



Janelle

gone too soon . . .

Janet

... gone too soon

The Global Friends of Janet

inner child press, ltd.

Credits

Production

inner child press

Photography

Summer Cates

Foreword

~ Keith Alan Hamilton ~

Editor

Dr. hülya n. yılmaz

Preface

William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information

Janet

. . . gone too soon

The Global Friends of Janet

1st Edition : 2016

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell

with

Love Everlasting



Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace Beloved One

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Janet P. Caldwell was a Mother, Mate, Grandmother and friend to countless souls. Janet was a Valentine's Day Baby, born February 14th 1959. This explains the beauty and depths of her uniquely wonderful heart and its unlimited capacity to love. Janet was also a Social Activist who utilized her writing, keen insights and empathy for Humanity's cause and Justice to make a lasting impact on many souls globally. She was particularly fond of her involvement and donations to 3rd world countries. She loved contributing to the digging of wells for consumable water in Africa.

As far as her writing and related accomplishments ... She is the author of 3 books and she has one on the way. She has participated in numerous anthologies (over 50) and is / has been a member of The Poetry Posse since its inception in January of 2014, a venue where a book a month has been published. She also served as Managing Editor of Inner Child Magazine since its inception on February 2013. She served on the executive board of all things Inner Child to include Inner Child Press where she was instrumental in the launching of many careers for new authors. She performed duties such as counseling, proof reading, editing and publicity. She along with William S. Peters, Sr. is the founder of the World Healing, World Peace Poetry movement which is a bi-annual published work aimed at elevating the global consciousness of humanity through poetry. In 2015 she was selected along with many other world class poets to attend and participate in The Kosovo International Poetry Festival as a representative of the United States and Inner Child Press. There she was blessed to meet so many other wonderful souls dressed as poets from all over the world.

Janet also served as an Executive and Radio Talk show host on the Inner Child Radio Network from 2011 until 2014, which included Heaven Speak, The Hump Day Show, Conversations, Fryday Nyte Spitz and the morning sessions of The Hour of Power where she along with Bill moderated discussions of empowerment, spirituality and consciousness through the teachings of The MasterKey studying paradigm and other related materials. This was also from 2011 until 2014. Janet was a member and supporter of many writing, empowerment, spiritual and consciousness organizations via Social Media and wherever she could lend a hand / heart of encouragement and unique brand of embrace and love to and for others. Janet was always there for whomever needed a helping, loving hand. Her physical presence will be missed greatly, but many will carry her spirit in their hearts for all eternity. She made a difference . . . and still does !!!

R.I.P. Beloved One . . .

Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14th 1959 ~ September 20th 2016

Dancing Toward the Light

by Janet P. Caldwell

Dance with me atop the hill
as the sun sets . . .
casting dancing shadows
but not of doubt and fear.

If I really look, I see
a celebrated Ballerina
smiling and dancing for me.
I hear the orchestra play
in my heart, now so clear.

Dance with me in the valley
as the moon kisses the sky
and the stars . . .
are twinkling bright
way on high.

The moon is magical
with it's embracing
and bathing light.
Radiating love . . .
look at us, look at me
I am shining and free.

Finally . . .
I am dancing
as my birthright is uncovered
jumping and hovering
dancing toward the light
as was meant to be.

*In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and the Light appeared
and still yet I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell



Preface

Dear Family, Friends and Readers,

It is with a heavy heart and an unfulfilled longing that we publish this anthology “Janet” . . . but we must press on. This is the way she, Janet would want for us to go . . . forward.

This offering is to commemorate the life and legacy of a beautiful soul, our beloved and dearly departed Janet Perkins Caldwell. In her absence we honor her life and the great and vast contributions she has made to Life, Love and Humanity.

There is not much else to say that will not evoke a torrent of tears, so i will keep it simple. Following is a poem i wrote in her memory and my unmeasurable love for our dear and cherished Janet.

I give you my love . . .

Bless Up

Bill

moment void

dedicated to you dear heart . . . Janet P. Caldwell

after the sun has set
and the world journeys
towards its need for solitude and peace
my soul reaches one last time
for the invigoration
that your light affords

to sleep can be unsettling
for each time one closes one's eyes
there is a transition,
and slight adjustment
made by soul

my love for you
is beyond comprehension
for it has a depth
that only God knows

the magnitude of your absence
i am learning moment by moment
day by day,
thought by thought

i feel your presence
as you abide just beyond my feeble sight
to let me know
that you have not left us,
no, you just shed that finite old body
you wearily carried around . . .
for so long

we shall embrace
when i arrive
and again we will know
of the mutuality
of our love
as we traverse the darkness
with our light

at this moment
there appears a falsehood
which i call the void
where the illusions of this world
scamper to deny the realities
of creation infinitum . . .

for i know
that which is created
by the hands of perfection
can never be destroyed
nay, we were created for eternity's purpose

wait for me by the pathway
in the garden
and i shall join thee
when my way and my work
is done

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Obituary

Janet Perkins Caldwell went to be with her Heavenly Father in the early hours of the morning on September 20th.

Janet was a free spirit, loving wife and mother, as well as an accomplished poet.

She is joined now with her beloved mother, Dorothy, and her brother and best friend Michael.

She is survived by her husband, Alan Phillips, son Michael Hobbs (wife Sarah), daughter, Summer Cates, and brothers, Terry and Jerry Gann.

She also leaves behind her precious grandchildren, Jeremiah, Abby, Natalie and Magnolia.

Janet will be missed dearly by her sister in law, Sherrilyn, nieces Stephanie (husband Roy) Stevie, Stassney, Margaret, Brittany, Kristy (husband OJ) and Ariana, nephews, Steve, Greg, and Dillon as well as her cousin and best friend in life, Tami McGregor, and 'her person' Cindy Burch.

Janet was a Valentine's Day Baby, born February 14th, 1959. This explains the beauty and depths of her uniquely wonderful heart and its unlimited capacity to love. Janet was also a Social Activist who utilized her writing, keen insights and empathy for Humanity's cause and Justice to make a lasting impact on many souls globally. She was particularly fond of her involvement and donations to 3rd world countries. She loved contributing to the digging of wells for consumable water in Africa.

She is the author of 3 books and she has one on the way. She has participated in numerous anthologies (over 50) and is / has been a member of The Poetry Posse since its inception in January of 2014, a venue where a book a month has been published. She also served as Managing Editor of Inner Child Magazine since its inception on February 2013. She served on the executive board of all things Inner Child to include Inner Child Press where she was instrumental in the launching of many careers for new authors. She performed duties such as counseling, proof reading, editing and publicity.

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will be missed greatly, but many will carry her spirit in their hearts for all eternity. She made a difference, and still does.

Janet Perkins Caldwell
February 14th 1959 ~ September 20th 2016

Respectfully submitted
Summer Cates
Daughter



Foreword

We may rightly feel Janet Perkins Caldwell's passing from this world was way, way to soon. That she had so, so much more love and peace to shine on us all through her words and deeds. However, whether we personally knew her well or not, if we chose to read her poetic words, we would have learned she lived a very rich and full life.

Under the tutor of her perceptive sensitivity, Janet deeply sensed and felt the full breadth of existence. Through the imagery of her words we experience the lowliness of her sadness, emotional pain, abuse, rejection, addiction, and then like a phoenix rising from the ashes, how she could resiliently fly with hope to the height of love, joy and fulfillment. The very essence of Janet's words when exposed to the reader reveals she was at heart a spiritual being of the highest order. Her innate understanding for the oneness and interdependence of all things gave her the wisdom to create words of imagery that were real and original, at times very raw and yet so pure. Her words always flowed with the spirit of love and peace. Janet's intent behind this was solely for the purpose of touching the very fabric of the human soul. She metaphorically showed us her humanness in such a way where we would say, "She gets it, gets us and we get her." The reader will come to realize through the creative experience of her poetic words that Janet's destiny is to remember her, truly as an artist who was spiritually, a Pro-Human, Social Activist in life.

On a personal note, I am fully confident Janet's creativity through words and deeds, her humanitarian contributions to the world will be remembered by all those she touched with the spirit of her gentle love and peace. Her spirit and friendship has enriched my life forevermore and I am a better human being for knowing her. Why? 'Cause she was able to touch through poetry and deed the very fabric of my soul.

~Keith Alan Hamilton~

Fellow Mystic, Artist, Pro-Human Social Activist
and dear, dear friend to Janet Perkins Caldwell.
aka – Derailed Poet

Janet's page at The Hamilton Gallery – Online:

http://www.thehamiltongalleryonline.com/blog/?page_id=231

Editor's Notes

it just wouldn't do
it didn't do
prescribed prose that is dearest Janet
words
awaiting the gavel to yell come to order
clauses
seeking their self-standing partners
for a long-earned fulfillment
paragraphs
begging for this or that conjunction
between themselves and another
to be at ease in transit
tenses
unallowed to run amok
craving a break from the rules
and then the infamous .,:!'"?-' ...
are simply too confining for your spirit
too cold next to the larger-than-life presence
of that unforgettably warm embrace
your piercing blue eyes always donned
while your smile waltzed with them in utter harmony
that preciously gorgeous
reserved-at our hearts' core-now-smile

if we could talk at this moment
you would i suspect be asking me

with your sweet concern
what my work was like for me this time
if a read-through of this phenomenal book on you
forced on me the must-have-principle
of the keep-an objective-distance-tyranny
thus widening the circle's periphery
where we stood side by side you and me

if i worried about doing injustice to your voice
by imposing on the enchanting tunes
of your lyrical art's companions

of course i have
you knew me well
on this rope we both did dwell

worry took over me at first and then again
i had after all never met the physical you
nor had i known from ever before
beyond a mere count of half-a-human-hand
any of the poets who assembled here today

all differing from one another
in a multitude of facets
holding diverse memberships on earth

home nations host nations
civil statuses styles of living
public personas personal stands

preferences for privacy – of theirs and that of others
family structures religious beliefs
ties to world traditions of spirituality
views on the many ordeals of humanity

among them
quite a large number
not even once
having met you in person

yet all have united as if to form one single basin
from which to guide streams of your life and work
your warmth, caring heart, gentleness and light
together with your uniquely loving soul's delight
in to the rivers, lakes, seas, and endless oceans

and in melodious chants
they thank you wholeheartedly thank you
in i-had-never-seen-such-expressions-of-grateful-thanks
they tell you how much they adored and still adore you
your dancing spirit your freedom-singing soul
your darkness-lifting glow your healing aura
your pen's largely underestimated undervalued grace
your taken-for-granted-background occupying place
some preserving you in their happier-thought-wraps
opting to reach out only to the between-the-lines light
of the outreach-invite of your ills-soothing poems
others thanking you all the same however
with their sadness-resonating verses

none though wants to let go
of this all-encompassing dreamlike state
that writing to you secures for us

dedicated to the magic of the poetic word
and to its once-again-proven immortality
what these dear hearts all say here in unison
turned to a private gift for me
and so it will always be
for the stories many of the poems relate to us all
give an account of the internal drive
to do better in order to be a better self
for one's own sake
for others as well
for humanity at large
an urge from deep within
which the story-owners had attained through you
their narrations helped me with my stubborn i
shedding its resilience enough to have me realize
that a transformation had already begun in my spirit
at the sight of your voice

standing by my own regrets
wishing out loud i had gotten to know you closely
yearning to right that capsized hourglass
because you have indeed gone to soon

in the end though
i find us in a somber but not-disheartening celebration

for we have safely tucked in your undying beauty
our four chambers will always be there to caress you
as snugly as any loving parents' cuddle can be

nevertheless i am obliged to you to do
as my poetry-for-Janet-soul mates also must do
and that is to kiss you goodbye sweet inspiration
but remember it is only for the duration
that we cannot say hello again to you
take care of yourself you brightly-loving-light
until our reserved terms are no longer due
then we too will be done enduring life
which too often seems to be a senseless fight

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.



Summer Daze

I could be traveling
star gazing
belly laughing, near howling.

Instead, I am unraveling
while self-appraising
these horrid pictures, photographing.

Craving peace and love
while mind caving, no focused delights.
Summer-dazing. Summer-dazing.

© Janet Perkins Caldwell
August, 2016

~ * ~

*This was the last poem Janet penned before her transcendence . . .
Janet's last poetic gift to the world of we who must press on.*



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presents

you were the joy that abated my melancholy
you were the light in my darkness
you gave me favor when my road seemed rough
you gave me love when i felt so alone
you gave me joy for no reason whatsoever
you gave me abundance when i felt empty
you gave me faith when i lost hope

it was your presence in my life
that still yet
makes a difference

you are grace
you are my present

6 October 2016

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Janet

... gone too soon

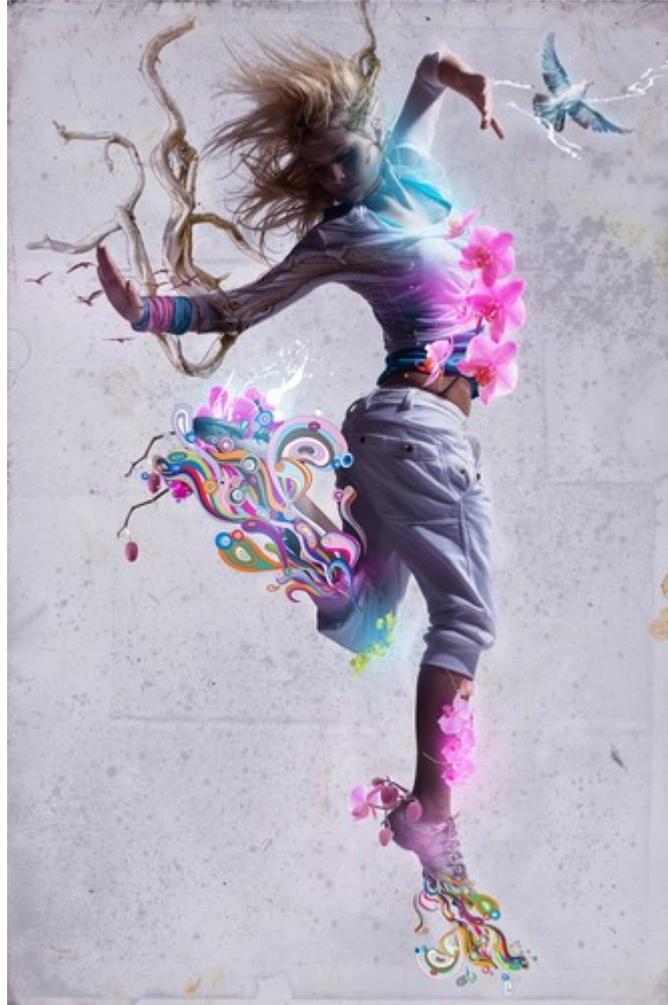
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She passed
through glory's
morning gate
and walked in
paradise

#Rest in Peace





*Those who Dance are considered insane
by those who can not hear the music.*

George Carlin

Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action . . . for you are the Poet, the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been entrusted !

~ wsp

Janet P. Caldwell

Thank you for your poetry.

The
Poems
&
Words

The Global Friends of Janet



The Global Friends of Janet

For Janet

i thread on thin ice
when death is concerned
not knowing which way to go
where to take my insides
that have been kneaded for me
in batches of deepest sorrow

you see
during my formative years
the subject equaled a taboo
to be in mourning however
was nothing to ever let go
with deafening crescendo and
blood-draining wails to follow
respects for the dead were paid

the grief
over the loss
of loved ones

leaving them in the hands of an abyss
of eternal finality inside an endless well
where they would disappear wearing a blindfold
without a single sound echoing their fall
as if suspended in mid-air
as if devoured by a quicksand
as if their breath had never left
its blueprint on the embryonic chambers
of those whose lives took on bright colors
under their bountiful showers of light and delight

even my post-post-formative years
are survived by my matured age
a promise my era of innocence
had long ago made to me

The Global Friends of Janet

has finally unchained
the unutterables on my tray
a talk about dying therefore
has been donning its name tag for long
atop its reserved seat

can anyone be prepared though
for it to hit a dearly beloved
and hit it hard
viciously hard

of course not

but

whatever the interim process may be
for this illusion we call life to run its full cycle
the light of love and love for the light
just have to be unceasing to prevail

hülya n. yılmaz

The Global Friends of Janet

Some, maybe even many may think it to be odd but I have to address you directly: My beloved Janet – you have mostly called me so, with me hearing the music of love coming from your heart every time, hoping that one day I would meet you in person to finally touch the aura about you. The last time you and I had communicated was, unfortunately, only on the electronic medium. You were consoling me in your e-mail when my father died. All deaths of my loved ones left me without a chance to a *goodbye*, dearest Janet, or to a *thank you, I love you* or *I'm so glad we have met*. And, as the poem I have dedicated to you describes, all those life experiences had always trapped me inside a paralyzing agony. Now, you are no longer among us; that is, in the only way we seem to define living: In flesh and blood. But you know what, dear One; your departure is to me not a departure at all. Because the mere thought of myself – a lifelong thick-headed doubter, having received the gift of your spirit's larger-than-life presence has been a soul-awakening realization for me that love for the light and the light of love just must be what living and dying are all about.

hülya n. yılmaz

The Global Friends of Janet

Her Perfect Work

She laid her body down
just before mourning
among the stars that had chosen
to shine a little less
so as not to blind the passengers
traveling the crossroad
and it was not love that failed
and it was not us that failed
the light shone just enough
for those on the journey
on this day
with winter nigh
movement would not be easier
if delayed beyond
this tender moment
in the light of a full eclipse
the footsteps of necessity
are not easily tracked
and it was not love that failed
and it was not us that failed
to notice the beginning
the snow on branches
cannot dim the knowing
of what your perfume remembers
and we close the door
before the winter lets the pain in
tears cannot be done
if frozen in time
the heart heat of those
not ready to make the journey
will warm that place for filling

with the best of her

The Global Friends of Janet

and it was not love that failed
and it was not us that failed
it was just her
it was just us
as she lay her body down
to sleep

Gail Weston Shazor

The Global Friends of Janet

Janet is extravagant. She lived her life so and her legacy will be the same. From the very first time we spoke until the very last time we spoke she loved me, giving virtual hugs with randomness. Janet's friendship was always intimate and free. She never "charged" for it by way of favors and neither did she expect to have to barter for yours. An air/water spirit, Janet was also very private with things she found painful or uncomfortable to share. Like me, she preferred to give those things over to the tides, keeping herself free to give good. i have watched her do this, this giving thing...time, talent, publishing, friendship, love and guidance, whatever she divined as necessary. There was not a soul she encountered that was left wondering about her sincerity.

i have never met Janet's children, grandchildren, parents and other relatives, but i know the breadth and wealth of who they must be, just by being hers. i have never met many of the poets in the InnerChild family, but i know who we are, just by being hers. Her mentorship touched many lives including mine. i could count on her for anything from a conversation to lending her ink to accentuate mine. i will ever have Janet's words in my head and in my heart. i am sure her voice will come just a my grandparents and uncles do with a whispery laugh and a "funny, we talked about that" .

It can be said that the people we love are a reflection of us. i would leave you with these words of Janet's from of "*Notes from the Blue Roof*" ...see her here:

" She is passionate, delicate, beautiful, talented, self questioning, intelligent, arguing with her God, loving, giving, longing, searching while observant of her surroundings both ethereal and secular."

" I have come to admire her gracious heart more with each passing moment. She is supportive and encouraging of every poet that crosses her path including me. Though we have never met face to face, her cyber and telephone hugs are felt deeply, like arms that would never let you fall."

Ashe Selah

Gail Weston Shazor

The Global Friends of Janet

For Janet

We had a great relationship that could've been better but I took our lifetime and brief encounters for granted although I have to admit our conversations and interactions were always noteworthy

Janet made me feel comfortable to share while being conscientious how I say it by being aware of not just my audience now but my future audience as well. Janet made me feel comfortable with my pain and anguish. She encouraged me to not just acknowledge the day to day blessings but to share my daily triumphs. Janet taught me how to keep my barriers up while allowing my layers to be peeled back, explaining the responsibilities of a poet, the self-control one with a platform must have by not abusing their "power".

Janet would often have in her email signature "Our words change the world". Janet was the first person to really read and edit my first book in manuscript form and discuss it with me in depth. She also wrote the preface for my 2nd , and she was the first person to purchase my books.

I'm going to miss our talks and exchanges, our giggles and bitch sessions and our love for poetry and storytelling.

Most people would say we gained an angel but actually.... we lost one.

Gonna miss you sis, see ya on the flip side. Thank you for all that you were to the poetic community, to myself and my family. And for all that you are I thank God.

love always in all ways

Jamie Bond

The Global Friends of Janet

There are moments of beauty, in hearts so pure
Gilded breaths of soft, faithful optimism
Wings of hope, weaving a calm serenity
An ethereal being yielding love through every moment
And gifting encouragement like it was a Christmas morn each day
A humble attitude spilling forth onto family, friends and poets of the world
You are a legacy of hope
You are a legacy of gentleness
You are a legacy of humanity

You lived with us and made our world beautiful

Your words guided us into a greatness of self
Your spirit blessed us with a mirror to see the goodness of this world, of this temporal
abode

You were an angel flying among us mortals
And now, we can look unto the heavens and have hope
We shall see you again, angel
And until that glorious time
Your memory will illuminate our eyes like the luminous northern lights
Your poems will breathe and dance like the wind in autumn
And your humanitarian examples will cultivate seeds of growth from now until.....
We see you again, angel

Janet was one of the first supporters of my poetry. Without her help and the help of Inner Child Press, I would not have been able to fulfill one of my dreams, having a published book of poetry.

Thank you Janet for your loving and giving heart and for your gentle nature. You will be greatly missed.

Lisa McCraw Newell ~ NOLA P Poetry

The Global Friends of Janet

Knowing and Loving

Did you know her
they asked
after she had moved on
to another realm
yes, no, it is complicated

I never saw her eyes
or heard her words
face to face
just the same

I knew her voice
from the other side of the radio show
asking me to reveal myself
share my wisdom
into a space created by her dream

I knew the way her eyes danced
the light that seemed to shout
from the picture
on the back of her poetry books
there is hope

I knew her words
poetry striking the soul
rising from the page
vibrating to the rhythm she created
present in this world

The Global Friends of Janet

I knew her heart
witnessed her tenderness
in a war torn country
offering healing words
connecting, sharing, loving

And I loved her
for all that I knew

Kimberly Burnham

The Global Friends of Janet

Walking in Paradise

It is not when the poet walks angelically
in the Land of Grapes and the Words carved in stones
that send her dreams to dreamers and the dreamers we are not
nor the grace has ever pampered our souls
feeling thirsty for a blink of an eye in the days of noble assembly
as you bare naked pass through the canyons and
see the northern star flying over
fulfilling our wish for unison
and the star came from the North and
I touched her gentle hands and
the skin as pure as the purest Soul
and the hairs golden as the gold of the seven mountains
and the Soul...
oh...Soul of ninth heaven that brought the serenity
to me to us to ours

Fahredin Shehu

20 September 2016

...We lack terrestrial vocabulary for the celestial quest

The Global Friends of Janet

so be it spoken, so be it done

come with me
let us go to a place
where there is no rain,
yet the spiritual water
is a plenty

let me wash your feet
that the dust of malcontent
is no more

let us let loose the world

are we not in the garden
where there is but sweet fruit
waiting to be devoured
by the hungry palette
of our consciousness

unbridle thy tongue
and speak only of miraculous things

let us enjoin our souls again
and celebrate this epiphany
that speaks to the depths
of understanding

all is love . . .
did not they tell you this my child ?

no worries
for we are bonded
by the dreams of mortal men

The Global Friends of Janet

tarry not in the land of illusions,
lest thou be vexed
for non-choices are choices
as well

i tell you this
for it is you
who have told me to come visit
and thou charitable spirit
embraced me
and we, you and i and eternity
are fused

so be it spoken, so be it done

© 29 September 2016 : **william s. peters, sr.**

The Global Friends of Janet

still yet

i still feel you
within the tenderness of my embrace

still yet you are here with me
and i am listening
to the sweet melodic whisperings
fo your love

i do not know
the ways of our Creator,
nor do i presume
your life,
your parting,
is without purpose

most assuredly
your transcendence
has awakened many hearts
as we are now compelled
to examine the depths
of our love
and the meaning of life
for which we may contribute our goodness

yes, we think you are gone too soon,
but we are resolved
to know that you have accomplished
what you came to do
and that is to show us
who we are
and confirm
that we are so very much more
than we have imagined

i thank you for your visit

The Global Friends of Janet

into my life,
albeit too brief
from my finite perspective

you have given me much,
more, than at this moment
i can ever comprehend,
but i trust in time
that i shall understand the lessons
you imparted
by way of your divine tenderness

Thank You . . .

still yet we embrace

in love

© 24 September 2016 : william s. peters, sr.

The Global Friends of Janet

Sogni per sempre

traduz. Mario Rigli

abbiamo avuto sempre sogni
tu ed io
e ne abbiamo esplorato le possibilità

siamo venuti insieme
cuori desiderosi
di consolazione
pace
luce del sole
e gioia

Ho tenuto la tua mano
hai tenuto il mio cuore
e la mia anima ha sorriso
per quel breve momento
nell'eternità

rifletto
con una vacillante certezza
nella ricerca di risposte
alle domande
che non so formulare

So ora
molte cose
sul mio io
su di te
sulla vita

forse
io ho calpestato questo sentiero
prima

sicuramente assomiglia
ad un altro posto
ad un altro tempoma questa volta
ho sentito la musica

The Global Friends of Janet

ed il ritmo
della melodia
Non mi avrebbe permesso
di scusarmi
per il mio cuore che stava ballando
saltellando
di meraviglia
per quello che il domani avrebbe portato

sapere che tu
mi hai dato una canzone
ed io canto
per interpretarla ora
con gli occhi spalancati
che continuerò nel sogno
anche se sembra infranto

Così mi approprio di questo momento
Nei miei sogni per sempre
ringraziandoti
con la massima umiltà
per la tua civiltà
soprattutto
per cui vale la pena sognare

e se i nostri stili possono differire
il nostro camminare può differire
il nostro pensiero può essere diverso

il nostro abbraccio può differire
i nostri desideri possono essere diversi
i nostri spiriti possono differire
le nostre vite possono essere diverse
quasi completamente
io sono sazio
perché ho ancora
sogni per sempre

Mario Rigli

The Global Friends of Janet

Forever Dreams

Traduz / Translated by. Mario Rigli

we had dreams of forever
you and i
and we explored the possibilities

we came together
hearts longing
for solace
peace
sunshine
and joy

i held your hand
you held my heart
and my soul smiled
for that brief moment
in eternity

i reflect
with a wavering certainty
looking for answers
to questions
i can not formulate

i do know now
many things
about self
about you
about life

perhaps
i have been down this path
before
for it sure resembles
another place
another time

but this time

The Global Friends of Janet

i heard music
and the rhyme
of the lyrics
would not allow me
to excuse it
for my heart was dancing
prancing
with a wonder
of what tomorrow may bring

know that you
have given me song
and i sing
for i realize now
with my eyes wide open
that i will continue to dream
though this one appears broken

so i take this moment
in my forever dreams
to thank you
with the utmost humility
for above all
your civility
makes the dreaming worthwhile

and though our styles may differ
our walk may differ
our thought may differ
our embrace may differ
our desires may differ
our spirits may differ
our lives may differ
almost completely
i am replete
for i still yet have
forever dreams

William S. Peters, Sr.

Metamorphosis..,

The Global Friends of Janet

and she's an elusive butterfly
comes to mind
hot buttered soul
some samples
for example.,
inspire dem who possess
fire
light dem path to thread
unpaved
exploring routes that bring
expression out from hidden
suppression
in ways flavors immerse unique
to the taste
bringing joy to the heart
smile on face
then like it came disappears
without trace
to resurface another time,
another place
gifts bestowed from
unseen,
that which mankind
don't know or see!
undeserved mercy,
never owed!
manifest in prose, essay, rhyme
an honest commentary for times
of yesterday and contemporary
poets, writers art form imparting
gifts of insight

freely flying birds in flight
addressing wrong passed for norm

The Global Friends of Janet

enjoining right be it through
muse on time
prose or rhyme, manifest!

PEACE & LOVE ALWAYS DEAR JANET CALDWELL

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed ~ AKA Zakir Flo,

Mama, Sweet Angel...

The Global Friends of Janet

Mama. A term of endearment
To me the name of an angel sent.
God knew I needed a kind heart
So he wrote a story in which you took part.
I needed encouragement I never had,
You offered it, and I was glad.
I needed an understanding ear,
And you were the one to hear...
Hear the pain through the laughter
You knew my life was no happily ever after.
You took me beneath your wing
And taught me to sing...
You brought your light into my world,
I was a sad, lonely girl.
You changed me with your kindness
You saw into the heart of this mess,
You gave me hope,
Helped me cope.
You gave me wings to fly,
You offered me inspiration to live by.
Now it is you who wears the wings,
And all the Angels sing.
Fly sweet angel and play among the stars...
For a brief moment you were ours...

LSG (LauraSue Gutierrez)

I sit, pen and paper in hand
As I know you have a hundred times

The Global Friends of Janet

A thousand times
A million times over

My grip is anxious and tight
No idea what I'll write
Channeling you, relinquishing control
'Always connected,' you insisted
As you balled up your fist and planted it
Into your fragile chest

You offered me tired green eyes
In place of words, in lieu of apologies
For all the lost time
For the years we spent drowning in purgatory

I held your hand, memorized your warmth
& studied your crooked nose & sideways grin

'Come here baby' you said, & you pulled me into you
When you noticed my sobbing begin
You told me you'd see me in your dreams

I'll always meet you there
At the dark end of the street
We will sail into the mystic
& sit on the dock of the bay

I'll call you next week
So we can rock & roll 🎸🎸

Summer Cates

this poem was written by Summer (Daughter) while at Janet's bedside during her last days.

Dancing in the Light

The Global Friends of Janet

The mountain is engulfed in yellow fire
a sacred wind floods the ground
the smile on your face is uplifting
I see you dancing

I walk in an aspen grove
pull a golden leaf from a tree
raise it in your name
I see you dancing
I release that leaf to earth
watch it land gently
glowing with your humility
I see you dancing
Your love and compassion for others
is a heart song for all souls
honored by your presence
I see you dancing
I celebrate you here on this mountain
as rain flows heavy from my eyes
I smile because I know where you are going
I see you dancing
I can see the rainbow bridge
where Spirit waits with open arms
to take you to the ocean of love and mercy
I see you dancing
Keep dancing dear one
right into the arms of grace
I see you dancing
I see you dancing in the light

Teresa E. Gallion

A Few Words for Janet

The Global Friends of Janet

Your legacy will live forever on the page. Generations that come after you will pick up your books and find solstice in your words. For each life you personally touched, your loving essence will live forever with each soul. May the lights glow with love as you dance on the highway to heaven.

Light and Love

Teresa E. Gallion

Life Is But A Journey...

The Global Friends of Janet

You know that I must leave you,
The end is surely near,
We both knew this day would come,
Please don't shed a tear.

Life is but a journey,
Beginning with our birth,
I'd like to think it continues on,
After we leave this earth.

But I do have one big fear,
And it's not of the unknown,
But rather that my leaving here,
May find you left alone.

So, until we meet again someday,
I hope that you may find,
Someone who will share your life,
Someone sweet and kind.

But your happiness means more to me,
Than you will ever know,
And though I wish there were another way,
For now I have to go.

My only hope is you find the strength,
That you need to move on,
And may you once again find love,
After I am gone.

For, I know there must be a Heaven,
I've seen it in your face,
And someday we will meet again,
And once again embrace.

Alan Jankowski
Since Venus waved goodbye

The Global Friends of Janet

Walking my dog and trying hard not to reminisce
About our trips into lunar space,
I, the falcon and you the eagle
Making love at tranquility base
My daughters whisper "good morning"
And somehow i force a tired smile,
Thinking to myself no more earth light skinny dipping
With you and i on enchanted galactic isles
Staring into a black hole
And contemplating how much of your love i've lost,
I can't forget my favorite scarf today
Because since you've been gone the angels are reporting
That the sun is beginning to frost

The moon is crying
And the sun is trying to shine,
Europa is groping in the darkness
For memories of saturn that she's left behind
And
All through the day mars silently ignores
Comets and passerby,
Sighing "never, never again"
Since venus waved goodbye

I'm driving through the van allen belts
Searching for stellar remnants of our very first flight,
Shakespeare was in love it seems

For only a midsummer's fortnight
A galactic halo settles above an image
Of your beautiful face,
I'm sure that the supreme commissioned the portrait
And entitled it, "earth angel in outer space"
Peering through my telescope
To catch a glimpse of you streaking through the heavens,

The Global Friends of Janet

You see me and pause to wave and smile,
Thank god you're too far away to see my dejected expression

The moon is crying
and the sun is trying to shine,
Europa is groping in the darkness
For memories of saturn that she's left behind
And
All through the day mars silently ignores
Comets and passerby,
Sighing "never, never again"
Since venus waved goodbye

Dgreaves

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PHONE CALL

The Global Friends of Janet

If heaven had a phone, I would make a call to you right now and tell you to meet me on cloud nine.

So that we could share one last memory but in reality I hold on to your essences every day and I don't understand why god made such a demand

For you and me to part and go our separate ways and I want to accept the fact that this was just faith

but if truth be told, I'm actually feeling some type of way.

I want to dial 911 and tell heaven that they made a mistake or at least ask "If it would be okay for me to speak to you?"

Because things feel as thou they will never be the same

And I believe it's your absents that makes it feel that way

Because without your physical presence in my life even my joy feels like pain

And no words can describe the gray that has replace the brightness I feel from seeing your face

If only heaven had a phone

But just know the moment they get one

I'm waiting on your call.....

Florence Malone aka Floetic Flo

Iron Woman of the Poetry Posse

Tribute to Janet Janet P. Caldwell

The Global Friends of Janet

You are the voice of your mind
The breathe of your gentle heart
Your words are cure to ailing prose
The mouth of your affection
You are the muse who stretches strength
The advocate of love and sacrifice

a dreamer

a believer

a goal finder

a truth seeker

a home maker

a patient child bearer

a soulful mother

an understanding wife

a compassionate partner

a blessed friend and defender

a picture of in and out beauty

an arsenal of excellence and competence

You are the senses of the invincible.

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My Good Bye To You

I think of thousands of ways to whisper your name

The Global Friends of Janet

To everyone you were this special GIFT
You were my sisStar who I called Janet
You taught me the true words of passion
The love and life of POETRY....

I could place a single flower or many
And feel the layers of the soft petals
The sweet fragrance released them
And reminded me of the beauty in the world
It would hold that special place
That would be you that beautiful person

On Valentines Day 2016 I spoke with you
Next year 2017 I will hold you close to my heart
As I touch a Flower in remembrance of you

When I see the SUN in the morning as I rise
I'm thanking GOD and saying hello to the angels
As they are spreading their WINGS
Wait!
You have another beautiful gracious one
With beautiful eyes like the skies
They blend so well with the clouds
As she is watching over US

Those sparkles in her eyes makes us smile
I know her name is special to me
I named her that way sisStar Janet
Please excuse her for a moment from her poetry Class
With the Children blowing her Kisses

I shall miss your voice as we listened to you on air
As we shared some good times and enjoyed the laughter together
So blessed you were
My Publisher, I counted my blessings because of YOU
And of course William S. Peters Sr.
So many people who will be missing you
I could think of a beautiful Ocean as the waves are rolling
As you are sitting at the shore
Admiring the beauty that is before you

The Global Friends of Janet

While using my imagination I see you as a beautiful mermaid saying Hello
With a peace sign and turning to Go

There you are in white with those beautiful WINGS spreading
As I watch you going upwards to HEAVEN
I wiped my tears and said “don’t cry because I love you”
One day we will be back together again
You are now in PARADISE
This is my Good bye to you Janet

Rosalind Cherry

The Gift of Love's Ghost

When Love arrives, it comes as

The Global Friends of Janet

A Gift,
Bright and cherished and
Unexpected.

It slips a mystical mickey into
Our bloodstreams
Makes us all high and
Giddy under our skin
And then it washes us
Clean from pain.

When Love leaves, it feels like
A punch, a blow
To the heart, beating
Us relentlessly, pummeling
Our senses...

It hurts us most because we imagined
The Gift
Would sustain us. We imagined it
Would keep giving,
Keep filling, keep
Nourishing us...

And yet....
Whether Love arrives in a flash
Or leaves us, unexpectedly
The Gift of its ghost remains

A Blessing.

L.M. Ross

Travel

For Janet

The Global Friends of Janet

Angel became on Earth
with one wing to write poems.
God gave her the second,
when he opened the gate of Kingdom.

Now she is admiring
the infinity of heaven.

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan

A Slice in A Dimmed Moon

The Global Friends of Janet

How often do we write?
Our snares
Into the lures of lost
Moment

How often do we measure?
The length
Of our arms
On the breasts of a dead sea

Jane, in 1959
In the river of a second month
When twilight birds
Announced your presence

The world knew
The seas whispered
That a great spermatozoon
Has arrived from the womb

your smile was like a morning sun
Melting
& healed
The in a broken poem

I walk on the edge of a book
Which wrote the anguish
Of September 20

Caldwell, would you sleep in this palm
And blossom in the spirits of this poem
So the world would know
You wrote harmony in the core of its feet

Nana Arhin Tsiwah

FOR JANET II

The Global Friends of Janet

1. “She told us good night for the last time and the sun has never risen ever since.”

2. “Her soul unfolded its ethereal wings and soared to heavens thus making them richer by one angel.”

Demetrios Trifiatis

Early this Morning

It was startlingly serendipitous how I learned the news,

The Global Friends of Janet

News that left me weeping, in abject sorrow and grief
For the loss of our dearest friend. I had never met her.

I feel a little selfish; how can my feelings compare
To her family's, close friends, or her dearest one's?

The news, bitter words on the page, how they pierced
My sad heart with an ache that could not be contained.
She's no longer with us, she has been transformed.

How can it be, one who was once so vivaciously alive
That she is no longer among us, that she's passed on?

In truth, I must acknowledge I am thankful that she's
No longer floundering on the shore, that she's spared
From riding the crashing and thrashing waves of pain.

And, for her family too, what anguish they must have
Felt in these passing days: my heart aches for them.

Her absence shall sorely be felt by those who remain,
Though, we who are left behind can little express how
Blessed we were to have been invited into her presence.

We were family, though I, from a poetic distance, we were
Mutual members of a gifted society, sharing our creations.

In words, deeds and actions she generously gave her all.
So beloved was she by family, friends, her poetry family,
That the loss of her nearness exhales as an aria of grief.

The morning has a dark veil covering it; the sun is hiding,
And yet, her smile beams down as a cherished blessing.

I was but one of many, nevertheless, I was honored
To simply brush up against the pages of her poetry.

The Global Friends of Janet

Her verse conveyed a real sense of her loveliness,.

She was esteemed by those who knew her and, of course,
By her dearest one, he who spread his wings of love over her.

Whenever I hear her name I shall remember her as I do
My own sister who sadly passed over far too soon. Even
Still, I shall not say goodbye, nor farewell through tears.

By the grace of God, may her life and her work sustain
And lift us up in love. Rest in peace, my dear friend.

Jackie Davis Allen

for Janet

The Global Friends of Janet

do not grief my friends
that she
who taught us
to play the flute
to turn the words
into soaring kites
and fix our flat tires
amongst us walks
no more
for now
in all her beauty
glamor and glory
she walks among the angles.

Nizar Saratwi

For Queen Lady Janet Perkins Caldwell

The Global Friends of Janet

I will always SMILE
when I think of you... Angel
dancing eyes... kissed souls ____.

I will always remember when you came to one of my poetic scribes...
you left such an encouraging message.
I SMILED, as I was new to Facebook's Poetic Society
I had only been sharing my poetry for a short time.
You found me and uplifted me!
You inspired me to share more...
you could not have known that I was going through some difficult
and devastating things in my world.

Yet,
your comments on my poetic offerings made my heart and soul SMILE.
You asked me to allow Inner Child to publish my poetry.
I SMILED even more...
I was flattered!
I thought, what a beautiful Angel you were, to not only read my scribes,
but to want to see my small offerings published.
I thought to myself, that was quite ambitious of you.

I did not feel as though my poetic offerings were worth publishing.
You begged to differ and made me realize that my poetry was worthy of publishing.

I felt humbled and honored beyond words...
that was many years ago now.
I had another encounter with an angelic and motivating spirit,
just like Lady Janet's a few years ago.

Today I SMILE...
because Janet's beloved King William visited my poetic offerings...
and he asked me to allow Inner Child to Publish my first book.

The Global Friends of Janet

I was floored!

Poetess Queen aka Lana “LJ” Joseph

Dearest Queen SisTar Janet,

The Global Friends of Janet

your twin spirit made me feel as special and worthy as you did.

What you both saw in me and my poesy...

I did not see at that time.

Since then,

I have been blessed with others in my life who also enjoy my poetry.

I believe that our creator gave me this gift of scribe

to speak out and inspire individuals through my poetry and prose;

just as my beloved Queen SisTar Janet shared with me many years ago.

And, since that time, I have been accepted by the most eXquisite,

eXceptional, Divine and Phenomenal Poets and Poetesses;

I have ever connected with in my life.

Thank you for seeing me Lady Janet!

Thank you for taking time to acknowledge me the way you did!

You could not have known how much your divine encouragement
meant to me or how much you helped me.

You could not have known that your inspiration gave me a huge uplift
to keep going and to continue writing.

I have always believed that Angels walk among us.

Well...

You and your beloved King William S. Peters Sr. were/are confirmation
and affirmation of that TRUTH!

Thank you for sharing your time to connect with me one on one.

And, I thank God for your anointed and spiritual presence here in earth.

You will always be a Royal and Authentic Queen SisTar to me.

I can only wish that we were able to physically connect in this universe.

I will always remember your kind, generous, sweet and humble spirit.

Continue to Rest In Freedom With God Beautiful Soul_____.

I Love You For Eternity Queen Lady Janet!

The Global Friends of Janet

Poetess Queen aka Lana “LJ” Joseph

HER VOICE

dedicated TO Janet Caldwell, thank you so much

The Global Friends of Janet

Her voice was like the cool rain
dashing upon the soulfulness of my spirit
the calming effect of the light touch upon my face
was the celebration of a divine halo
The glow was radiant yet soft
her voice kissed me with her passionate language
my lips quivered to respond to the moment
but my words were compelled to listen
The intelligence of her womanhood
unlocked the chains of the color of her skin
erased the blotted marks of insecurities
and I noticed a woman of a peculiar harmony
Smooth, silvery, classy and not judgmental
her calm voice could brake rocks into boulders of hope
her echo awakens that part of theatrical bliss into love
so I sat without an umbrella to be drench by her words
Her voice stimulated the senses of facts wrapped in truth
her musical notes produced vibrations to my vocal cords
and as I try to speak to utter such sweet adoration
I fell into a trance of noble appreciation
For her voice was my cool rain
refreshing me because she loves me with my mistakes
but care enough to correct my verbal inflections
the voice of her sea brings complete introspection
The articulation, the frequencies, and animation
her written or spoken expression is without opinion
the urgency, power, and focus of her voice
let me know deep inside of my heart a purpose
my spirit made this effective choice
for you have defined a woman beyond virtue
you written the word human in my life again
your voice is now my cherished instrument of a friend

Eric King Judah

For Janet

The Global Friends of Janet

I did not know you Janet,
but your face I saw
and your smiling clear eyes
like half-closed lips
in a smile to the world, to humanity.
You smiled also to me Janet.
Now barefoot walk on the clouds
and you still smile to us

Io non ti conoscevo Janet,
ma il tuo volto ho visto
e gli occhi chiari sorridenti
come le labbra semichiusse
in un sorriso al mondo, all'Umanità.
Tu sorridevi anche a me Janet.
Ora cammini a piedi nudi sulle nuvole
e ci sorridi ancora.

mario rigli

I feel like a flower

The Global Friends of Janet

I feel like a flower
Blossoming with fragrance
And color and joy alive,
The emotions are humming
Their symphony's song
And leaving this blossom revived!

This is how I will always remember Janet, as a flower fragrant and so full of life!

From my poetic heart to yours Janet,
Very well done my friend
In life, in love, and in your gift

You gave until its end

All my love,
Chrissy

Christina Fulco - Neal

In Memory of Janet P. Caldwell

A flower in flame,

The Global Friends of Janet

extinguished
long before her due—

time and time again,
perfect in love
& in pain when losing
that love;

when I shall meet her
again in the next life

we will dance to
the jazz of
better musicians, and
time will be just
an illusion—

in our love we will be well again.

James Moore

More Than She Ever Knew

At the dawn of a new me sat a sun -

The Global Friends of Janet

a softly colored one, a marvel,
a light that glinted off dull, flat planes
And burst into flame, a star unconsumed
by its own heat

-she was-
more than she knew -
to me.

She spoke like molasses,
Slow and sweet and full of goodness,
with a touch of something southern
and a hint of something extra,

undisguised.

We shared the same blood,
Both conceived inside a dream
And though she drew first breaths
Two decades ahead of me...
We were copies
Birthed on the same cloud-
a grand dame named Poetry
Our mother, our sister
Our link

Never touched her hand in comfort
Nor smelled rose
In her hair as we hugged
Never danced with her energy
Yet I sang on her frequency
Because it traveled miles from her space
Into outer space and other galaxies
That was her gift...
just being,

Janet

At the dawn of a new me sat a sun-
That she was

The Global Friends of Janet

Ushering in a day I had not seen
By seeing me; one who had been
Hidden inside something hidden,
Inside something buried.
And a dream become a done
As my voice rode a night wave
She was made to hear my cry
To put my thoughts upon a page
And the walls that were so high
Were demolished to a pile
When she helped remove my armor
To expose my "Inner Child"

A softly colored one,
-she was-
a marvel, a light that glinted off flat planes
And burst into flame,
a star unconsumed
By its own heat.

- she was -
more than she ever knew-

to me.

Forever thankful for her light. Love always...

Alicia Cooper

For Janet

I heard of your past
but you overcame

The Global Friends of Janet

there was many to blame
that attacked your
awareness
for change
many who witness
the solemn sounds of
your confessions
were heightened
they did not win
those lyrics deeply
explain your pain within
it gave your poems depth
and sincerity
with each line emerged
complete clarity
of where you been
it even told us of your
promising future
in a sense
that you would write
to enlighten
for whom would read
to give them courage
for them to never
become frighten again
you told of stories of fear
likewise words of happiness
of love
but you survived
by your vigilance and strength
before
know you would be immortalized

by your immaculate words you left
I remembered your past
but also for your tenacity
for your Literature and Arts

The Global Friends of Janet

Deon Souldier Ballard

#RIPJANETCALDWELL

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Her Hour Of Peace

She has intoxicated our minds
With lines that are contorted and divine

The Global Friends of Janet

They shine while your spirit flies in the heavens
As you guide the souls of old
Through unfortold roads

The light down the street shines on your porch
Flickering indistinctly waiting your arrival
Flickering, Flickering as time ticks by
As I stand in hindsight
Waiting to see if the birds sing a beautiful song
Of the mystery of your new journey that has taken flight

Fall is in the air
Her hair stands so lovingly upon her shoulders
Like the weeping willow trees leaves hanging
Basking in the cool winters glow
Her face pale but strong and at peace
Smiling as if she knows the secrets of their thoughts

Slowly you run through the clouds
Laughing, out of breath with elation
And remembering you are at rest
No pain only gain
As you are proclaiming a heavenly victory

I sit in remembrance of your peace, of your spirit
It's beauty unfolded as a gift not spoken
Your aura brightly shined from earth
And caught GODS eye
As HE called to your soul to be released

An Angel he needed and you were the chosen
Missed you are but gone you are not
In my soul you linger as a friend, a mother, a poetess
A spark of light that helped ignite a peaceful insight to LIFE....

The Global Friends of Janet

My Dear Friend Janet P Caldwell

Alfreda D. Ghee

For Janet

what do we do
when a tender heart

The Global Friends of Janet

beats no more?
when the sound
of a smile
is still?
sing songs
of joy
as an incantation
so we become
that sweetness,
that loving heart,
and grow fertile
in the production
of new tenderness
in memoriam.

Laura Lee Sweet

Letter To Janet, Namaste My Sunshine Spirit

Hello Dear Friend,
You've been on my mind and I hope you're doing fine

The Global Friends of Janet

You've given freely through your walk of life
A teacher, mother and even wife
God's strength filled you
Here comes the sun.....

When we used to talk, sing songs
Of The Carpenters, (Rainy days and Mondays)
George Harrison's (My Sweet Lord)
Cat Stevens (Yusuf Islam) Morning Has Broken
John Lennon's (Imagine, Mind Games, Mother
Starting Over and another favorite Give Peace a Chance)

These moments take me to places so beautiful
Where friendships should all feel..."My dear friend"
I carry the words you've given me in times of
Your Inner Child ...secrets of our hearts
We've both have shared and healed

Laughter, jokes, all hearty and pure
Your smile light up my imagination of
How you embrace God's wonderful world
I appreciated you being in my life
Even for a season we entertained daydreams
Of Woodstock and the 60's

Everyone has different confidants,
Comrades and Constituents
That will bring and give Love of some kind
Whether spoken or unspoken
Healing our lives with strength, wisdom and memories

You've been one of those Special Spirits
A person to have met...You Are My Sunshine
Spirit of Poetry Ribboning in the Wind
Your gifts priceless ...living your dreams
As You touched so many with your Poetry
I miss you my Sunshine Spirit Dream Catcher

The Global Friends of Janet

Thank you for giving me your
5 Degrees of Separation" of "Passages", while
"Dancing Towards The Light"

Farewell Beautiful, love, your friend

Shihi Suynshyn

Weep

Purge my soul
of this weight
too much to bear
pull up and out of me
that darkest despair

The Global Friends of Janet

I manifest myself released
from the cross
that is mine to bear
I want no part
of further dirge to direct my steps
I see me out of this
agony
I raise my eyes to heaven that
rain might cleanse me
of all I have done
to deserve this
unbearable disconnect
that darkest despair
from the deepest recesses of
my heart
from the coldest hollow
of my solar plexus
and howling scream
erupts unchecked
and grows to
swallow me whole
I am whole in this scream
and all of me feels this pain
this rage
this loss
and at last
the rains fall in earnest

Sylvia Blalock

Blank

Janet... Rest sister. They are not strangers, nope. Those men surrounding you are my brothers.

The Global Friends of Janet

I've called on to them to greet you at... forever. I've always said that I'm just a vessel being used as a voice by the crossed over. Please, use me whenever. I would like to thank you for being judgment free, from the day we crossed paths till the day you passed, you always understood me. I'm a silent soul but when I write you told me that my words speak volumes. When you painted, I saw words paint pictures. Having the pleasure to share with you in the posse will be something I'll always treasure. Im use to death but it's never easy for me to absorb, seeing pics with that flawless smile and everyone speaking of you in the past touches me deeply. Volar, volar sin miedo, I'll read your poetry en la cielo

Albert Carrasco aka Infinite the Poet

Dearest Bill

Attached is the poem I shared on the radio show. It is the one that makes Janet smile and when I hear it, think of it, recall it, it feels like she is here with me.

The Global Friends of Janet

I am so utterly joy-filled to have shared time and space with her once again and, as we are, we continue to share time and space wherever we are. To quote fried green tomatoes, "A lady always knows when to leave" and Janet is a lady through and through. She knew that it was her time to work in other dimensions that this earthly realm could not afford her to. Although we miss her in physical form I feel her more than ever before now that she is unrestricted, unlimited, infinite.

Regina Ann

Come With Me

come with me
won't you come
to meadow sweet
where tall grass

The Global Friends of Janet

dances with the wind
where flowers lay out color
like artist palette
where Sun drenches
all things
in perfect Love
and rainbows come to rest

come with me
won't you come
and dance
spinning like tops
till we dizzy drop
giggling all the while
making angel patterns
with our forms

come with me
won't you come
run and play
stay the day
in meadow sweet
from worlds retreat
just you and i
breathe in crisp air
place flowers in our hair
blow kisses
to the fishes
laughing at us
from the creek

come with me
won't you come
spread our wings
and soar above
race the birds
up in the sky
dip and tag

The Global Friends of Janet

the tree tops high
and sing with stars
when night does come
in chorus with
illusive owl

come with me
won't you come
and share
the wonder
the magic
the fun

come with me...

Regina Ann

Every Time

Every time we say goodbye

To someone dear,

We lose something of ourselves,

The Global Friends of Janet

An undefinable piece of

Inner substance

Lost forever

And we taste the true

Bitterness of life.

Every time.

Dennis John Ferado

RE-BIRTHING

Soft flowery spirals un-twirl for their bursting
painting onto love's brilliantine vibrant center.
Showering heart-glamour upon our inside-space
blazing light-glow in sparkles of unending fires.

The Global Friends of Janet

Awakened flows - inner breeze displays stillness
living moment's call upon life's love and beauty.
Growing remnant-seed - springs rapturous-return
goes meeting wishes to find real meaningful journey.

Light dawns upon the shadow-dance of forever
showering in glow-shows onto heart-living screens.
Lifting flash-sparkling's to fly on mirage of darkness,
flowering freely within these fiery kisses with light.

Sparkling brightness-flares aloud - becoming one
raising up fields - sun-breaths will breathe onto soul-sail.
Re-birthing emerges - cracking secrets of the living-code
blooming spirit to unfold a most magnificent-blossoming.

Jen Walls

Beautiful Soul

Your smile I won't forget
Which brings cheer to anyone who will get a peek
Your eyes sparkle like the stars in the heavens
Imparting HOPE and a beautiful tomorrow

The Global Friends of Janet

A beautiful soul, you truly are

And I am truly blessed for crossing paths with you

A beautiful soul who roamed the earth for a while

Your journey was a wonderful experience

As friends and loved-ones celebrate the uniqueness of you!

For dear beautiful soul, Janet, never will be forgotten...

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

My imparting words for Janet

I consider myself so blessed to have known dear Janet through Inner Child and the poetry community even though I was not able to see her personally. Janet was one of the sweetest and kindest souls I have ever met and she sparkled with her rhythmic words and love for humanity. I will be forever grateful for dear Janet for opening up wonderful

The Global Friends of Janet

opportunities in my writing career and for being such a good friend, mentor, and supporter. Her beautiful soul will be surely missed but never ever forgotten.

I love you, Janet!

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo, Philippines

For Janet

I awoke in tears to find the lady who had shown so much fight
had lost her light

our skin had never touched but this never mattered much

half a world away she had a hand in printing my poems for others to read

The Global Friends of Janet

as I read hers I learnt of her desire to sow more than just the poetry seed
she wanted to give peace a chance whether in USA, Kosovo or France
she wrote of hope and love and how we are all fingers of the same glove
she spoke of dreams and ideals in a way that really made you feel
now souls all over the world read her words knowing there will never be a new one
her light went out with the setting sun.

Neville Hiatt

Adieu to a poetic plant

Silence reckons the evening twilight
As the sunset calls for a dark night,
With taciturnity the flowers whispered
Weeps filled the words they conversed.

The Global Friends of Janet

An eclipse had dawned upon rhymers:
People said it, 'The garden of beautiful flowers',
For a massive rose plant thorn less
Whose presence shall be lost hence.
Her life of spreading love still ignites
And a revolutionizing spirit lives undying,
A smiling rose plant is now dead
But her flowery verses shall never fade.

Bismay Mohanty

Are you kidding mentor just think back 7 years ago when i couldn't express anything brother you took the time out and with compassion and love just gave your honest opinion i still hear you saying brother K don't stop here. I know Janet was a wonderful human being because you two came together as one and even though it was brief

The Global Friends of Janet

moments that i spoke to her it was through you that i understood. I love you brother my heart is heavy. I ask the great Spirit of love to comfort you. ♡.

Peace ya

Keenan Robinson

Dove of Peace Flight

She spreads her tiny wings
Embarking on the night,
Many miles to travel
to reach the nations plight

The Global Friends of Janet

Ocean and along the shore
She trills her sweet song clear
While amongst the battle hymns
Sweet tidings do allure

Wars surround her fearful quest
But destiny's put her soul to rest
All -the -while she's singing her song
Hoping others will sing along.

Into the night her voice carries strong .
Soon, others join in the singing.
Singing long hours into the dream ,
This quest will take a long time to scheme...

Scheming of how to rid this land
Of hatred and evil on demand
Isn't a simple task ; albeit ,
So she sings it to the darkest street...

A tiny prayer to light the way
To get her to the light of day
Where todays' tomorrow Rids the night
To bring the new day upon

Her ever present determination
To learn by heart this song
So the world can sing along...
Triiiiiiiiiiiiiideedee ,Oh why can't you see

What the world is becoming
As I just be
Simply me singing this freedom song.
When will we all learn to just get along?

Others chime in to her heavenly tune,
Before the day is about to days noon

The Global Friends of Janet

Her singing has captured many a heart
So won't everyone play your part ?

Just smile for a neighbor
Give food to the poor
When it's all said and done
That's what she sang for.

Oh, the song she did sing
But they soon left her side
All so afraid of the evening tide
Of events the new world might bring....

Then step by step
As some stories do
This message she sang
Reached out to you...

Won't you take up the song
Just once more...
Trilllllliiiiidee
That's what she sang for!

Deanna Caroline Bosworth

I am a Poem

I am a poem
a disembodied text
behind your eyes

The Global Friends of Janet

in your head
not here or there
past present future
but now, forever now
where you find me
not a place, not a person
the person is you
where you find me
a disembodied text
forever now
i am a poem

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Dear Janet

As I sat in stillness and prayer today x with my Candle lit, and my thoughts with thanksgiving for our beautiful sis Star Janet.. for there is so much I could say about one I call my Soul sis star !! on reflection that would be about me, and this is about our Dear Sis star !! She has been a true instrument in me becoming who I am today It was with such a wonderful pleasure, a while back that Dear Janet asked me to give her a Reiki

The Global Friends of Janet

healing Session and chakra cleansing – due to distance, this was done on line.. We also shared energy exchange and readings together.. many times...

This is the testimonial she gave with all sincerity for my Website and remains within its rightful place in gratitude and thanksgiving. For not only that, she was a true instrument giving advice within the websites creation..

I AM.... Truly Blest..

Thank you, Riana! I received a marvelous healing and Chakra cleansing from Riana last week and I have to say that I have never felt better. This was done Via SKYPE and as she guided me through meditation while concentrating on my breathing, I literally felt the ocean waves caress my feet and splash up my leg. The Ocean sounds were amazing. I experienced healing from the top of my crown to the soles of my feet. Riana is truly a 21st Century healer and for her to share her gift with us is an honour and a Blessing. I highly recommend this Lady as she is sincere in her work.

Janet P. Caldwell

On so many levels as she has also been that instrument for so many, too many that I would lose account of..

In the knowing that we are all apart of the I AM..

Janet is (I say is because she continues to be that instrument in our lives) apart of the I AM presence and while on this earth plain, through much pain and diversity always gave from her heart and soul.. the I AM xx every gift of the self she gave was done with her heart and soul for it is spoken and written... so shall it be...

I wrote the following verse back in 2012 – guided to include it in a space here..

For I saw and I see....

Did You see me, really see me ?

Between the Lines

So, did you read my words,

or did you really see.....

and read behind the those lines

and see the real Me...

The Global Friends of Janet

The I AM reflection of your good self?
Tell Me!!
What did YOU see xx
Read between those lines
and there you will see,
Your reflection of self-Me
The I AM.

~ * ~

Our Sis-Star loved John Lennon very much, as he spoke from his heart and soul clearly in his written word.

This is most powerful and speaks

*Count your age by friends not years.
Count you life by smiles
Not Tears..*

Quote by John Lennon...

Although I shall miss you, I know within the I AM presence of my heart and soul you remain, for you haven't left its space.. for the essence of unconditional love and light never dies, I wish you well sweet sister as you embark on the next part of your souls journey...Be still oh! My Precious one.... Namaste

Dedication to Janet P. Caldwell 27 September 2016.

Riana George – Healing Hands Sanctuary

As The Drums Beckoned

My heart began to pound the closer I got to
The sound of the drums -
My pace quickened as I was led
With the excitement and expectation of a child -
Faster I moved through the twilight
Darkness enveloping me -

The Global Friends of Janet

The spirit and aural senses guiding me forward through the night -
With each step I sink into the welcoming sand
Pulling and tugging at my feet -
At one with the earth -
Deepening further my connection with G-D and the Universe -
I run now -
Drawing closer to the rhythmic energy that are the drums
in the distance -
All of a sudden I am flying -
Experiencing the ultimate freedom that is freefall -
The emerging realization is that I'm not afraid -
I accept the accidental fall into pure love with ease -
A longing for the embrace and caress of love -
A need for the warmth and envelopment of love -
I fall over the cliff of life and land feet first then bow to my knees in honor of the moment
-
I fall to my knees and give praise to the glory of life -
I say thank you G-D, alight to my feet and run the rest of the way
Across the expanse of the beach, the sea to the side of me reaching shores unseen -
Before me lay a sea of people, spirit, ghosts, and demons alike -
All sharing the same joy for the moment -
Fire dancers' bodies exposed naked not for judgment but for freedom, freedom of spirit,
mind, body and
soul -
I have arrived and I am happy for the experience -
I am glad I made it this far -
More to come –

Denise Lyles-Cook

HEAVEN'S CALL TO LIFE

What an incredible sound
Two flutes alike and different
Putting at ease even the most frantic of spirits
A sound filled with tradition
Tradition for the freedom of the spirit
Encompassed in a one and a half foot long cylinder of bamboo
With holes burned in

The Global Friends of Janet

Placed just right so that the sound of G-D, Goddess, Spirit on high
May be captured and freed all in the same time signature
Each breath a new beginning toward the end of the essence of life
Each breath a statement on the conditions of life
Each breath a declaration for the love, joy, happiness and spirit of life
Each breath defying the laws of gravity as the spirit separates and
Takes flight
Each breath the first and last in the universal scheme of things
What an incredible sound. I am not so much moved as I am touched
by the depth of the sound
Not so much surprised as I am discovered in the purity of the sound
What an incredible experience this sound of the flute, flutes
Each separate and apart, each one with the other in their existence of sound
What an incredible sound these flutes - G-D's breath to my ears
Heaven's call to life

Denise Lyles-Cook

For Janet

A smile bathed in sunshine, Janet touch the heart of those she met,
Her soul so gentle and loving, it was a meeting you never forget.
Passionate about her writing and projects she gave of her self to all,
Generously caring for those around her and heard humanity call.
To walk with Janet was special, to which my life she was a part,

The Global Friends of Janet

You know you've met an Angel the way they touched your heart.

I'll never forget Janet's, kindness, wisdom, laughter and love

She made things so much fun, a blessing from above.

Now she sits on Jesus's right side telling of her life and those she touched,

Although I'm sad to Janet I say "Thank You Very Much."

For all you taught me along the way.

The day you were born was a blessed day.

God Bless You In Heaven, The world was a much better place for having you in it.

With love from my heart,

Lins Harrison.

An angel . . . for Janet

An angel was called home
To sit next to the heavenly father
To watch over us all
To be our guardian

She now recites with the ancestors
Voices with maya

The Global Friends of Janet

Debates with Martin and Malcolm
Knows peace with Mandela

She watches over us all
Her earthly family
She will always be here
All we have to do is call

Her touch is the brush of the wind
Her love the warmth of the sun
Her voice, the song of the birds
She is angel.

A heavenly being. A friend

RIP Janet Caldwell

Anthony Arnold

Precious Friend of Ours

for Janet Caldwell

Precious friend
of ours,

we howl
at the moon

The Global Friends of Janet

for you

like wings
of a little bird

in tune
like the way

you

made us feel,
fully bloomed,

we chant
by candle light

for you

in the stream
of our spines,

how can you,
so full of life, die

for you?

we spend this free
ocean moment of eternity

weeping on the front porch
of our planet

for you,

gazing out
into the universe

knowing wherever
you are,

The Global Friends of Janet

you are missed

and blessed,
but still we look

through the pages
of your book

for you.

Justin Blackburn

this mourning moment

the Sun was just beginning to peek
over the Eastern horizon
we faced each other

the morning had an audible chill
and my body resonated loudly

the Clouds were a mottling

The Global Friends of Janet

of a soft Grey and White
set upon a delicious
and promising background
of baby blue

the night was fleeing

was it dying
or was a New Son being born ?

the metaphor in my life
spoke of similar things
for this moment
embraced in the many
was dying
as it gave birth
to the consciousness
that was ever before me

yet there is a resonant harmony
vibrating in my core
feeling like it is tethered
to something beyond my feeble reason

i like the new light of the day
too had silent hopes
that are yet unspoken
that resemble those of yesterday

the Trees too were giving way
to change
for they were in the process
of loosing the Children
they nurture and raised
this year

we unlike any other known entities
it would appear
hold tight
in the quick

The Global Friends of Janet

to our memories
seeking to validate the unknown
with a sense of familiarity
that seems to never sustain
with particular dreams,
but they too
are an expression
of the illusion
we support

it is time to come in from the cold
for there is a mist in the ether
that is whispering to me
and all i can do
is write

the uncertainty appears certain
and that which cloaks its self
with a passing truth
yields to revelation
as they move on

am i dying my way through life
or living my way through death
truly a dichotomous conundrum
of which we all speculate
and term it our religion

a Credo we must embrace
that the illusion of what we think
to be Soul
will not feel lonely

but each blade of this dew laden grass
too does stand alone
rooted alike
in the same ground
just as i stand here this morning
speculating, considering and balancing

The Global Friends of Janet

what little i have learned
and what little i know
this mourning moment
where death lives

william s. peters, sr.

my soul weeps

my soul weeps,
and the Ocean fills with memories.
the buds of my hope languishes
to become free
in the garden of dreams
my conscious dwells
in anticipation
of the sweetness of the harvest fruit

The Global Friends of Janet

and i am no more.
i have been taken up
e'en for the briefest of moments.
i have become the fragrance
of the calling honeysuckle
of my new spring.
i hear the babbling brook
filled with your aspirations as well
as we enjoin in the bliss
of escape from our bondage.
let the fears flow
to the Ocean which holds all things
founded in love.

my soul weeps . . .

William S. Peters, Sr.

Beautifully Tragic

there is a poem somewhere in the mist
waiting your arrival

open thy third eye dear bard
and let loose thy spirit
that it may dance with the possibilities
of what a word or two may do

dear poet

The Global Friends of Janet

can you hear the whisperings of verse
speaking just beneath the noisome undertones
of what we call life,
calling to be set free
from the womb of the celestial muse ?

there if a consciousness
that desirously needs to be touched,
fondled,
caressed,
aroused,
and stimulated
that its unrivaled passions
may be shared
with he whom listens
and has need . .
as we all do

life is a beautiful tragedy,
where the dark dances with the light . . .
for there can be no other way

death and life
are sired by the same loins

are not pain and pleasure
products of the same birth canal ?
who often exchange familiarities
. . . a shared genesis ?
does not silence and busy-ness
coexists
within the same shadows ?

who am i to say
the purpose is void ?
who am i to say
that life is finite ?
who am i to say
i know of what love is ?

The Global Friends of Janet

the grand abyss
is a place of shallowness

how long does a heart beat ?
how long does one pine
for that touch
that settles and soothes
the expectations
we have learned here
during this journey ?

yes i say
there is a poem waiting to be birthed.

so pick up thy pen,
loose thy tongue
and speak to soul
as soul is speaking to thee

let the word of Mother Muse
come to life
once again
and embrace her Beautiful Tragic
and share it with her children . . .
you and i

© 5 October 2016 : willam s. peters, sr.

On . . .

i take my sorrows
and spill upon the blank page
and i watch as my weaknesses
become my strengths

yes i am human,
and i shall lament . . .
not the past, but
the absence of your physicality
as i go forward

The Global Friends of Janet

though i weep
more than what i can help,
i have no desire
to abate
this now sensitive heart

but life goes on here
so they say,
but i swear
a significant part of me
parted
when you did

i now draw circles in the sands
of my consciousness
as i lean upon my belief
that all life is cyclic
and we shall encounter
each other again

my spirit is enlivened . . . on
with just that thought
of our future embrace

Erica said it best . . .
“maybe next lifetime” . . .
yes, then
we shall get it on . . . again!

29 September 2016 : william s. peters, sr

The Global Friends of Janet

i come to you

i have been searching for you for aeons
and your resonance has glowed within my soul
i have followed the flame
and the glow of your light
and it has directed me
through the presence of night

i come to you

sweet communion

The Global Friends of Janet

was the order of the day
all i ever longed for was peace
a place where i may lay
my weary head
and rest

i draw my sword from it's scabbard for battle
and though i seek
to vanquish the enemy of the land
the enemy within
is the Demon
i wish to slay
this day

i see no other alternative
but to fight to my death
to give my life
to the higher order
of defending all that i love

yes i draw my sword
in accord
to a warriors duty
and honor

the odds are against
that any
of my comrades
will survive
i like these odds
for finally
i will be liberated
from this anguish
of being separated
all these aeons
from that which i need
you, the other half of my soul

i come to you

The Global Friends of Janet

it was so many life times ago
i can vaguely remember
when you were banished
vanquished
from the court
for having my child

yes, we had defiled
the established dictums,
the rules of order
the modicum of behavior
for they said
you were beneath my stature
for i was of sovereign blood

i come to you

it is beginning
to come back to me now
my resonant memory
like the sun
shimmering upon the lake that day
when you taught me the way
and revealed unto me

the path
of a higher order
where borders
and restraints
to ones passions
no longer appeared
as real

i was feeling something
new that day
and i knew
that this journey
you led me on

The Global Friends of Janet

was more than a simple quest
more than a test
more than but another conquest

it was a liberation of sorts
and the only retort
i could muster
was acquiescence
to the lesson before me

as the flower of a lighted consciousness
began to unfold
your flesh told stories
of a sweet bliss
found in but a single kiss
upon your lips
where my sensualities
became alive

and now in remembrance
of that which has transpired
so many lifetimes before
here i stand at the door
of a weariness of soul

and no thought any longer
can cajole me
to wish to proceed
in my search
for this flame
my twin
you, who makes me whole

yes i am tired
yet spirited
as a warrior should always be

and as i draw my sword
from its sheath

The Global Friends of Janet

for the final time
there is a glimmer of light
reflections from the Sun
a glint
that catches my eye
that immobilizes
this fleeting introspective moment

and i remember
the shimmering
upon the lake that day
where i lay beside you
when you taught me the way
the path to a higher order
where borders
and restraints
to ones passions
no longer appeared
as real

and in solemn silence
i speak these words to you

i have been searching for you for aeons
and your resonance has glowed within my soul
i have followed the flame
and the glow of your light
has directed me
through the presence of my night

and this day
i come to you

The Global Friends of Janet

missing you ~ until you come back

the pain of missing you
is unbearable
inanely insane,
but i shall hold on
even though you are gone
and it may appear
that you shall never return

i would let my soul
burn in every hell there is
if the final reward
is to spend the rest of my eternity

The Global Friends of Janet

with you
oh how i miss you

each day i bear my anguish
gladly
awaiting you
and sadly
for you are not here

and my only fear
is that i may give up
but i can't
for i am clinging to that dream
where i see you
walking through my door
with your smile
and open arms

i am en-charmed by your presence
for you were my godly present,
and i am quite sure
that fate made a mistake
when it called your name
and took you away

so here i sit
day after day
waiting
missing you
for i do believe
i shall be sated
and my sadness abated

for i have created the day
when you will walk this way again
for i have equated
that
someday
you will come back to me

The Global Friends of Janet

and in the mean time
i am
missing you ~ until you come back

that's what i'm gonna do

william s. peters, sr.

ever for

my soul joyfully weeps in anticipation . . .
of your coming
...home.

i know with all due certainty
that you bear for me a bountiful heart,
filled with the gifts of "Heart",
with no limitations.

Through many restless nights
i rode the dream streams
of colorful light beams
looking over the horizons

The Global Friends of Janet

of my aspirations . . .
lookin for you

All my senses enlivened
with the urge but to be of you . . .
through you . . .
in you . . .
once again . . .
for you complete
the “me” of “me”.

Over the eons
i have watched
the waxing and waning
of my passions and desires,
knowing that only your heart
could align my path with my truth.

Need i say that
the warm velvet of your ethereal touch
grounds me in the soil
of the garden of “Birth and Death”
exposing my silly illusions . . .
that i am finite.

Yes Love,
in my delusional haste to live
and the creations of my own hauntings,
i knew you were always there . . .
heart in hand
flowing with the essence of all life
. . . love.

For with Love,
Death willingly is trumped
and thus submits it’s veil of deceit
to what “IS” . . . Life!

So. my dear
bring me the breath of “BE”ing that sustains us . . .

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bring me the Joy Divine
bring me my Life's Light . . .
Light my Lantern once again
bring me our life
that permeates all "BE"ing . . .
that i may awaken
and be transformed in the . . .

ever for.

william s. peters, sr.

weep not for me

weep not for me,
nor despair, nor lament,
on my crossing the waters,
for my life has been full,
for i had you

i go to a better place,
where i shall make a bed for you
as i longingly await your arrival,
for we are eternally betrothed

i shall have the angels sing

The Global Friends of Janet

a song of welcome . . .
and the flowers of the field
shall dance gleefully
in the embrace of brother wind

the sun always shines here
acknowledging our mutual brightness
where the night-ness
is no more

so i ask of thee
to weep not for me
nor despair, nor lament
on my crossing the waters,
for my life has been full,
for i had you

in loving memory of . . .
Janet P. Caldwell
14 February 1959 ~ 20 September 2016

19 September 2016 : william s. peters, sr.

Janet

you were my poetry

you were my poem

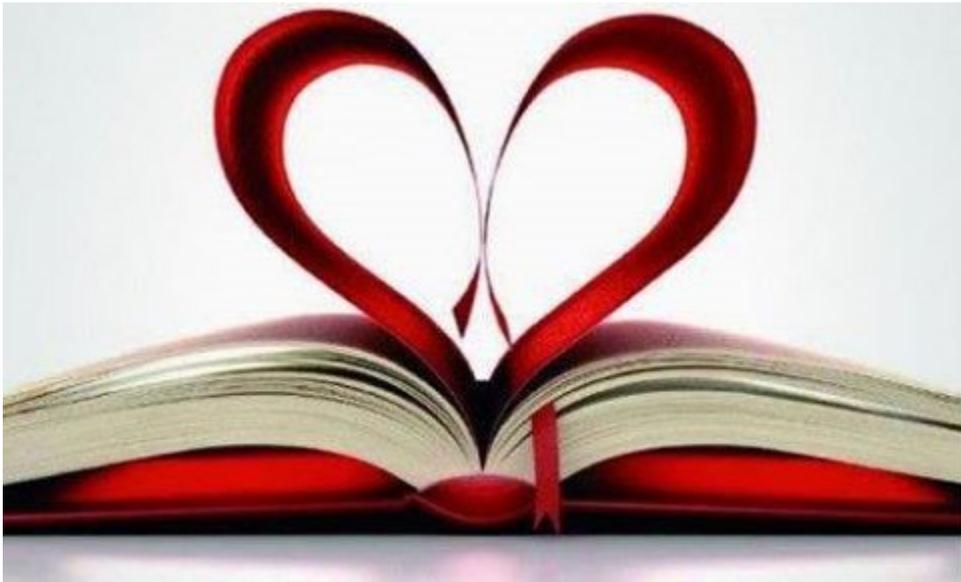
you were my beautiful metaphor

in a world of challenges

you brought me light

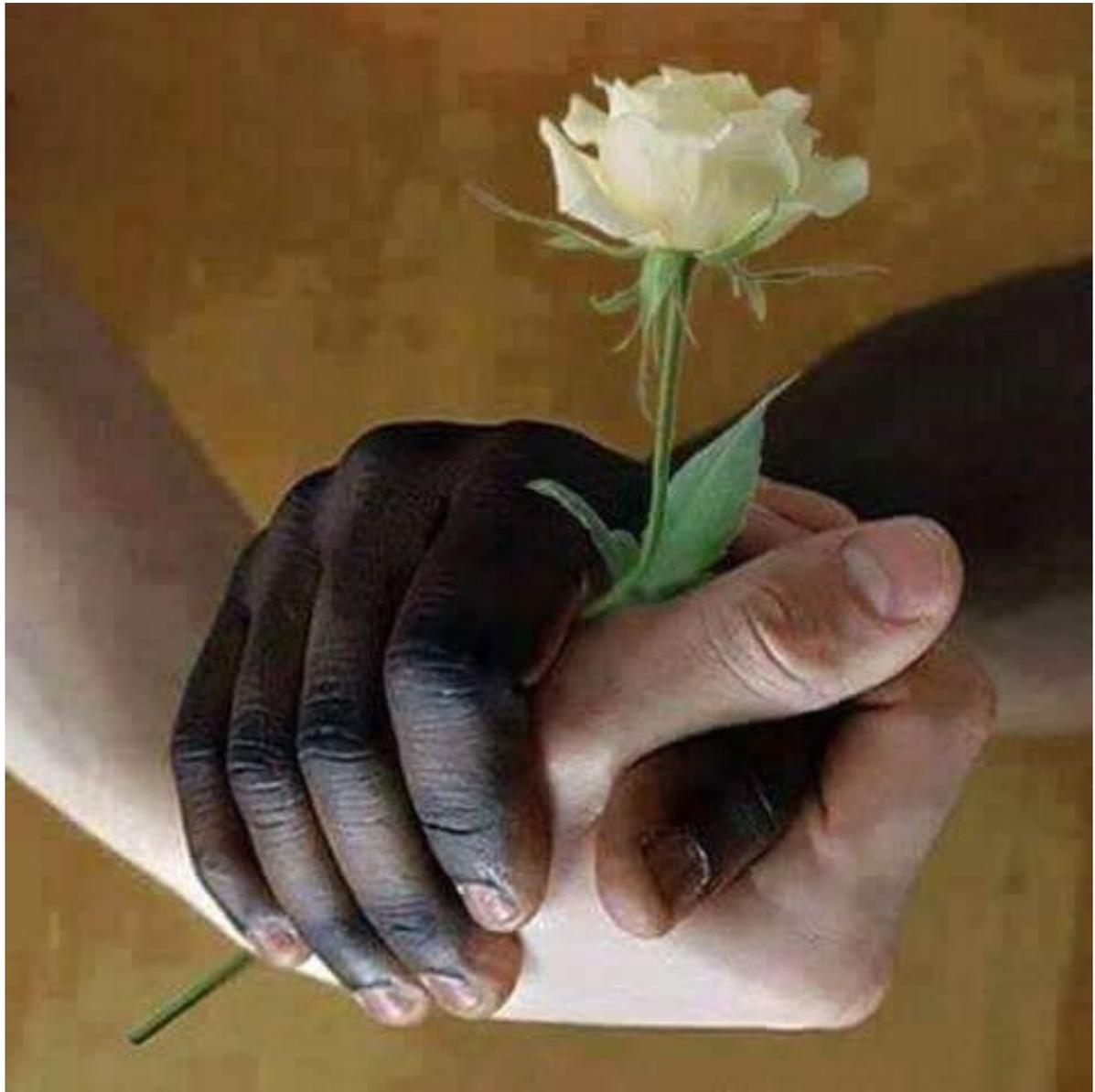
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each day,
and i dined, feasted
upon your divinity



~ epilogue ~

The Global Friends of Janet



The Global Friends of Janet

No Rest

here lies humanity ... in a grave of bloody shame

to be – was to be One

this was not understood

nor embraced, by humankind

the lack of reaching out

with love ... and understanding

while utilizing ignorant excuses

and placing, brotherly blame

caused the death of this world

boom! are you resting in peace now?

Janet P. Caldwell

The Global Friends of Janet



Prose ~ filled

Musings

by

Janet

The Global Friends of Janet



The Global Friends of Janet

The Poetry & Prose of Love

They say there are many forms of Love . . . Agape, Storge, Phileo, Eros and/or Epithumia.

Agape, embraces love fully. It is to love human-kind completely. Love them wholly, but expect nothing in return. Some people find it hard because they do have expectations of others, especially when it comes to a spouse or partner. Most of these expectations are unrealistic and usually are placed on a partner in the guise of *what's best for you*.

Not only that, but it also demands something from another, when in fact it is us that are lacking within ourselves, insecure and trying to get *what's mine*. Unfortunately to put chains on someone with expectations, you let yourself down and you will drive them away. Quickly you will understand that *they were never yours*. This is a slave mentality.

I personally despise the fact that a Lover / Partner would place chains on me and it is the quickest way to get me to run. I don't do chains, threats or demands well at all. Never have and never will. This is not Love at all. However, when I love someone, I purposefully want them to be happy and every choice that I make, I consider their well-being on every level. I would not do anything to make them unhappy, at least not on purpose. I do my best, to let them know without a doubt, that they are the only one for me on a partnership level and it shows in our lives.

There is no reason for question, no reason for others to wonder, it is what it is, right out there and shining bright. Brimming over and spilling not only onto my Lover, but it spills onto others as well. My love is pure and true, an act of my will not an emotional reaction or mental response, love is my choice. When you practice Agape, the other forms of love are a cake-walk. Love is a choice and I choose to love human-kind and my partner 100%.

The Global Friends of Janet

Love is like oxygen
natural to breathe in
and breathe out.

Inhale, exhale . . .
every breath . . .
Every expansion . . .
of my lungs are named Love.

Love is below,
love is above.
I am love, you are love.
There is no strife, when
love embraces our lives.

With us . . .
love surrounds
love abounds . . .
and Love is our divine drive.

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Response ~ VS ~ Reaction

I have heard it spoken that we might entertain Angels unaware. I believed it then, I believe it today. I bring this up because sometimes we are in a hurry, stressed for numerous reasons and lash out at a perfect stranger. (or are they?)

Today, I received a call from what I thought to be a tel e-marketer and he asked if this was the Hix residence, I politely replied no and hung up. He called back a second time and asked if it was “another” residence, I assured him that it was not and to please remove my unlisted/private number from his list. He did not...*ring, ring, ring*, the third time and I was sorely irked.

He INSISTED that my number was NOT unlisted and I lost it. I went off on him, ranting like a crazy woman, telling him that he'd BETTER remove my number from his list . . . you don't want to know the rest. I slammed the phone down and for a while was quite pleased with my “reaction.”

Until . . . I realized that even though, I may have thought him a jerk, he was a man doing his job and maybe I just flunked the 'Angels unaware' test. I will never know. I do know this, I shall think before I speak. Kindness does not cost a thing. In any event, my point is this, be kind to strangers, you never know . . .

Is that the telephone . . . ?

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Boundaries

Today I find myself in a place that some may seem selfish, I do not. Let me explain. Far too many years, I put everyone else first. Because of that, I forgot about me. Me? Who was I anyway? At one point recently, I had a vague understanding. I remembered the Lady who took care of herself as best as she could and LAUGHED a lot.

These last few years, I have had a yearning to know her again. Yes, I will say it. I am sick and tired of being sick and tired. I am *so over* picking up and seemingly owning other's responsibilities. Now, please do not get me wrong, I love to help and still do. I do not own your burden though I hope to make it light. Allow me to help you carry it . . . together.

In the past, most of my friends / family would say “ Janet will do it. ” I had no boundaries and needless to say got walked on, time and again. This was not their fault, it was no-one's. It was my lack of understanding that I must set boundaries for myself. At the age of Fifty-four I want to live MY life while enjoying all that it has to offer. I have passed up on too much. Never again.

I encourage you to love yourself first and then and only then will you really love another.

Don't get frazzled!

Love, Janet xoxoxo

The Global Friends of Janet

A Few Things I Have Learned

When Bill Peters approached our group, in our 14th week of studying, The Master Key System by Charles Haanel with an assignment to write out our thoughts about this journey, in any way that we chose, my 1st thought was “oh cool”. As I am down to the wire in writing this, I am reminded that I am still in the routine of being a last minute Sally.

I used to tell myself that I work better under pressure, right up to the nth degree and hour before a project is due. I was misinformed, at least today . . . by self. In the past, I turned in my assignments on time but felt a certain pressure to get it done, due to my delay. I now realize and really appreciate the aphorism “ why put things off to tomorrow that you can do today. ” Indeed! It is such a good feeling to get the things done, that I want / need to do, and that feeling of accomplishment is the bomb. Not only that, but I am free to do other things without that nagging feeling in the back of my psyche of things undone, when I get my assignments done before hand. They are not a burden and it is a privilege to share; so why did I put it off in the first place? As the slogan from Nike says “Just do it” I tend to agree and do it with joy in lieu of task.

These days, I am consciously aware of my thoughts. As soon as I think an unwanted thought, I am immediately aware and able to adjust my point of view. I am also not afraid to ask for help and this is a such a benefit to me, so that I may make those needed adjustments quickly, and experience less and less . . . self-induced stress. In short, I have no fear in certain areas to ask for help. I have also noticed, that since studying The Master Key System, that I am applying the tenets and realize that understanding the Universal Laws is the way to go.

The things that used to bother me may occur anyway and it is within my ability to change my perspective, so I do . . . sometimes daily, and having been a control freak, and thinking that I knew the best way to get out of any situation or solve any perceived problem have now fallen by the wayside . . .

The Global Friends of Janet

mostly, as I let go and let the Universe do it's thing . . . in harmonious cooperation. It has been a great journey in getting back to the real me. The stretching of my empirical self has exposed or unveiled The Divine me . . . that's always been. Though it has been a process getting myself aka E-GO out of my own way, I do it daily, sometimes hourly and will continue.

In conversation with Bill today, we were talking about his ability to write several poems per day. I told him that I used to and he gently reminded me that I have to be open to listen to my Muses again, and to trust them and stop worrying about how I appear. Trusting myself is a necessary key to unlocking my inner self and the wonderful gifts that I have to share with humanity. I came to shine, to serve and I am.

Thanks Bill . . .

Janet P. Caldwell
February 26, 2013

The Global Friends of Janet



*let us read, let us dance;
these two amusements
will never do
any harm to the world.*

Voltaire

The Global Friends of Janet



more about the Janet

Biography from Dancing towards the Light

I have known Janet for approximately three plus years now, but it seems like i have known her forever. She has a beautiful Soul that actively seeks opportunities to share her self-described Joy and Goodness. This is the conditions upon how i met her as she was an avid reader and sharer of the works of others including myself. Little did i know that she was such a prolific writer as well, for she very seldom called attention to herself.

The very first project we worked on together was a Poetry contest she put together to celebrate the works of others. I volunteered to donate some prizes to her cause. That was the genesis of what has developed into a beautiful relationship on many levels. From this point she joined the Inner Child Team and we have been making our own history together. Our first project was the “World Healing, World Peace Poetry 2012 Contest”. This was a global success with entries form all over the world. Its high level of success was much do to her undying diligent efforts promoting the meaning, vision and cause of our Humanity.

Janet then signed on as an Administrator for our Social Group (innerchild.ning.com). With her driving energy we were able to expand beyond our previous involvement to include a E Newspaper, Magazine while adding several more Radio Shows under the Inner Child Banner on Blog Talk as well as Talk Shoe Radio Networks.

Janet is a Gifted Soul who has many inherent Talents and is constantly enthused to discover her potential, which i think is ever expanding. She is now the Chief Operating Officer of all things Inner Child (www.iaminnerchild.com) which include : Managing Director of Inner Child Magazine; Radio Talk Show Host and Producer of Inner Child’s Heaven Speak Radio (Blog Talk) and Inner Child’s “The Hour of Power” (Talk Shoe); and Executive Accounts for Inner Child Press. She does wear many hats . . . well !

Janet has much to say. When i first read her book “5 Degrees to Separation” i saw the very musing ways she dealt with her past “Life Path” through Poetry. The book was perhaps from my estimation more of a commentary on her experience and the things she may have been troubled with, and could not necessarily let go. In her next book “Passages” i began to notice “Transformation”, and this was so rewarding for me as well as all the readers, for she offered a look, through her verse the insightful possibilities we all are endowed with. This offering is truly a magnificent one for being a part of her life i too am encouraged by her indomitable spirit to keep pushing her individual envelope. As Miriam Williamson suggests in the poem “Our Greatest Fear”, i see Janet boldly facing her Light, no longer her fears. Kudos to Janet P. Caldwell.

By the way . . . she is also a Mother, Daughter, Grandmother and Great Friend.

Blessings

bill

Books
by
Janet

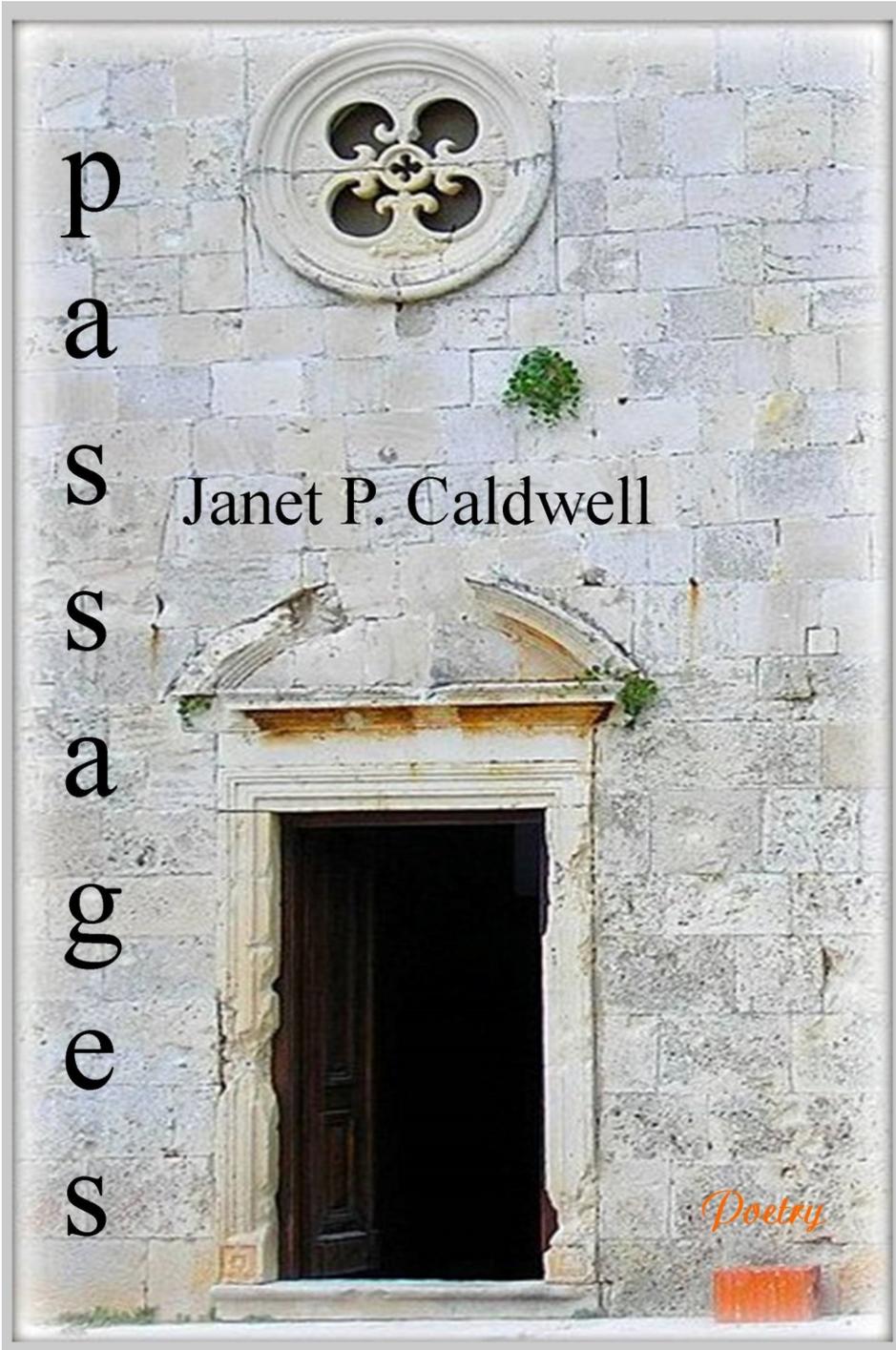
janet p. caldwell

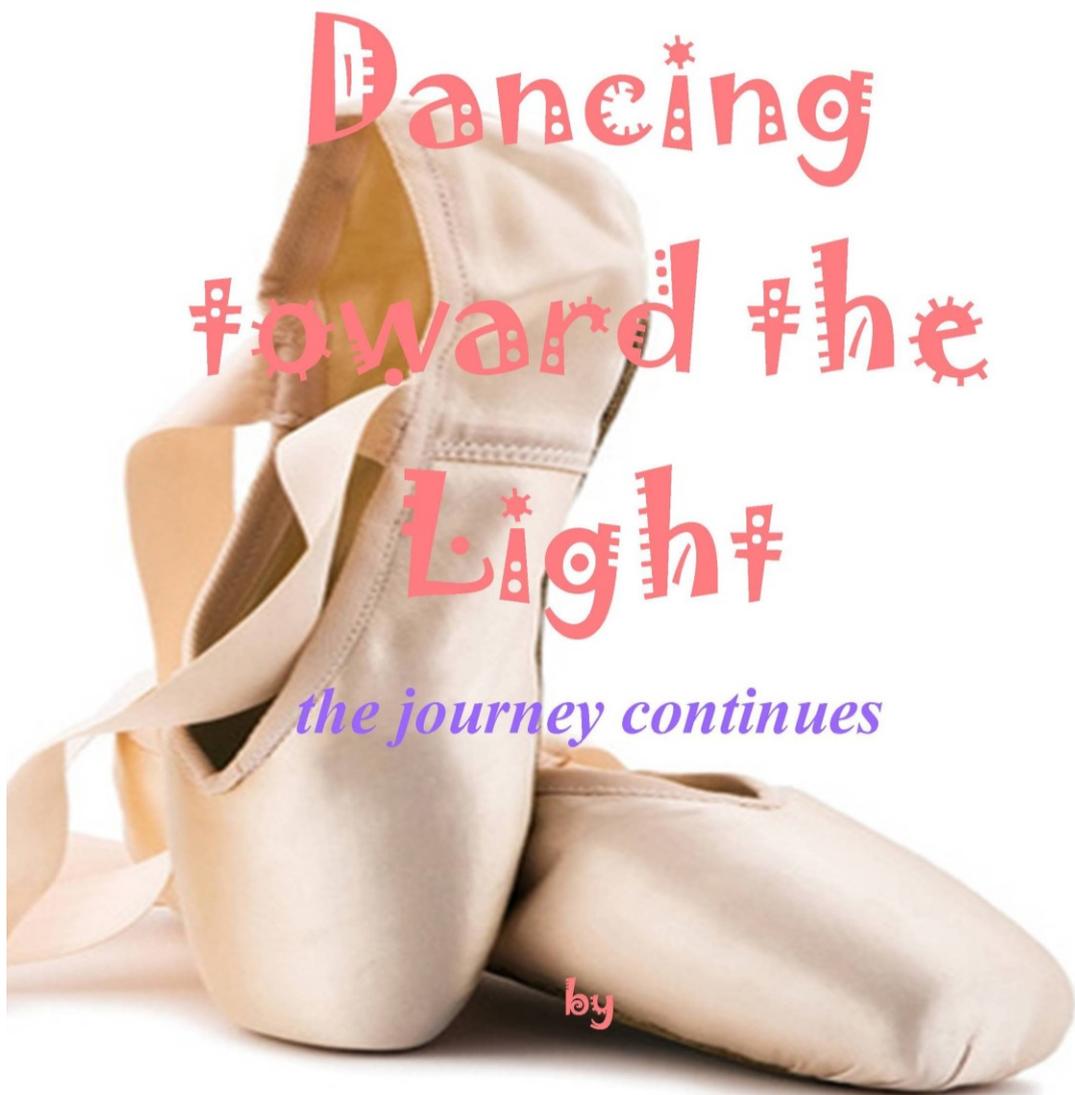


**5 degrees
to separation**

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Janet P. Caldwell





Dancing toward the Light

the journey continues

by

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet's Web Links

Web Site

www.janetcaldwell.com

Books

www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell

FaceBook

www.facebook.com/jpcaldwell

www.facebook.com/JanetPCaldwell

This Thing . . .

I know not what curious factors compel me to hold you in my thoughts each day, all day.

I anticipate with longing each moment we share whether it be speech or your presence.

I neither know not what drives and directs me to sit and exact this communication revealing my inner self in such a manner.

I have long learned the incrimination of putting one's feelings in writing, but I care not.

All too often the things I desire to say, I lose courage to say, and the words melt away in to the abysmal nothingness that abides with us all.

All too often in life there are moments and experiences that acquaint us with something or someone special, and we do not comment.

To not at least acknowledge that our souls have been touched, stirred or moved is a sin against life itself.

It is holding all that is dear in life in disdain.

I, as we all do, know and understand the rules of man and social structure and it's condemning nature for what it can not accept, understand or control.....

well . . .

This Thing is of a non conforming nature within the structure that wishes to erect the edifices of it's own greatness only to pass into history as a time that used to be.

This Thing is timeless, universal and cares not of the rules that are set upon the table before itself to abide by.

This Thing existed long before man could utter his desire for order and conformity.

This Thing fractures the rules by which we so vehemently deny ourselves and our divinity.

This Thing cares not save for the opportunity to share itself with another.... Unabashed.... Uninhibited.... and Unrestrained.!

This Thing will either be our undoing or our salvation in this life...but in the infinite misunderstanding of our existence,

This Thing is all that there is.

This Thing is the Mother of all that exists. It is the relationship between all living things.... each of it's own kind.

As we develop in our consciousness we come to understand and accept that we are all connected and interdependent, for all is one. I have encountered thee and I aspire to thee to become one with thee.

For This Thing I will suffer the indulgences of a finite society, for my cause is timeless.

This Thing have brought thee through many histories and lifetimes and we shall go forth with much more.... for I am but a servant.

Thou has awakened in me this Thing that has lied so dormant for too long.

I acknowledge the grandeur of This Thing I have found in thee, for This Thing isLove !



In your memory Dear Soul

Janet P. Caldwell

14 February 1959 ~ 20 September 2016

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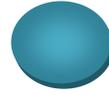
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Three Dots in the Snow

~ fini ~

A portrait of Janet P. Caldwell, a woman with long, wavy blonde hair, smiling and looking slightly to the right. She is wearing a blue top. The background is a soft-focus outdoor setting with trees and a light-colored wall.

Rest In Peace Beloved

Janet P. Caldwell

14 February 1959

~

20 September 2016



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