



*Gifts of the  
Spirit Church, Inc.*

*The Poetry  
of  
Maude Mixon*

*Poetry Written  
by Spirit  
through  
Automatic Writing*

## ***Who was Maude Mixon***

Unfortunately, I do not know too much about Maude Mixon. I do know that she lived in Charleston, South Carolina. Sometime in the 1970's she met Rev. Carl R. Hewitt, and they became friends.

Maude developed the gift of Automatic Writing, and wrote these poems. Fortunately, they are dated and were written in 1983-1984. Maude would send a copy of these poems to Carl, who kept them in the church files.

Recently, as I was reorganizing the Church files, I came across these poems and decided to publish them on the internet.

The ***gift of automatic writing*** occurs when Spirit manipulates the medium's hand to produce writing. The medium simply holds a pen and Spirit moves the medium's hand to write a message. Automatic writing can also be done on a typewriter.

Although I met Maude in 1984, I do not know if she hand wrote these poems or if they were typed on a typewriter.

The eleventh poem entitled: *Teacher from the North* is about Rev. Hewitt.

I hope you will enjoy these poems.

Rev. Sidney Schwartz

## The Silver Gift

The silver cord our Father gave us  
That joins our bodies, as if one,  
Is a glorious gift from Spirit  
Which could be rated number one.

It's a spring-board, if we use it,  
To escape from earthly bars;  
It's a gateway to green pastures,  
It's a stairway to the stars.

We can visit all our loved ones  
And impress them that we care;  
Let them feel our shadowy presence  
Tho' they're unaware we're there.

We can drift on quiet waters,  
Lie on cool wet grass at night;  
Visit towns and caves or dungeons,  
Knowing we'll return all right.

We can climb the highest mountain  
Or paddle down a blue lagoon,  
Spiral upward - touch the heavens;  
Dance a while upon the moon.

Then when earthly life is over,  
It will give our Soul a lift  
Over death and through the valley,  
Back to the Giver of the Gift.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 11/22/83

## Strange Partners

The inner me and the outer me,  
That somehow appears as one,  
Is really just as different  
As the moon is from the sun.

The inner me is vibrant  
With a sparkling, rosy hue,  
But the outer me is weary  
Casting shades of dull gray-blue.

The inner me finds rapture  
Romping through the starlit sky;  
But the outer me cries - What's the use?  
And just sits idly by.

The inner me takes off in flight  
And really has a ball;  
But the outer me sticks to its task  
And has no fun at all.

The inner me feels ecstasy  
Sipping on the morning dew;  
But the outer me feels woe-be-gone -  
Strange partners are these two.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 11/22/83

## Spirit Friends

I've had them with me always -  
Or at least it seems to me,  
As far as memory takes me back,  
At least since I was three.

I've felt their loving presence,  
I've heard their sharp commands.  
They've guided me down unknown paths  
With invisible, gentle hands.

Many times they've warned me  
Of deception and deceit;  
At times through mental messages,  
At times while I'm asleep.

They have oft times warned of danger  
And thrown out protective shields.  
I stand in awe of their perception  
And the power they can wield.

They send their loving messages  
To console me when I'm sad;  
They give me inspiration -  
Turn my thoughts to good from bad.

They comfort me in sickness,  
Yet of woes I've my share.  
But I know that they are with me,  
Helping me, my cross to bear.

I shall always sing their praises  
As their gifts to me unfold,  
For they add nectar to my spirit,  
They are the guardians of my Soul.

By: Maude Mixon

## The Silence

Come with me into the silence,  
Into the peace that gently flow  
Through our hearts and feel the blessings  
Showered on us here below.

As we nestle in the silence  
And sense the strong pulsating surge  
Of our strength and faith returning  
As our inner self emerge.

No earthly pleasure can surpass  
The rapture of this quietude,  
Wrapped in bliss and lost in joy  
Where fears and doubts cannot intrude.

Rising up above the shadows,  
Casting out all early gloom  
As a kaleidoscope of colors  
Burst into vibrant shimmery bloom.

As we linger in this silence  
And hear His sweet and gentle words,  
Loving, soothing, so uplifting,  
No sweeter sound could ere be heard.

Oh, this wonderland of silence  
Is far beyond all earthly scope,  
Cleansing, healing and renewing  
Life and love and faith and hope.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 2/5/84

## Chapter Of Life

The first chapter of my life  
I wrote when I was very small,  
And it surely was amusing  
From the things my folks recall.

I was the youngest of the clan  
And often had my say,  
But I was spanked, hugged and taught  
In a kind and loving way.

The second chapter is the one  
I know much more about.  
I played, I loved, I sought for truth  
And turned things inside out.

Life dealt a hand, most difficult,  
But someone was always there  
To lift me up ... to spur me on  
When the game was fraught with fear.

I'm busy now, as I can be,  
On the third and final chapter;  
But the grade I make on life's exam  
I'll learn in the hereafter.

By: Maude Nixon

Dated: 2/13/84

## Guardian Angel

Always walking close behind me,  
Never a footstep have I heard;  
Yet, I've always sensed your presence,  
Hovering gently like a bird.

The comfort you've so often given  
Through the years to soothe my grief,  
Is the staff I often lean on  
To rekindle my belief.

I've marveled at your words of wisdom;  
Reveled in your words of praise,  
And wondered at your depth of patience  
With my willful, wordly ways.

So many times you've shown you love me,  
And often I have wondered why;  
At times I've been so undeserving,  
But all you've ever asked is ... Try!

You have always urged me onward,  
Rejoiced when I earned acclaim,  
Happy over each achievement  
Never seeking self-esteem.

You are my strength, my inspiration,  
My protector and my guide;  
My life-long friend who never fails me,  
The one in whom I can confide.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 2/19/84

## Friend O'Mine

A true friend is a priceless blessing,  
Someone who is always there  
To lend a hand or just to listen -  
Sharing in one's joy or care.

Blessed, I've been, with such a friendship,  
One with an inner beauty rare;  
To really see it, one must know her -  
But to me it's always there.

I can see it in her garden,  
Flowers, trees and running vines;  
Water fountains for God's creatures -  
Feeders where they come to dine.

Early each and every morning,  
Disregarding nature's mood,  
She goes out into her garden -  
Seeking peace and solitude.

Soon she's off to daily duties,  
Busy until late at night;  
Yet there's always time for others -  
Setting this and that aright.

She is a very special blessing,  
Close to God in heart and thought;  
A gift of gifts to all who know her -  
A treasure that cannot be bought.

By: Maude Nixon

Dated: 3/7/84

## The White Light

Live each day as if you're sitting  
In the presence of the Lord,  
Overcome with grace and wisdom;  
Never by the awesome sword.

Kindness always lifts the spirit,  
Thoughtless words cut like a knife,  
Thoughtful deeds are like a tonic,  
Soothing thrusting pains of strife.

Relax and pray; renew the spirit;  
Send the white light near and far,  
Encircle man and all creation,  
Banish darkness, hate and war.

Be truthful to yourself and others,  
Truth has beauty all its own.  
Christ died because of falsehoods spoken,  
Let us not such deeds condone.

Let's not cower in the shadows  
Nor fear the perils of the night;  
He will brighten every corner  
And lead us thro' the thickest fight.

Never once did Jesus falter,  
Though he suffered mortally.  
He accepted ... and he conquered;  
As He did ... then so can we.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 3/11/84

## Easter Morn

Easter morn in all its glory  
Once again, to us, imparts:  
Christ is risen, sing His praises,  
Let Him reign within our hearts.

Once again, it tells the story  
Of that sad-sweet long ago,  
How He triumphed over evil  
And proved His love for us below.

How He suffered to redeem us,  
Persecuted, shamed with thorns,  
But, O the beauty of His victory  
Is reborn each Easter morn.

It comes within the grandest season  
Resurging all life to perfection.  
As nature sets a stage majestic  
To commemorate His resurrection.

By: Maude Nixon

Dated: 4/17/84

## Wings Of The Soul

The Soul must soar like an eagle  
And be just as free in its flight,  
Hover on wings that are straight and strong  
Above the turbulent clouds of strife.

Rest on the peak of the mountain,  
Awake at the breaking of dawn,  
Absorb the rays of the rising sun,  
And bathe in the dew of the morn.

Frequently visiting the valley,  
Imparting the news from above,  
Sharing its joy and radiant light,  
Conveying its message of love.

There is peace on top of the mountain,  
And work in the valley galore;  
So partake of all each has to give,  
And the wings of the soul will soar.

By: Maude Nixon

Dated: 5/1/84

## Teacher From The North

A man once came down from the north,  
Fair of face and lithe of limb.  
He came to teach and share the word,  
And Spirit insisted I meet him.

I wondered why Spirit nudged me so,  
And why was the need so great;  
But I bowed to Spirit's wisdom  
When I heard this stranger speak.

Well, stranger he didn't stay for long,  
And friends we soon became;  
For a friend he was to everyone,  
But "enlightenment" was his aim.

He deepened my understanding,  
And brought deep truths to light;  
Striking the chords of my questing soul  
Like a charge of dynamite.

Thankful, I am, his path crossed mine,  
I love the things he taught.  
He answered many questions  
That I, for many years, had sought.

Bless him Lord and send your spirit  
To cheer and strengthen him each day;  
And anytime that you can spare him,  
Send him back down our way.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 5/16/84

## The Query

How many sisters do you have,  
Someone once asked me.  
Many of them, I quickly replied,  
In every state and across the sea.

How many brothers, they queried then.  
Well, that's really hard to say.  
They, too, are scattered here and there,  
And some are far away.

How can a family be that large,  
The unenlightened asked.  
My family is, I said with pride,  
They're of black and white and yellow cast

Puzzled eyes stared back at me;  
So to them I said, Recall!  
The same God who created me  
Is the Father to us all.

By: Maude Mixon

## Seasons Of Life

My life is likened to the seasons,  
New life surges in the spring,  
Flowers, bees and birds a'singing  
Sets my heart to tingling.

Summertime is so exciting,  
Breathing in the ocean air,  
Like the bees, I'm always buzzing,  
Sipping "sweet things" here and there.

Autumn is the time to harvest,  
Storing this and that away,  
Taking time out for Thanksgiving,  
Taking time to share and pray.

Wintertime brings devastation,  
With its icy winds and rain,  
Wilting down my eager spirit,  
'Til the springtime comes again.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 5/20/84

## One Step Higher

We are sitting in the shadows,  
Just below the realm of light,  
With only a thin, dim line between us,  
As the day divides the night.

If we could climb just one step higher,  
O, what wonders we could see;  
Bar the mind from turning earthward,  
And bid the spirit to go free.

We could hear Celestial music,  
See the glow of angels' wings,  
Dine on nectar set before us,  
As the bells of heaven ring.

O, the joys of His kingdom,  
Mortal man can never know,  
'Til the earthbound chains are broken  
And the soul is free once more.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 5/20/84

## The Great Waste

God gave us a bountiful portion;  
But mortal man, consumed by greed,  
Dug up, cut up, saved and burned up  
Far beyond his daily needs.

Competing for the mighty dollar  
To be used for selfish gain,  
Hoarding what he had no need of  
Time and time and time again.

Countless creatures have been slaughtered  
For their flesh or for their pelts  
To appease inflated appetites  
Or to beautify their ego-self.

Cherished friendships have been broken,  
Many men have died in vain,  
Far too many children orphaned  
By this war for selfish gain.

Yet, when pain, the body crumbles,  
And they depart this earthly land;  
They stand before their maker - naked,  
No riches ... only empty hands.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 5/22/84

## The Wanderer

My spirit is forever wandering  
Far away among the stars,  
Endeavoring to break the bondage  
Of the binding mundane bars.

Trying not to fail my duty  
To my friends or family ties,  
But my restless soul keeps seeking  
Mysteries beyond the sky.

Always, I have been a wanderer,  
This world seems not to be my home,  
Earthbound now to learn a lesson,  
Yet many things are still unknown.

This earthly plane, to me, seems foreign,  
I feel lost at times and all alone,  
Struggling thro' this maze of sorrow,  
Searching for a pathway home.

By: Maude Mixon

Dated: 6/16/84

## His Way

We cannot prove to anyone  
That there's a living God,  
It must be felt within the soul  
As the seedlings feel the sod.

He must be found in simple things  
Like a smile, a kiss, a nod;  
For all things good and beautiful  
Are loving gifts from God.

A deed, someone may kindly do  
Or a thoughtful gift deliver,  
At times, perhaps, from a stranger's hand  
But God is behind the giver.

When illness lays our bodies low  
And a friend comes by to visit  
And helps out in a time of need,  
That's the way God chose to fix it.

He implants thoughts within our mind  
And we may think, "We thought it",  
But He already had it planned  
And used our hands to do it!

By: Maude Nixon

Dated: 6/17/84

## Laughter

Laughter lightenes up the spirit  
Like a beacon from afar,  
Letting in a ray of sunshine  
Just as a door that's left ajar.

Soothing tension away gently,  
Bidding anger to depart,  
Easing fears and irritations,  
Quieting the troubled heart.

Laughter's soothing to the spirit,  
It sets the heartstrings into tune,  
Makes happier everyone around us  
Swiftly overcoming gloom.

It helps us see the silver lining  
Behind the dark clouds overhead,  
Stirring up a breeze of comfort  
Enchanting as a golden thread.

By: Maude Nixon

Dated: 6/30/84

## Blessed Encounters

I've seen God in the morning,  
Among fleecy clouds of white,  
Changing and interchanging,  
Much to my soul's delight.

I've heard Him in a babbling brook,  
In a language all its own,  
Whispering as it flowed along  
Over gravel, sand, and stone.

I've felt Him in a sighing breeze  
When the hills were hard to climb,  
In my joys and my sorrows,  
I've felt His love divine.

I've met Him in a passing glimpse  
Of a stranger's fleeting smile,  
Within a thoughtful greeting card,  
And the face of a little child.

I've met Him morning, noon, and night  
In quiet solitude,  
Among Nature's awesome beauty,  
And I'm filled with gratitude.

By: Maude Nixon

Dated: 8/18/84

## Interlude

I went to a movie,  
Just yesterday,  
And became lost in its heavenly sight;  
It began about five in the morning  
And I watched until late in the night.

God was the producer,  
The director, His Son;  
The cast was "All Nature" divine.  
I thrilled to the background of woodland and sky,  
To colors superb and sublime.

The Sun peeked  
O'er the horizon  
And smiled at the new born day,  
Kissing the earth with its healing light  
While birds joined in a chorus gay.

A little thunderhead arose,  
And lightning  
Flashed around;  
The thunder pealed mid windy blasts  
And then the rain came down.

The flowers lifted  
Thankful heads,  
As thirstily they drank from  
The natural fountain God had sent  
To refresh, to cool and transform.

A radiant rainbow  
Then appeared,  
Much to my hearts delight.  
And spanned the heaven's for awhile  
Then vanished out of sight.

Slowly,  
The sun sank in the West,  
In a lovely rosy hue,  
Bidding one and all goodnight  
And then the stars shone through.

They twinkled  
Among soft, fleecy clouds,  
Enchantingly; but, soon,  
I saw them smile and make a bow  
To a full and glorious moon.

By: Maude Nixon

Dated: 10/22/84

## Let's

Let's keep our hearts and mind above  
The mundane things of life;  
Let's do the things that are far above  
The struggle and the strife.

Let's look unto the hills for strength  
As we've been told to do,  
And climb up to the mountain top  
And see the broader view.

Let's strive to lift up all we meet  
Into a higher sphere,  
Let's shower them with joy and bliss  
And bless them with a prayer.

Let's not wait 'til the bloom of youth  
Is faded from the brow  
But take the fragrance of the bloom  
And give it to Him now.

By: Maude Nixon

Dated: 11/23/84