

**The Best Verse Of**  
**Art Fettig, C.S.P.**  
**and Friends**

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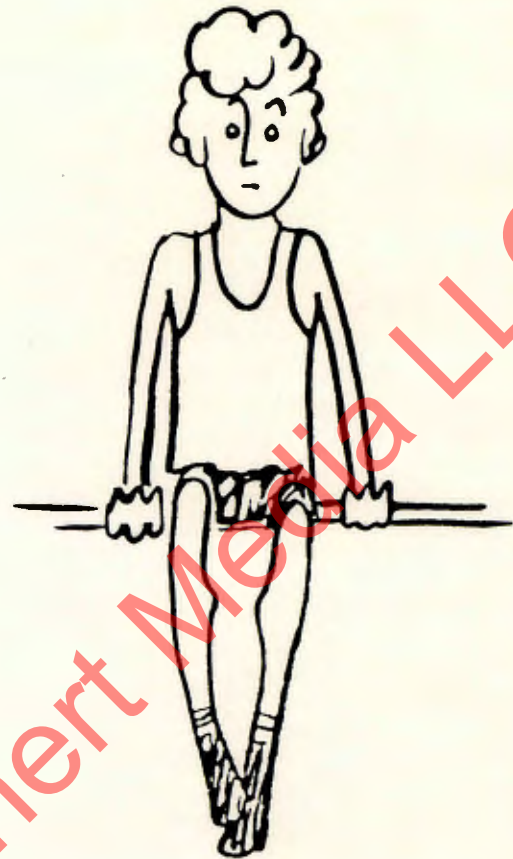
## **THE SPIRIT**

*Of 1776, what was the spirit?  
Revolution? Freedom? Independence?  
No. I think the prevailing spirit  
Was selling.  
Selling one another. Selling like selling  
Had never been done before. Or since.  
Salesmen saying, "But as for me,  
Give me liberty or give me death."  
Saying, "I only regret that I have but one life  
To give for my country."  
Saying, "Let us all hang together,  
Or assuredly we will hang alone."  
And signing, "We mutually pledge to each other  
Our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."  
Selling the world an exciting concept; that men,  
And women, could rule their own destiny.  
And what is wrong with America today  
Will be made right again with selling.  
Selling the dedication and devotion and  
That mutual concern that made it all begin.*



## **Mentor**

*Mentors are people who truly love what they are doing, and want to share that love and skill with someone they believe might do it. Mentors don't do it for you — they point the way and stand back and watch you stumble and grow. They know that life is really a "Do-it-Yourself" project and difficult things come easy, often unappreciated, prove useless. Mentees, nearly always, at times feel their Mentor is holding back — and it is true and necessary, for craftsmanship demands a vast amount of try and fail. Mentors quietly care, and they silently cheer you on, and every little challenge that you overcome burns joyfully within their hearts. Mentors give unselfishly, most likely because once, in their past, they knew a Mentor who shared, and cared and silently cheered them on. For this is a continuous, self-perpetuating process. Mentees grow, and when they've reached a level of success, they then become a Mentor. For love goes on and on and therein lies the magic.*



## ***“Impartiality.”***

*That's my son out there  
The one with the hair.  
Did you see him snuff  
That guy out and all?  
“Hey Ref--That foul  
Was a rotten call!  
That's him, Dan the man  
Ain't he great?  
Four fouls and it's only  
A quarter after eight.  
Yes, that's him  
Number forty-two, two, two--  
Now he might not look  
Like much to you,  
But I'm darn proud  
To tell you.....  
That's my son out there.*

## **SOMEBODY**

*I'm not the right height,  
And my face is a mess  
I'm not good at sports,  
And I'll never play chess.  
My grades aren't the highest,  
And it's easy to see,  
But I'm happy to tell you  
I'm glad to be me.*

*I'm somebody special,  
Just one of a kind,  
I'm unique, with a greatness,  
I'm seeking to find.  
I'm happy, I'm healthy,  
I'm somebody, true,  
And I'm sure glad to say,  
That you're somebody, too!*

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# TEACHER, TEACHER

*Teacher, Teacher  
help me learn  
when to press on  
when to turn.*

*Teacher, Teacher  
help me grow,  
hug me, I need  
hugging so.*

*Teacher, Teacher  
give me hope,  
won't you show me  
how to cope?*

*Teacher, Teacher  
guide my way,  
teach me what  
I ought to say.*

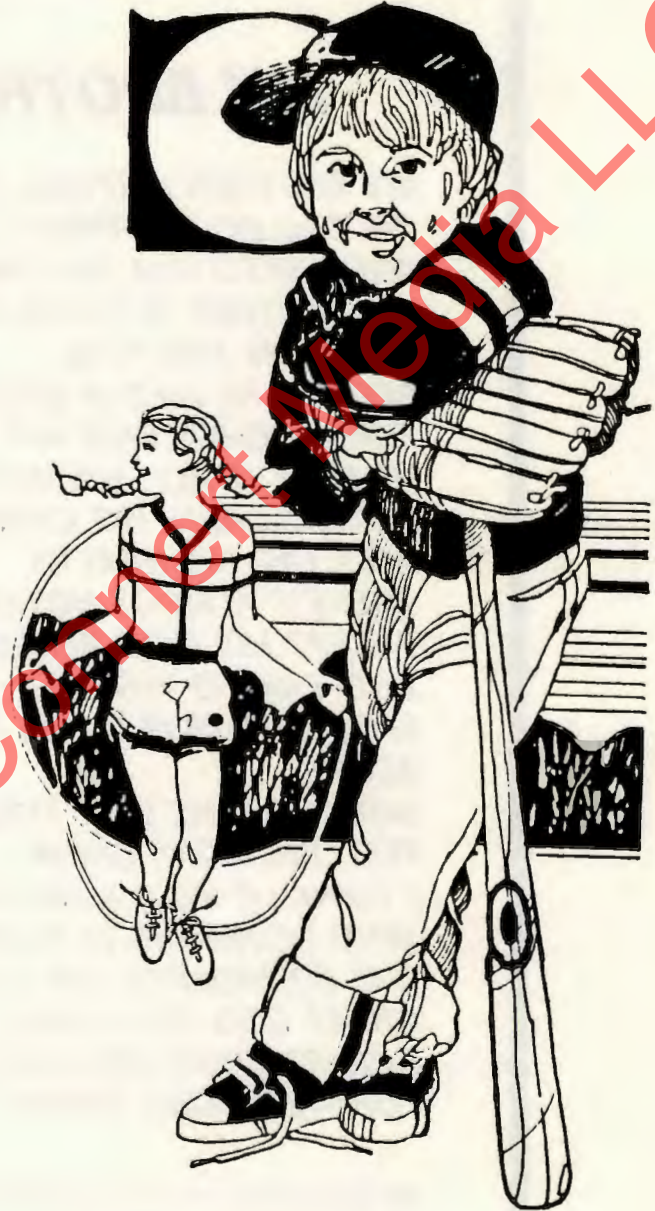
*Teacher, Teacher  
I'm worthwhile  
won't you give me  
just one smile?*

*Teacher, Teacher  
you're so grand,  
when you help  
me understand.*

*Teacher, Teacher  
light a spark,  
help me see it  
through the dark.*

*Teacher, Teacher  
when you care  
you prove love's  
a thing we share.*

*Teacher, Teacher  
yes it's true,  
Teacher, Teacher  
we love you.*



## **MY BROTHER JOE**

MY BROTHER IS DYING IN THERE NOW,  
WE CALLED THE PRIEST,  
AND ASKED HIM TO COME BY.  
MY BROTHER IS DYING IN THERE NOW,  
THIS TIME FOR REAL.  
BEFORE, HE DIED A THOUSAND DEATHS,  
FOR ALCOHOL WAS HIS UNDOING.  
HE LOST IT ALL, HIS WIFE, HIS HOME,  
HIS CHILDREN, HIS CAREER,  
AND, OH, HIS HEALTH,  
THERE'S ALMOST NOTHING LEFT OF HIM,  
EXCEPT HIS DEEP REMORSE,  
AND THAT IS WITHOUT BOUNDS.  
MY BROTHER IS DYING IN THERE NOW,  
ALONE.  
GOD, HOW HE LEFT THEM ALL BEHIND,  
FOR ONE MORE DRINK.  
I THINK HE WAS A HELPLESS CHILD,  
WHO NEVER GREW TO KNOW,  
THE BOUNDLESS JOY OF LIVING.  
GREAT GOD FORGIVING,  
ACCEPT YOUR SON AND EASE HIS PAIN,  
FOREVER MORE, AMEN.

ART FETTIG, LAKE CITY VETERAN'S HOSPITAL, JULY 17, 1977.  
JOE FETTIG, DIED JULY 20TH, 1977.

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## **Yes We Are!**

We are salespeople...  
We make this world hum a better tune.  
We rise to the call "Compete!"  
Adding that magic ingredient "Free"  
To our Free Enterprise System.  
We are salespeople. Thank God for it.  
For yes, we keep you working.  
And selling makes this whole world hum.  
We sell, we demonstrate and we listen  
And we use ten closes, unless you fail to buy.  
And then we'll close ten times again,  
And more if there be need,  
Because the world demands our wares.  
We wouldn't be just Doctors, Lawyers,  
President, or Indian Chief.  
We dare to dream impossible dreams,  
And work to make these dreams come true.  
We're proud to say we are Salespeople.

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## ***The Realtor***

I sell real estate,  
It's great!  
I match beautiful people up  
With beautiful homes  
And touch their lives.  
I sell real estate  
And I have the best job  
In this world.  
Listing a house  
Is exciting.  
Getting an offer  
Is invigorating.  
And when that  
Magic happens,  
And I match a listing,  
With a buyer and  
It is all mine,  
There is just no better  
Feeling in the Universe.  
I am a Realtor. A professional.  
A doer. And I am growing  
Every day.

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# Pay Attention, Brother!



Do you ever get that winded feelin',  
Ever find your head a reelin',  
Keepin' up with the Jones' down the street?  
Now I want you to pay attention to me.  
Did you ever get to feelin' gloomy,  
Just because they seemed a little more elite?  
Well then brother, if you're like me,  
You'd like to find a place to flee,  
A place where you don't have to be keepin' up.  
A place where people smile a lot,  
And are quite content with what they've got,  
And are grateful that they've got coffee to fill their cup.  
To appreciate what you got brother,  
That's the secret, there ain't no other,  
Just thank God that you've got something nice.  
And don't start thinkin' that it's disaster,  
When you see the other guy movin' faster,  
Count your blessings brother, that's darn good advice,  
Take a look at the sun and the moon and the stars,  
Forget about those shiny cars,  
Smell a flower, inhale that rich perfume.  
Don't sit worryin' about your pension,  
Brother, I want you to pay attention,  
Smile! There, that brightened up the room.  
Don't try makin' that tough decision,  
Of what to watch on television,  
Shut it off brother, and go take a healthy walk.  
Do yourself a real favor,  
Take a stroll over to your neighbor,  
And sit right down and have a friendly talk.  
Appreciate when the days are sunny,  
For a while quit thinkin' just of money,  
Learn to smile and enjoy life to the hilt.  
Don't let that rat race get you down,  
Don't let me catch you with a frown,  
Smile, and your troubles will start to wilt.  
Ain't no need to move away,  
Now pay attention to what I say,  
Just livin' can be such a pleasant thing.  
Start talkin' and walkin' and smellin' flowers,  
Instead of worrying away the hours,  
And you'll find every day like the first of spring.

## OUR COACH

*I'd only heard him cuss once, and he was cussin' out himself then, over a bad decision that he'd made.*

*I don't know when he slept 'cause he would teach all day and coach all night, and he always seemed to have his class prepared. He must have stayed awake all night figuring out new plays and new ways that we might play the game a little better. He was always there, too, to talk with when something personal came up and there didn't seem to be another soul that you could share with.*

*Our coach was "different" some might say.*

*He didn't share the feeling that, "Winning was the only thing." He liked to win, but all he asked is that we do our very best and then a little more.*

*When we won, he celebrated with us, and when we lost he celebrated with us what we'd each done right. And now he's gone.*

*He was driving late at night to make it to a meeting with some other coaches.*

*Told his wife that, "There was so much yet he had to learn to help us grow."*

*And so, when that semi swerved, I guess, he didn't really have a chance.*

*And now he's gone.*

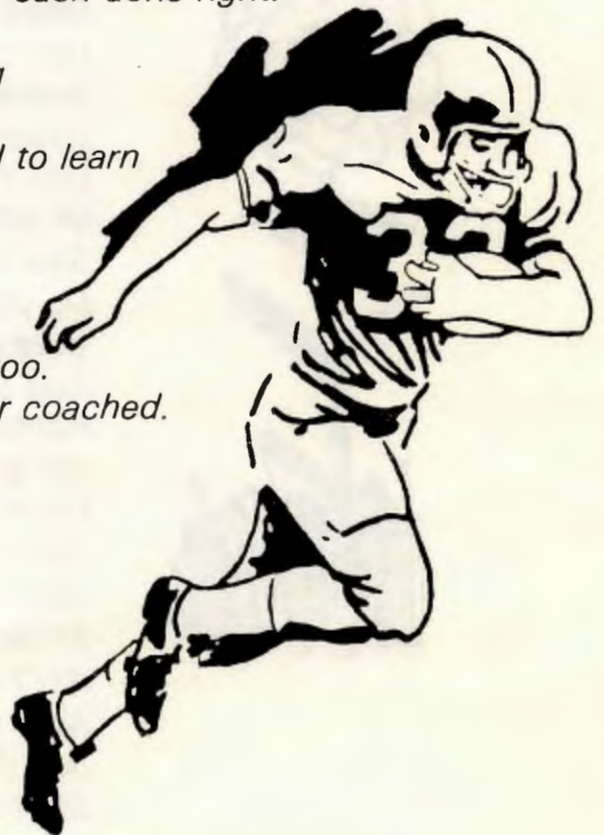
*Best coach a team could ever have. Best teacher, too.*

*But still, he left a lot behind inside every kid he ever coached.*

*He taught us win or lose, we'd all be winners if we did our best and then a little better yet.*

*We won't forget our coach.*

*We loved him so.*



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## **Brother's Keeper**

*I am my brother's keeper...  
His safety lies within my hands.  
Oh he must protect himself and that will help,  
But all too often I find that I must protect him from himself.  
He hurries sometimes or just plain forgets  
His safety glasses or his helmet or he might forget  
To stop and look.  
Or maybe he imbibes too much...  
And yes, I am my brother's keeper.  
To warn him. And remind him. And I care enough  
To send him home if it's required.  
I'm that inspired. I'll fire a man with enthusiasm.  
For safety calls for firing up, reminding, and when  
All else fails...for firing.  
I am my brother's keeper and I care enough  
To take a job today and send a man away...  
Live and whole, and possibly misunderstanding...  
But that's a price you sometimes pay,  
To be a brother's keeper.  
Yet I believe it is a loving trade.*

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## **A SEASON OF RENEWAL**

Perhaps the greatness of America  
is seasonal in nature,  
and far too long, we, as a nation  
have languished through a sleepy summer  
to a fall.

Now, our President reminds us  
of the cold, hard truth that winter  
is upon us,  
and we must get back to work with gusto  
if we are to survive--and thrive.

Now, as we brave the frigid, bitter truth,  
we are reminded  
that America was once truly,  
"One Nation under God,"  
and now we must return  
to Godlike conduct,  
and we must relearn the fact  
that there is dignity in work  
and pride in doing well.

So as we strive together,  
struggling, making sacrifice,  
renewing our commitment  
to our country--to our fellow man,  
and to ourselves,  
we will witness, yes,  
we will witness the rebirth  
of the greatness that is America.  
Spring will come once more  
to our land, and with it hope,  
with liberty, justice,  
and opportunity for all.  
For that is America.

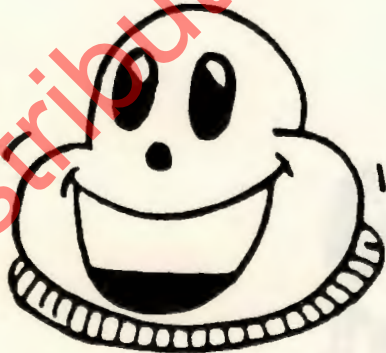
## **JUST SAY NO**

*Just say, "No,"  
When the pot gets offered.  
Just say, "No,"  
When the bottle's passed.  
Just say, "No,"  
When the crowd starts snortin'.  
Just say, "No,"  
The next time you're asked.*

*Just say, "No,"  
To that corner pusher.  
Just say, "No,"  
To that thoughtless friend.  
Just say, "No,"  
It's not worth the payment.  
Some say, "Yes,"  
But their lives will end.*

*Don't say, "Maybe,"  
"Perhaps, just once.  
What'll it hurt?"  
Or, "Gee, I think so."  
Be unique,  
You're someone special.  
Look 'em in the eye,  
And just say, "No."*

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## **JUST SAY YES**

*Just say, "Yes,"  
To believing you're special.  
Just say, "Yes,"  
To being kind.  
Just say, "Yes,"  
To caring for others.  
Just say, "Yes,"  
To improving your mind.*

*Just say, "Yes,"  
To trying harder.  
Just say, "Yes,"  
To hanging in.  
Just say, "Yes,"  
To growing daily.  
Just say, "Yes,"  
To learning to win.*

*Just say, "Hey there  
I'm somebody  
And you are, too.  
Let's do our best."  
Stand up! Listen,  
To what is right  
Respect yourself  
And just say, "Yes!"*

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# **THE BUILDER**

*By Jess Kenner*

*I watched them tearing a building down-  
A gang of men in a busy town,  
With ho-heave-ho and lusty yell  
They swung a beam and a side wall fell;  
I asked the foreman, "Are these men skilled  
And the men you'd hire if you had to build?"*

*He gave a laugh and said, "No, indeed.  
Just common labor is all I need,  
I can easily wreck in a day or two what  
builders have taken a year to do!"  
And I thought to myself as I went away  
"Which of these roles have I tried to play?"*

*Am I a builder who works with care, measuring  
life by the rule and square?  
Am I shaping my deed to well made plan,  
patiently doing the best I can?  
Or am I a wrecker, who walks the town,  
Content with the labor of tearing down?*



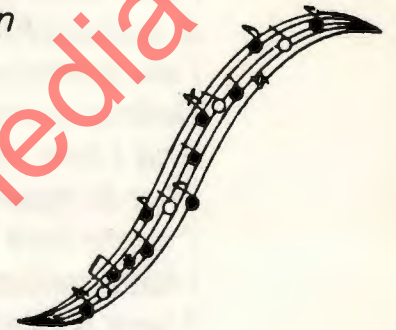
# ***The Touch of the Master's Hand***

*'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer  
Thought it scarcely worth his while  
To waste much time on the old violin,  
But held it up with a smile:*

*"What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,  
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"  
"A dollar, a dollar", then; "Two!" "Only two?  
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?  
Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;  
Going for three---" But no,  
From the room, far back, a gray-haired man  
Came forward and picked up the bow;  
Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,  
And tightening the loose strings,  
He played a melody pure and sweet  
As a caroling angel sings.*

*The music ceased, and the auctioneer,  
With a voice that was quiet and low,  
Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"  
And he held it up with the bow.  
"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?  
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?  
Three thousand, once, three thousand, twice,  
And going, and gone," said he.  
The people cheered, but some of them cried,  
"We do not quite understand  
what changed its worth." Swift came the reply:  
"The touch of a master's hand."*

*And many a man with life out of tune,  
And battered and scarred with sin,  
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,  
Much like the old violin.  
A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine;  
A game—and he travels on.  
He is "going" once, and "going" twice,  
He's "going" and almost "gone."  
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd  
Never can quite understand  
The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought  
By the touch of the Master's hand.*





## ***The Self Esteem Credo***

*God made me — I was no accident,  
No happenstance. I was in God's plan  
And he doesn't make junk, ever.*

*I was born to be  
A successful human being,  
I am somebody special, unique,  
Definitely one of a kind,  
And I love me.*

*That is essential so that  
I might love you, too.  
I have talents, potentials, yes,  
There is greatness in me, and  
If I harness that specialness,  
Then I will write my name  
In the sands of time with my deeds.*

*Yes, I must work harder, longer,  
With greater drive,  
If I am to excel,  
And I will pay that price,  
For talents demand daily care  
And honing.*

*I was born in God's image  
And likeness  
And I will strive to do  
God's will.*



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## **GROWTH**

*I don't ever want to be  
what I want to be.*

*There is always something  
out there yet for me.*

*I get a kick from living  
in the here and now.*

*Yet, I never want to feel  
I've learned the best way how.*

*There is always one hill higher  
with a better view.*

*Something waiting to be learned  
that I never knew.*

*'til my life is over  
never fully fill my cup.*

*Let me go on growing  
UP!*

*Up!*

*Up!*