



My *All and All* is a deeply heartfelt collection of poems that celebrates a lifetime of love, faith, and family.

Vernita L. Frazier's tender and timeless verses speak to the soul, capturing the essence of unconditional love, enduring friendship, and cherished memories that span generations.

Through words that comfort, heal, and inspire, this book offers a poignant tribute to the beauty of a mother's heart and the unbreakable strength of family bonds.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Vernita L. Frazier was a devoted mother and grandmother who found joy in the simple moments of life. Her poems, inspired by her love of family, faith in God, and a heart full of compassion, continue to touch the hearts of all who read them.



MY ALL AND ALL



VERNITA L. FRAZIER

My All and All

POEMS FROM A MOTHER'S HEART



VERNITA L. FRAZIER

My All and All

Poems From a Mother's Heart





*“Love is patient, love is kind.
It does not envy, it does not boast,
it is not proud. It always protects,
always trusts, always hopes,
always perseveres.*

Love never fails.”

— 1 Corinthians 13:4–8



My All and All

Poems From a Mother's Heart

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This is a work of original poetry. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or deceased, or actual events is purely coincidental.

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My All and All

You are to me a wonder
that never seems to cease
You are to me a comfort
that's constantly increased

I want so much to say to you
the words I cannot find
to express the feelings deep within
or just what's on my mind

The joy of just belonging
or knowing you are near
The privilege of being loved by you
or just to love you, dear

I know that in the course of life
that nothing remains the same
and yet I feel that loving you
will never ever change

You are to me just life itself
its pain and all its pleasure
What you are, you are to me
and that I'll always treasure



The Idle Search

Through the muffled sounds of battle
and guns of death, they say
A soldier found his well-earned peace
as he slowly passed away

Not a word was said about his death
nor were there cries of grief
They took off their hats and saluted the fact
that a soldier had found peace

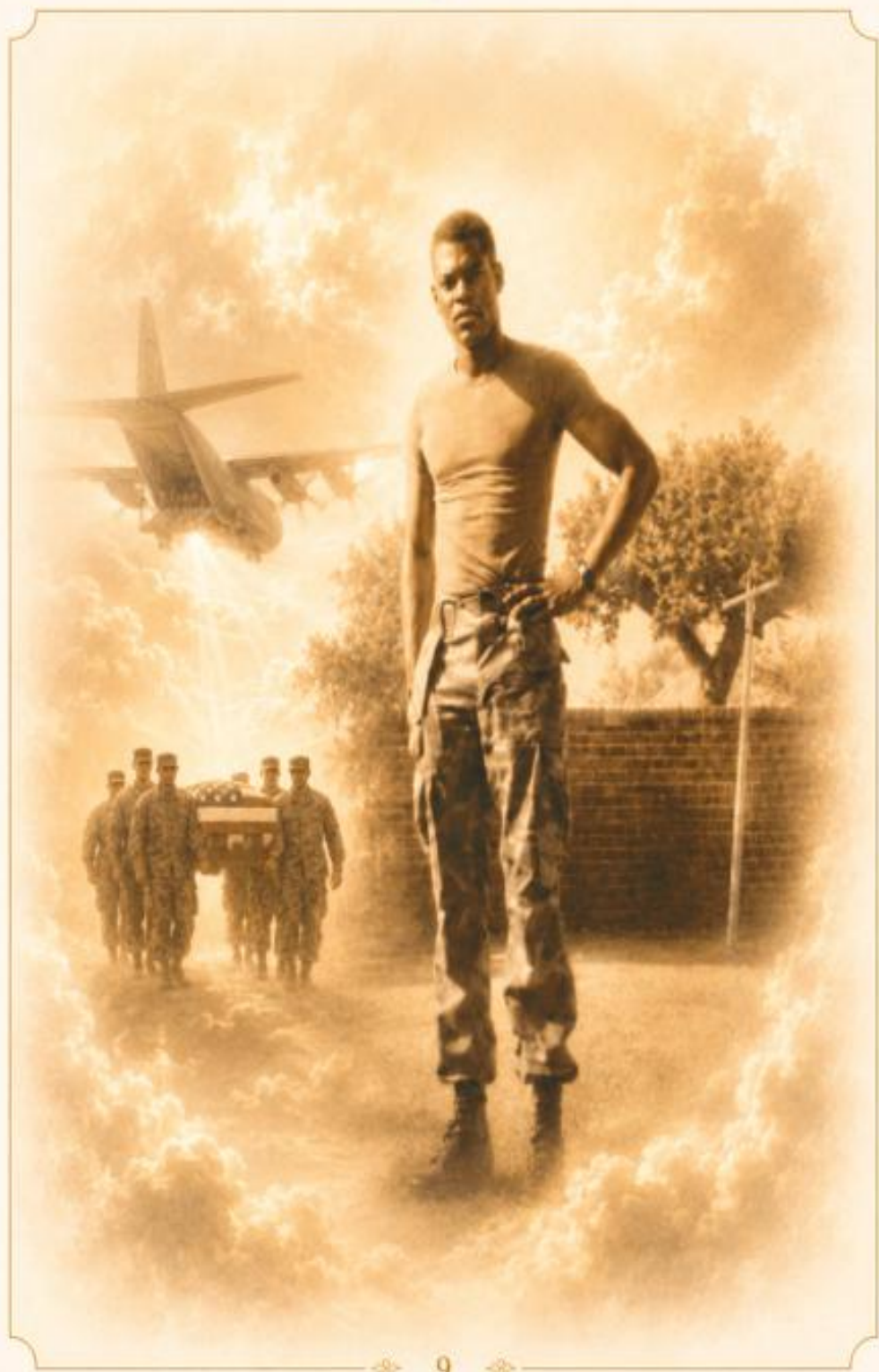
Peace of all the world affairs
never to fight any more
If you look at the whole pitiful fact
that is what we're fighting for

The search was long, the struggle hard
at last, the battle did cease
After a well fought battle
a soldier had found peace

He'll live in all that's kind and true
in all that's bright and gay
He'll even exist in me and you
as we struggle for peace today

His dying will not be in vain
as we fight the battle through
In memory of a soldier
who died for peace





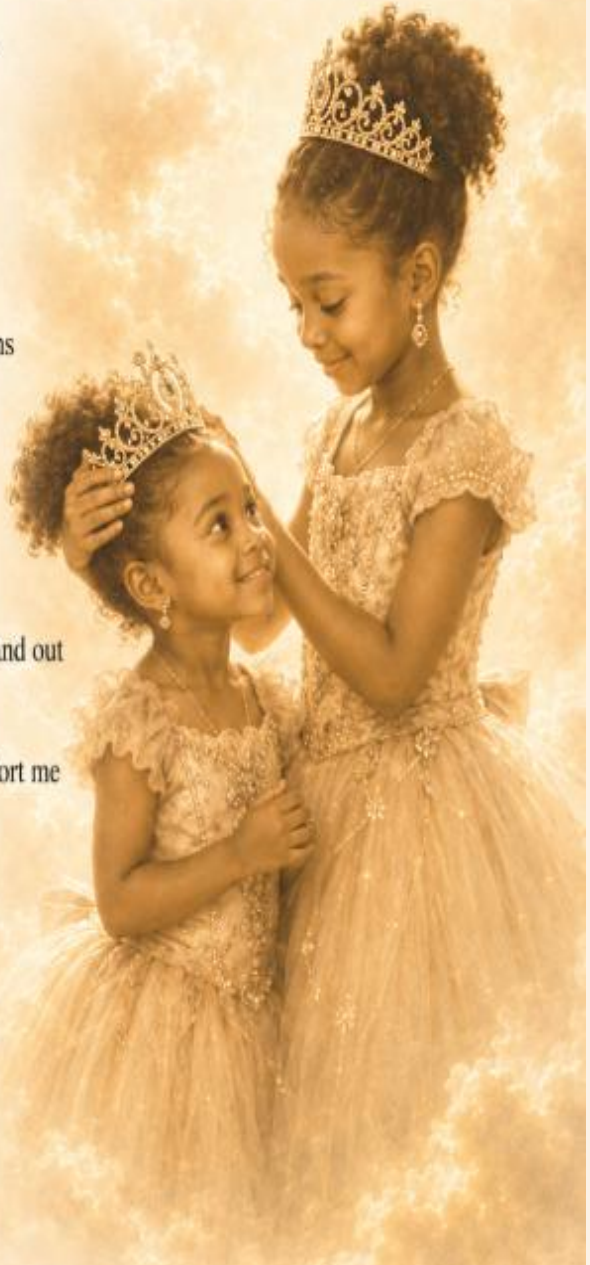
My Friend & I

We have so much in common
We travel side by side
companions to the very end
that's us — My friend and I

We share each other's problems
with deep seeded sympathy
We walk together arm in arm
that's us — My friend and I

Sometimes when I feel down and out
not knowing where to turn
My friend will come and comfort me
with true and deep concern

We're not just ordinary
No other like us be
True and loyal ever more
that's us — My friend and I





What Color Is Love?



An apple is red
The sun is yellow
The sky is blue
The leaf is green
The clouds are white
and the stone is brown

The world has many things
The world has many people
and they all have different colors
The world has many colors
and each of them is different

In a garden
all the flowers are different colors
but they grow happily together
side by side

In a meadow
all the animals are different colors
but they live happily together
side by side

In our world
all the people are different colors
and sometimes
they live happily together
side by side

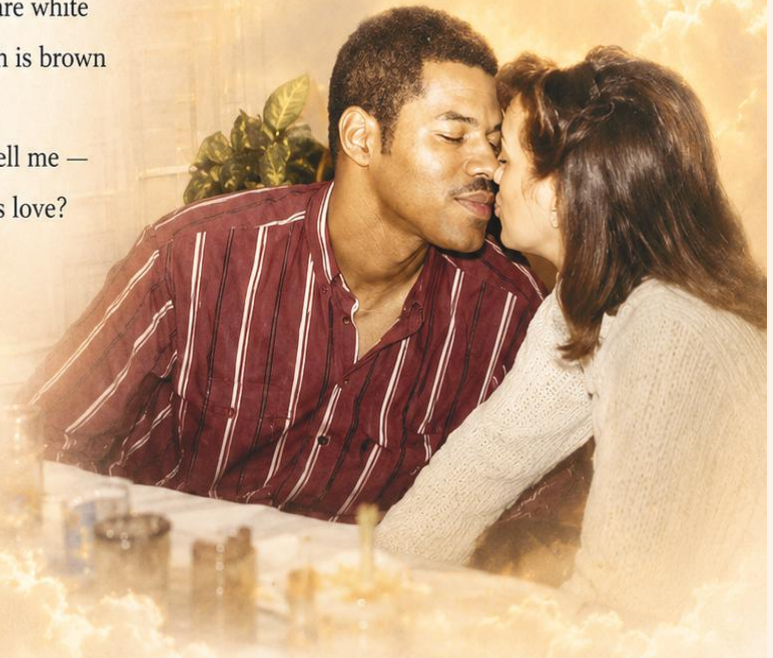


Colors are important
because they make our world beautiful
but they are not as important
as how we feel, or what we think, or what we do

Colors are “outside” things
and feelings are “inside” things
Color is something we see with our eyes
but love is something we see with our heart

An apple is red
The sun is yellow
The sky is blue
The leaf is green
The clouds are white
and the earth is brown

Could you tell me —
what color is love?



Dear Mother

There's so much I'd like to do for you
so much I'd like to say
but when it comes to doing them
I cannot find the way

My actions never work out right
the words I cannot find
to tell you what you mean to me
or just what's on my mind

My heart is full of love for you
and infinite gratitude
something very deep inside
you taught me how to pray

There are times when I would slip
the times when I would stray
then with a firm but gentle hand
you'd help me find my way

So if you seem to slip my mind
if we're seemingly far apart
remember that the thought of you
is deep within my heart

With these little things in mind
there's another thought that is true
No one in this entire world
could take the place of you, Dear Mother





Eternally Yours

May 5, 1976

I love you and I need you
right here by my side
as long as you are in my heart
I'll be satisfied

I want to be your sweetheart
I'd even be your slave
along with all my heart
my life to you I gave

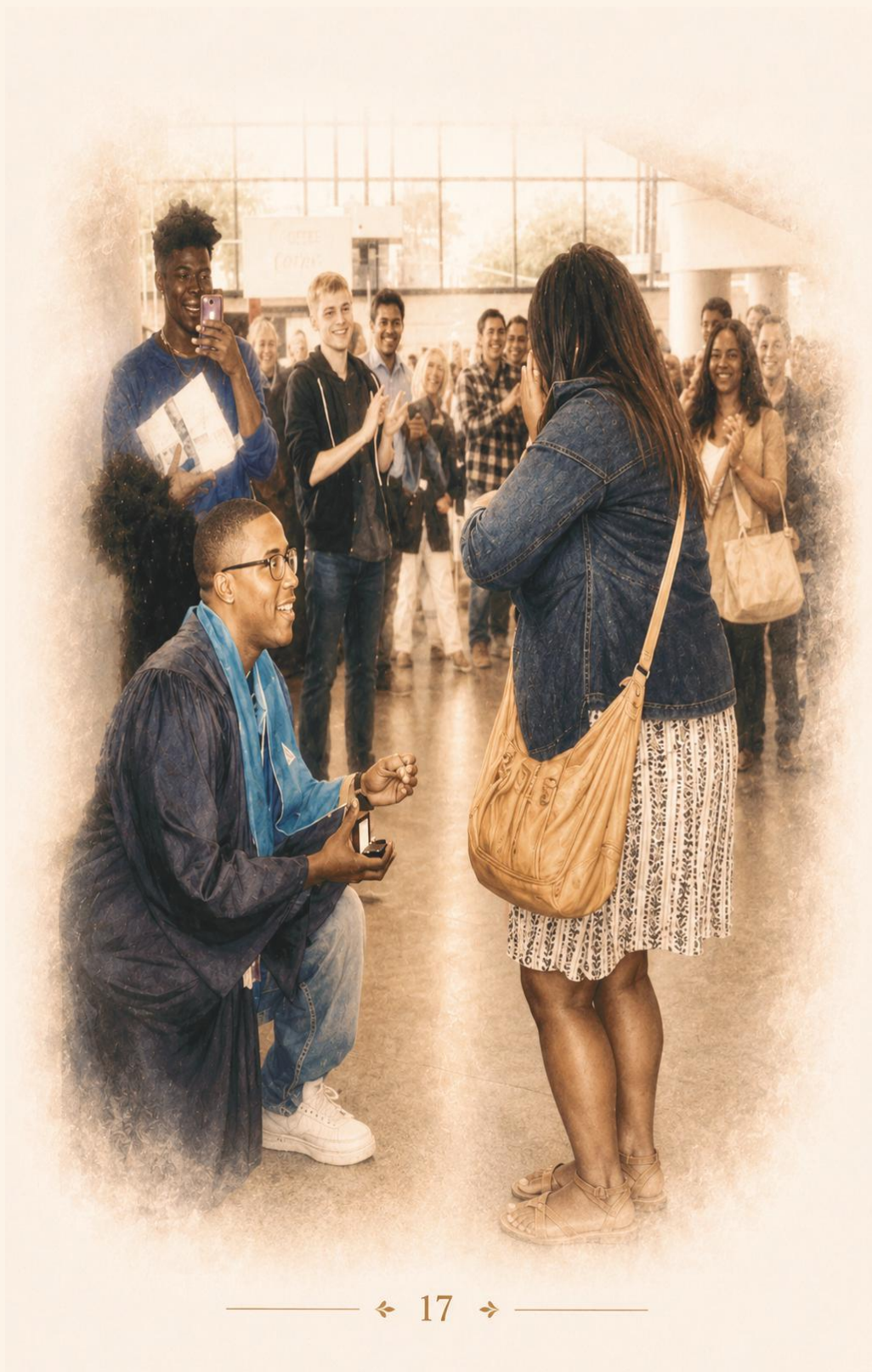
Fate made me your target
she wished that we should meet
to make my life complete

Seeing that the love we'd share
would be a love most dear
would mellow with the passing time
growing stronger every year

I love you, yes, I love you
that I can't explain
I know with every breath of life
it'll always be the same

When my life ends
when I'll never again see dawn
my love for you my darling
will linger on and on





Many Facets of Love

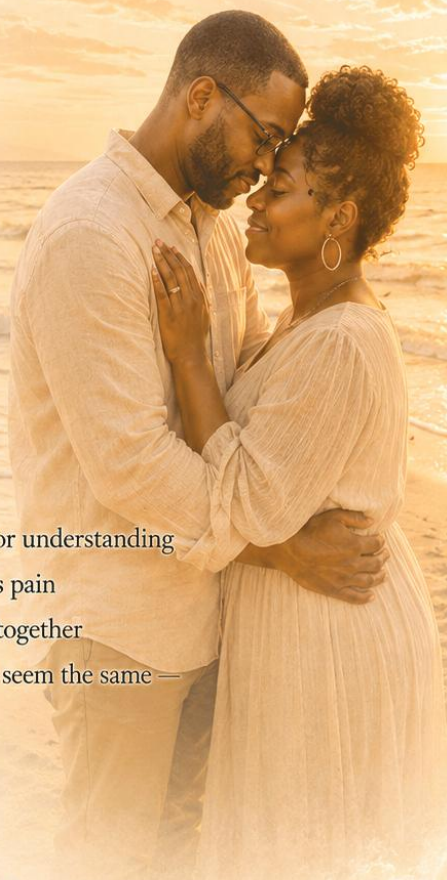


To give unselfishly
and so completely without a thought
of major sacrifice
to adjust to another person's style of living
and make that too become your way of life —
That's Love

To disclose the yearnings
deep within your being
and yet feel not shame
of being disrupted —
That's Love

To possess a peace of mind
of just belonging
to have no need
of constantly being told —
That's Love

Understanding when there's a call for understanding
a tender expression to ease another's pain
a closeness that can bring two lives together
blending them where they both may seem the same —
That's Love



Many Facets of Love



Together, no distance can affect it
loneliness is a thing that cannot be
a life so filled with happiness and pleasure
a treasure of precious memories —
That's Love

Forgiving when need to be forgiven
knowing you may have caused the other pain —
That's Love

When tempers flare
and reckless words are spoken
to stop, and talk things over
then start again —
That's Love

To be what you are
and never doubt acceptance
feeling not compelled
to play a phony role —
That's Love

To keep in mind
that stubbornness can hurt you
adjusting and alterations
must be your goal —
That's Love



Many Facets of Love

When all the world
has seemingly turned against you
maybe frightened, accused and alone —
That's Love

Suddenly out of nowhere
someone comforts you
reaching out to offer you
a helping hand —
That's Love

Acknowledging the rules
and regulations must sometimes bend
to fit the family —
That's Love

Knowing the best
and worst of one another
and still maintaining peace and harmony —
That's Love

To possess no fear of freedom of expression
knowing when things are better left unsaid
endurance of life's struggle for possessions
letting not your sense of values be misled —
That's Love





Words to Live By, My Son



My Son — My Son
have not the fear
of living life completely
yet don't become so overly confident
that time is used unwisely
and so freely

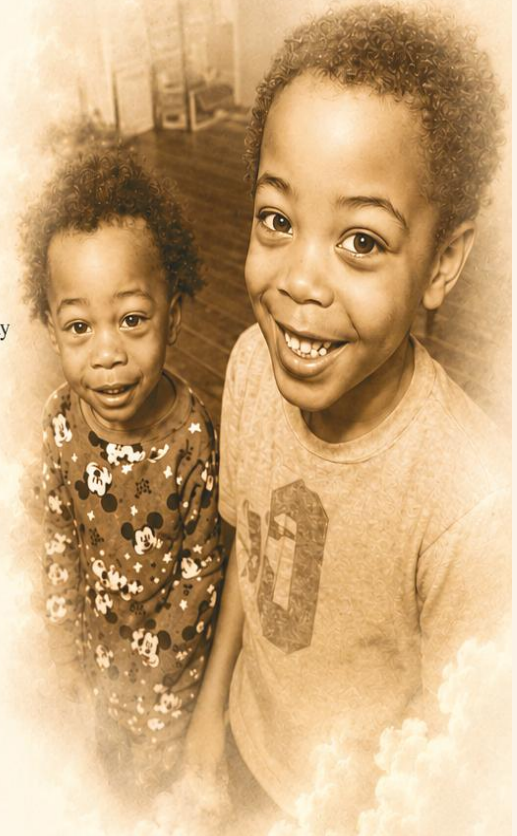
Before your goals are met
your life is spent
Keep honesty and faith amongst your virtues

So if at times you start to go astray
there's always something deep within you
that will caution you and help you find your way

Give all you have to that which you endeavor
and win or lose you'll feel no compromise
others all about you may pass judgement
only you will know how hard you tried

Give careful thought to actions and decisions
don't go around existing in a dream
Life is filled with many disappointments
all things aren't exactly what they seem

Remember in your struggle up the ladder
counting only on materialistic gain
can cause your world to crumble right before you
bringing unnecessary sorrow, grief and pain



Keep friendship as a most important access
don't look upon it through a foggy glass
make sure that those you class as such are worthy
don't labor on the ones that do not last

Error in your judgement may haunt you
bear in mind all things you may learn
if you have experience behind you
the future may not cause so much concern

My son. My son
remember out of love you were created
and out of love these things to be
in hopes that there will be thoughts that you'll treasure
because you mean so much to me
My son. My son



A Love Gone By



If I could only tell you
or just to make you see
how much I really loved you
and what you meant to me

If I had only to convey
what is still deep within my heart
you'd know I'm yours eternally
although we're far apart

I tried so hard to find the wrongs
that brought us to this goal
the hurt that came between us
the story is still untold

I know that once within your heart
there was a feeling there for me
and yet somehow we had to part —
how difficult love can be

The happiness that once was ours
is gone and over, lost
and loneliness seems close at hand —
how valuable the cost

I wish that I could travel back
to the time when we first met
when to each other we pledged a vow
a vow we now forget



A Love Gone By

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a vow we now forget



A Smile

There are days that seem
somewhat incomplete
and empty for a while
but then, somewhere upon the street
you're greeted with a smile

A smile which can convey so much
and remain silent too —
"Fine day, sir"
"Good morning, madam"
or just, "How is your day?"

Funny how that little grin
can affect another day
and sometimes with a stroke of luck
makes problems melt away

There are days when I am in a bind
with troubles by the pile
I then decide within my mind
to face them with a smile

I know that alone
I can't finish my task
but a smile helps it on its way

With a smile on my face
I'm backed against the wall
not knowing what to do —
I know that on the other side
someone is smiling too





First Love

He is to me a jewel
more precious than time
when I'm with him for a little while
it drives me out of my mind

He tells me all the little things
that most girls like to hear
most of all I love it when he says
"I love you, dear"

He makes me float on colored clouds
pink, yellow and blue
when he takes me in his arms
it thrills me through and through

His love is like fire
that never needs a start
cause he's my man, the only man
the guardian of my heart



Memories

If I could only tell you of just what you've done
or just to tell you lovingly
that you mean so much to me
with so many memories

We both share memories although we're far apart
to tell you lovingly how much you mean to me
I tried so hard to find the words and put them in a line
the love that we both share I'll always keep in mind

The story once written is never erased
the love and compassion you have
I know it is a special place

The happiness that once was ours will always remain
and the love we shared at hand will never change

I wish that I could travel back
and relive each passing day
to hear the laughter that we shared
and never fade away

Forever to honor and cherish
the kindness you have shown
to treasure all the memories
that I now hold alone



Emotions Expressed

1972

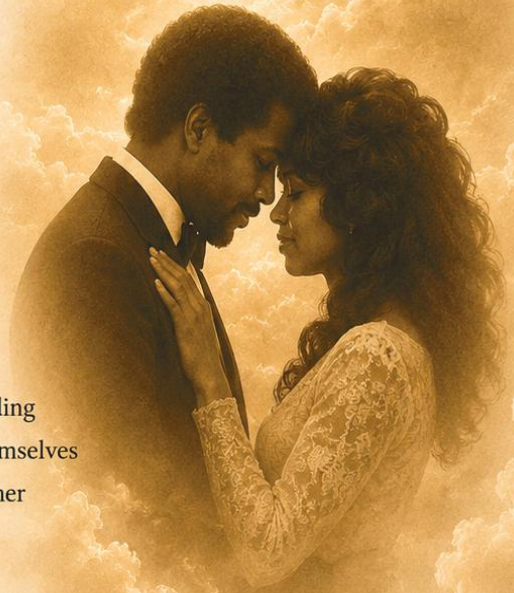
They met!!
Seeking from each other
that which they believed
was lacking in themselves

Silently demanding from each other
that which they felt
through discovery
could make them feel whole

They found mutual admiration
of one another
a new type of appreciation
for themselves

It was then that they found
they were in love

It was through deeper understanding
knowledge and acceptance of themselves
that they had truly found each other





Who Am I?

March 27, 1976

Who am I?
A question with innumerable answers
What am I?

I do not think I am dead
but nor am I living
I don't feel unreal
but am I real?

What should I be?
Why should I be?
Have I been sent forth to perform
some immeasurable deed
to benefit society?

Am I a model
or the primary creation of a real thing?
In a world so confusing
with what is and what isn't
how can I tell what is real?

I function normal, I think
What is the measure of normal?
I feel in a world so confusing
by what is moral or immoral
right or wrong
What do I feel?

When I think I'm sad
am I just feeling depressed
suppressed animosities
of an oppressed people?
Or just inadequacy
of a faulty being
wallowing in a pool of self-pity?

I don't know! Confused? Yes! So am I!

I have a name
a title by which I am called
changing the label
does not alter the contents
of the package

I have dreams
in those dreams I am me
but the me in my dreams
is not the me you see
when you see me

I repeat — Who am I?
I am not you, nor am I me.
I am someone, or am I no one?
I am what I am
and yet am I what I think I am?

Still confused? So am I.
I ask you, please tell me —
who am I?



Life

May 5, 1976

Life! What is it?
Feeling, breathing, seeing
hearing, loving, hating
happiness and sorrow
remorse and regrets

Going one way
and wishing you
had gone another

Doing one thing
and hoping with all your heart
that you could have
one single opportunity
to relive those moments

Life! Filled with what is
and what isn't
what we want
as opposed to what we get
what we need to endure
and what we must survive



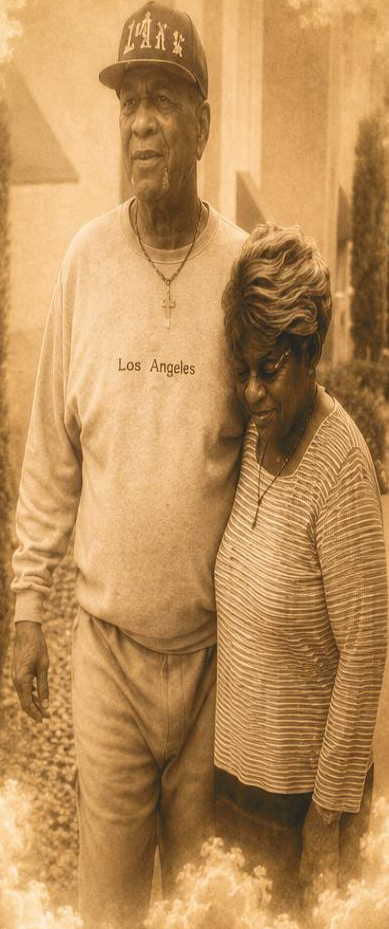
Reality versus unreality
fulfillment versus unfulfillment
questioning, changing
growing, learning
enhancing the real
to obtain the unreal

Trying to improve
what is, to achieve what isn't
chasing a dream
sometimes to wake up
to a nightmare

Sacrificing this for that
giving up what you want to do
for what you must do to get over

Life! Demanding, taking
trying, draining
till there is nothing left
but the empty shell
of what used to be

The priceless gift of being
the beginning of the end —
That's Life.



Where Has All the Closeness Gone?

June 30, 1977, excerpts

I find myself wondering daily
Where has all the closeness gone?
That emotional attachment and stability
that seemingly holds a family together
that solidarity that I thought
would never cease

I realize that people grow older
and necessarily lives change
Directions become
that which satisfies individual needs
But love developed through the years
nurtured and given so freely —
does that too disappear?

Was it only a tool necessary for growth
and development of totally self-centered beings?
An object to be discarded as we do clothing
which we have outgrown?

I ask you with confusion and bewilderment
the pain of something lost
and with fear
and emptiness of death —
Where has all the closeness gone?



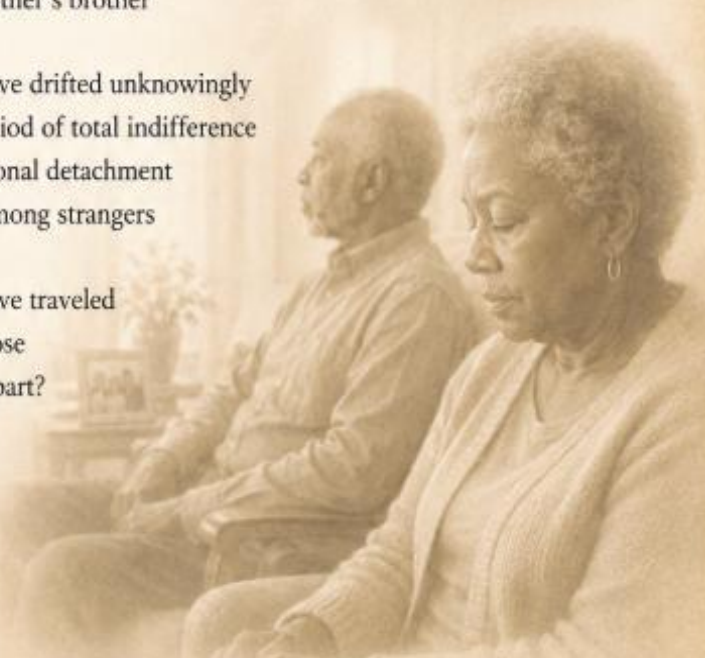
We are certainly older
I hope it is wiser
and maybe more realistic
in our ideas and ideals of life

And yet in this most vulnerable time
this period of many needs
numerous haves and have nots
when life's mere existence seems so difficult
we seem to have buried our greatest tool
to help us carry on

That inner strength that emerges
from the knowledge of knowing
we can count on each other
not our brother's keeper
but rather our brother's brother

How could we have drifted unknowingly
into this blind period of total indifference
that sort of emotional detachment
usually present among strangers

How could we have traveled
so far to get so close
to end up so far apart?



What could have happened?
Some may say that's life
but I say, is life not what we make it?
Is it not our choice as to what we receive?
Not life, but the quality thereof

There are periods when
through some accident of nature
a glimmer of hope shines through
unnoticed by some
but treasured by others

A reason to believe that all is not lost
that some parts of feeling
and caring still remain
I treasure those times

In hopes that someday
somehow those moments
will become hours
and hours will become days

As for now, I continue to ask
in all sincerity
Where has all the closeness gone?







Your Reflection Section



*This book is more than a collection of poems —
it is a space for reflection, healing, and connection.*

*As you read, take time to pause and reflect.
Use the reflection pages to write your thoughts,
memories, and feelings.*

*There is no right or wrong way —
just your heart on the page.*

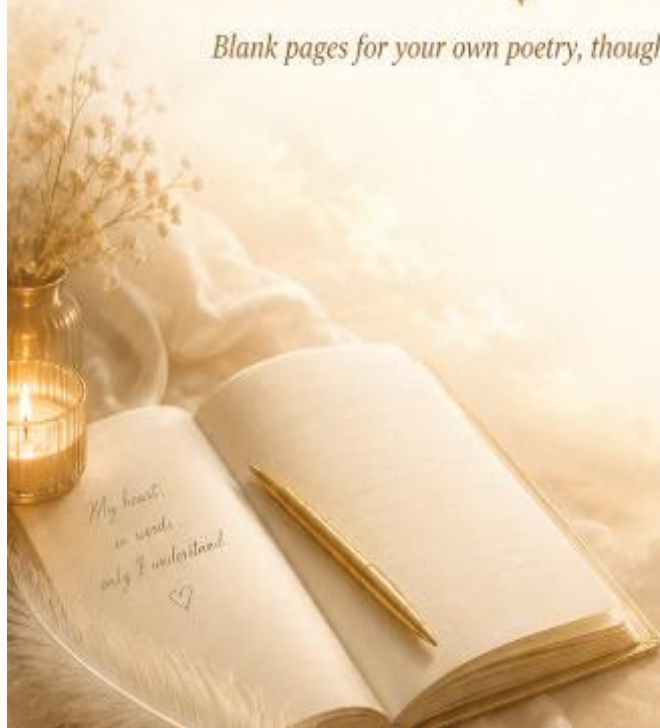




Write What You Feel



Blank pages for your own poetry, thoughts, and feelings.



Write What You Feel

Acknowledgment

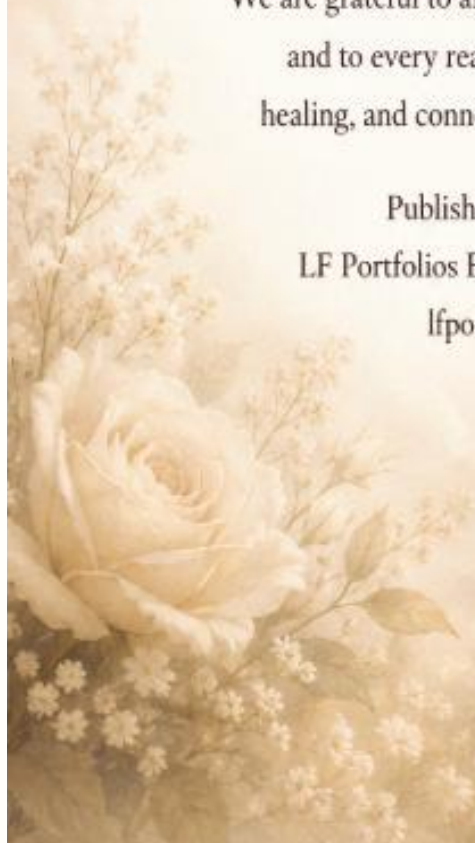


This collection of poems represents a lifetime of love,
faith, and family — penned by Vernita L. Frazier,
a devoted mother and grandmother whose words continue
to touch the hearts of all who read them.

Her poems, inspired by her love of family, faith in God,
and a heart full of compassion, are offered here
as a timeless gift to those she loved.

We are grateful to all who supported this project
and to every reader who finds comfort,
healing, and connection within these pages.

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Notes

Notes

Notes

Journal

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Write your heart. Heal your soul.

Journal

Journal

Journal

Journal

Journal

About Kenny Frazier

Kenny Frazier is the publisher and curator of this heartfelt collection, bringing together the timeless verses of Vernita L. Frazier for a new generation of readers.

As founder of LF Portfolios Education & Publishing, Kenny is dedicated to preserving stories that matter, celebrating family bonds, and sharing the voices of those whose words deserve to be heard.

In Loving Memory



This book is dedicated to the memory of Vernita L. Frazier, a devoted mother and grandmother who found joy in the simple moments of life.

Her tender and timeless verses speak to the soul, capturing the essence of unconditional love, enduring friendship, and cherished memories that span generations.

Through words that comfort, heal, and inspire. She lives on in every heart that reads these pages.

- Forever in our hearts -

Final Closing

Thank you for reading
My All and All.

May these poems bring you comfort,
joy, and the reminder that
love never truly leaves us.

With gratitude and grace,
LF Portfolios Education & Publishing

Notes

