

# I STOLE

Charles Howze

I stole from my folks; I stole from my friends,  
I stole from myself again and again  
I stole from my kids; I stole from my wife,  
I stole from Jesus Christ, like it was all right  
I stole off my jobs; I stole out of stores,  
I even stole my brother-in-law's watch, my sister's rings and my nephew's clothes,  
I stole from my brother, the best one I ever had  
I pray that one day he forgives me, but for now he really mad  
I stole from my sister, I mean I really let her down  
I can't explain why I did what I did, and I was too ashamed to stick around,  
When I stole from my sister, I knew I had to go,  
But that's why I'm back to let her know  
That her little brother don't steal no more

*Charles Howze is a community contributor to HEAL.*

# MA

Ryan M. Fitzgerald,  
Class of 2016

Live for me  
Nurture me  
Not demands; observations  
Nothing asked for in return  
And yet, yearning  
Desire to reciprocate  
Her love

*Growing up in the Navy, Ryan Fitzgerald was brought up in an ever-changing environment. The one aspect of childhood that was steadfast and constant—his rock—was his family.*

# JAIME'S HUG

Kenneth Kriendler

If I could hug you one more time, I'd still tell you that I love you.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd hold you tighter.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd hesitate to let go.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd thank Jesus for the blessing that is my child.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd assure you that you're special.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd promise to spend more time with you.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd offer more spiritual praise.  
If I could only hug you one more time, I'd tell you that I love you.  
If I could only . . . hug you . . . one more time.

*Kenneth Kriendler resides in Columbia, South Carolina.*