

Silence to Sound Online

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A Selection of Poems by Agnes Fisher

Agnes has been profoundly deaf since the age of seven but has quite a good understanding of English and pronunciation. Of course not being able to hear means that she doesn't know how loudly or how softly she herself is speaking. Unfortunately Agnes is now registered as deaf-blind.

She has qualified as a British Sign Language Tutor and has taught several different classes of students.

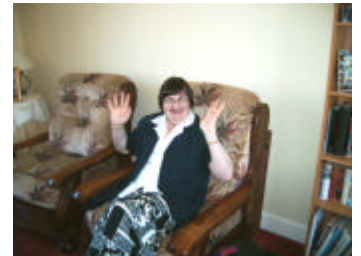
Agnes attends the John Ross Memorial Church for Deaf

People in Glasgow and feels indebted to the ministry and friendship of Rev Richard Durno.

Her faith in Jesus is what has brought her through many difficult situations throughout her life.

The poems that follow reflect this and also show her sense of humour.

In 2004 these poems were put together in a little booklet which was sold in aid of a Christian Nursing Home.



A surprised Agnes gets her photo taken.

Thank you Agnes for allowing your poems to be published online in this way.

A word from Agnes

Thank you for taking the time to read my poems. I hope that you enjoy them.

I was born with a hearing problem which remained undiscovered until school days. When I was around seven years old, after many unsuccessful operations, I had yet another operation which destroyed all residual hearing. I found myself in a world of silence.

My grasp of the English language is thanks mainly to the hard work of my parents.

I began writing many years ago but never dreamt anything would ever be worthy of publishing. My work stems from nature and my faith as well as events in life.

I have been fortunate to have had some of my

work published. I am currently working on my autobiography and also contributing to a book with other members of the deaf-blind teams.

With grateful thanks to my friend Marion who has played a big part in encouraging me to do well.

Agnes Fisher

Signing Hands a Happy Band!

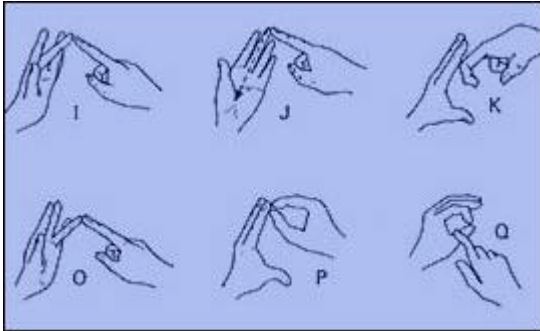


Diagram showing how to sign I, J, K, O, P and Q in British Sign Language.

*“And signed in
celebration
The talking hands you
see”*

A happy group set off today
On the road to lovely Dundee
For our annual celebration
Of signing hands you see.

Creations story unfolded
Such awesome sights to be,
The trees in autumn glory
Sing in perfect harmony.

On the distant Campsie Hills
Was a powdering of snow.
We gazed in awe and wonder
And forgot about the cold!

And so we reached our venue
In the city of Dundee
And signed in celebration
The talking hands you see.

As we journeyed homeward
A tired but happy band,
Blessed to share God’s glory
Bless the gift of talking hands.

Great the sound of jubilation
With the festival of hands
Praising God’s eternal glory
Spread His word throughout the land.

Cindy



Cindy’s a Labrador black as can be:
Big brown eyes smiling at me,
With a sleek shiny coat and that cheeky grin,
She’s full of life and loads of vim,
She’s treasured by Kay, Pete and the girls all three.

When Kay calls walk she barks with glee,
And stays by your side till you set her free.
She loves to swim and race on the sands.
When she shakes off water; you have not chance!
She dares you catch me if you can!

She loves to run and play at chase
Speechless at the look on her face!
A look that says, “Come on, join the Race”
When the sun is shining and there’s a breeze
She hides in the shade of the tall green trees.

A Brave New Year

A brave New Year is dawning
All fresh and bright and new;
Give it such a welcome
Let joy be born anew.

The old year full of memories
And change and challenge too
Has passed on so now take a bow
And leap into the new.

A brand New Year has dawned
Full of hope and mystery too;
We'll make some resolutions;
Some we'll break it's true.

A brand new year we now behold
Whatever comes dare be bold;
Raise a glass to old and new
Let deep peace be born in you.

* * *



"Raise a glass to old and new"

The Journey

I set off on a journey
One cold wet New Year's Day.
The scene was set before me
And my thoughts began to stray.

The hills were dark and changing
The bus trundled along the road
Streams were flowing merrily
Surely gifts from God.

Passing down by Corsencon
Signs of weather to be;
If it bears a misty top
Wet it shall surely be.

But if it wear a silky scarf
Then it will be dry,
At least that's how the story goes
From days long gone by.

This scene never tires me
Journeying through the hills,
Nature's beauty surpasses all
And its wonder always thrills.

*"This scene never tires me
Journeying through the
hills,
Nature's beauty surpasses
all
And its wonder always
thrills."*



Arran



Arran from Ayr sea front.

*“As I look on the far
horizon
A wondrous sight
behold
There stood the Isle of
Arran
Such Beauty did
unfold.”*

As I gazed out on the ocean
This early New Year's Day,
There I saw an awesome sight
My thought again did stray.

As I look on the far horizon
A wondrous sight behold
There stood the Isle of Arran
Such Beauty did unfold.

I could not take my eyes off
The Isle of Arran fair,
Draped in a dazzling white dress
With diamonds in her hair.

The beauty of the island
With mantles of powdery snow,
Sun dappling on the ocean
Cold sets the cheeks aglow.

As we drove along Ayr promenade,
The scene took my breath away.
My heart it was so very glad.
Oh, what a happy day.

So many sights burst on my gaze
Cause my heart to sing.
Oh, Master how I give you praise,
And thanks in everything!

Anne to Agnes!

Agnes Fisher went to Rothesay
For to catch a fish
But the ferry wasn't sailing
So she had an empty dish!
She went there another day
Took another boat
But she coughed the whole way home
With a fishbone in her throat!

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Agnes to Anne

Anne was leading our minister
One glorious Sunday morning;
Suddenly all the lights flashed out
As if to give some warning!
All eyes turned to see the cause
Of the great and sudden commotion.
“Here comes or Agnes, late again!”
‘Stranded’ by the slow locomotion.
“Come”, said Anne, “Settle down now,
Stop being such pains
And get on with signing our choir's refrains!”

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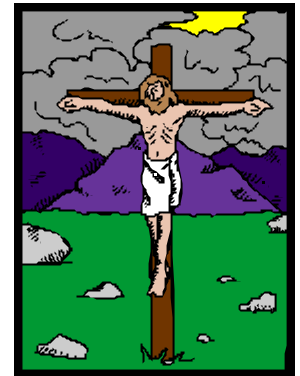
The Cross

Did you see the cross on Calvary's hill?
It makes the heart to tremble still.
It makes you sink upon your knees
Arms outspread just like a tree.

Did you hear the cry that shook the hill?
It echoes through the ages still.
From the darkness of the garden tomb
His Spirit fills the quiet room.

Had He not suffered on the hill?
Shaken the Earth's foundations still.
He bled and died for you and me
And lives forever, one day we'll see.

Years have rolled on, as they will
Since that day on Calvary's hill.
The stone was somehow rolled away.
O Blessed Happy Easter Day.



*"Father into your hands I commit
my spirit." When he had said this
he breathed his last.'*

Luke 23: 46

Seashore Scene

Walking by the seashore
One glorious summer's day;
My eyes beheld a wondrous scene
My thoughts began to play.

The sand was warm beneath my feet
Children calling; new friends they meet;
Sandcastles built upon the shore
Sun's warmth; you couldn't ask for more.

Seagulls calling in the azure sky
It sounded like laughter as they passed by;
People listening to the bands
And boats sailing to far off lands.



Summer Holidays

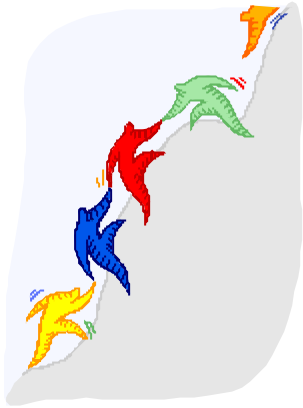
We set off on a journey
This our summer holiday
As the train sped onwards
The pen began to play.

Barges floating down the rivers
Birds flying in the air
Children playing in the meadows
The world seemed free of care.

The sun shone on the meadows
And fields of golden hay;
The sheep and cattle grazing
What else shall we see today?

Sun rays striking Ailsa
And the Isle of Arran fair
Upon the far horizon
God's glory everywhere.

The Dream Team



*“We’re here as
encouragers,
Stretching to goals.”*

We’re the dream team.
We’re here to win souls;
We’re here as encouragers,
Stretching to goals.

Spreading our branches
Both near and far,
Wherever He leads us
Wherever we are.

When the Holy Spirit beckons
And we respond,
The branches will spread
Way on beyond

Over the mountains
The hills and vales
Onwards we’ll carry
The wonderful tale.

Onwards we’ll go
And we’ll travel afar,
For he dream is timeless
Right where we are.

Our Minister



Our minister?

The wee man asked the poet,
“Have you no more work for me
to put into a column
for my readers to see?”

The poet responded humbly,
“We’ll see what we can do,
we’ll spread God’s wondrous story
in the newsletters from you”.

As the Spirit prompts us,
We’ll pursue the worthy task
For it is our hearts desire
To do what the Master asks.

So then dear minister we give
Some verses out to you
Using the gift God gave us
May His blessings fall on you.

To Marsie

To a very special friend
A few lines have been sent
The capers we had
To cover our scent!

Today we're going to have some fun
It shall be a happy one
From the rising to the setting sun
We'll carry on the work begun.

You transform the lives of many
Through tireless dedication
Through adversity you shine
With love and endless patience.

You have been such inspiration
To all you hold most dear
And your deep devotion
Will echo down the years.

So then dear friend
We give you thanks
A tribute now we pay
God bless you on life's way.

Marsie, this is your special day
Memories of this great day
May you always treasure
May God guide you on the way.

Little knowing a dream was born
Upon a summer's morn
Little knowing a team was born
The dream just paved the way

Thanks Marsie and God bless!

* * *

Autumn

Here I am to paint a scene,
Welcome again the Autumn Queen,
Dressed in luscious shades of green,
Come and see the Autumn Queen.

Summers glory now makes way
For a glorious autumn sway
Leaves are changing to many hues
There's beauty in the autumn true.

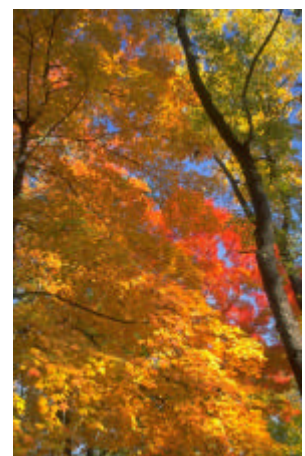
A blazing carpet in the woods,
Rustling leaves beneath one's foot,
No human hand created thee,
The changeless beauty of the trees.

Walking on piles of falling leaves
Blowing in the autumn breeze,
Transformed to russets, reds and gold,
Such beauty now autumn unfolds.



"Marsie, this is your special day"

*"Summers glory now makes way
For a glorious autumn sway
Leaves are changing to many hues
There's beauty in the autumn true."*



The colour of Autumn

My Father the Gardener



*“My garden is
growing with
countless blooms.”*

Here’s my garden I’m hoeing the weeds,
Pruning the roses and planting new seeds.
My garden is growing with countless blooms.
The tall trees are shading my quiet room.
No time to dwell on darkness of gloom,
For I’m building a garden; not a tomb.

What more shall I place in my quiet room?
The fragrance of roses in seasonal bloom,
Or snowdrops waving their silky heads,
Or pansies from the floral beds.
Weeds no more for these I’ll tend,
And many a quiet hour I’ll spend,
Here with my Father the Gardener.

Blessings unnumbered He always sends,
So continually growing and making new friends,
But the ones that are here right in my heart
Are those most loved right from the start.
For the one on whom our whole life depends,
My father is the Gardener.

Can it be true the sound in my heart?
A bright light is shining on through the dark.
I’ll walk in the radiance shed on my path,
No matter what happens He’ll show me the way
With patience and courage I’ll reach some day.
My Father is the Gardener.

* * *

Prayer for Autumn

MY MASTER

Dear Master as you walk with me
Help me a worthy servant be.
You gave me sight to behold all things
So much makes my heart to sing.

But Master though I cannot hear
I’m blessed with gifts and talents rare;
I can feel and see and share with you,
Knowing you tell me what to do.

So master as you walk with me
Your light shines bright for all to see;
The gentle breeze rustling through the trees
Send your message to me.



Autumn has definitely come to
Crawick Water.

The Stable

Did you visit yonder stable
In the winter dark and cold?
Did you see the Eastern sages
The wondrous star behold?

Did you hear the angels strumming
On their heavenly harps of gold?
Did you hear them paying homage
To the Redeemer King from old?

The children with their gifts
Myrrh, frankincense and gold
Re-enact the same old story.
The King we shall behold.

We're here at Jesus' stable.
This winter's dark and cold.
He's the Heavenly Shepherd,
We're the worldly fold.

We gaze at that reminder
Of the stable dark and cold
And when we feel God's presence,
He turns our heart to gold.

Wintertime

Now we come upon the season
Of goodwill and of cheer;
Will you think just for a moment
As Christmas Day draws near?

Will you see the coloured baubles
As they hang upon the trees?
Will you see the sparkling windows
Full of colourful displays?

Will you watch the carol signers
In the gently falling snow?
Will you read the Christmas Story
Of a manger long ago?

Welcome then the festive season
As shepherds in days of yore.
Jesus is the reason
We cannot ask for more.



*“Will you read the
Christmas Story
Of a manger long
ago?”*

Well then, will you?



Or maybe you prefer
*“the coloured baubles as
they hang upon the
trees?”* The choice is
yours!

Follow the Star



Following the star!

Let's go on a journey to Bethlehem town.
A bright star from Heaven is twinkling down.
Down in a manger so empty and bare,
Jesus was born for you and me there.

Shepherds were travelling this cold frosty night,
They too saw the star, its radiant light,
They suddenly trembled in awe and fear,
Angels proclaimed the news far and near.

Wise men and sages also came by,
Seeing the star twinkling on high.
They knew it was special as it guided the way,
Your Lord and Saviour was born this day.

* * *

Our Christmas King



*“The hosts of angels for-
ever sing
Praises to the King of*

Now to welcome our Christmas King,
Hear the hosts of angels sing.
Heaven and Earth in union sing,
Welcome to our Christmas King.

The hosts of angels forever sing
Praises to the King of Kings.
Sage and shepherd still they pay
Gifts of homage to Him today.

Not the sound of sleigh bells ringing,
Nor the choirs of angels singing,
But the world in expectation,
Awaits the Lord of all creation.

* * *

*‘And there were shepherds living out in the fields nearby, keeping watch over their flocks at night. An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, “Do not be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people. Today in the town of David a Saviour has been born to you; he is Christ the Lord. This will be a sign to you: You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger.”’
Luke 2: 8-12*



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