

Poem 1: Your past does not define you

In the depths of despair, I once dwelled,

A story untold, a pain withheld.

Abused and threatened, a soul in distress,

Silently suffering, a heavy duress.

But behold, my past does not define,

For in my heart, a hope did shine.

God's love, a beacon, guiding my way,

Transforming darkness into radiant day.

"For I know the plans I have for you," He said,

"Plans to prosper you, not to harm or dread."

Jeremiah 29:11, a promise so true,

In His hands, my future, bright and anew.

Through anguishing trials, I persevered,

With faith as my shield, all doubt disappeared.

For the Lord, my refuge, my strength through the strife,

He carried me through, the author of life.

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted," I found,

"He rescues those whose spirits are bound."

Psalms 34:18, a solace so sweet,

In His embrace, my wounds did retreat.

So to those in the midst of life's tempestuous storm,

When the rain pours and shadows swarm,

Hold your head high, let hope be your guide,

For He walks beside you, forever by your side.
Find solace in your God-given gifts,
Let them bloom and heal, as your spirit uplifts.
Embrace self-love, with thoughts pure and kind,
And watch as healing blossoms, intertwining your mind.
For one day, dear friend, you'll stand tall,
Healthy and happy, embracing it all.
Your past does not define you, it's true,
In God's grace and love, you'll be made anew.
So cook for company, spread joy and delight,
Your heart overflowing, shining so bright.
For you are a testament of God's amazing grace,
A living testament, His love to embrace.
Keep your head up, let your spirit soar,
Through winds of adversity, you'll endure.
For in God's hands, your story unfolds,
A testament of strength, as your life unfolds.

Poem 2: Social stigmas

When you're a foster kid, social stigmas, you tread,
Longing for solace, seeking to be led.
I turn to the life of Jesus, so divine,
Who faced ridicule, yet His light did shine.
Called a bastard child, they mocked His name,

But He knew His purpose, His heavenly claim.
They deemed Him out of His mind, lost in delusion,
Yet He stood firm, fueled by His conviction.
In the shadows of stigmatized souls,
Foster kids, victims of incest, their stories untold,
Children of rape, single moms with strength,
Bearing the weight of society's judgmental length.
Low expectations and painful disdain,
But we rise above, our spirits remain.
For those who dare to share their tale,
Rough comments may come, but we won't fail.
Someone once told me, with a bitter sting,
That pity and rescue is all my story would bring.
But I stand tall with respect, not in need of a knight,
I am self-reliant, my own guiding light.
I pay my own bills, no debts to bear,
No addictions bind me, my life I declare.
Happy and healthy, my children thrive,
Jesus by my side, in Him I derive.
Life's meaning lies in the struggles we face,
Triumph or defeat, in God's hands, embrace.
So let us celebrate the battles we've fought,
For they shape our souls, lessons hard-wrought.
In a world of successful salesmen, unimpressed,

Rare gems of kindness, with hearts blessed,
I hold them close, these friends so true,
Their golden hearts shine, a precious hue.
With a smile that defies the pain I've known,
I share my story, seeds of empowerment sown.
Hoping survivors of abuse find their voice,
Embracing their strength, making their choice.
So, I'll keep smiling, spreading light in my way,
Sharing my journey, day after day.
For in the face of stigma, I find my power,
And inspire others in their darkest hour.

Poem 3: From homeless teen to inspirational speaker (email me at cheryl@fundfc.org)

In my darkest night, a dream did unfold,
A tale of anguish, a story untold.
A father's abuse, a heart left bruised,
And a wandering soul, lost and confused.
Through the neighborhood, with weary steps,
A homeless teen, no place to rest.
Feeling wrong, like a sinner condemned,
Searching for solace, a message to send.
No money to buy, just time to kill,
Walking for miles, with an empty will.
A curse upon existence, it seemed,

Breath causing discomfort, as if it teemed.
Running from questions, from prying eyes,
Bruises hidden, secrets in disguise.
Silent and withdrawn, a self-imposed shell,
Apologizing for being, living in a hell.
But God, in His grace, had a different plan,
To lift me up, to help me stand.
He brought me far, along this way,
From darkness to light, from night to day.
For now, you're proud to be who you are,
Grateful for existence, shining like a star.
A rocky journey, filled with pain,
But it only made you stronger, not in vain.
You've overcome, and now you seek,
Inspirational speakers, mentors unique.
To partner with me, to guide the youth,
To offer them hope, to share the truth.
If you're one of those with gifts to share,
An inspirational speaker, showing you care,
Reach out to me, let's join hands,
Together we'll make a difference, across the lands.
For God has transformed you, made you whole,
From a lost, broken teen, to a beacon of soul.
Your journey's a testament, a story of grace,

And together, we'll empower the at-risk space.

Poem 4: Join the loving revolution

If eyes could tell stories, oh, the tales they'd reveal,
Of battles fought silently, wounds that time can't heal.

People may not perceive the struggles I've faced,
But I refuse to be a victim, in victory I'm embraced.

I am an overcomer, stubborn and strong,
Challenges may come, but they won't keep me long.

Doubt me if you dare, it fuels my inner fire,
To prove you wrong, to rise even higher.

My aim is to change this world, to make it anew,
Kinder, healthier, and filled with love that's true.

Less judgmental, less violent, a place of peace,
For generations to come, a lasting release.

Believe me when I say, it will surely come to pass,
A revolution of hearts, a transformation en masse.

Join me in this journey, let's stand hand in hand,
Together we'll create a future that's grand.

For the Bible reminds us of the power we possess,
To bring light to darkness, to heal and to bless.

In Matthew 5:9, it's written with care,

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God" we share.

In Romans 12:2, a call to be transformed,

"Not conforming to this world, but in renewal be warmed."

Let's rise above, with hearts set ablaze,

And make a difference, guided by God's grace.

So let your eyes tell stories of triumph and zeal,

Of a world reborn, where love and compassion are real.

Together, we'll ignite a revolution of love,

And witness the beauty that comes from above.

Poem 5: Being unrelatable as a former foster

In a world questioning my worth,

God's promises give solace, a rebirth.

Amid doubts, violence, and criticism's sting,

Love, peace, and resilience I bring.

Unrelatable struggles, strength misunderstood,

Through Christ, I conquer, all things I could.

Success they question, earned honestly,

For the Lord, I work, not human decree.

Complicated they find me, thoughts vast,

But God's love for me will forever last.

Overcoming evil with good, I strive,

In the Lord's presence, tears find revive.

Love me or hate me, it matters not,
As a foster child, standing tall, I've fought.
In God's embrace, I'm never alone,
His love everlasting, forever shown.

With resilience guiding, past embraced,
God's grace gives strength, His love encased.
No separation from the love divine,
In God's arms, eternally I shine.

Poem 6: A joyful servant of God to work in the foster care field

In the realm of work, I strive with all my might,
For unto the Lord, I labor day and night.
My deeds of kindness, I keep them concealed,
Unless to inspire others, to join and yield.

A producer, a creator, a virtuous soul,
Spreading goodness and light, my ultimate goal.
For when we toil for the Lord, with all our heart,
Rewards may come, though not always from the start.

By some strange twist, the world now bestows,
Blessings upon blessings, as my goodness it knows.
And in this abundance, I choose to be,

Generous with my fortune, setting others free.

Through poverty and riches, I have still given,
To benefit others, to make this world driven,
By compassion and love, a selfless endeavor,
For the unconditional love of God, I strive and endeavor.

In the face of abuse, I still remain calm,
With focused attention, I seek a healing balm.
Leading myself and others to safety's embrace,
Love in my heart, reflected on my face.

To look in the mirror, and truly see,
A person filled with love, that's who I'll be.
For in the face of hatred, I'll stand tall,
Love shall prevail, no matter the call.

These are my beliefs, I hold them dear,
Guided by faith, with no hint of fear.
God gets the glory, in all that I do,
For it's all for Him, my heart remains true.

Poem 7: My story summarized

In a world of darkness, my story was formed,

Through trials and tribulations, my spirit was warmed.

Abused as a child, my innocence was lost,

Yet I found strength within, no matter the cost.

Running away from home, my sister disappeared,

But I carried on, my dreams persevered.

Moving from place to place, friendships disrupted,

But I pressed forward, my determination uncorrupted.

My parents fought fiercely, like a war zone,

But I sought victory, and I stood alone.

Responsibilities grew, at a tender age,

Cooking and cleaning, turning the page.

My mother left, abandoned us behind,

But I knew in my heart, love I would find.

Through foster care, I wandered far and wide,

But I endured, with tears I cried.

Skiping a grade, excelling in school,

Breaking every rule, I emerged as a jewel.

Honors classes and gifted programs I attained,

Through every struggle, my dreams remained.

At sixteen, my father's gun aimed at me,
But it wasn't my time, and I was set free.
Left by my parents, unwanted and alone,
Foster care became my temporary home.

Through foster homes, I traveled with despair,
Seven houses, two states, burdened with care.
But I pressed on, dropped out, got my GED,
Defying the odds, determined to be free.

In foster care, pain and despair I faced,
Identity stolen, struggles hard to embrace.
Betrayed by a foster mom I held dear,
Yet I pushed through, conquering fear.

Adoption eluded me, a teenage girl,
But I found solace, my spirit unfurl.
Diagnosed with depression, a battle to fight,
With resilience and hope, I saw the light.

An eating disorder gripped me so tight,
But I sought God's peace, to make things right.
Lost foster siblings to suicide's embrace,
Their memories urged me to find my grace.

On my eighteenth birthday, assault so cruel,
But I escaped, fueled by strength, not to be a fool.
I bought a flight, with savings of my own,
To a new state, where I'd be known.

Homeless, bouncing from place to place,
In Chicago's streets, I sought solace and grace.
But I persevered, found roommates and jobs,
With determination, I faced life's throbs.

Married at twenty-one, love turned controlling,
But I held on, my spirit not folding.
A near-death experience, a car crash severe,
But I survived, wiping away each tear.

A bachelor's degree, with a 4.0 GPA,
Through grief and loss, I found my way.
Miscarriages brought pain deep within,
But my womb was still blessed twice, a new chapter to begin.

Postpartum depression, insomnia's grip,
But I fought through, my faith never to slip.
Diagnosed with mood disorder and PTSD,

Yet I rose above, a survivor, I would be.

Divorce and betrayal tore my heart asunder,
But I emerged stronger, a warrior, not a blunder.
Once more homeless, in hotels I stayed,
But resilience within me, my spirit never swayed.

Custody battles fought, a victory won,
With faith and determination, I stood as one.
Raising a child on the autism spectrum, I hold,
With love and acceptance, his spirit unfolds.

A journey in sales, jobs I maintained,
Putting myself through classes, dreams unrestrained.
Founding a nonprofit, making a difference,
In the lives of others, spreading love's brilliance.

Single motherhood, no child support in sight,
Yet I persevered, shining with inner light.
Coauthored a few books, shared my story's might,
Inspiring others to fight their own fight.

Passed Harvard courses, grant writing, and more,
Expanding my knowledge, unlocking new doors.

A certified life coach and a personal trainer,
Guiding others to find their way, no matter the terrain.

A documentary producer, foster care awareness,
Using my voice to combat despair's darkness.
Competed in a pageant, claimed victory's crown,
Proving that resilience can turn a life around.

Featured in Forbes, with news stories abound,
A double Times Square billboard, my image renowned.
Public speaking engagements, inspiring far and wide,
Spreading hope and courage with every stride.

An actress, an influencer, my path still unfolds,
Touching lives, as my story here is told.
An inspirational collaboration, esteemed life coaches unite,
With Les Brown on the cover, spreading wisdom's light.

Executive producer, actress in a film to come,
Raising awareness, healing hearts, overcoming the glum.
Married to the love of my life I stayed,
With resilience within me, my spirit never swayed.

A runway model, gracing NY Fashion Week,

A cover model, beauty's radiance we seek.

Through perseverance and faith, I stand tall,

A survivor, an inspiration, giving hope to all.

So, I share my story, unashamed and bold,

For it shaped who I am, a movie yet untold.

To inspire hope and ignite a flame,

That no matter the struggles, we can rise again.

"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord,

"Plans to prosper you and not to harm you,

Plans to give you hope and a future." - Jeremiah 29:11

In the face of adversity, I found my way,

With the Lord by my side, each and every day.

Through pain and hardships, I emerged strong,

With faith as my anchor, I knew I belonged.

For the Lord is near to the brokenhearted,

And saves those crushed in spirit, as He has imparted.

With His promises written in each verse,

I found solace, strength, and the will to traverse.

No matter the trials or battles I faced,

The Lord's words guided me, His love embraced.
He healed my wounds, gave me courage anew,
And His plans for me, I trusted to be true.

In conclusion, my story is a testament,
To the power of resilience, faith, and contentment.
Through the darkest nights and the brightest days,
I found my purpose, walking in God's ways.

With each Bible verse that touched my soul,
I found strength, hope, and a heart made whole.
For His love knows no bounds, His grace is profound,
And in His presence, eternal peace is found.

Poem 8: Join the Revolution!

Wherever the grant writers and fundraisers reside,
A revolution beckons, where love shall abide.
Foster care reform, a noble quest we embrace,
To uplift the struggling families, with dignity and grace.

Let us shelter the homeless, those with no abode,
Offering warmth and safety on life's weary road.
For every youth deserves a place to call home,
And receive free classes where dreams are free to roam.

Let their stories be told, each voice a precious gem,
Unveiling the struggles and the courage within them.
Their narratives, potent, a catalyst for change,
Inspiring generations, a hope that shall never wane.

Join the revolution, be leaders, strong and true,
Unite in compassion, for there's much we can do.
Give job opportunities to former fosters, a chance for growth and more,
Empowering futures that were once shadowed and sore.

Together, we'll mend the fractures, heal every scar,
Embracing the vulnerable, no matter who they are.
For in community, we find strength to overcome,
And foster a brighter world where love's the anthem sung.

Join the revolution, ignite the flame within,
Let kindness and justice triumph, let hope begin.
For when we stand as one, we're bound to make a change,
And build a world where love and family shall never be estranged.