in the sun – thinking dear of you –
hoping that you’re fine – and that you’re happy too.

KISS ME

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written April 14, 2006

REFRAIN:

***Kiss me here and kiss me there.
Kiss me, kiss me – everywhere.
Kiss me where it pleases thee.
Kiss me and enjoy my Divinity.***

God said to Adam, go to sleep
and when he awoke, there was Eve.
Eve looked at Adam and winked at him
and said come here, Honey - there is no sin. ***Refrain.***

The way I see it, it’s this way.
God’s in All, be it night or day.
When you touch me, you touch God.
So come to me – for my applause. ***Refrain.***

I think many souls have it wrong
who think that God's not in this song.
If God is Infinite, it has to be
that Dear One must be in me. *Refrain.*

If it's true, God is in my flesh
then my soul should be refreshed.
Soul and body are so Divine
It's just like grapes turning into wine. *Refrain.*

So come and sip my wine with me.
Taste, Sweetheart, my Divinity.
Put your lips where you want to go
and you will find what you want to know. *Refrain.*

But, gentle, gentle – don't be harsh.
You're not sloggin through some marsh.
There's no need for whips and chains.
Just kiss me, kiss me, and kiss me again. *Refrain.*

LAUGHING WITH THE INFINITE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written May 11, 2006

REFRAIN:
*I'm laughing with The Infinite
because The Infinite is me.
I'm crying with The Infinite
because The Infinite's in me.
I'm wondering about The Infinite
as I am wondering about you.
And I'm hoping that you're wondering
about The Infinite too.*

It's easy to be intimate – with something inside of you.
It's easy to be intimate – with that that's loving you. *Refrain.*

It's hard to be distant – with something inside of you.
It's hard to be a stranger – with that that's loving you. *Refrain.*

It's nice to be a friend – with something a friend to you.
It's nice to be wed – with something that is true. *Refrain.*

The Infinite is a mystery – but quite easy to understand.
If it's everywhere – it must be where I stand. *Refrain.*

So, come along with me – and let's share the mystery
and find that we're sharing – that which we call Divinity. *Refrain.*

Yes, it's easy to be intimate – with something inside of you.
It's easy to be intimate – with that that's loving you. *Refrain (3).*

LEO'S MOUNTAIN

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written July 1, 2009

Dedicated to the memory of my Dad, whose name was *Leo*.

REFRAIN:

*I'm standing here on Leo's Mountain.
On Leo's Mountain, I'm learning to care.
I'm standing here on Leo's Mountain;
and Leo's Mountain is standing here.*

I'm standing here on Leo's Mountain.
I'm pondering life's grand mystery.
I delight in all I see around me;
and I have little doubt of my Divinity. *Refrain.*

I'm standing here on Leo's Mountain.
I'm watching the birds flying in the sky.
I'm so glad I can be among them
and learn that all I need to do is try. *Refrain.*

I'm standing here on Leo's Mountain.
I'm talking to God and I'm wondering why
people don't realize we're all God's children.
Why is there between us such a great divide? *Refrain.*

**What you may ask is Leo's Mountain?
It is where a lion becomes like a lamb.
It is where all anger is forgotten.
It's where the meek meet to understand. *Refrain.***

I'm standing here on Leo's Mountain;
and I'm calling from here to all mankind.
Let's give up our fears and embrace in kindness
because, in fact, we are all Divine. *Refrain.*

FINISH: (Repeat last verse:)
*I'm standing here on Leo's Mountain;
and I'm calling from here to all mankind.
Let's give up our fears and embrace in kindness
because, in fact, we are all Divine. Refrain (twice).*

LET THE CHILDREN LOVE

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

*Throw away the whip that's on the wall – let the children love.
To keep our world strong for all – let the children love.
Young and old, together, should follow – let the children love.
Adults and children, together, should mellow – let the children love.*

You should love your fellow man – that's what he said so long ago.
Then he began writing in the sand – no one was left he could know.
It seems to me we better correct – this situation in our time.
If we don't, we may wake up, someday, to find our world on fire. **Refrain.**

To help our kids love as adults - they must be taught from the start.
How can we expect them not to fault – if we take them from their heart?
The lives of our children, too – have sensations yearning flight.
They don't belong within a zoo – with bars to later keep them tight.
Refrain (Several times).

Let the children love.

LET THE GEYSER WITHIN YOU GO

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

*Let the geyser within you go. Please discount all shame.
Let the geyser within you go – so I won't know your pain.*

Nature provides a lesson. It's so clear to see.
Get rid of all your tension – to let lose of misery.

There's a wonder called 'Old Faithful', It erupts every hour.
Let's all be like 'Old Faithful' – keep our lives from going sour. **Refrain.**

BRIDGE:

*If Old Faithful did not blow as often as she does,
Earthquakes we would know from the tension under the crust. Refrain.*

It is best to be hot or cold. Don't simmer within regrets.
Your life is yours to hold if your tension you'll forget.
So follow after Old Faithful in the land of Yellowstone.
Let us all be grateful – for the lesson of her moans. **Refrain (twice).**

LET'S GET STARTED

(From my "opera" called SUMMER TOWN)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s. Fourth verse added 4/29/2009.

REFRAIN:

*Let's get started to see a new world.
Let us look each other in the eye.
Let's get started to be a new world.
Let's find God. He's not so high – He's only sublime.*

If God is in everything, then He's not just above us.
He's inside and outside the ring – So please tell me, what's the fuss?
Refrain.

If God is in everyone, why listen to a preacher
who sees a daughter less than a son – and claims he is a teacher?
Refrain.

If God is in the sand and leaves, why look for Him in a book,
a book that claims to part the seas – and drown like rats ones claimed as crooks?
Refrain.

If God is in my heart and hands, It's also in my feet and toes
because God must be in every part of me – and in every part of me – God I can know.

ENDING:

*Let's find God. He's not so high. He's only sublime.
He's not so high. He's only sublime.
He's not so high. He's only sublime.*

LET'S LOOK AT EACH OTHER DIFFERENTLY (A Duet)
(From my "opera" called SUMMER TOWN)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

MALE:

Let's look at each other differently with a whole new respect.
Sure, we have genitals, but why should we object?
Genitals are only muscles – they're not so mysterious.
Touch them and they extend, but why make it serious?
We treat sex like a thrill and isolate ourselves with our act.
We don't stand with the world – belong only to the human pack.
And then we run away and hide and God we accuse.
You shouldn't have made us that way, we say, and His grace we refuse.
Let's look at each other differently with a whole new respect.
Let's join the stars and seas and with Creation, let's connect.
Let's enjoy what we are – genitals and all.
Then we won't be so weak and won't with Adam fall.
Come on, is it so hard to see each other differently?
I'm not alone. I'm like all men. Enjoy the world that's in me.

FEMALE:

Let's look at each other differently with a whole new respect.
It's time we had a new vision – and new values, let's select.
The old one isn't good, I agree – it divides the world in two
and puts on one side all that's good and on the other, evil crews.
As a lady, I am tired of being measured by my breasts.
Why can't I be a woman without passing a ratings test?
And as a man you shouldn't care about the size of your penis.
It's just a muscle, as you say, and it doesn't measure genius.
Let's look at each other differently with a whole new respect.
We could really fall in love because our natures we'd accept.
And then when we'd act together – sexually, socially, spiritually or otherwise,
we wouldn't be strangers to the world – we'd need no disguise.
Our ebbs and flows wouldn't be restricted within our flesh.
We'd truly be one with the world and with everything enmesh.

MALE: Let's look at each other differently

FEMALE: with a whole new respect.

MALE: I am ready.

FEMALE: I am too.

BOTH: Let's take the first step.

MALE: I'll take my clothes off, for good, my good.

FEMALE: And I'll do the same.

BOTH: We'll stand so proud with our eyes aloft
and we'll give our souls a raise.
MALE: Oh, birds, can you see? Come fly in real close.
FEMALE: We'd like to aspire on your wings to become holy ghosts.
MALE: Well, My Friend, I think that this is Paradise.
FEMALE: But only if we act as pure and welcome our own sight.
MALE: Let's look at each other differently – Oh, yes, let's do.
FEMALE: Feel free, My Love, to look at me – and I will look at you.

LIFE!

A poem

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written October 19th, 2011

As Jesus said very long ago,
as we sow, we will reap.
Judgment is really only continuing
all we choose to believe.
If I choose to believe
Life is full of junk and sin,
then that's how I will carry on
and how my life will likely end.

And how one life ends,
the next will start the same.
If I end a life in shame,
then shame will be my next state.
It's *all* up to me
how I choose to live and go;
and it's *all* up to me
just what I want to know.

As for me, I have chosen
to see *all* life as good
because I believe
all are of a great brotherhood.
My God exists in *all*
and that makes us *all* the same;
and that leads me to believe
that *all* creation's great.

That is how I define
this thing we call Life.
It is *not at all* complicated
if I simply open my eyes.
As long as I remain grateful
for my lovely humanity,
my *Lives* will *always* be full
throughout eternity.
Or so I Believe!

LIFE IS A GIFT

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written June 9, 2011

Note: I wrote the Refrain and first two verses of this walking to Burger King in Laramie, Wyoming. While at Burger King, I encountered a young mother holding a bundle in her arms. In that bundle was a 1 month old baby named Victoria. After looking at Victoria, I proceeded to my booth and wrote the third verse. So, let me dedicate this song to little Vickie and all the mothers & babies in the world.

REFRAIN:

*Life is a gift, My Friend.
There's no need to moan.
At least in my opinion, that is so.
I like to treat my wonderful body
that my soul does own
like it's a gift from God & Love –
and not a loan.*

Who should treat a gift
like they are (they're) ashamed of it?
Who should treat a gift
like it is full of sin?
Who should treat a gift
like it's a bomb in disguise?
Let's all celebrate our lives
by praising them with delight. *Refrain.*

I wonder why it is
we've seen life as wrong
when it should be so clear
to any singing this song
that life has always been
right for animals & plants.
So, Let us humans follow
that same worthy path. **Refrain.**

I didn't make my life
and neither, Friend, did you.
Just think back to your birth
and you can know the truth.
All life comes from another
and that makes all life a gift.
So, let us all be thankful
as we live and let live. **Refrain (several times).**

LIFT YOUR SPIRITS HIGH

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

***You gotta lift your spirits high – no matter what happens.
You gotta lift your spirits high – and let your facades die.
Be vulnerable to your lover – and others do not despise.
Be kind to your neighbor – and watch your spirits rise.***

It's they who've caused the human plight who've had no doubt that they were right.
How wrong we are to assume we're God – or claim the right to wield His rod.
When you're low and feeling down – forget about the talk of town.
Dream what you will, feel what you dream – and if it helps, spread on whipped cream.
Refrain.

When you find in life, the tide's recessed – and you seem a stranger to all the rest,
never mind, it will all soon be behind – and you'll find friends of your own kind.
The pendulum swings, and life does too – from ecstasy to the dreaded blues.
Hold on, my friend, hold on with pride. Say thanks for the tears for you have eyes.
Refrain.

Life is walking a tight rope. Today, it's yes. Tomorrow, it's no.
How do you do, Francis the mule, Yes, your Honor, I swear it's true.
One moment you're the greatest friend they've had –
the next you're their greatest handicap.
Who can say who you should be. That's up to you to decide – not me. *Refrain (2).*

Be kind to your neighbor – and watch your spirits rise.

LIKE A BIRD IN THE HEAVENS

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

(Written on a walk to my friend, Emmett's, apt in Doraville, Ga.

from my apt. in Atlanta.)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

*Like a bird in the heavens, I'm free to be.
Like a bird in the heavens, I can fly to thee.
Like a bird in the heavens, I'm in love, you see;
for love is just being me.*

Look at the little birds. See how they fall?
In seconds, they learn about flight.
There's a lesson so clear. It should bring a tear.
Man's still at war with his fears of the night. *Refrain.*

BRIDGE:

*Oh, how I love all the birds of the air –
no less than I love ole sister Moon.
So, please don't blame me if I follow their lead –
and act like the whole world is my living room.*

I don't need a servant - tending my needs.
I don't need the world feeling sorry for me.
I don't need your glasses - to let me see.
Just set me free – to be little me. *Refrain, followed by Bridge.*

**(Then repeat "I don't need a servant" verse,
concluding with *Refrain* twice.)**

LITTLE DONNIE BENSEN

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written May 19, 2007

Little Donnie Bensen grew up as a child – loving the wild.

Older Donald Bensen still loves that child.

Little Donnie Bensen grew up in years.

Older Donald Bensen still lives without fear.

And both of the Bensens will go on as one.

Donnie and Donald, you both have won.

And both of the Bensens will go on as one.

Donnie and Donald, you both have won.

Little Donnie Bensen loved being a child – and mixing with dirt.

Older Donald Bensen still loves that squirt.

Little Donnie Bensen liked being free.

Older Donald Bensen still loves the trees.

And both of the Bensens will go on as one.

Donnie and Donald, you both have won.

And both of the Bensens will go on as one.

Donnie and Donald, you both have won.

Little Donnie Bensen will always be a child – and will never grow up.

Older Donald Bensen still loves that pup.

Little Donnie Bensen sees God everywhere.

Older Donald Bensen still loves to care.

And both of the Bensens will go on as one.

Donnie and Donald, you both have won.

And both of the Bensens will go on as one.

Donnie and Donald, you both have won.

LIVING IN A ROUND WORLD

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Oct. 8, 2007

REFRAIN:

I'm living in a round world – where the truth should be plain.

I'm living in a round world – where there should be no shame.

*I'm living in a round world – a child of the universe;
and, my friend, I shouldn't be living – under a flat world curse.*

Does it matter if the Earth is flat or round?

Well, I think it does.

The shape of things may well astound
and tell us all so much. **Refrain (tho, it can be delayed too).**

If the Earth is flat, then there's an up
as well as a below.

and mankind can look for help
where none can be bestowed. **Refrain (though it can delayed too).**

If the Earth is round, then there's no up
and neither is there a below
and mankind can find what's just
by looking inside to know. **Refrain.**

If the Earth is not the base of life,
then it's just out there like the rest;
and we can find ourselves alive

by knowing there is no best. **Refrain (though it can be delayed too).**

The universe will teach us
if we will listen
that equality is a must
to maintain celebration. **Refrain.**

So, let the mystery of life go on
as we ponder what we are;
but let us know our Earth is round

and is as gallant as the stars. **Refrain (though it can be delayed too).**

Heaven is not some other place.

It can only be found in mind.

It's knowing that the state of grace
belongs to all mankind. **Refrain. (2 or 3 times).**

LONG, LONG WAY TO GO

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 5/11/2010 – 5/19/2010

REFRAIN 1:

***I may have a long, long way to go,
but that way must be paved with what I know.
It's all so very clear – that my destiny is near,
though I may have a long, long way to go.***

People think the future is distant
and removed from their command,
but, in truth, the future is only
one moment away from at hand. *Refrain 1.*

Though the details of life may vary,
the basic truth remains the same.
I'll wake up to be tomorrow
the same soul that I am today. *Refrain 1.*

The one thing that's sure about life
is the one who survives will be me.
I'll take me along wherever I go;
and where I'm going is eternity. *Refrain 1.*

Let those who are listening to this tale
know they are as precious as they can be.
Like a bird flying in the heavens,
know that you were born to be free.

REFRAIN 2:

*You may have a long, long way to go,
but that way must be paved with what you know.
It's all so very clear – that your destiny is near,
though you may have a long, long way to go.*

LOOK YONDER

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Jan. 24, 1981 (A Poem)

**(while looking at some pictures, including one of my youngest daughter, Melissa,
at age of 2, with clouds in the background – and another of birds flying in front of
the sun.)**

Look yonder – there – just beyond the cloud.
Can you see it? Does it make you feel as proud
as you can be because it shows the way
for us to go and where perhaps should start the gray?

Look yonder – there – just beyond the child's head
where clouds of white and skies of blue melt in shreds
and make it look like life should be
a mixture of sorrow and joy and fight and peace.

Look yonder – can you see just beyond the ray of light -
three birds flying, with two in front and the other close behind?
It seems they have burst forth from the light from which they came;
and yet as three are one, none are quite the same.

Look yonder – as the sun is going down –
the reflection upon the water, the silence of the sound.
Why is it that we insist on being apart from this
and carry on as strangers in this possible land of bliss?

Look yonder – the time is near when you will have no eyes to see –
when your soul will leave your body and your death will end your dream.
The time is now to command your fate and choose who you will be.
The choice is yours to start right now the beginning of eternity.

LOOKING FOR A NEW ME

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written May, 2005.

REFRAIN:

*I am looking for a new me, but where will I find it.
I am looking for a new me, but where will it be?
I am looking for a new me, but how shall I find it
if I don't begin being happy with me.*

Some look at life like a field of power
with others to serve them as their slaves.
They have no meaning all by themselves
and their favorite word in life is "estate."

I look at life like a garden of flowers
with maybe some weeds thrown in too.
Regardless what it is, everything's still a plant
and every plant has its own beauty to view. **Refrain (2).**

Some look at life like they must improve
the nature they find that's so full of sin.
They do not like the lives that they have
and they measure all by a sprint or a win.

I look at life like a chance to find –
to find my own soul in a garden of flesh.
Others are nice, but are less important.
All I need is in me, my soul to refresh. **Refrain (2).**

It doesn't seem to me hard to understand
the key to happiness is a thing called pride.
If you have it now, you will have it later -
and what's in yourself cannot be denied.

I look at life like everything's perfect
and that change is only enjoying it all.
As long as I love everything I am,
I can change completely and still be enthralled. *Refrain (3).*

LOVING EVERYTHING

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written April 13, 2005

REFRAIN:

*I'm loving the day. I'm loving the night.
I'm loving my life with all of my might.
I'm loving the boys. I'm loving the girls.
I'm loving everything in this whole wide world.*

People say, you can't love everyone.
They say, only some are worthy.
But, as I see it, everyone's God son,
and that makes everyone deserving. *Refrain.*

People say, you can't love everything.
They say, only some things are good.
But, as I see it, everything's in God's ring,
and all is a great brotherhood. *Refrain.*

People say, not all is Divine.
They say, there is evil in some.
But, as I see it, if evil I find,
I just haven't looked for love. *Refrain (several times).*

LUCKY ME!

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written September 3rd, 2011

REFRAIN:

*Lucky me – I am in love with myself.
Lucky me – I have no need for help.
Lucky me – as I go forward in this life,
I am among the lucky because of my sight.*

I'm a little island in a sea of good.
I believe that I'm among a great brotherhood.
All I see around me is filled with mystery;
and I'm engulfed within the scope of all Eternity. **Refrain.**

A long, long time ago, Jesus said I should know myself
because he realized self-denial is really hell.
It's foolish to deny that I'm part of everything –
when knowing that I'm part of it all
should make me want to sing. **Refrain.**

And when it comes for me my time to pass along,
hopefully I will pass in peace, singing this very song
because what's in store is only more
of what I will have left behind.
The wonder will continue
and the whole world will still be mine. **Refrain.**

ENDING:

Sing it out, everyone! Then **Refrain** a few times.
Then:
*Yes, I am among the lucky because of my sight.
I am among the lucky because of my sight.*

MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

(Recitation with Refrain)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

RECITATION:

Mother Nature, in all her nakedness,
as the handmaiden of God, bids me to go naked
and submit to being with her.

Let others choose whom they will as their masters,
but I don't think any mastery can compare to that of one who already is.

Nature is already a master and has nothing to learn.

Some choose as masters, students, who, perhaps know even less than they do –
and in serving such a master, never attain mastery themselves.

REFRAIN:

*If you would be master of your own fate, the earth is not the place to be.
Everyone here can only be great if Mother Nature is their queen.*

RECITATION:

So be careful in the choices of your submission.
Everyone who is finite and not God needs to submit.
Let no one deny it. Choose your master carefully.
Love that master with all your soul and all your heart
and all your mind and all your body.
Say, Master, here I am, your servant to become as you
and to love you with everything I am. *Refrain.*

RECITATION

I think it absolutely ironic, Friends,
that everyone here on earth has at their fingertips, the master they seek;
and many walk right on by.
They look for a master from among the students who also come looking
for a master. And they often end up ridiculing and defaming each other.
Stories of mastery are their downfall;
for in looking for a master, they are too eager to believe others who claim
some right of mastery. *Refrain.*

RECITATION:

Submitting as a naked participant of Mother Nature is saying,
I want to belong. I need to belong. Take me, I am yours.
Mother Nature, while I'm in this body of yours, take my hand, lead me on.

Give me sustenance, as I give you submission.
And when I leave here, a soul lifted up from the earth,
I will take you and the memory of you
with me to comfort me all the days of my immortality.
Thank you, Mother Nature.
Thank you for taking me as your servant
and molding me in the process to become my own master.
I love you, Mother Nature. I love you. I love you. **Refrain.**

RECITATION:

And when I go, Mother Nature will wink her eye at me -
and She will say, Old Friend, come again anytime and we'll be your host again.
Send any of your children you will.
It's been nice having you as a guest and a friend.
Goodbye, Friend – and Good Luck. **Refrain (3 times).**

Finish with repeat of: *if Mother Nature is their queen.*

MEET IN THE MIDDLE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Sept. 27, 2000

REFRAIN:

***When two hearts, two minds, two lives – meet in the middle
there's a tale of true love defined.***

***When two hearts, two souls, two loves – meet in the middle,
No one is left behind.***

1. So many times, people join together, and leave their very own space.
They give up themselves, to find another – and end up losing their face.
Refrain.
2. Each of us is, a wonderful mystery, filled with God's good grace.
No one's a loser, who loves that mystery – and runs at their own pace.
Refrain.
3. The tale of true love, is to love yourself, and to give of that to another.
The key to it all, is to treat all the same – and see each as a sister or brother.
Refrain.
4. So many people, think Heaven is distant, and that God is way beyond.
In truth, God is here, and so is Heaven – when the grace of God is the bond.
Refrain.

5. Treating life, like it's only personal, is the worst mistake we can make.
God's not a person. It's a Only a Presence – that makes everything great.

Refrain.

MIRACLES GALORE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming

Written: Refrain: Jan. 3, 2011; Verses: April 8, 2011

REFRAIN:

*There may be miracles beyond this life –
miracles we should see.*

*There may be miracles beyond this life –
miracles for you and me;
but that shouldn't diminish
the miracle of this life
because the same God is residing here;
and if there are miracles galore,
there should be no room for fear.*

When I look up into the sky,
I see wonder everywhere.
I cannot imagine that my God
is not residing there.
If I could, I would sprout wings
and fly up there so high;
and if I could, I know I would
find what is Divine. *Refrain.*

I find myself finding God
when I look at trees & flowers.
I'm amazed how it can be
that I'm part of all that power.
Let me plant a seed today
and watch it grow tomorrow.
Yes, let me spring among such things –
and bypass what is sorrow. *Refrain.*

When I take off all my shame
and play freely in the dirt,
I realize that there is
Heaven here on Earth.
From the dirt all things come,
mixed with light from the Sun.
I'm so proud to be among the crowd
that runs about having fun. *Refrain (several times).*

MY INTENTIONS

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Oct. 27, 2007

REFRAIN:

She asked, what are your intentions?

I said – just to be kind –

I have no reason to act otherwise.

She said that's good, my friend,

because that's all that I desire.

So, come on in and let us build

a nice comfy fire.

Let others speak for themselves.

It's not for me to judge;

but I can tell you what I believe.

I think there's only one emotion

that can set a soul free;

and that is kindness to everyone. **Refrain.**

I have no need for battle.

I have no desire to defeat.

My aim in life is to embrace.

All that I see and know

is full of God's grace.

My life is to know I'm complete. **Refrain.**

My intentions, then, are clear.

At least they are to me.

I'm dedicated to a sense of pure.

If God's in everything,

that should make me sure

that we are all children of Divinity. **Refrain (several times).**

MY SONG OF JESUS

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Feb. 12, 2006

Note: Beyond the Refrain, the following song is intended to list the main lessons that I feel Jesus has taught me. Those lessons are really eight-fold:

1. Heaven is Now because God is Now,
2. Love of others follows true self-love,
3. Ideally, I should be grateful as a child free of imposition naturally is,
4. Heaven is Everywhere because God is Everywhere,
5. I should enjoy the current moment because it is fleeting,
6. To secure the future, conduct the present because as so conducted, it will be,
7. Revenge is useless for a soul in love with life,
8. The wise realize independent worth.

Notice no emphasis on forgiveness. That is because I think that a life well lived results in forgiveness because it is impossible to be grateful and to retain hurt. Forgiveness, for me, is a state of mind that reflects a lack of revenge. With revenge, there is no forgiveness; and with revenge – often confused as justice - neither is there focus on gratitude. All eight lessons can be extracted from the Gospels of the Bible; however, in some way, Gospels banned by Constantine and his Bishops in the 4th Century – like the Gospels of the Apostles, Thomas and Mary Magdalene – enhance the lessons considerably. I do not wish to suggest my eight lessons of Jesus are the only lessons he taught. Rather only, these eight really include all that may be missing. Notice, too, Thou Shalt Not is completely missing. All meaningful virtue is positive, not negative.

REFRAIN:

*Let me tell you - of a man – who walked so long ago.
He still walks - in my heart – and peace from him I know.*

1. Jesus said - look no more - Heaven is at hand.
That means - Heaven must be – right here where I stand.

2. Jesus said - love others – as I love myself.
That means – I must love me first – then share the love that’s felt. **Refrain.**

3. Jesus said – it is best – I imitate a child.
That means – I should be grateful – for all that’s in my file.

4. Jesus said - the kingdom’s within – as well as from without.
That means – quite simply - that God is all about. **Refrain.**

5. Jesus said – my way – should not be one of sorrow.
That means – I should not waste – today to gain tomorrow.

6. Jesus said - the future – just extends how I am.
That means - I will be – what’s now in my command. **Refrain.**

7. Jesus said – be kind to all – no more, an eye for an eye.
That means – revenge is useless – for a soul in love with life.

8. Jesus said - I should live – solitary on this Earth.
That means - I should realize – my independent worth. **Refrain (2).**

NATION OF NATURE

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

***I believe in the nation of Nature. I believe in the call of the wild.
I believe in the nation of Nature. Come join with me and be a child.***

I believe in the land of Russia. I believe in America.
I believe in friendly Germany. I believe in England’s trust.
I believe in Japan and China. I believe in pyramids.
I believe in Argentina, but mostly just in Nature’s mist. **Refrain.**

I don’t believe in praising emperors. I don’t believe in empires.
I don’t believe in kings and queens. I don’t believe that they’re inspired.
I don’t believe in saluting generals. I don’t believe they have the right
to make a man go against his morals – to take a life or suffer might. **Refrain.**

I don’t believe in applauding bishops. I don’t believe in what they claim.
God can’t be the spoiled captain of a crew that has gone astray.
If God is not that spoiled captain, I can’t be His rebel child.
God lives in what He’s created – that’s the nation of my pride. **Refrain.**

NATURE PEOPLE

(Nature Boy-Nature Girl)

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

REFRAIN: (sub with 'girl' if a lady)

*I'm a Nature boy, from the start I say. I'm a Nature boy and I like to play.
I'm a Nature boy from the start I say – and I like to carry on thata way, thata way,
and I like to carry on thata way.*

Give me the grass, give me the green. Give me the mountains and give me the streams.
Give me the sunlight and give me the moon –
and let me frolic among the sand dunes. **Refrain.**

Give me the time to find who I am – to figure the way I'm part of the plan.
Give me the love of a friend by my side –
and a way I can know the real Jesus Christ. **Refrain.**

No man's an island all by himself. No lady's alone in feelings that' felt.
We're all the same in what's important to all.
Let's blend in with Nature and all stand tall. **Refrain.**

You can't take it with you. That's what is said.
In life you may marry, but in death you're not wed.
Well, I don't wish to disagree and confuse, but you'll leave here with your attitude.
Refrain.

We're not alone. Nature's our friend. As God is to Nature, Nature's to man.
Let's not look down on the birds and the bees.
Let's join together and let's all be free. **Refrain.**

Give me the time to find who I am – to figure the way I'm part of the plan.
Give me the love of a friend by my side –
and a way I can know the real Divine life. **Refrain (2).**

ODE TO THE INEXPLICABLE STAIRS

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written May 1, 2002

Note: This poem is in reference to some “inexplicable stairs” found in The Loretto Chapel of Sante Fe, New Mexico. I include it here, but I recommend reviewing an article I wrote called THE SPIRAL STAIRWAY OF SANTE FE for a bit of a personal commentary about those stairs. Suffice it to say here that this spiral stairwell has no apparent support and seems to stand on its own. The mysterious carpenter constructed it in secret and left it in secret. No railings were attached by the original artist, however, later railings were attached because users felt a need. In my opinion, attaching railings modified the work and probably distracts from any “lesson” of life intended by its author. For further expo, see the referenced article.

We are told, it can't be explained –

how the stairs stand all alone.

It can't be done, it is said.

It's like meat without a bone.

When I look at the stairs, I am amazed,

but mostly I see a banister.

The original steps have been betrayed,

hidden from sight as if sinister.

The banister attached to the stairs

is a thing pleasing to the sight,

but what has happened to the steps

has turned confidence into fright.

We should not rule our lives in fear

and fear to take a chance,

but with rails about the steps,

we are led to refuse to dance.

Take down the rails and let us see

the steps left by an old gray-haired man,

and then maybe we will learn

just what he wanted us to understand.

It is said the stairwell is a miracle,
and of that I have no doubt,
but no more a miracle than you or me.

About that truth, we should shout.

So, let us listen to him who made them
and go up his stairs to the choir loft,
there to sing about all of life,
finally aware of what we've lost.

I'm sure the man who made it says,
you can stand like my stairwell,
going here and going there,
alone and self-reliant, by yourself.

Let me finish now with my little ode
to the inexplicable stairs,
by saying thanks to the one who made them,
to the old man with the gray hair.

Let us stand together on his steps
as they parade around and round,
knowing that as we go,
praise for God and Life will abound.

ODE TO THE WIND

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written May 9, 2006

REFRAIN:

*Clouds are in my eyes. The wind is in my face.
The birds are flying high. They seem so full of grace.
The wind is my friend. It blows the clouds around.
I'm wondering as I stand - where tomorrow I'll be found.*

Oh, what is the mystery of life?
Won't you tell me what it is?
They tell me the secrets of the night
are found just blowing in the wind.

I'm wondering as I stand upon this hill
what are the secrets of my soul?
I think I'll keep going on until
the wind tells me what I want to know. **Refrain.**

As I stand here beneath the stars above,
my mind just keeps on asking why.
I know that the answers I can love
are found in the wind and the sky.

I'm hoping as the wind blows so free,
it will tell me what I want to know.
And I think that it's telling me
my friend, just be grateful for the show. **Refrain.**

I ask my friend, the wind, where is God;
and it tells me to look all around.
It tells me to look there because
there's no place where God can't be found. **Refrain (2).**

OH, DEATH!

A Funeral Song

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written July 19, 2006

Oh, Death, take me by the hand.
Oh, Death, help me to understand.
Oh, Death, I know through your open door
I will be free to be me forever more.

Oh, Life, I see you in the trees.
Oh, Life, each Spring, your trees turn green.
Oh, Life, is there such a thing as death –
for when we die, we find another breath.

Oh, Love, my choice of you decides.
Oh, Love, by you, I will abide.
Oh, Love, with you I am one
with what I choose to be as I continue on.

Oh, Fate, I have you in my control.
Oh, Fate, you cannot depress my soul.
Oh, Fate, I know I cannot be
different than I am when life returns in me.

Oh, Time, I thank you for this chance.
Oh, Time, with you, my soul will dance.
Oh, Time, you are such a friend to me –
and when you're done, my virtue will succeed.

Oh, God, my heart goes out to You.
Oh, God, my love for You is true.
Oh, God, I see you in everything –
and that's what makes this soul want to sing.

Oh, Death, take me by the hand.
Oh, Death, help me to understand.
Oh, Death, I know through your open door
I will be free to be me forever more.
Yes, I will be free to be me forever more.
So, don't weep for me – for I am free – forever more.

ONCE UPON A TIME – THERE WAS A NATION

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written July 13, 2004 (A Poem)

Once upon a time, there was a nation – that believed its people were free.
Once upon a time, there was a nation – that claimed to believe in liberty.
But somewhere along the line, that nation – became confused and lost its dream.
For fear of losing freedom on the mainland, it began to make war across the seas.

Once upon a time, there was a people – who believed only in independence.
Once upon a time, there was a people – who stood tall and without arrogance.
But somewhere along the line, that people, became confused and lost their drive
and became instead ones to become dependent on foreign reserves for their lives.

Once upon a time, there was a union – that believed without union, all would be wrong.
Once upon a time, there was a union – that believed with consensus, all could be strong.
But somewhere along the line, that union, became confused and lost its dedication
and became instead a divider of nations, unwilling to listen to the world of nations.

But that nation and that people and that union can return to its principles of old.
It doesn't have to continue to make war to make peace – or to depend on foreign gold.
In the next election, let us vote for those who respect the necessity of independence
by depending only on ourselves, standing on our own two feet and using common sense.

That is not to say that we shouldn't be willing to lend a helping hand in foreign lands.
It's only to say we must first be strong with what we have before extending our hands.
Surely, it should be clear that depending on foreign fuel to make the American engine run
only makes a few industrialists rich and makes the rest of us dependent on their guns.

There is a war now going on, taking lives and maiming bodies on both sides of the fence.
The bottom line is that peace could have worked if we had only been independent.
I believe that depending on foreign oil has clouded our ability to make rational decisions.
We claim we war to free a people, but our need for oil is what really forms our vision.

If ever we are to turn that around and allow for a stronger and less dependent tomorrow,
we must again rely on our own reserves. To do less will only extend the sorrow.
Where there's a will, there's a way, but if that will is to depend upon another
then true strength disappears when that other goes and all begin to smother.

We can get back to the independence that was once ours, but only if we realize
that some industrialist's desire to make a fortune in foreign lands has blinded enterprise.
We cannot do anything for the greater world if we are not strong at home.
So for a stronger tomorrow, more independent and free, in November,
let's be aware and vote.

ONE WITH THE BREEZE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 5/12/2010 – 5/21/2010

REFRAIN:

*I'm gonna review thought of all kind
so I can make up my own mind.
I'm gonna open my eyes so I can realize
all the gifts of Divinity.
I'm gonna love it all and be enthralled
as I walk among the trees;
and I'm gonna be one with the breeze.*

When I was a kid, I liked school a lot
because I liked to learn.
For one like me, there was no better friend
than the written word. – ***and so I said: Refrain.***

When I grew up, I still yearned for ideas
just as I had in my youth.
But ideas are good only if they lead to wisdom
and to the real truth. – ***so: Refrain.***

If you will then, let me offer this advise,
your mind is your best friend.
Trust that it will make the right decisions
if you offer it a proper blend.

MODIFIED REFRAIN:

*You need to review thought of all kind
so you can make up your own mind.
You need to open your eyes so you can realize
all the gifts of Divinity.
You need to love it all and be enthralled
as you walk among the trees;
and you need to be one with the breeze.*

Now, I'm older. I've reviewed much thought
and I have found my own way.
Life's much simpler than I was taught
in my younger days.

FINAL REFRAIN:

*I've reviewed thought of all kind;
and I have made up my own mind.
I have opened my eyes and have realized
all the gifts of Divinity.
I have loved it all and have been enthralled
as I've walked among the trees;
and I have been one with the breeze.*

OPEN UP THE DOORS

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written March 8, 2006

REFRAIN:

*Open up the doors – and let the people in.
Open up the doors – and let the people in.
They've been shut out for far too long.
Open up the doors – and let them sing their song.*

I wonder why it is – people tend to think
that God - is outside of them.
It'd make the average person – want to sink, not swim,
for feelings - of being lost in sin. **Refrain.**

I wonder how it is – people don't tend to think
that God - is inside of all.
It cannot be different – if He's Infinite
and belongs - to all, both short and tall. **Refrain.**

While you wonder – don't forget to thank
the Divinity - within you.
The mystery will continue – no matter the venue
Just beware – and you'll find the truth. **Refrain.**

Jesus said to Thomas – know what's in your sight
and what's hidden – will be light.
The truth's in the natural – open your eyes.
Embrace it – for it's all Divine. **Refrain (several times).**

OUT IN THE OPEN

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written April 8, 2011

REFRAIN 1:

*Out in the open – it's the best way to find God.
Out in the open – truth does not depend upon applause.
Out in the open – no devil can exist.
Out in the open – there's no room for sin.*

Well, my friends, I'm no guru,
but I don't think I need to be.
When I simply look at life,
it's all I need to be free.
Let others read lots of books
if they believe that will help;
but I think that if that's all they know,
what they know will be more like Hell. *Refrain 1.*

I'm told I should fear Satan
and I say, why should I?
It's clear Satan can't exist
when I'm standing beneath a sky.
Just look out as far as you can see
and all devils disappear.
So just keep looking outward
and you'll never need to fear. *Refrain 1.*

I learned long time ago,
back when I was a child,
that the only truth anyone needs
is found in the wild.
To the degree, I can be
one with the deer and antelope
is the same degree I can find peace
and that wonderful thing called hope. *Refrain 1.*

I think it's good to know
that we're all the same.
I don't need you and you don't need me
to share a common fate.
The truth we both need
is out there in the universe.
Just become one with the All –
and let that be what we rehearse. *Refrain 1.*

And when I die what will happen
to this thing I call my soul?
It will just continue on
on the merry path I know.
Wherever my souls goes,
it will stay among the stars.
Freedom's only belonging to All
whether that All is near or far. **Refrain 1.**

REFRAIN 2 (several times):
Out in the open – it's my favorite phrase.
Out in the open – it lets my nights look to day.
Out in the open – it's the way I want to go.
Out in the open – it's the best way to know.

PASSING THROUGH

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written March 2, 2011.

Modified slightly on April 5th, 2011

**A song inspired by the name of a play of the same name
but with a different theme – presented in Laramie in March/April of 2011 -
written by Laramie seniors, Mary Jean Honeycutt & Susan McGraw.**

I'm just passing through this life.
It's the way I want to go.
It's best to keep moving on.
That's by far the better show.
I like to take time each day
to reflect upon the truth;
and the truth I find is we're all Divine;
and that includes me and you.

I'm just passing through this life –
and what a life it is.
I'm caught up with seeing miracles
and I have no time for sin.
Sin, I think, is seeing dark
where only light exists.
Look at the sun and know you're one
of creation's wonderful list.

I'm just passing through this life
keeping my eye on the prize.
The prize I find is life itself.
There's nothing better to realize.
Some think that life needs saved,
but I wonder how that can be
if all I know is a wonderful show
and is filled with Divinity.

I'm just passing through this life,
taking in all the sights,
listening to lots of songs of love
and knowing all life is right.
I like to be amazed as I go
and be a grateful one.
Life's a gift, giving my soul a lift
as I go about having fun.

I'm just passing through this life –
as Jesus says, being a passerby.
The truth is that God's in all;
and nothing should be despised.
If I were to meet Jesus on the street,
he'd tell me to be free.
He'd say, my friend, there is no end
of life's precious Divinity.

I'm just passing through this life.
I have no desire to be grim.
I want to watch the clouds go by
and to enjoy being Nature's whim.
Life is far too precious
to pay attention to neglect.
Let me live like there's nothing to forgive
as I go forward with respect.

I'm just passing through this life.
It's like going round and round.
There are no corners to get caught
if everywhere God is found.
I don't quite understand
why so many fail to see
that life's a toy all should enjoy
as we live and love in liberty.

PARADISE, PARADISE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written March 31, 2006

REFRAIN:

*Paradise, Paradise – it seems so right to me.
Paradise, Paradise – can you tell me what it would be?
It's easy, My Friend, to comprehend.
It's Innocence, Simplicity, and Integrity.*

If God's outside, we must seek to please,
but if inside, we must be pleased.
It depends upon where we place our God
that determines how we will tread. **Refrain.**

Innocence means not to impose,
not just to not be imposed upon.
It's treating everyone like they're Divine
regardless of any wrong. **Refrain.**

Simplicity means I should act the same,
regardless of who is around.
It's regarding the Nature of which I'm a part,
like no shame in it can be found. **Refrain.**

Integrity means I'm Part of a Whole
that is Blessed completely throughout.
If the Whole is Holy, so is each Part,
and the Whole is filled with God now. **Refrain.**

So with these three wonderful qualities,
Paradise is given birth.
It shouldn't matter where I am.
So, why can't there be Paradise on Earth? **Refrain (3).**

PEACE ON EARTH

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written July 31, 2007

REFRAIN:

*There can be peace on earth – for all the world to see.
There can be peace on earth – but it must begin with me.
There'll be peace on earth – when we all see Divinity.
But there can be no peace – without me.*

What is peace, my friends?
It's knowing that you belong
and it's knowing that we're all the same.
That is peace, my friends
as we're singing in this song;
and it's not holding anyone to blame. *Refrain.*

What is peace, my friends?
It's loving what we are
and it's knowing that all life is a gift.
That is peace, my friends
and if we're ever to stop war,
we must believe that all life is blessed. *Refrain.*

What is peace, my friends?
It's failure to hold a grudge
and it's forgiving to be forgiven.
That is peace, my friends
and it's the only way to nudge
our way into that lovely state of Heaven. *Refrain.*

Repeat *Refrain* a few more times.

PRAYER OF A PRIEST

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1963 (A Poem)

Oh Lord, let all weakness from us disband
and grant us strength from your loving hand.
We stand before you and in hope implore
we may all be one in you forever more.

We servants here present before you pray
that we be worthy to light the way -
to strive for peace and to never cease
thanking you for calling us to be your priests.

In order to prepare for this delight
we beseech your guidance and your sight,
Your kind embrace so that you may gain
our lives in obedience without complaint.

PRESIDENTIAL DIRECTIVE
(TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES, MR. PRESIDENT)
(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

INTRO:

*Take off your clothes, Mr. President. Take off your clothes and smile.
Take off your clothes, Mr. President. Lead us down the isle.*

John Quincy Adams was an able man.
He was the President of this great land.
He loved to skinny dip down at the creek.
Even as President, this practice never ceased.
Early in the morning, before the sun did rise,
he'd leave his clothes on the bank and in the creek would dive.
He said there was nothing like the freedom that he felt,
altho to almost no one his story did he tell.
One early morning, John went dipping in the nude.
He left his pants on the bank, along with his shoes.
And in the darkness, he went swimming in the stream.
A prankster took away his clothes and never more was seen.
The President was surprised when he swam back to the bank;
and he found his clothes missing, along with the prank.
Hiding in the bushes, he stopped a passerby,
who brought him extra clothes from his house that was nearby.

REFRAIN:

*Take off your clothes, Mr. President. Take off your clothes and smile.
Take off your clothes, Mr. President. Lead us down the isle.
Take off your clothes, Mr. President. Take off your clothes, First Lady of the land.
Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes
and lead us by the hand.
Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes
and be a truthful man.*

Now, it's too bad, John didn't take the chance,
to use this opportunity to reveal his private stance.
There was absolutely nothing he should have had to hide.
Someone took his clothes – he was walking back with pride.
Who knows, he could have changed the course of history
and presidents who followed could have joined him in that stream.
Today we could all be free and nakedness espouse
if John Quincy had gone nude in the White House.

Now, hopefully the lesson of John Quincy has been heard.
He lost his chance to change the world not passing the word.
If he loved the nude so much, he should have admitted it to the world
and proudly said, follow me, my belief I will unfurl.
Instead he kept to himself and shrank back in shame
and in the course of history, a footnote he became.
If John Quincy had gone nude when he had the chance,
Hitler, Stalin, and Roosevelt may have followed in his path. *Refrain.*
(Repeat last 4 lines of *Refrain.*)

PUT A SMILE IN YOUR EYES

(Inspired by a thought from Mary Jean Honeycutt –
Director of a seniors singing group in Laramie called “The Melodees.”
She told us to “put a smile in our eyes” when we sing a happy song.)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 12/17/2010

REFRAIN:

Put a smile in your eyes – when you walk through this world.
Put a smile in your eyes – say hello to all the boys and girls.
Put a smile in your eyes – never hesitate to laugh.
Put a smile in your eyes – forget the ills of the past.
Put a smile in your eyes – just think of life as great.
Put a smile in your eyes – there’s no need for hate.
Put a smile in your eyes – know yourself as fine.
Put a smile in your eyes – because you are Divine.

Just think of yourself as Adam
or if you are a girl, you are Eve.
You have a chance to get it right
if only you’ll believe.
It only takes a step
to head in the right direction.
All you need to do
is to find the right connection. *Refrain.*

It was a long long time ago
Michelangelo carved his David
to share his vision with the world
how he saw life as splendid.
Michelangelo led the way
for all of us to follow.
Look at his David, friends
and become one with that fellow. *Refrain.*

One thing does remain though,
Michelangelo's David needs to smile.
No one really enjoys his life
who lacks a twinkle in his eyes.
So, our friend, David, listen here -
we will add ourselves to you.
Our lives will imitate your art
and together we'll find the truth. **Refrain.**

So, thank you, Michelangelo
for your insight of the past.
It's time we left old sins behind
and learned how to laugh.
We should take our lives seriously,
as children of our God,
saying thank you for the gift of life
while ourselves we applaud. **Refrain (several times).**

RAMBLING ONE

**(Inspired by a comment from a friend, Joe Edgar. Joe said I like to ramble
a lot when I write. It's true. I do.)**

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written November 6-7, 2009

REFRAIN:

*I'm a rambling one. It's what I've always done.
I ramble on and on – as I sing my song.
I think it will be – just that way for me -
I'll keep on rambling – for all eternity.
Yes, I'm a rambling one – and I'll keep on rambling on
till this life on earth is done – and another one has begun.
Yes, I think it will be – always that way for me.
I'll keep on rambling – for all eternity.*

I think the key for loving life
is to know that it's Divine.
It doesn't matter if it's raining –
or if there is sunshine.
No matter where I am,
no matter where I may go,
I'll always find life is fine
because it's *wonder* that I know. **Refrain.**

I think the key for finding peace
is to love the singular in me –
to know that I belong as free
to a *wondrous* humanity.
I think each of us should delight
in what we find in our life –
to know that what we are
are just little beams of light. **Refrain.**

My main desire in this life
is to be grateful for the gift –
to embrace my life joyfully
every day that I live.
But, my friends, I'm not alone.
You're the same as me.
We all share the gift of life
and its *wonderous* (wondrous) mystery. **Refrain.**

Final REFRAIN: (Because, rambling is really “wondering”)
I'm a wondering one. It's what I've always done.
I wonder on and on – as I sing my song.
I think it will be – just that way for me -
I'll keep on wondering – for all eternity.
Yes, I'm a wondering one – and I'll keep on wondering on
till this life on earth is done – and another one has begun.
Yes, I think it will be – always that way for me.
I'll keep on wondering – for all eternity.

ROAD TO PEACE

(From my audio cassette album I call FEELING FREE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1983. Modified somewhat on May 4th, 2009. (A Poem)

All the armies that have ever marched have marched in a uniform.
Many of the plights that have plagued mankind
have plagued it for the clothes it has worn.
Without a loin cloth around the waist,
man is powerless to defame.
Men know this and that's why
their greatest ally is shame.
They build instead churches
that resound the message for their perceived impotence
and they call on God for a crown
to bless them for their resistance.

Satan and shame, shame and Satan –
what difference is there between the two?
For they're both excuses
that let men hide themselves from the truth.
To defeat war, we don't have to worry about the gun.
Remove the lie from around the waist –
and the road to peace will have begun.

RUN WITH THE GAZELLE

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Aug., 1980 (going home to Denver, Co. from Family Reunion in Powell, Wy.)

Note: This song addresses what I think is a traditionally false sense of Jesus by offering that the name some scripture claimed Jesus was to be called by – Immanuel – captures more of what Jesus was really about. Jesus means “savior” and implies that we need saved from a lack of God within us. Immanuel means “God with us” and implies there is no lack of God within. The note is perhaps strictly “philosophical,” but if we had really called Jesus by his true philosophical name, we would today have a much better sense of him, I think. For what it's worth, this song tries to tell that story.

People search from left to right – to find a love that can be might
but more than often live in fright – and lose it in the breeze.
People want to find a friend – that won't leave them in the end,
find a way that Heaven sends – like an eagle to be free.

REFRAIN 1:

*And they clothe themselves in the country. They walk somber in the streets.
They live in the fear of Jesus – and they claim that fear is sweet.*

People have problems seeing themselves – and often try to hide themselves
and seldom come to know themselves when they have the chance.
People think they know the son because they think the Father's one
to make them so they need undone from a devil's trance. **Refrain 1.**

I'm sorry that I have to say – Immanuel wasn't known in his day.
In the name of Jesus, we've had to pay for our blindness to the end.
Immanuel came to set us free – but we nailed him to a tree,
and in a false name, claimed liberty, and chained him as our friend.

The time has come to release that bond – and recognize we're still not strong
in spite of bathing in his pond – for two thousand years.
We've changed the rules of Immanuel from love thy neighbor as thy self
to love the church or go to hell – and our rule is one of fear.

REFRAIN 2:

*I'll run naked in the country. I'll go quiet in the streets.
I'll live in the love of Immanuel – and I'll run with the gazelle.
I'll run naked in the country. I'll go quiet in the streets.
I'll live in the love of Immanuel – and I'll run with the gazelle.
I'll live in the love of Immanuel – and I'll run with the gazelle.*

(This song was also featured in *FEELING FREE*, including this final verse that was not included in *MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE*)

Note: Many of the songs of MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE were also featured in FEELING FREE, though it may not be so noted in this litany of songs.)

Now, there's no sense to tell those – who Jesus has come to know
the meaning of my repose because they're blinded in his sight.
You all can do as you will – follow Jesus or Immanuel,
but don't complain when you see the bill for following the blind. *Refrain 2.*

SENSE OF BELONGING

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written January 15-18, 2009

REFRAIN:

*I've a sense of belonging. Longing is not my verse.
I've a sense of belonging; and I belong to the Universe.
I've a sense of belonging. I've belonged since my birth.
I've a sense of belonging; and I belong to the Universe.*

I'm no different than anyone; but I admit to the truth.
Everyone here is equally dear – regardless of age or youth.
If love is only a sense of belonging, why is it that love we often evade
by deluding ourselves we must seek to belong
when we already belong to what's great? *Refrain.*

We cannot make ourselves great by thinking we're better than sheep or dogs.

If we do fall into that trap, our penalty is a sense we don't belong.

I believe each part is wondrous, as wondrous as the whole
because whatever is in the whole must in each part also rule. *Refrain.*

If I were to meet you in public and you were to slap me in the face,
it would be best for me to walk away and not repeat your mistake.

Today, someone died. Tomorrow, it may be me;
but it's good to keep in mind death does not lessen Divinity. *Refrain.*

So, let us all be strong. There's no need to be weak
because, in fact, we all belong to Creation's Grand University.
Yes, in fact, we all belong to God's Grand University. **Refrain.**

FINAL:

*I've a sense of belonging
and I'll belong even after this birth
because no matter where I may be,
I'll be within the Universe.*

*Yes, I've a sense of belonging
and I'll belong even after this birth
because no matter where I may be,
I'll be within the Universe.*

Yes, I'll be within the Universe.

*There's no escaping it –
I'll always belong – to and within –
the Universe.*

SEVEN, SEVENTEEN, & SEVENTY

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Dec. 25th, 2011

REFRAIN:

(Repeat refrain as often as you choose)

*Seven, seventeen, and seventy,
they are ages I have known;
and I am so very grateful
for all that they have shown.
No matter how old I become
or how young again I may be,
I do believe I will always be
seven, seventeen, & seventy
for all eternity.*

When I was only seven,
I loved to take off my clothes
and body paint with mud
from my head to my toes.
I guess I knew as a little child
that I am part of everything.
Body painting with mud
was only showing that I believed.

When I was seventeen,
not much had changed.
Though my body had matured,
I still retained my childish ways.
I still loved to cast man's clothes aside
and into the hills I would run,
knowing it's only right to be proud
of being God & Nature's son.

When I was seventy,
with spouse and children in arrears,
I was still consumed in the joy
that I'd known through all the years.
I was still that little kid,
within Nature, yearning to be free
to show my soul that I know
all are equal in Divinity.

I'll always be seven,
no matter how old I grow to be.
It makes no sense to me
that seven is less worthy than seventy.
Life should always be a miracle,
no matter what the age.
To treat it the same is the way
I believe of being a sage.

Some think that a child
should be inferior to an adult;
but I think those who think that way
live life like it's at fault.
To separate lives because of age
is to split what's good in two;
but I've found that splitting good
can never lead to the truth.

I've tried to live as an adult
as if I am still a child,
loving the sensual in me
and insisting on no guile.
Sex has been a part of my life
but mostly only to conceive;
and I do believe that is why
my senses have liberated me.

Let others do as they will,
but as for me, it's clear.
I will continue being a little child
for the rest of my wondrous years.

And when I die, I will become
one to start all over again
and body paint with mud
to make of my new life a friend.

SMALL

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1965

Reach up, reach up and clutch the clouds.
So say the people today.
Be smart, be bright -
and break away from the crowd
and you'll find the world
on your silver lined plate.

**But I want to be small
and not have to reach so high.
I want to be small
and give the world my dime.
I want to be small
and be my father's child;
for only if I'm small
will I be tall.**

Be a man, be a giant - and cut down your foe.
So say the people today.
Shoot them, smash them -
keep them off your toes
and you will be master
of your own fate.

**But I want to be small
and let the sun be my stove.
I want to be small
and enjoy the quiet of a grove.
I want to be small
and not overlook my neighbor's cries;
for only if I'm small,
will I be wise.**

Be kind, be yourself - and cling to my hands.
So does my Lord tell me.
Be truthful, be honest -
and obey my commands
and give of yourself
very generously.

**So, I want to be small
and from vain ambition refrain.**

**I want to be small
and brilliance not feign.**

**I want to be small,
letting God be my fate;
for only if I'm small,
will I be great.**

SMALLEST LITTLE ATOM

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

*From the smallest little atom, to the biggest, biggest star,
that's where God is living and He's living where you are.
From the smallest little atom, to the biggest, biggest star,
God is infinitely in everything – and everything's His jar.*

God is more than just spirit. He must be matter too;
for how can it be different if He is all the truth.
The truth is in everything and in nothing can be denied.
So, God must be matter because matter is not a lie. **Refrain.**

God is in the little finger, but He cannot be known there
anymore than He can in Heaven – or in the soul who cares.
God is not to be divided or be sold at highest bid
and he cannot be derided - even by those who sin. **Refrain.**

For God there is no Hell – for He is everywhere;
and those who from God fell – God is still found there.
I'm sorry that we've been told a different theme,
but now let it be said, that tale is from a thief. **Refrain.**

SOCRATES, JESUS, & ME

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written July 7, 2002. Modified a bit May 8th, 2009.

(A Poem; though I have sung it too.)

What is the meaning of life? It's a question we all should ask.
Asking that question and searching for answers should be our greatest task.
It seems to me it's the only way that each of us can be free;
and if you don't believe it, just ask the likes of Socrates, Jesus & me.

Socrates was a questioning gent who lived 400 years before Christ.
He led the way for Jesus, I think, to find his life quite Divine.
He said, question everything, my friend, to find the truths of Divinity;
and I must say that has been the way of Socrates, Jesus & me.

Don't be afraid of life, Jesus would say, take it and cherish it bold.
Don't fear what you can't see – just love all that you can hold.
Know what is in your sight and what's hidden you will see;
and that is the key of knowing life by Socrates, Jesus & me.

If you do not love what you can see, then how can you love what you can't?
Just embrace life for all that it is and ignore those that say, thy shan't.
Life is meant to be lived and known as much as we can allow it to be.
You can know life as much as we – Socrates, Jesus & me.

Life is a mystery and always will be and there's much we can never know,
but as long as we love the mystery, we cannot fail to grow.
Generously question while searching for answers. That's the key to being free.
Enjoy your questioning and your answers as we have - Socrates, Jesus & me.

Be not subdued by the questions for which answers do not come.
Enjoy the rays of light that shine even as you may never understand the sun.
Ask why there is light, but be not discouraged if the answer you never see.
Love life as the gift it is – that's what we know – Socrates, Jesus & me.

I have only a little more to offer and then I will let you go.
Ask what you will, but never allow anyone to dictate what you must know.
Love what you know and also that which you would like so much to see;
and you will be hitching a ride with the likes of Socrates, Jesus & me.

SOLO WALKER (9 Verses)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written April 23, 2007

REFRAIN:

*I'm a solo walker – I even run now and then.
I'm a solo walker – It's a wonderful way for time to spend.*

I think our bodies were made to move
and not just sit around.
It doesn't matter if it's in the country
or if it's in the town. **Refrain (though it can be delayed too).**

If you want your body to take care of you,
you must take care of yourself.
Otherwise, you may find yourself
in a living Hell. **Refrain (though it can be delayed too).**

I believe my soul is in my body
so that it can fulfill
itself through my body
till death my body stills. **Refrain.**

People think you can't be alone
to find the wonder of the world,
but they fail to realize
through yourself the world unfurls. **Refrain (though it can be delayed too).**

Jesus said to Thomas,
become a passersby.
He said to be solitary
to find the meaning of your life. **Refrain (though it can be delayed too).**

To really know yourself
is to know everyone.
That's why being solitary
can be so much fun. **Refrain (though it can be delayed too).**

And by being solitary,
I have to compete
only with myself
to be the best I want to be. **Refrain.**

You see, it's this way –
since God is in everything,
All you need to find God
is to look at anything. **Refrain (though it can be delayed too).**

So, no matter what there is –
a tree or your body that you see,
Just realize that all that is
is filled with Divinity. **Refrain (several times).**

SON OF GOD

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Oct. 28, 2008

REFRAIN:

I am a son of God – and you are too.
Even if you are a girl – we share the same truth. – for male
Even though I am a girl – I share the same truth. – for female
For God is not a father – that belongs to only some.
More correctly, God's a mother – that nourishes everyone.

I don't think God's a moral one.
It's simply the energy for us all.
It's up to each to choose our bonds;
but we'll inherit what we install. **Refrain.**

I can be kind or I can be cruel.
It doesn't matter at all to God;
but it matters to me and I'd be a fool
to choose a path of pain to trod. **Refrain.**

Some think God's a person like us –
outside – to choose what he might like;
but the God I see and the God I trust
is part of all and in all is inside. **Refrain.**

God's not apart as we might believe,
but it's for each of us to realize
that wherever we go and whatever we breathe
is filled with the Divine. **Refrain.**

Some think that there's a Heaven to come.
Well, I'm convinced that is the truth;
but Heaven's only knowing we're all God's sons.
So, I'm in Heaven right now too. **Refrain (2).**

SONG OF MY DIVINE NATURISM

(Recitation with Refrain)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written June 28, 2004. Verses are to be recited.

REFRAIN:

*I'm in love with life and God as if the two are one.
I have no doubt whatever that whatever is – is God's son.
God is the Divine – and Nature is God's Prism.
That's why I call my wondrous belief "Divine Naturism."*

As I watch from a window, I see a cloud go by.
I'm amazed at it all and wonder how it can all be so fine.
As I ponder about the sun and its generous sunshine,
I have no doubt in my mind that all that is – is Divine
It is not only life that has the spark of Divinity, you see.
Even the sand must contain the wondrous mystery.
For life itself springs from the sand – as if therein is the seed.
God is present in it all – just as It is - in you and me. **Refrain.**

People ask me, where is God, and I answer "everywhere."
God is not a person, but rather a Creative Presence of Infinite Care.
There is nothing that can exist that can exist on its own.
God is the wonderful principle by which all that is – is sown.
People have this idea that when they die they go to God.
But if God is in everything, then now should begin the applause.
God is not something that can only come to some of us later.
It must be something that right now every single being can savor. **Refrain.**

And God can't be in the business of judging me and you
because a judge has to be outside that which is viewed.
God is inside of all that is and therefore cannot be a judge.
That leaves it up to each of us to live without a grudge.
Judgment is only having to continue as I begin.
I am my own judge and it is for me to determine what is sin.
Virtue is only embracing that which sets my soul free.
So I choose to love all that is like all that is – is me. **Refrain.**

I am asked many things, but one question is, do I have a soul?
I say I don't know for sure, but it's only smart to act like it is so.
If I do have a soul, then it can only serve as a record of me.
It is then up to me to make sure that I keep that record clean.
Assuming that I have a soul, it only makes sense that I fill that vessel
only with that I'd like to recover – and for me, that's only the gentle.

Surely, it is to each his own, but however we fill our soul,
we will have to inherit later all that we put into our bowl. *Refrain.*

I have but one rule that I think Jesus tried to get all to mind.
It's really not very complicated. That single rule is – Be Kind.
Kindness is its own reward because by being kind, I'm always at peace.
It doesn't matter where I go, what I do, or who or what I meet.
People tell me that you can't be kind to those who are unkind.
They say that justice demands that they must pay the price.
But being unkind to the unkind only makes two who are fools.
No one who is wise would ever attend such a school. *Refrain.*

Jesus tried to teach kindness to all two thousand years ago,
but the rulers of the day claimed it to be an impossible way to go.
And anyone who would ask it must be put up on the cross.
Otherwise, society at large would reap tremendous loss.
And so it has continued down through the many, many years.
Justice over kindness has shed a jillion tears.
And today, mankind still loves to go to war and fight
and find in their claimed acts of justice that which they think is right. *Refrain.*

The beat goes on. It cannot stop until mankind stops punishing the kind
and allows the Heaven they want sometime later to be here in time.
When Jesus said that Heaven is at hand, he did not mean tomorrow.
If you put off until tomorrow, all you'll gain is endless sorrow.
Heaven is something that is ours once we come to realize
that Heaven is only being aware that everything is Divine.
Life itself can only be a mystery, but the results of it need never be.
As the twig is bent, so it will grow – and the twig that grows is only me. *Refrain.*

SONG OF THE SOUL

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

Hey, Everybody, come join with me. Hey, Everybody, I want you to see
what, my soul, it seems to be. Then, you'll know why I'm so free.

Like a whisp from the air – and a deer from a deer,
Like a log from a tree – and a bear from a bear,
Like a light from the sun – and a stone from a stone,
My soul did come – it was never alone. La,la,la,la,la,la,la

Hey, Everybody, can't you see – that the soul is free to be?
I have a parent soul that's only mine. You do, too – it's your own kind.

Like a stream from the water – and a frog from a frog,
Like a prince from a king – and a dog from a dog,
Like a petal from a flower – and a flame from a fire,
My soul was born from another soul retired. La,la,la,la,la,la,la.

Hey, Everybody, I want you to know – why I love my soul so.
It's the image of my parent soul – and when I die, I'll become one too.

Like cheese from some cream – and a kid from a goat,
Like sand from some dirt – and a rose from a rose,
Like a leaf from a tree – and a child from a mom,
My soul will bear another daughter or son. La,la,la,la,la,la,la.

(INTERLUDE)

(Repeat verse above after Interlude if there is one)

Hey, Everybody, make use of your time. Your days are numbered, as are mine.
Let's all be grateful for our parent souls – as we find ourselves in loving them so.
As we find ourselves in loving them so, as we find ourselves in loving them so.

SPENDING SOME TIME

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written June 13, 2004.

REFRAIN:

I'm just spending some time – taking in the moment.
I'm just spending some time – Oh, (Ah) what a wonderful moment!
I'm just spending some time – it's what I want to do.
I'm just spending some time – and I'm in love with you.

When I wake up in the morning and I look into the mirror
I say, hey, my good fellow, let us have some good cheer.
Life is really simple if you start with loving the one you see.
So I just begin my day my loving the one that is me. ***Refrain.***

Mirrors are so wonderful. They can tell us all we need to know.
No one needs another to carry on with one's own show.
Just look at the image before you as if it is another guy
and before you know it, you have fallen in love with life. ***Refrain.***

I could spend a whole day without a stitch of clothes on.
Loving who and what you are should be the most important bond
that you have with life because your life extends from you.
And if you hate yourself, your whole world will be blue. **Refrain.**

Every one of us should begin by loving the one we are
cause by doing that, we fall in love with all that's in the jar.
No one is an island – we are all the same, you see.
By loving the one you are, you are also loving the one that's me. **Refrain.**

What a wonderful world it would be, if we all had love of self.
Then loving others could come easily – and the whole world could be well.
It's such a simple way to go – why don't we understand?
Starting with true love of self, nothing in life is bland. (or –
everything in life is grand.) **Refrain.**

So, listen if you will, to this tale that I have told.
Let it be yourself that is the first one that you know.
Fall in love with that one – then add others as you go.
Pretty soon, you'll have the whole world in a wonderful show. **Refrain.**

SUMMER TOWN

(From my “opera” called SUMMER TOWN)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

***Summer time is Summer Town. Winter time is Summer Town.
Spring time and fall time too – Summer Town lives the truth.***

Life's majestic and that's the truth.
Life's fantastic and that's true too.
Life is splendid. Life is sweet.
Life should knock you off your feet. **Refrain.**

Creation's a miracle and that's a truth.
They are satirical who otherwise accuse.
Satire and judgment make us frown.
They don't belong in Summer Town. **Refrain.**

Nakedness inspires and that's a truth
for those who don't look at life as crude.
If you see life as crude, then don't come around
to our wonderful home called Summer Town. **Refrain (3).**

TEN VIRTUES OF NAKEDNESS

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written in 1986

REFRAIN:

*Come on, my friends. Come along with me.
Come on, my friends. Come along with me.
Come on, my friends. Come along and see.
I'll tell you of ten virtues – for going naked and free.*

The 1st virtue is closeness to God.
If for no other reason, that should be enough.
To be like the birds, the trees, and the sod.
You can't get closer to God than the buff.

The 2nd virtue is closeness to me.
My soul yearns to know who I am.
To be shy and insist on privacy
shuts out the world, including this man (one).

The 3rd virtue is closeness to you.
I can't relate except with myself.
If you want to know me and learn my truth,
then you can't keep me from you on the shelf.

The 4th virtue is gratitude.
I can't say thanks to the nature inside
if I insist on denying the truth
and run from its grace by being shy. **Refrain.**

The 5th virtue is peace of soul.
Adam lost it from the start.
I'd only continue to be his fool
if I deny nakedness on my part.

The 6th virtue is honesty of mind.
It's hard to lie if I'm exposed.
If it's life's greatest truths I'm here to find,
I defeat myself by being clothed.

The 7th virtue is willingness to share.
I am my brother's friend – or at least should be.
To open myself helps me to really care,
to assist my sisters to find their peace.

The 8th virtue is body health.
Clothes restrict circulation –
not only of the blood, but the lymph as well.
Sickness sets in from strangulation. *Refrain.*

The 9th virtue is easy talk.
It's easy to relax if I've nothing to hide.
What makes life hard is to have to walk –
depressing the feelings that are inside.

The 10th virtue is violence restraint.
The root of all evil – not money or flesh.
It's fashion that leads to most anger and rape
and causes our natures to be looked on as trash. *Refrain.*

I could list more virtues for sure
why nakedness is truly an aid for all.
Let's stop failing and finally mature.
God's truly in us – not outside a wall. *Refrain.*

ENDING:

*Yes, I've told you of ten virtues – for going naked and free.
Yes, I've told you of ten virtues – for going naked and free.*

THANK YOU FOR MY LIFE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Oct. 17, 2001 (A Poem)

Thank you for my life, my God –
Thank you for my eyes and ears and nose and throat.
Thank you for my life, my God –
Thank you for my arms and hands and legs and feet with toes.
Thank you for my life, my God –
Thank you for my back and spine and breasts and chest.
Thank you for my life, my God –
Thank you for my lungs and liver and bones and flesh.
Thank you for my life, my God –
Thank you for my heart and arteries and veins and blood.
Thank you for my life, my God –
Thank you for my tongue and taste and stomach and food.
Thank you for my life, my God –
You give me a brain by which to think and know - and time to do both.

Thank you for my life, my God –
You give me a soul to memorize my thoughts for the future me to know.
Thank you for my life, my God –
You give me parts to pass on the life you give so free.
Thank you for my life, my God -
by you I come, through you I live, and in you, I am me.

THAT IS

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Dec. 8, 2005 (A Song or Poem)

What is the key for finding *Love*,
spiritually speaking, *that is?*
I think it must begin with *Faith*,
believing in the Goodness of Life without sin.

If one believes that Life is Good
because it's filled with God, *that is*,
then that belief can only lead to *Peace*,
which is only a comfort that comes from within.

If one is comforted and has no pain,
only happy can result, in the heart, *that is*.
Believing there can be only Good, there can be only *Joy*;
and what a wonderful way one's life to spin.

Having *Faith & Peace & Joy* all in one,
bonded together as spiritual siblings, *that is*,
one can only want to share – and that is *Love*;
and that's the story about how *Love* begins.

And as *Love* begins, it will carry on,
even beyond this life, *that is*.
So, with *Faith & Peace & Joy & Love* in tow,
carry on, My Friend, and you'll always win.

THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOU

(A Duet)

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

MALE: What do I love about you, Darling?

FEMALE: What do I love about you, Dear?

MALE: I'll be glad to tell you, Darling.

FEMALE: I'll be glad to tell you, Dear.

MALE:

In the morning after showering, before the aftershave,
I like it when you come on in, bring smiles upon my day.
And when I'm standing before you, with my comb in hand,
I like it when you make me grin and kiss me where I'm man.
I like it a lot when you don't stop if the kids should happen by.
You let them see your love for me and show them care so fine.

MALE REFRAIN:

*That's what I love about you, Darling. That's what I love about you, Dear.
I'm so glad I have you, Darling. I'm so glad you are here.*

FEMALE:

In the evening after retiring, though you may be tired,
I like it when you touch me still, and turn my night to smiles.
And when I'm lying beside you, while the lamp is glimmering low,
with our door open wide and our bodies in stride, your love for me you show.
I like it, too, when your tongue is you – and my spirits you do rise -
and let me show my feelings so – and cry out in the night.

FEMALE REFRAIN:

*That's what I love about you, Darling. That's what I love about you, Dear.
I'm so glad I have you, Darling. I'm so glad you are here.*

MALE:

In the daytime on the weekend, during long summer days,
I like to have the neighbors in and share with them our ways.
And when I'm telling a story and bungle it like I do,
I like it when you poke my ribs – make me shine just like the moon.
I like it when you join the kids – and we reach for paradise.
Sometimes we don't wear our clothes and we find God without signs.

MALE REFRAIN:

*That's what I love about you, Darling. That's what I love about you, Dear.
I'm so glad you're the mother – of the children we did bear.*

FEMALE:

In the daytime and the nighttime, every day of the year,
I'm so proud you are my spouse – there's seldom time for tears.
You never take me for granted and treat me like your slave.
You're gentle with your mind and kiss. You're easy with your play.
And it's so sweet when you smile at me – and touch me without thrust.
You bring me off, gentle and so soft – and in you I can trust.

FEMALE REFRAIN:

*That's what I love about you, Darling. That's what I love about you, Dear.
And I care about you, Darling – every day of the year.*

MALE/FEMALE REFRAIN (twice):

*That's what I love about you, Darling. That's what I love about you, Dear.
I'm so glad to have you, Darling. I'm so glad you are here.*

THE BALLAD OF SACAJAWEA (70 Verses)

(Recitation with Refrain)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming

Written July/Aug., 2004 for a VHS video program I produced called
LOOKING FOR SACAJAWEA.

Note:

It is hard to know the truth about Sacajawea. Her story is laced with unknowns, making conjecture easy; and many have conjectured, too, each wanting to tell the tale according to some motivation precisely his or her own. That includes me, of course. I am not exempt from speculating incorrectly for my own reasons. I live in Wyoming. I may want to resolve that Sacajawea lived here – even if she didn't; but others who may place Sacajawea where they do may be just as prejudiced from their own point of view. I became engrossed with the tale of Sacajawea from a PBS program about her that ended claiming the end days of Sacajawea are very much open to speculation. No one seems to know for sure where she died; though no one seems to doubt that it was either in South Dakota in 1812 at around age 25 from a putrid fever or in Wyoming in 1884 at the age of 96 on the Wind River Indian Reservation. I have approached my study with an admitted Wyoming and Shoshoni Indian bias. That may prevent me from being as objective as I'd like to be; but my bias notwithstanding, I have related my speculation in the following 70 verse epic poem.

For sure, my own perspective agrees with none of my sources. I have tried to take that which seems reasonable from each one and, as it were, concoct an entirely separate view. For what it's worth, here are the sources from which my own story of Sacajawea has been taken (or concocted):

1. SACAJAWEA – HER TRUE STORY
By Rich Haney, Copyright – 1999
2. WINGED MOCCASINS – THE STORY OF SACAJAWEA
By Frances Joyce Farnsworth, Copyright – 1954
3. INTERPRETERS WITH LEWIS & CLARK –
THE STORY OF SACAGAWEA AND TOUSSAINT CHARBONNEAU
By W. Dale Nelson, Copyright – 2003
4. SACAJAWEA
By Grace Raymond Hebard, Copyright – 1932
5. DEPT. OF HISTORY COLLECTION – SOUTH DAKOTA – Volume 12
By Doane Robinson, South Dakota state historian – 1924
6. PROBING THE RIDDLE OF THE BIRD WOMAN
By Irving W. Anderson – Fall of 1973
Featured article in “*Montana – The Magazine of Western History*”
7. HISTORY OF WYOMING – 2ND Edition
By Taft A. Larson – Copyright 2003?

Of the above, authors Rich Haney, Frances Farnsworth, and Grace Hebard incline toward Wyoming being the death site of Sacajawea in 1884. W. Dale Nelson, Doane Robinson, Irving W. Anderson, and Taft Larson believe strongly that Sacajawea died in 1812 in South Dakota. I have reviewed the seven of them, perhaps taking a little from each of them, and concluding with what might be called an eighth perspective.

REFRAIN:

*Oh, Sacajawea, my pretty Indian lady.
Oh, Sacajawea, I thank you for your spirit.
Oh, Sacajawea, my lovely Shoshoni lady,
I thank you for your generous gift.*

Listen, if you will, to my tale of a fine American girl,
born in Idaho so proudly of her Shoshoni tribe.
It was about 1788 or so that she came into this world
in the Rocky Mountains just east of the Great Divide.

In those days, the whole tribe would go searching,
moving camp, looking for food to satisfy the family.
When our little girl was about twelve, she was camping
with her people near Three Forks in Montana country.

As it happened, some rival Indians attacked the place
of the little Indian girl and wiped out most of the tribe;
but some got away and some were taken away as slaves.
Among those that were kidnapped was the young Indian child.

I'm told the tribe that did the raid was called Gros Ventre, (Gross Ventree)
and they took the little girl east into the Dakotas.
There she was passed to a cousin tribe, perhaps the Minatarees
who passed her at last to another cousin tribe called the Hidatsa.

Somewhere along the line, our little girl was given a name.
She may have been called "Sacajawe" before, but now it was *Sacajawea*.
In Hidatsa, it means "Bird Woman" – and that was to become her fame.
Some years have passed now and she has grown into a teen.

As the story goes, a French Canadian living with that tribe
won the young teenager Sacajawea in a friendly game
and decided to make that which he won one of several wives
and took her into his command and she became his slave.

It was a fellow by the name of Toussaint Charbonneau – (Char bun o)
quite a ladies man, he might think, to have so many loves.
One was called Otter Woman, another captured Shoshoni squaw
who gave him a son named Bazile, who would call Sacajawea step mom.

After Bazile was born to the lady by the name of Otter Woman,
our friend named Charbonneau made Sacajawea with child.
After someone named Jean Baptiste, he gave that name to the new one.
And then he went off to trade for furs with Indians in the wild. *Refrain*

But soon Charbonneau was back again and he met up with Lewis & Clark
who were looking for a guide for their expedition west.
Sacajawea impressed them too and they wanted her to be part
of the journey because Sacajawea might know the country best.

As it happened, though, Sacajawea was with child.
So they waited for Baptiste to be born before they would go.
In April of 1805, off they went down the Missouri into the wild -
looking to go by river most of the way to the Pacific Coast.

Soon, all 32 men who were going on the great escapade
fell in love with Sacajawea because she was very good help.
She carried her child on her back all along the way
and never once complained, thinking very little of herself.

Once in a river, one of the boats was knocked over by a flood
and valuable instruments & records fell into the raging river.
Without a thought for herself, she grabbed what she could
and saved the day, though the icy cold made her shiver.

Eventually, they reached the Three Forks in Montana
where the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin rivers combine
to start the Missouri that will flow into the Dakotas;
and there where she had been stolen, she would recognize.

It would be just up the Jefferson River they could find
her Shoshone people if they were alive that day.
The Expedition needed horses to cross the Great Divide
and Sacajawea promised that her people could lend some aid.

She was right and her brother, Chief Cameahwait
was glad to see her and welcome all into the camp.
The Shoshoni Indians were ones who tried not to hate
and be friends where they could. Kindness was their stamp.

In this nice encounter, Sacajawea met with an old friend,
one called Rabbit Ears – who with her had been seized
back when she was twelve when her family was rent
by the tragic killing and vicious raid by the Gros Ventres.

Back then, Rabbit ears was captured and made a slave,
but she managed to escape and return to her tribe.
As we know now, Sacajawea met another fate;
but in another way, she was determined to survive. *Refrain*

It has been told that Captain Clark fell in love on the way,
but I think that it was just as true for Sacajawea on her side.
Visiting her people, she found that her sister had passed away,
leaving an orphan boy that she adopted but had to leave behind.

Some say that Sacajawea would take the boy to direct,
but in the journals of Lewis & Clark, of that there is no mention.
So, it seems unlikely that the tale is at all correct.
It is most likely that the boy was left with his Shoshoni nation.

Be that as it may, onward with the trip, in November of 1805,
Lewis and Clark and their band at last reached the Pacific.
Rowing in many boats up the Columbia to finally reach the tide,
they would claim for all a route that could be called specific.

After that, our teenage guide, Sacajawea, would often claim that she saw the Great Water and witnessed a great big fish. With baby Baptiste on her back, she gained much worthy fame for helping Lewis and Clark find their way out west.

In March of 1806, it was time to return to far away Fort Mandan in North Dakota on the Missouri from where they left. Rowing the rivers to the Missouri in a different tandem, while taking different trails and learning as they went.

Captain Clark took some of his men up the Yellowstone and Captain Lewis followed the Missouri until they met. Then with all together, including Sacajawea and Charbonneau, by August of 1806, they arrived from where they left. *Refrain*

Captain Clark offered to have Baptiste in St. Louis educated and he loved to call Baptiste his dancing boy. Shoshone people dance a lot for it is their way. Little Pomp, as Sacajawea called him, liked to dance for joy.

Lewis and Clark then went on to complete their journey; and Toussaint Charbonneau returned to his life and wives. For years after that, now and then, they would meet with Captain Clark in St. Louis and renew their expedition ties.

Then in 1811, while Sacajawea was being helped by Clark in St. Louis, Charbonneau went up the Missouri with his wife, Otter Woman.

But in December of 1812, Otter Woman got very sick and died leaving Lizette, a baby daughter, and Bazile, her son.

This all happened in South Dakota at a place called Fort Manuel. Charbonneau was off trading for furs at this time and was away with fellow fur traders of whom by the Indians, many were killed. It was thought Charbonneau was included, but he survived and lived another day.

Now before I go on, let me say many think it was Sacajawea who in the last days of 1812, passed away at Fort Manuel. A clerk named Luttig reported that Charbonneau's wife had deceased, but he claimed the one who passed had a little girl.

Sacajawea bore Charbonneau a son, but not a female child. I think it is unlikely then that it was Sacajawea who passed. Fort Manuel to this day claims to be the Bird Woman's death site. Many agree, but others feel wife Otter Woman defines it best.

Those who claim Fort Manuel as Sacajawea's death site also refer to a note written by a passenger on the boat in 1811.

He claimed that Charbonneau was aboard with a wife who had accompanied the now famed Lewis & Clark Expedition.

This wife of Charbonneau was sick too and so it led to speculation that passenger witness Judge Brackenridge knew it was Sacajawea. But Brackenridge was probably only guessing without examination.

Without knowing of another wife, confusion would be easy.

And then, too, there is a third offering of Fort Manuel testimony

Discovered around 1920, it claims that in 1826,

Captain Clark wrote "Sacajawea – Dead."

Perhaps Captain Clark was truly under that impression truthfully; but he may have been noting previous false impressions instead.

Previous to that note in 1826, though, in 1825, Clark was asked about what happened to Sacajawea? He said, "she's happy."

If he had known she had died in 1812, it would have been his task to admit she had died. He didn't. So, the 1826 note may be a forgery.

It seems to me that lots of skeptics have assumed way too much in insisting that in 1812, Sacajawea was the one who died. In the case of Sacajawea, it appears that many who think they are in touch are simply connected only within the lines of their minds.

In truth, there is no grave at Fort Manuel and of course, no name.

From notes that were written in journals, we have had to decide.

A note here and a note there – all released for an argument to frame; and just because something's found in a journal, that doesn't make it right.

As I see it, those who insist that Sacajawea died in 1812

are simply willing to erase the last 72 years of a life.

The Shoshone Indians are not good for writing for themselves, but many of them knew and loved Sacajawea after that time.

A true legend should not just exist in some words on paper.

There should be some basis for it too in the heart.

Many would deny that the Shoshoni knew Sacajawea later, but I think they stash their objections in a file in the dark.

As for me, I tend to believe the Shoshoni tales that say that Sacajawea may have wandered many miles in life; but in the end their heroine would come home to them to stay; and it's largely that tale that can't be discarded in the night.

Congress was also confused, but in 1924, they commissioned a study. They chose an Indian expert, a Sioux by the name of Charles Eastman to research the various legends to determine which tale to believe. He reported that the one who died in 1812 was probably Otter Woman.

Many still insist it had to be Sacajawea for reasons of their own who died in 1812 from a putrid fever as it was named.

It is said that legends do die hard and once a seed is sown, some people just will not believe, no matter what research might say.

I do not know which tale is right for sure, but neither was I there; but I choose to believe most of the study conducted by the Congress.

And it's that official report that is forming much of my tale here. With that, my friends, let us continue after this temporary digress. **Refrain**

In 1813, thinking Charbonneau dead by Indians, a court in St. Louie granted William Clark custody of Bazile and Lizette.

As a matter of honor, Clark agreed to take them into his custody. It's said that Sacajawea loved their mother and asked him to do it.

No one knows what happened to Lizette, the youngest child.

It is assumed she died in childhood. Not much more is known.

But out of love for the son, and as one of Charbonneau's wives, Sacajawea adopted Otter Woman's son, Bazile, now ten years old.

While in the care of William Clark, Baptiste, one of Sacajawea's boys was educated in St. Louis by a Protestant minister named Mr. Welch. For some reason, Sacajawea's other boy, Bazile, was taught in the employ of a Catholic school and by a Catholic priest, Father Neil, was helped.

For awhile, then, Captain Clark cared for Sacajawea and her sons; but later, Charbonneau unexpectedly turned up with Eagle, another of his wives. Taking his boys and his wives with him, toward the southwest, he did run; but soon he whipped Sacajawea and she left him for her life.

It can only be surmised, but Charles Eastman says that Bazile & Baptiste were angry with their father for beating their mother and left him behind.

Baptiste probably returned to St. Louis to continue with his teaching as Bazile may have gone westward toward his mother's Shoshone tribe.

It is quite well known that later with Clark, Baptiste gained recognition by some traveling German prince who asked him to go with him.

So Baptiste went abroad and toured many European nations.

For six great years, in the 1820s, many in Europe became his kin.

Meanwhile, leaving Charbonneau and his other wives to themselves, Sacajawea then found satisfaction among the Comanche. (Co man chee)

In Oklahoma territory, she was Jerk Meat's wife for over 26 years and happily bore him five kids, though three died in infancy.

While living with husband, Jerk Meat, and the Comanche, Sacajawea was known as the Shoshoni Indian called Porivo. She was happy being his wife, though she yearned for her Shoshones. Still for 26 or 27 years, as a wife, she proved to love him so.

Then Jerk Meat was killed in an Indian battle or skirmish and Sacajawea wandered off with her daughter I've heard called Yoga-wasier. Her son from Jerk Meat, Ticannaf, now well into his twenties looked for her in vain and labeled her Lost Woman, in Comanche, Wadziwiper. **Refrain**

Legends are often full of holes – and this one is often clueless. It's hard to know just what was Yoga-wasier's fate; but in a few years, Sacajawea found her way back to St. Louis - perhaps looking for Captain Clark who passed away in 1838.

Time does pass, and life goes on, but at this time of our tale, my guess is that it's close to 1850 and approaching America's Civil War. Princess Sacajawea is now 60 and getting well on in age; but she hopped aboard a Missouri River boat and traveled far.

Even though she was getting old, Sacajawea thought herself sprite and fell in love with a Frenchman, and married him in truth. They lived from fort to fort along the Missouri for awhile - but Sacajawea longed to go back home to the people of her youth.

Then when she was 70, she told her husband it was time to go. They were to take different paths from where they lived at Fort Union. They were to meet at the mouth of the river called Yellowstone; but only Sacajawea got there and she had to go on alone.

It's said that her husband may have been killed, but no one knows. It matters little now I guess because as our tale is getting on, her adventures are nearing completion as she's getting close to home. It's just a little way now, for Sacajawea to reach completion.

From some fur traders, she heard Bazile was in Wyoming at Fort Bridger. Imagine how happy she must have been to think she could reach him to love. Down the Big Horn River and into the valley known as Wind River - she heard her people had settled there and she wanted to be as one. **Refrain**

She was known somewhat now as the Indian maiden of the voyage that took Lewis and Clark from St. Louis to the Great Ocean.

In 1868, she joined with Chief Washakie of great Shoshoni fame to complete a treaty that would create the Wind River Indian Reservation.

Sacajawea was old now, perhaps reaching close to eighty. She asked that her adopted son, Bazile, would be allowed to sign instead. And so it was, a pact was signed for all the upcoming ages. The Shoshoni, and later the Arapaho, would have a lasting homestead.

Sacajawea lived at Fort Washakie with her adopted son, Bazile who had a cousin named Bat-tez living but three miles away. Some think that Bat-tez was really Baptiste, but I tend to disagree; for Baptiste to death in 1866 in Oregon can be traced.

After returning home to America from Europe after six years there, Baptiste had made some fame by becoming an Indian guide. Living mostly in the West, including the California shore, he fell sick and died in 1866 in Oregon on his way to a Montana gold strike.

It might seem strange, but I think the Shoshone called Bat-tez was not Baptiste – Charbonneau and Sacajawea's boy. Instead he was probably Sacajawea's nephew, full blood Shoshone who Sacajawea had found orphaned on the expedition of 1805.

Perhaps, Baptiste and Bat-tez have been confused to be the same one, but I do not believe it's so. Bat-tez was not really Sacajawea's son, but only a nephew who had been born of Sacajawea's sister back in Idaho.

Written notes seem to be lacking, but while living at Wind River, the lady many believe was Sacajawea offered many recollections. She talked of Lewis and Captain Clark and their friendship forever and loved to show off a Medal given to her by President Jefferson.

On a nice and comfortable evening, late on April 9th, 1884, the Lost Woman – at age of 96 – would finally breathe her last. She could reach past home in spirit now, at peace forever more. Sacajawea, My Indian Love, thanks for all your past.

In the next year, 1885, Bat-tez would become deceased. Like I say, I believe he was Bazil's cousin, not brother. He was about the age, though, as would have been Jean Baptiste; and because Sacajawea adopted him in 1805, she was indeed his mother.

Bat-tez was about 80 when he passed to enjoy death's heavenly feast.
One year later, in 1886, Bazile would make it a trinity.
At around age 83, Otter Woman's son joined Sacajawea & Bat-tez;
and the three of them now belong to Shoshone American History.

Personally, I find myself in love with the generous spirit of Sacajawea.
Perhaps I am an eternal romantic and cannot help myself.
But the Bird Woman has inspired me, and though that's not a panacea,
it helps to know one can survive and escape one's own hell.

So, if you ever get down to Wyoming and want to say hello
to an American Princess of the great Shoshoni tribe,
just stop at Fort Washakie and stand at her grave, facing the sun's glow
and offer a salute to Sacajawea, a legend of the night.

I am indeed from Wyoming, but first I am American.
I do believe in saying thanks to those who've led the way.
If Lewis and Clark were here, they'd say that they were captains;
but Sacajawea while oh so young led with her heart –
and still does so today. *Refrain*

THE FEEL OF YOUR FACE

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

Oh, Baby, I love the feel of your face, the soft touch of your hair on my shoulder.
Oh, Baby, you make me feel so good, so very, very good – as I'm getting older.
I'm going wild in my mind, having the time of my life.
Your love, Dear, is making me bolder.

Oh, Baby! Oh, Baby!

I love the feel of your face, the soft touch of your hair on my shoulder.

Thank you for the love you've given. Thank you for the life we're living.
Thank you for the dreams we've chased, but thanks mostly for your trusting faith.
Oh, Baby!

I love the feel of your face, the feel of your face,
the soft touch of your hair on my shoulder, on my shoulder.
Oh, Baby!

THE HEART IS THE EYE (14 verses)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written April 23, 2006; Modified slightly Aug. 2, 2009 (A Poem)

The heart is the eye
because it controls how I look.
Is it fantasy of mind that I seek
or reality – as in a brook?

Do I want to know
the wonder of that which is?
Or do I prefer to concentrate
on division and on sin?

Do I choose to clothe myself
with fashion and deceit?
Or do I choose to confide
in the creature that is me?
But the creature that I am
is an expression of the Divine.
In knowing me, I'm knowing God
and knowing you and all of life.

I have long believed
that judgment is in my soul.
It's the vision of my soul
that determines how I will go.
It's not up to anyone else
to define my vision.
It's strictly up to me
to make my own decisions.

Of course, it's to each his own,
but this is what I choose.
I choose to see God in all
and that determines how I do.
I do not go about
splitting life into good and evil
and therefore have to decide
about what belongs to a devil.

The heart is the eye
because it determines what I see.
And because I see God in all,
I can only see Divinity.

I think it's really sad
that others choose a different sight
because confusion can only lead
to hardship and to strife.

People talk about peace
like it's something that can be won
when it's only believing
that everything is one.

We are all one
in whatever life's composed.

Peace is only
thinking and acting like that is so.

And it's not only between the two of us,
but between everything that is.

Because God is in all,
in nothing can be sin.

If we sin, it's only thinking
and acting like God is absent.

To be a saint is only to realize
that in all, God is present.

I think those who believe in war
do not know the truth
and choose to divide life
into those who win or lose.

It's truly sad to see
so many die for a lie
And it's even worse to see
people maimed for all of life.

Many religious soldiers act
like God can be a reward
and promise themselves that sacrifice
will please a given Lord.

But God is not something
that can be won or lost
and can't be gained or pleased
with some act or applause.

I wonder when it will be
that man comes to realize
that God is often not the reason
they seek to divide.

It's in the heart of some
to use any excuse
and God is often an alibi
and only a tool to use.

Yes, the heart is the eye
because it determines how I act.
If I agree to go to war,
then division is my pact.
But if I choose to agree with war,
then peace I'll forsake
because my choice will reveal
that I believe in hate.

Hate is only another word
for a right to insist
that life should be divided
and some can be dismissed.
For one at peace,
hate has no place
because such a one is strong in heart
and cannot be disgraced.

I have long determined
that the best I can be
is only to relax
and accept the being that is me.
My heart is my eye
and my soul is my fate.
But it's the same for all
because it is that way.

It's the way we all must go -
for the heart is our lead.
We can claim otherwise,
but the heart can't be deceived.
It's all in the heart - or soul -
and nowhere else -
and only there can we decide
for Heaven or for Hell.

THE KEY FOR FINDING PEACE

(Recitation with Refrain)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written May, 2005

REFRAIN:

*What is the key for finding peace –
if you're human like me?*

*Well, Jesus told us long ago –
if peace we should like to know,
we can find it if we seek
within us – the child of humanity.*

A long time ago, Jesus said – please receive my peace,
but don't be led astray by those who know it not.
If someone says it's here or there – or beyond where you can see,
do not be fooled. I'll tell you how it should be sought. **Refrain.**

Then Jesus said, listen to me – I'll share with you my ways.
It is not near as hard as you may think it is.
You cannot find peace by looking in that which rusts or decays.
Look within your image – to find that which has no sin. **Refrain.**

Jesus then continued to tell – look for the child of humanity,
but do not look for it only in someone else.
The child of humanity is within you and can make you free
if you'll just look at it – and find an image of yourself. **Refrain.**

Then Jesus said, listen here – I'll tell you of my good news,
but the idea doesn't just belong to me.
For anyone who is human, humanity itself is the truth;
for everything is from God – in yourself, find Divinity. **Refrain.**

So, let us, one and all – preach the good news of the kingdom,
realizing it has always been within our reach.
The good news of the kingdom is that we are equally human.
If peace is what we want – only that can we teach. **Refrain.**

THE LOVE SONG – *first version*

(I'm Gonna Love Everybody)

(Featured in my audio cassette album I call FEELING FREE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written about 1974.

REFRAIN:

***I'm gonna love everybody through the love I have for me.
I'm gonna love everybody. What wonderful feeling it'll be!
So step right up and be my love. I belong to you, you see.
Then go out and love because you first loved me.***

Today I'm gonna take that girl and hold her in my arms.
I'm gonna love her dearly and enjoy all her charms.
There simply is no way that we should feel ashamed
of loving one another the way that we were made. **Refrain.**

There's a saying, friend, that goin about -
says that we should all be ones to let it all hang out.
I believe that's the way it should be.
There simply is no way that I can't be free.

When I'm blue, I look into the sky,
feel one with God and I share with the Divine.
Then I'm convinced and I have no doubt
We should join with Nature and let it all hang out. **Refrain.**

What is love, my friend, that we should care?
What is love, my friend? Why should we share?
I have the answer, friend. I have it right here.
We should love because we're His and because we are here. **Refrain.**

THE LOVE SONG – *Second Version*

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

***I'm gonna love everybody through the love I have for me.
I'm gonna love everybody. What wonderful feeling it'll be!
So step right up and be my love. I belong to you, you see.
Then go out and love because you first loved me.***

What is love, my friends? Why is it dear?
Why should we give it without any fear?
I have the answer, friends. I have it in me.
Love is giving of yourself the self that is free.

I'd like to tell of my love to those who'd like to know.
I'm not a horse that has to win – don't even have to show.
For every winner, losers have to pay;
but losers are winners just playing the game. **Refrain**

There's a sayin, friends, that's goin about –
says we should go with the flow and let it all out.
I believe that's the way it should be.
There's no one alive who should not be free.

And again, while I have a chance in this song to sing.
I'd like to say that winning is not everything.
No one's a loser who tries at all to run.
Just in trying should be most of the fun. **Refrain (2).**

***FINISH: Then go out and love, then go out and love,
then go out and love because you first loved me.***

THE MYTH OF COUNTRY MEADOWS

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written June 5, 2003

REFRAIN:

***I live in a place called Country Meadows.
We may be poor, but we try to be mellow.
The ladies are nice and so are the fellows
in this mythical place called Country Meadows.***

So come on down and take off your shoes.
Remove your worries and take off your blues.
Reach for the sky and know that God is there
and don't believe that God's not here
in the midst of all the brown and the green
where the children of God have great esteem.
It's a land of Koolaid and bowls of Jello –
this wonderful land called Country Meadows. **Refrain.**

The kids all know the place is fine
and blessed with loads of what's Divine.
They skip around and laugh and giggle
as they watch each other as they wiggle.
Life's not meant to be forlorn
as sure as each of us was born.
Heaven is here, we don't have to die
to find God and all that's sublime. **Refrain.**

Country Meadows is a Paradise
where Adam and Eve could have got it right.
It wasn't eating the fruit that was wrong, you see.
It was eating some of it and wasting the seed.
It was in biting but part and tossing the core
that caused mankind to stray from the Lord.
If we are not grateful for what God has done,
then that's how we sin and miss the fun. **Refrain.**

In Country Meadows, we embrace what's right,
starting with ourselves both day and night.
We enjoy our forms in full array
from a baby to those of us old in days.
Each of us reflects the wonder of God
and upon no one, do we trod.
We do not fret and apologize
for all that we are as blessings in life. **Refrain.**

Let this be a warning to all who would hate
and expect to live here and plunder and rape.
If you do this, you can no longer belong;
for in Country Meadows, it's not right to do wrong.
We will not punish if you do these things,
but you can't be a member and with us sing.
We are a land not of laws, but of rule of the heart.
Come join us now and gain a new start. **Refrain.**
(Repeat first verse and end with another Refrain.)

THE MYSTERY OF GOD
(A Song or a Poem with Sung Refrain)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written March 27, 2007

REFRAIN:

The mystery of God is all about.

The mystery is within.

The mystery of God is all about.

That's why we can have no sin.

The mystery of God is all about.

That's why I sing this hymn.

The mystery of God makes me shout:

I'm glad I can have no sin.

People think God created the world;
and I believe it's true.
I believe God created all the boys and girls
and that It created me and you.
But I think people fail to realize
what happened is happening now.
Creation didn't just happen in the night.
It's a process that keeps on somehow. ***Refrain.***

We are not really created notions
that were finished at a start.
Inside each of us is constant motion
that finds its center in the heart.
But all that motion feeds on mystery
and that motion in us should commit
each of us as we make up history
to embrace our wonder with full consent. ***Refrain.***

Pastor Billy claims he wants to die
so he can see God face to face.
But Billy doesn't seem to realize
his God is really in the human race.
God is not some person standing over there,
begging for our applause.
God is the Presence in all, everywhere.
If we know ourselves, we will know God. ***Refrain.***

Look at a flower and watch it grow
from just a seed into a bloom.
Watch it closely and you can know
how the mystery is happening in you.
And, in time, the flower will die
and new seeds will fall to the ground.
It's a mystery, but it's full of light
and in it, we can all be found. **Refrain.**

So, when people say God created me
and maybe set me on my way,
I tell them I beg to disagree
because I'm being created every day.
And in my growth – and even in my death,
God is the motion that sets me free.
Like the flower rises with new breath,
that is the way it will happen with me. **Refrain (2).**

FINISH:

***The mystery of God makes me shout:
I'm glad I can have no sin.
I'm glad I can have no sin.
I'm glad I can have no sin.***

THE OPEN MIND

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written June 18, 2004.

The following was written according to the melody of "Wayward Wind,"

In a nice white house on a western farm, he was born one fine day.
He learned to love the wondrous soul he had, loving life & God, in all manner of ways.

REFRAIN:

***Oh, the open mind, is a yearning mind – a yearning mind that wants to ponder.
And he was born to fill his mind, with will & truth, and embrace of life.***

Oh, he left the farm to go to school, with his childhood in his soul.
He vowed never to let the child in him down, and to keep faith with his wondrous goal.

Refrain.

THE RAIN SONG

(LET THE RAIN COME DOWN)

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

*Oh, let the rain come down. Oh, let the rain come down –
like the love that's in my heart.*

Let it flow upon the ground. Let it give the world a start.

Let the rain be for the flowers and the wheat fields and the trees
what the sun is for sunlight and what my love's for thee.

Love, they say, is gentle, and easy and true.

Well, I guess that's what I have is love – that's what I feel for you. *Refrain.*

I've wondered almost all my life, why love is so sweet.

And now I know it's that way because it is so free.

Now, I'm not much for judging what makes others sing,
but love does the trick for me – it has that special ring. *Refrain.*

Love is like a kite, reaching for the sky.

So let go of the string – and fly with it so high.

Now, it's not for me – to tell you how to live.

You must choose your own way – and you must choose your list. *Refrain.*

Love is like a puppy, licking a child's face.

And love is the only thing that can keep us in the race. *Refrain (4).*

THE SAME

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written September 15, 2008

REFRAIN:

I'm the same – as everyone.

I'm the same – and I'm having fun.

*I'm the same as you, my friend;
and I'll be the same – beyond the end.*

(The following could be added – or featured only at end of song.)

You're the same – as everyone.

You're the same – you should be having fun.

*You're the same as me, my friend;
and you'll be the same – beyond the end.*

The rule of life is that you will be
just what you allow within your dreams.
Tomorrow will be like today
in the manner of soulful ways.
If you're kind today, it will be the same
when tomorrow comes, be it night or day;
and if you're cruel now, you'll continue on
just as you are when tomorrow comes. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

People think they need to be different
in order to make life of consequence;
but no matter how much they insist it's so,
underneath, they're the same in Nature's clothes.
If you think you can change the way things are
by finding strength in various wars,
you're only pretending some life's not good
and blowing a chance for true brotherhood. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

In the Gospel of Thomas, Jesus said to Salome,
when he was asked of whom he was a son,
he said, I am one who is from the Same
Light as me, thus having no shame.
And it's just like that with each of us
from whom we come should be our trust.
Well, we come from Nature and the Divine
and that is what should be our pride. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

Many people are afraid to die
because they think Nature's a lie.
They think that death should never be
but that is not the way it seems to me.
I look at life and it seems clear
that all things die – so I should have no fear
of anything beyond because the truth
must be the same for me as it is for you. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

What will happen when I die?
Probably more of the same as in life.
There is no reason for me to believe
that my soul will change radically.
As I was before, I will become again,
I will see me as virtuous or filled with sin.
If my soul continues – and the notion's sane,
it will continue on and be the same. **Refrain (tho it may be skipped too).**

So, let us all join and celebrate
the wonder of our common state.
We are the same in what's there to find.
Our bodies are alike – as too our minds.
What you really are, I am too –
and that, my friend, is a basic truth.
The way I treat you becomes my refrain
simply because we are the same. **Refrain. (multiple times if wished)**

THE STORY OF ANGER

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written April 26, 2006

REFRAIN:

***What is the story of anger?
Why has it so much control?
What is the story of anger?
Why does it hold on to us so?***

I met a lady earlier this week
and she said she was angry as hell.
I said, why are you angry, My Friend?
She said, I don't know, I just can't tell.
Then she told me, everyone is angry.
that is, everyone she knows as a friend.
She said, if that anger keeps on as it is,
then surely, this world will soon end.

I told her the reason we're angry
is that we know that war is not right.
When people go against the tide of truth,
then it always results in fright.
I told her that I think we are angry
because we lack confidence in our lives.
Anger is only a way to pretend
that others are the cause of our plight. **Refrain.**

She looked at me like I'm crazy.
She said it can't be as easy as that.
People can be rightfully angry, she said
for feeling the pain of impact.
Then she told me it would be wrong
to let Saddam continue to plunder.
We had to get in there and stop him
so he couldn't kill more with his thunder.

Then I said, it could do no good
to do others as he did to them.
That which happens when we do that
is we become like them in the end.
When we react with anger to anger,
we only give it more control.
Now you should know the story of anger
and why it holds onto us so. **Refrain (2).**

The world can get over its anger
if it stops blaming others and takes control.
One by one, it can overcome
and then share the peace it knows.
I can get over my anger
by not blaming others and taking control.
One by one, I can overcome
and then share the peace I know.

You can get over your anger
by not blaming others and taking control.
One by one, you can overcome
and then share the peace you know.
And we can get over our anger
by not blaming others and taking control.
One by one, we can overcome
and then share the peace we know.
Yes, one by one, we can overcome
and then share the peace we know.

THE STORY OF LOVE

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

INTRO:

*Let me tell you about the story of love, the story of love, the story of love.
Let me tell you about the story of love – shining like a light from the sun.*

Love's intended for release. Love's intended for release.
It's not intended for retreat unto yourself, unto yourself.
Love is only for the free. Love is only for the free -
can't be held without smothering – your inner self, your inner self.

REFRAIN:

*Now, let me tell you about my thoughts of love, never suffocating, always creating,
giving self to others so they can see. Care for them now as you care for me.*

Love's not for the shifty proud. Love's not for the shifty proud.
It is soft as it is loud, but it's always well – It's always well.
Love is not for control. Love is not for control,
Not holding others with a rope – but giving yourself, giving yourself. **Refrain.**

**THE SUNSHINE SONG
(HOLY CATFISH, ANDY)**

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

REFRAIN:

*Holy Catfish, Andy, life's so good, you see.
The sun's shining bright and it's simmering down thru the leaves of the trees.*

Life's so good, my friend, my friend. Life's so good, my friend.
Take off your clothes like the antelope and feel the love I send.
Now I can't feel the meaning, the meaning that is me
if I insist on covering up what Mother Nature sees.
Take off your clothes like the antelope and feel the love I send
cause life's so good, my friend, my friend. Life's so good, my friend. **Refrain.**

You're so fine, my pal, my pal. You're so fine, my pal.
Look through your eyes at no disguise at the you that's Natural.
Now, you can't find the wonder, the wonder that is you,
if you insist on covering up what Mother Nature views.
Look through your eyes at no disguise at the you that's Natural
cause you're so fine, my pal, my pal. You're so fine, my pal. **Refrain.**

Now, you can't find the wonder, the wonder that is you
if you insist on covering up what Mother Nature views.
Now, I can't feel the meaning, the meaning that is me
if I insist on covering up what Mother Nature sees.
Take off your clothes like the antelope and feel the love I send.
Life's so good, my friend, my friend. Life's so good, my friend, my friend.
Life's so good, my friend. **Refrain.**

FINISH:

*The sun's shining bright and it's simmering down, shining on you and me.
The sun's shining bright and it's simmering down through the leaves of the trees.*

THE WEDDING SONG

*(From my “opera” called SUMMER TOWN)
(With minister & couple. Preferably, minister is a child.)*

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s.

MINISTER:

We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding that all of us should see.
We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding so blessed and so free.

MINISTER TO BRIDE: Will you take this man to be a husband?
MINISTER TO GROOM: Will you take this woman to be your wife?
MINISTER TO BOTH: Will you take each other in marriage
and promise to love all your life?

BRIDE: I’ll take this man to be my husband.
GROOM: I’ll take this woman to be my wife.
BOTH: We will take each other in marriage
and promise to love all our life.

MINISTER:

We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding that all of us should see.
We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding so blessed and so free.

MINISTER TO BRIDE: Will you love this man forever?
Will you take him for your own?
MINISTER TO GROOM: Will you love this woman forever
and make her a happy home?
BRIDE: I will love this man forever. I will take him for my own.
GROOM: I will love this woman forever – and make her a happy home.

MINISTER & COUPLE TOGETHER:

We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding that all of us should see.
We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding so blessed and so free.

MINISTER TO BRIDE: Will you search for the natural
and love the natural in your man?
MINISTER TO GROOM: Will you stand beneath the stars
and find equality in her hand?

BRIDE: I will search for the natural – and love the natural in my man.
GROOM: I will stand beneath the stars – and find equality in her hand.

MINISTER:

We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding that all of us should see.
We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding so blessed and so free.

MINISTER TO GROOM: Will you realize God in her life
while embracing all her charms?

MINISTER TO BRIDE: Will you realize God in his life
while he holds you in his arms?

GROOM: I will realize God in her life – while embracing all her charms.

BRIDE: I will realize God in his life – while he holds me in his arms.

MINISTER & COUPLE TOGETHER:

We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding that all of us should see.
We are gathered today for a wedding – a wedding so blessed and so free.

THERE'S A LOVE IN MY HEART

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written December 3, 2008

REFRAIN:

*There's a love in my heart – that will not go away.
There's a love in my heart – that's in my heart to stay.*

Everyone's looking for something in this world
and that certainly includes me;
but what I'm looking for in this world
is to find the Divinity in me. **Refrain.**

It doesn't matter what the weather is.
It can be sunshine, rain or snow.
This heart just keeps on moving on
because it has a thirst to know. **Refrain.**

As I walk down my single path in life,
I keep my eyes open wide.
I want to catch all that is Divine
and find what is Divine in my stride. **Refrain.**

The key to finding the Divine in life
is to know that all is Divine.
It is as simple as that, my friend.
Look at anything – and find God in your sight. **Refrain.**

Someday, my body will die.
My soul will leave this body behind.
But whatever's in front, it will find,
it is filled with the Divine. **Refrain (several times).**

THERE'S A RAINBOW

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written September 30, 2009

REFRAIN:

*There's a rainbow on my left side.
There's a sunny sky on my right.
It is raining now on my left side.
On my right side, it is bright.
There is no way I should be sad
wandering through this life (for initial refrain and last refrain)
roaming through this life (after 1st verse)
prancing through this life (after 2nd verse)
dancing through this life (after 3rd verse)
because there's a rainbow on my left side
and a sunny sky on my right.*

1.

Well, my friends, it's sprinkling now
and soon the rain will make me wet;
but that rain will wash away –
all of my regrets.
I'll stand in the rain and drink
of Nature's lovely brew;
and I'll let that rain tell me of
some of Nature's wondrous truths. **Refrain.**

2.

Well, my friends, it's chilly now
and the snow is beginning to fall.
Soon the winds will come
and drifts will make white walls.
But as I prance through the snow
and leave my footprints behind,
I can't help but wonder
about the Great Divine. **Refrain.**

3.

Well, my friends, it's sunny now
and my heart is all aglow.
Soon the warmth will come
and make all the flowers grow.

But as the flowers grow and bloom,
so will my love inside.
And as the flowers, I'm inclined
to enjoy all my life. *Refrain.*

Repeat 1st verse.

ENDING: Initial Refrain – then:
*Yes, there's a rainbow on my left side
and a sunny sky on my right.*

THERE'S NO PLACE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written Feb. 28, 1999.

REFRAIN:

*There's no place where I can GO where God I cannot find.
There's no place where I can BE where I can't find the Divine.*

God is in everything we see – It's in the mountains and It's in the streams.
It's in the squirrels and It's in the fish;
and It's in a frown and It's in a kiss. *Refrain.*

God is in everything we know – It's in our blood and It's in our snow.
It's in our living and It's in our dead;
and It's in our wheat and It's in our bread. *Refrain.*

BRIDGE:

*God is living and God is sweet. God is in everything I eat.
God is in the air above. God is this thing called love.*

God is in everything we feel – It's in our cotton and It's in our mills.
It's in our cries and It's in our laughs;
and It's in our future and It's in our past. *Refrain.*

God is in every part of me – It's in my heart and It's in my cheeks.
It's in my hands and It's in my feet;
It's in my bones and It's in my teeth. *Refrain.*

Repeat *Bridge*, then *Refrain* twice.

THIS ACCIDENT CALLED SIN SOCIETY

(A Poem in 9 verses)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Aug. 28, 2007

This accident called sin society –
I wonder why it is.
Why was it formed
based on the notion of sin?
We could have been different.
We could have chosen to embrace
life as we find it,
finding God every place.

This accident called sin society –
I must always ask myself,
do I really want to belong –
or is belonging really a form of Hell?
Do I really want to accept
the notions of arrogance it upholds –
or should I look for other ways
in which my soul can be bold?

This accident called sin society –
why does it insist on wearing clothes?
Why does it protest we are natural
and at the natural, look up its nose?
Why does it pretend it is better
than all creatures it beholds
and insist it has a duty
to do what it is told?

This accident called sin society –
filled with prophets of all kind
who are sure the voices heard
are from their God on high?
Why don't they realize
that God is not only in the sky
and that the same God that made them
is the source of all – far and wide?

This accident called sin society –
it seems based on power and control.
It seems often to ignore creation
to focus on pure human goals.
It does not see life itself as precious
and can relate only to command.
It claims to obey a superior voice,
but it fails to understand.

This accident called sin society –
should I embrace it as it is –
or perhaps just wander through it,
ignoring its love for sin.
I think for the sake of my soul
that will survive all social ills,
I should really look to *Sinless Nature*
for my soul to be fulfilled.

This accident called sin society –
It seems hell bent on war
and insists that all are cowards
who will not go that far.
Little does it realize
that to take a life is vain
because a victim will survive
to take another in exchange.

This accident called sin society –
its masters have no idea of life
and think that wisdom comes from without
and that peace comes from strife.
Little does it realize
that peace is stillness without fight
and that gratitude is the basis
of every life in the light.

This accident called sin society –
It's not for me to damn –
but neither should I allow it
to swallow me in its command.
I think it's good to realize
that what is need not be.
The world could be a whole lot better
than what it is – *accidentally*.

THIS THING I CALL MY SOUL

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written June 4, 2007.

They ask me what this thing is – this thing I call my soul.
I say I don't know for sure - but neither, my Friend, do you.
It doesn't matter if it's an individual - or just an attitude.
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to do.
My soul is all I am - and all I choose to do.

They tell me I should be concerned – about this thing I call my soul.
I say that I am concerned – and that's why I love it so.
Whatever my soul is, it's entirely up to me.
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to be.
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to be.

I'm told that I should be afraid – about this thing I call my soul.
I say that I have no fear – because my soul's in my control.
We all inform our souls – with what we put inside.
My soul is all I am – and all that I decide.
My soul is all I am – and all that I decide.

So, let me tell you, Friend – about this thing I call my soul.
It's my twin and my Friend – it's all I feel and know.
Because the two are one – I love my soul as I love my mind.
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to find.
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to find.

If there's an hereafter – it shouldn't matter much to me.
I'm taking care of business – by making my soul free.
I'm starting my eternity – by living truthfully now.
My soul is all I am – and all I'll choose somehow.
My soul is all I am – and all I'll choose somehow.

They ask me what this thing is – this thing I call my soul.
I say I don't know for sure - but neither, my Friend, do you.
It doesn't matter if it's an individual - or just an attitude.
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to do.
My soul is all I am - and all I choose to do.

TWO WAYS

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1/29/2009 – 2/4/2009

REFRAIN:

*There's a road leading downward.
There's another leading up.
These are the two ways.
But the road leading downward
is living like you're lacking luck
and the road leading up
is knowing it's always a blessed day.*

Everyone of us is lucky
because everyone of us has life.
But how many of us know we're lucky
for being caught up in strife?
But what is strife, my friend,
but battling with life –
like taking the day out of time
and leaving only the night? **Refrain.**

So long ago, he said it -
where your treasure is, your heart is there.
That's to say, find your pleasure
in that which does not decay or wear.
For me, that's the Natural
because the Natural goes on and on.
That makes it Infinite
and like the God to which I belong. **Refrain.**

There are two ways of going
through this life we have at hand.
We can love our lives as they are
or listen to some outside command.
Well, I believe life is precious
and a miracle that satisfies
while others see life as a way
to make others cry. **Refrain.**

Repeat first verse – then *Refrain* several times.

WAKE UP

A rousing, fast beat song or hymn

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written June 4-7, 2009

REFRAIN:

Wake up, my friend.

Wake up and cry.

Wake up and know you are Divine.

Wake up and see.

Wake up and be.

Wake up and love your Divinity.

As I see it, God's all around.
Everywhere, It can be found.
It's inside and outside of everything;
and that should make us all want to sing.
It's in the skies. It's in the seas.
It's in the birds. It's in the trees.
It's in our pets, just begging to be;
and, of course, my friend, It's in you and me. ***Refrain.***

I wonder why people don't realize
God cannot separate lives.
God must be for all to exist,
but what we do is up to each of us.
God is not a judge, rather only a source.
It's up to each to choose a course;
but the course we choose we'll have to keep
because the way we were will become our seed. ***Refrain.***

As I see it, my life's a gift.
I should be aware every day I live.
To embrace my gift and to celebrate
is the purpose of me every single day.
But it's God within that makes me proud
and urges me to shout out loud.
I'm in Heaven – won't you come on in?
Praise the God in you and you cannot sin. ***Refrain.***

Some think they can see God face to face
when they die and go to another place;
but I wonder how that can be
if God is really only Infinity. ***Refrain.***

I urge you, friend, to look at you.
Realize you're a miracle and you cannot lose.
Throw up your arms and exult life
to know the God Which makes you so Divine. *Refrain.*

ENDING: (At least 8 times).

Wake up and love your Humanity!
Wake up and love your Divinity!

WALK WITH ME

(From my audio cassette album I call MASTER OF YOUR OWN FATE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1980s. (A Poem)

It's not easy, at first, to be truthful,
and to care about the truth.
No one, at first, likes to stand exposed
and to shimmer in the nude.

Nakedness doesn't come easy
because we're all programmed to hide,
though it can come eventually,
but only if we try.

Why not walk with me
and find what strength we can?
Let us walk beneath the stars
and play naturally in the sand.

Don't be hurt that you're embarrassed
going forward without clothes.
Know that God can only smile
at all Its Graciousness you hold.

No man can become a prince
by hiding from himself,
and no princess can find peace
by lying on the shelf.

So, come on down and feel the goodness
that in you does reside;
and, together, let us build a castle
that no one can divide.

WAS JESUS A MESSIAH?

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written May 17, 2006 (A Poem – though I have sung it Free Style)

Was Jesus a messiah – or was he just like you and me?
Did we give him all his power – to avoid being free?
Is Heaven another place – or is it just knowing God inside?
Is Hell only insisting – on following the blind?

Was Jesus a messiah – or was he just like you and me?
Have we turned away from the truth – of our mutual Divinity?
Did Jesus really tell us – that the Kingdom is within?
Did he really say – there is no such thing as sin?

Was Jesus a messiah – or was he just like you and me?
Have we known Jesus all along – or have we been deceived?
Did Jesus really tell us – that we should all be as a child?
Does that only mean – we should be equal all the while?

Was Jesus a messiah – or was he just like you and me?
Did he really tell us – to find our child of humanity?
Is life nothing more – than endless mystery?
Is worth only knowing – all are of the same Divinity?

Was Jesus a messiah – or was he just like you and me?
Was he only more aware – of what allows us to be free?
Is it really true – that to be a part of his family,
al I have to do – is live my life shamelessly?

Was Jesus a messiah – or was he just like you and me?
Did he only realize – God is in all equally?
Did he really say – we should take off our clothes
because we should have no shame – for the life God's bestowed?

Is Jesus a messiah – or is he just like you and me?
Is he smiling now – because the truth is finally free?
Is virtue only knowing – that we are all the same –
and that we need no messiah – when we live without shame?

WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written June 17, 2009

REFRAIN:

*Welcome to the real world.
Please do not be shy.
You belong to the real world
and you really are Divine.
God is not apart from you
anymore than God's apart from me.
So, let us rejoice in what we are
and enjoy our Divinity.*

Everything's Divine
including all the birds of the air.
So, let's be like all the birds
and find our lives are fair. **Refrain.**

Look at what you see
and wonder about it with awe;
and you will find what you wonder about
is a reflection of our God. **Refrain.**

Our bodies are like temples
in which our souls roam about.
It's best to know our bodies
as hosts of which we're proud. **Refrain.**

Life is like a garden
to which we all belong.
Our diversity should please us
and urge us to sing this song. **Refrain.**

I'm sorry some are mean,
but I pledge to be kind.
Feel free to welcome me
as it comes to your mind. **Refrain.**

I welcome you to join me
as freely as you will;
and hopefully, you will know
some moments that fulfill. **Refrain.**

Repeat this earlier verse up to 4 times:

*Life is like a garden
to which we all belong.
Our diversity should please us
and urge us to sing this song.*

Refrain (several times).

WHEN IT'S ALL SAID AND DONE

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written May 7, 2007

REFRAIN:

*When it's all said and done,
will it be like you thought it would be?
Will you meet with the God of Divinity?
When it's all said and done,
and you've died and passed on,
will you be where you planned eternally –
or will you just have to continue
what you were previously?*

When Moses received the Ten Commandments,
was he ignorant of the universe?
When Moses talked to the one he thought was God,
did he believe the earth under a curse?
When Moses talked with Yahweh,
did he know the sun to be our source of light?
Or did he just think that the sun and the moon
are the guardians of day and night? ***Refrain.***

Did Peter really know Jesus
or did he just think so in his day?
Is the Jesus Peter passed on
really the truth – or is that Jesus truly a mistake?
Did Jesus really teach
we need some grace outside ourselves?
Or was that only a plea from Peter & Paul
to keep us in their cells? ***Refrain.***

Should we have been embracing
the Jesus of Thomas all along?
Did that Jesus really teach
doing what you hate is doing what is wrong?

Did Jesus really teach
the Kingdom of the Father is spread upon the earth?
And that the Kingdom is within
and should be embraced from our very birth? *Refrain.*

People say they want to go to Heaven,
but they don't know where that is.
They say that it can't be here
because this world is a world of sin.
But if sin is the absence of God,
there's no place that can be.
If Heaven is the Presence of God,
just open your eyes and Heaven you'll see. *Refrain (2).*

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written April 16, 2003 (1st four verses)

Written May 16th, 2004 (5th and last verse)

It was the spring of the year and I was twelve and one.
My Gramma called me to her bed and said her life would soon be done.
I said, Gramma, I don't want you to go. I don't want to say Goodbye.
She smiled and winked her eye at me and offered me this line.
She said:

REFRAIN:

*I'll see you when the roses bloom again.
I'll not be dead, I'll be alive, I'll be around, My Friend.
In everything you should see me cause in everything I am.
And you are too, I'll look for you in the love that you will send.
I'll see you when the roses bloom again.
Yes, I'll see you when the roses bloom again.*

It was the summer of the year and I was twenty-four.
My father called me to his bed and said his life would be no more.
I said, Dad, must you go – can't you change your mind and stay?
He smiled and winked his eye at me and said, Son, I'm not really going away.
He said: *Refrain.*

It was the fall of the year and I was forty-three.
My friend called me to his bed, said his soul would soon be free.
I said, Emmett, My Friend, it's been a lotta fun. I'd rather you not go.
He smiled and winked his eye at me and said, Will, I'll see you just beyond the snow.
He said: *Refrain.*

It was the winter of the year and I was sixty-one.
My sister called me to her bed, said it was time to move on.
I said, Dorothy, I sure am glad for all the times we've had together.
She smiled and winked her eye at me and said, Francis, it's been a sweet moment of
forever.
She said: *Refrain.*

It was spring of the year and I was sixty-two.
My mother called me to her bed, said it was time to bid Adieu.
I said, Mom, I know it's your time – go now with my blessing.
She smiled and winked her eye at me and said, Son, I'll be back, look for me.
She said: *Refrain.*

WHO'S TO SAY?

(From my audio cassette album I call FEELING FREE)

By Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming
Written 1983.

REFRAIN:

*Who's to say who will stay? Who's to say? Who's to say?
Who's to say who will stay on this earth another day?
And who's to say who will go where the winds will only know?
Who's to say? Who's to say? Who's to say?*

There's a time for us all to live and a time for us all to die,
a time for us all to raise our crops while the sun, it still does shine.
There's a time for wedding bands and a time for gown and caps
and a time for us all to find what in our hearts will last. *Refrain.*

There's a time for us all to stand and speak and a time to listen well,
a time for us all to love a child and to be a child ourselves.
There's a time to watch the sunset and a time to court the moon
and a time for us all to see the world as just a great big room. *Refrain.*

Added 11/26/06: There's a time to find the truth and a time to attend the wise,
a time for us all to wonder about the meaning of our lives.
There's a time to offer thanks and a time to heal the ill,
and a time for us all to decide just what should be our wills. *Refrain.*

WHY DON'T PEOPLE KNOW?

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written Feb. 20, 2006

REFRAIN:

*Why do people think – the way they do?
Why do people want – to keep on being blue?
Why don't people know – that God's in here?
Why do people want – to keep God out there?*

Even as a child – I wondered how it could be
that anything could exist – outside Divinity.
If God is all around - why do we moan and plead
for God to come – when He's already in, you see? **Refrain.**

When I was only ten – I'd strip down to my skin
so that God could see – all the wonder He was in.
I wanted God to know – I was so proud of Him
and that I didn't think – He made me out of sin. **Refrain.**

And now that I'm older – nothing much has changed.
I've grown a bit here and there – but I'm pretty much the same.
I'm still so proud of God – and the two of us still play.
God and me together – still naked without shame. **Refrain.**

I'm still in awe of life – cause I still think it's Divine.
The flesh is a wonder – though a passage of time.
It's a way for my soul to know – that all life is fine.
So I'll enjoy my life – to find a truth that's mine. **Refrain.**

And I think it will be – the same when I die.
My soul will depart – leave this grand body behind.
But God and me – we'll be – just another child
and we'll find another skin – and go naked all the while. **Refrain.**

So if you want to be – just the same as me,
And if you want to find – your own Divinity,
And if you want to know – your soul to be free,
become friends with God – go Naturally like me. **Refrain.**

FINISH:

*Why don't people know – that God's in here?
Why do people want – to keep God out there?
Why don't people know – that God's in here?
Why do people want – to keep God out there?*

WINGS

Initially a Poem, but I have sung it too – Free Style.

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1989. Revised a bit in 2005.

Oh, Adam, what have you done with privacy?
Have you made it a king, gave it a throne?
Oh, Eve, from whom do you hide?
Why do you choose to act so alone?

Stand tall, my friend, Adam.
Hear no more, you are cursed.
Stand beside him, my friend, Eve,
and let not a leaf hide your verse.

The author of Genesis did you wrong,
by making your regret, your worth.
And he did us no favors either
by dispersing his evil upon the earth.

You chose as he chose, not as you might
because shame is what he wanted to loose.
He had the power with his mind and pen
to hang us all with his evil noose.

Adam & Eve should have been allowed to eat
of all but the knowledge of good and evil,
but Genesis did not want them to succeed.
So it was written to have man bow to the devil.

If you see only good, you can do no wrong.
It's seeing life as bad that causes despair.
Those who rule need to divide to confuse
like the author of Genesis did with great care.

Eve, reach out now and put back the fruit
that he made you take to make him king.
And we'll all embrace you forever more
as Genesis we rewrite to give us wings.

WORK IN PROGRESS

(A Master Poem)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written March 21, 2004

Thank you, Heavenly Parents, for my wonderful life.
I awake in the morning, having slept quietly in the night.
I jump out of bed and run naturally in the house
to get a feel for living and to make of life my spouse.
I look in the mirror at the reflection that looks at me
as I see all I am and to see life springing free.
The hormones in my body get slimmer as I grow old
and members act a bit more tired and less and less bold.
But it's good to know the life I have whatever that life is
because I'm a *work in progress*, and in me, there is no sin.

But it's just not my gender, I attend to, you see.
There's more than genitals that comprise the one that is me.
I look into the mirror and I see a chest there too
and I know that beneath it, a heart is beating that makes my pulse a truth.
A person is a fool, I think, who does not recognize
that life itself is a miracle and should be seen as a prize.
Every time you look at your self, it should seem like you just won
the grandest lottery of all, for you are God's son -
or perhaps God's daughter, for a girl is as good as a guy
because we are all *works in progress*, spirits energized.

People tell me you cannot accept the person that you are
because long ago your parents fell and it's for you to stick like tar.
They say that because your mother may have felt weak,
when you were born, you inherited her and like her must speak.
I love my parents, but I know it need not be the case
that if my father was, in fact, weak, I need not repeat his state.
Each of us is free to make of life what we will
and no one who has gone before us need be used as a still
to make the same wine that our heritage saw fit to make
because we are *works in progress*, and progress should be our fate.

So let those who think that conduct should be the way it's always been
stand aside and make room for one who knows no sin.
I am full of God and there is no room for sin in me to abide;
for where God is, no sin can be, and if no sin, no reason to be shy.
I am not creating myself, anymore than you are creating you
and I have no right to denounce my Creator by feeling blue.

Life is a gift, but it also comes attached with an obligation.
If you want to know all you are, then give in to celebration.
Go natural all you can – to know all you can be
and know that you are a *work in progress*, born to be free.

It's said that Jesus died on the cross so that I may live,
but let us never forget, he gave what was his to give.
The lesson of his death should let us know the reason that he died
and that was to show himself and us how our souls can be wise.
You cannot live by taking life – no matter what the reason;
and those who take another's life are guilty of soulful treason.
Any time I bid myself or another to swing at you, I swing back at me
and I punch me in the soul and lose my liberty.
So, yes, Christ did die for me to show me how to go;
and, as a *work in progress*, I accept his show.

It is said that Jesus rose into heaven after he had died;
but the truth is he was always in heaven, even in this life.
For heaven is more than just a place; it's also a state of soul.
If one is in heaven, it's so wherever one does go.
And so it is too with hell – should that be your direction.
If hell is your choice now, then hell will likely be your next selection.
Our lives here in this place are only the beginning
of where we choose to take our souls and do our soulful spinning.
I think Jesus lived and died to free souls from hateful captivity;
and as a *work in progress*, I am being drawn to be free.

Life is perhaps complicated, but it's also simple too.
We need not know the details to be sure of the simple truth.
The simple truth is that all are Divine for God is everywhere
and no one need worry about being banned by God in fear.
God is everywhere and therefore inside of each of us.
Knowing that is what makes of any life one that is just.
Jesus lived to tell us that all are equally children of God
because God is making us all and upon no one does God tread.
And so I leave you to ponder just what I've stated in these lines.
Like me, you are a *work in progress*, unfolding in life and time.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR SUMMER TOWN

(From my “opera” called SUMMER TOWN)

By Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written 1980s. Verses 5 and 6 added 9/11/2009

REFRAIN:

*You can have your SUMMER TOWN. You can be a SUMMER TOWN.
If you will let your life astound, you can have your SUMMER TOWN.*

Life is what you make it, Friend.
You can be brittle – or you can bend.
It’s up to you to follow through -
to see life itself as the truth. **Refrain.**

In Summer Town, we don’t accuse
God in Eternity of being a ruse.
It’s they who trick who use His name
to make others play their game. **Refrain.**

Don’t be afraid of life & death, My Friend.
We all have the very same end.
We live, we die, we pass away.
Touch your life – be happy today. **Refrain.**

There is no ugliness in life.
Seeing such will only cause you strife.
Reach out and embrace your life, My Friend.
Your soul will benefit through the end. **Refrain.**

Added 9/11/2009:

Well, My Friends, it’s up to us.
Do we want to continue with the historic fuss
of seeing human life better than the rest
and looking upon ourselves as specially blessed?

The trouble with seeing ourselves as better than most
is we lose sight of our wonderful host.
And we turn what should be a garden of paradise
into a field of lies and hate and strife. **Refrain.**

An Infinite God must be equally in everything.
If it’s peace we want, that’s the song we must sing.
We can have Summer all year round
if we accept everything as it is found.

I'm not saying Summer is better than Winter, Spring, or Fall.
I'm only saying we should love it All.
If we love it All, there can be only one season;
and that, My Friends, is season of reason. *Refrain.*

Repeat 1st verse:

*Life is what you make it, Friend.
You can be brittle – or you can bend.
It's up to you to follow through
to see life itself as the truth. Refrain (several times).*

ENDING:

*If you will let your life astound – all year round,
you can have your Summer Town.*

END OF POEMS & SONGS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

**SEE NEXT PAGE FOR POEMS & SONGS LISTED
IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER – IN THE ORDER IN WHICH
THEY WERE WRITTEN – BY TITLE ONLY.**

**My Poems & Songs - Chronologically:
(Mostly songs. Poems noted in parenthesis.)**

01. **Prayer of a Priest** - Written 1963 (Poem)
02. **Small** - Written 1965
03. **Anita** - Written 1971
04. **The Love Song – Version 1** – Written 1973
05. **Come On Over** – Written 1974
06. **Run With The Gazelle** – Written 8/1980
07. **Look Yonder** – Written 1/24/1981 (Poem)
08. **Go In Peace** – Written 1983
09. **How Can I Be Bored?** – Written 1983
10. **Country Lane** – Written 1983
11. **Road To Peace** – Written 1983 (Poem)
12. **Dancing’s Just a Walk** – Written: 1983
13. **Elements of Freedom** – Written 1983
14. **Who’s To Say** – Written 1983
15. **Lift Your Spirits High** – Written 1983
16. **Like a Bird in the Heavens** – Written 1984
17. **Smallest Little Atom** – Written 1984
18. **The Story of Love** – Written 1984
19. **The Sunshine Song (Holy Catfish, Andy)** – Written 1984
20. **The Love Song – Version 2** – Written 1984
21. **I’m Part of It** – Written 1984
22. **How Can Love Survive?** – Written 1984
23. **Don’t Waste Your Talents** – Written 1984
24. **Let The Children Love** – Written 1984
25. **Song of The Soul** – Written 1984
26. **Be an Angel** – Written 1984
27. **The Feel of Your Face** – Written 1984
28. **Let The Geyser Within You Go** – Written 1984
29. **The Rain Song (Let The Rain Come Down)** – Written 1984
30. **Nature Boy / Nature Girl (Nature People)** – Written 1984
31. **Nation of Nature** – Written 1984
32. **Heaven & Earth Come Together** – Written 1984
33. **Birds of Aquarius** – Written 1984
34. **Walk With Me** – Written 1984 (Poem)
35. **A Friend To The Moon** – Written 1984 (Poem)
36. **That’s What I Love About You** – Written 1984
37. **Presidential Directive** – Written 1984
38. **Devil in Your Closet** – Written 1984
39. **Become a Child** – Written 1984 (Poem)
40. **Master of Your Own Fate** – Written 1984 (Poem with refrain)
41. **Ten Virtues of Nakedness** – Written 1986
42. **Let’s Get Started** – Written 1986
43. **Let’s Look at Each Other Differently** – Written 1986
44. **Be at Peace With The Universe** – Written 1986

45. **Freedom** – Written 1986
46. **I'll Put on a Dress Tonight** – Written 1986
47. **Summer Town** – Written 1986
48. **The Wedding Song** – Written 1986
49. **You Can Have Your Summer Town** – Written 1986; modified 9/11/2009
50. **Wings** – Written 1989 (Poem)
51. **I Once Knew a Man** – Written 4/1990
52. **Going Nowhere** – Written 2/27/1999
53. **There's No Place** – Written 2/28/1999
54. **Meet in The Middle** – Written 9/27/2000 (Poem)
55. **God** - Written in 2001
56. **Child of The Light** – Written 5/2001 (Poem)
57. **Thank You For My Life** – Written 10/17/2001 (Poem)
58. **Ode To The Inexplicable Stairs** – Written 5/1/2002 (Poem)
59. **Socrates, Jesus, and You** – Written 7/7/2002 (Poem)
60. **Clothes Off To The Mystery of Life** – Written 10/3/2002 (Poem)
61. **The Myth of Country Meadows** – Written 6/5/2003 (Poem)
62. **Hail To The People of Powell** – Written 7/2003 (Poem)
63. **Consensus on Iraq** – Written 9/2003
64. **Work in Progress** – Written 3/21/2004 (Poem)
65. **When The Roses Bloom Again** – Written 5/16/2004
66. **I've Got a Bone To Pick** – Written 5/22/2004
67. **Just Walking in The Sun** – Written 6/2004
68. **Spending Some Time** – Written 6/13/2004
69. **The Open Mind** – Written 6/18/2004
70. **Song of My Divine Naturism** – Written 6/28/2004 (Poem with refrain)
71. **The Ballad of Sacajawea** – Written 7/8/2004 (Poem with refrain)
72. **Once Upon a Time (There Was a Nation)** – Written 7/13/2004 (Poem)
73. **It's Christmas Every Day** – Written 12/16/2004; modified 3/9/2009
74. **I am Divine** – Written 3/30/2005
75. **I Don't Know Where I'll Be** – Written 4/8/2005
76. **Loving Everything** – Written 4/13/2005
77. **Looking For a New Me** – Written 5/2005
78. **The Key To Finding Peace** – Written 5/2005
79. **I Believe in Independence** – Written 6/2005 (Poem)
80. **Hello, My Love** – Written 9/2/2005
81. **That Is** – Written 12/8/2005
82. **I'll Sing My Song** – Written 2/5/2006
83. **My Song of Jesus** – Written 2/12/2006
84. **Why Don't People Know?** – Written 2/20/2006
85. **Open Up The Doors** – Written 3/8/2006
86. **Paradise, Paradise** – Written 3/31/2006
87. **Kiss Me** – Written 4/14/2006
88. **The Heart Is The Eye** – Written 4/23/2006 (Poem)
89. **The Story of Anger** – Written 4/26/2006 (Poem)
90. **Great Day In The Morning** – Written 4/28/2006
91. **Freedom Lives As Freedom Loves** – Written 5/5/2006
92. **Ode To The Wind** – Written 5/9/2006
93. **Laughing With The Infinite** – Written 5/11/2006
94. **I'm Wondering** – Written 5/13/2006
95. **Was Jesus A Messiah?** – Written 5/17/2006

96. **Better Than War** – Written 6/5/2006
97. **Oh, Death!** – Written 7/12/2006
98. **Adam & Eve** – Written 7/24/2006
99. **The Mystery of God** – Written 3/27/2007
100. **Solo Walker** – Written 4/23/2007
101. **When It's All Said And Done** – Written 5/7/2007
102. **Little Donnie Bensen** – Written 5/19/2007
103. **This Thing I Call My Soul** – Written 6/4/2007
104. **Endless You** – Written 6/16/2007
105. **A 21st Century (Personal) Psalm** – Written 7/1/2007
106. **I'm A Wealthy Person** – Written 7/17/2007
107. **Peace On Earth** – Written 7/31/2007
108. **This Accident Called Sin Society** – Written 8/28/2007
109. **I Am The World** – Written 9/3/2007
110. **Galaxy View of Life** – Written 10/3/2007
111. **Living in a Round World** – Written 10/19/2007
112. **Dancing Among The Stars** – Written 10/22/2007
113. **Destiny** – Written 10/25/2007
114. **My Intentions** – Written 10/27/2007
115. **A Master's Prayer** – Written 10/29/2007
116. **Bella Vita** – Written 11/4/2007
117. **The Same** – Written 9/15/2008
118. **Harmony** – Written 10/14/2008
119. **Son of God** – Written 10/28/2008
120. **Jesus Is My Way** – Written 11/27/2008
121. **There's A Love In My Heart** – Written 12/3/2008
122. **If I Could Talk With God** – Written 12/8/2008
123. **I'm A Happy Soul** – Written 12/18/2008
124. **It's A Lovely Day** – Written 12/20/2008
125. **Sense of Belonging** – Written 1/15/2009
126. **Two Ways** – Written 1/29/2009 – 2/4/2009
127. **Wake Up** – Written 6/4/2009 – 6/7/2009
128. **Welcome To The Real World** – Written 6/17/2009
129. **Leo's Mountain** – Written 7/1/2009
130. **Don't Be In A Hurry** – Written 7/14/2009
131. **Clara's Hill** – Written 7/19/2009
132. **I'm A Free Soul** – Written 8/6/2009 – 8/8/2009
133. **There's A Rainbow** – Written 9/30/2009
134. **I Ain't Got Me** – Written 10/12/2009
135. **Rambling One** – Written 11/6/2009 – 11/7/2009
136. **Long, Long Way To Go** – Written 5/11/2010 – 5/19/2010
137. **One With The Breeze** – Written 5/12/2010 – 5/21/2010
138. **Put A Smile In Your Eyes** – Written 12/17/2010
139. **Isn't Life Grand, Babe?** – Written 12/27/2010 – 12/28/2010
140. **Passing Through** - Written 3/2/2011; modified 4/5/2011
141. **Miracles Galore** – Written 1/3/2011 & 4/8/2011
142. **Out In The Open** – Written 4/8/2011
143. **Life Is A Gift** – Written 6/9/2011
144. **Paradise In Laramie** - Written 6/17/2011
145. **Lucky Me** - Written 9/3/2011
146. **Drink To Be Free** - Written 10/12/2011

147. **Life** - Written 10/19/2001
148. **Can The House Of God Be Divided?** - Written 10/31/2011 - 11/1/2011
149. **Hello, Everybody** - Written 12/3/2011
150. **Seven, Seventeen, & Seventy** - Written 12/25/2011

ORIGINAL POEMS & SONGS



THE END

EPILOG:
Paradise In Laramie

June 17th, 2011

As I walk along the street
there is Paradise at my feet – here in Laramie.
It is not Jerusalem or Rome,
but those places are not my home,
though they would be if I were there
because where I am is where I care – and find home.
Paradise is so easy to see
whether you are on land or on sea – or maybe in the air.
Because it's not the place, it's you
if what you are about is the truth –
and the truth is all so clear – everywhere.
Just open your eyes and take a look
whether your passing a lane or a brook
if God is all about – and It is – there is no doubt
well, smile - there's no need to wear a frown.
And If it is that way –
no matter what may have happened yesterday –
Today is a brand new day.

As I walk along the street
there is Paradise at my feet – here in Laramie.
But if I were somewhere else,
it would be just as easy to tell
that there would be my sea.
There is a sea everywhere
even if no fishes are found there
but if there is fish or there is not,
every place is Camelot – if you belong there.
What makes a place a home
is to know it's all Divine.
That's what makes it all so fine
and it's all yours and mine
if that we see.

God is oh so Great,
but it is such a big mistake
to think that God belongs to just a few.
Let us not fight among our selves
and realize there is no Hell;
and all we need is to know the truth.

As I walk along the street,
there is Paradise at my feet – here in Laramie.
As long as I know that I belong
then I can sing my song – and be so free.
There is nothing to it – you know -
just throw away your cares and blow –
like the wind -
and believe me, that's the way to go.
I have so long realized that everything's Divine
and because of that, everything's the same.
It doesn't matter who you are
or where you are or what's your name.
No, it does not matter where you are
whether it's here on Earth or with some star,
the same Divine is both near – and far.
So take it all off - from your toes to your nose.
Remove your worries and your woes
by embracing your flesh and your bones
and realize you are home – and deserve to be.
Know that Paradise is true
whether it's here or there with you
as long we embrace the truth,
there will always be –
Paradise in Laramie.

***Goodbye, Everyone!
Thanks for Listening!
Francis William Bessler
Laramie, Wyoming***

OUT IN THE OPEN

Volume 8 of 8

(Featuring All My Songs - Alphabetically)



THE END