

Poetry and pictures provided by Chris Goddard,

An Adventure to the Falls & The Man in Black

*This year has begun welcome everyone,
An adventure heading to the falls.
This place we'd meet, taking our seats,
Together again one and all.*

*The seats were designed all now aligned,
Our chauffer chosen for the task.
Checking names organized and arranged,
The journey begins we're on track.*

*A dusting of white our journey a delight,
Early days in spring a frigid grip.
With winters reign few would complain,
Who knew that winter would persist.*

*The hum on the way catching up today,
Anticipating the Man in Black.
Seven hundred songs, an anthology belongs,
Johnny Cash and a day to relax.*

*The highway a scene, many cars are seen,
Not having to drive today.
Trucks now aligned delivering products as designed.
On the bus is a better way.*

*RTO 39 tour today and a chance to play,
Lady luck or a game of skill*

*Within a short drive the scene comes alive,
The roar, the sound, and thrills.*

*Our lunch stop required, its location desired,
The edge of the fall and a view.
A chill in the air, crisp icicles everywhere,
Cold spray of the falls renewed.*

*The thundering falls excites one and all,
Thrill returns refreshing, cold spray.
The cold crisp spray, a marvel in many ways,
Dazzling the mind everyday.*

*Table rock was inspired, on the edge of desire,
This restaurant fifty years on its own.
With a three-course meal, delightfully revealed,
Spectacular views not far from home.*

*The place of dreams bright lights in between,
Slots, roulette, blackjack, games of chance.
Niagara Falls, win or lose everyone calls,
A wedding destination, a place for romance.*



Lunch over and done enjoyed by everyone,

*The next task to the casino for fun,
A hidden surprise before our eyes,
Twenty bucks' extra cash for everyone.*

*A prepaid card created, was never debated,
Lady luck and a sense of desire.
Orange card of dreams, a little cash in between,
Trying your hand with riches inspired.*

*Through these doors, dazzling lights to explore,
The sights, sounds, challenging each hand.
Within a short time, few winners resigned,
Taking their winnings as planned.*

*With left over change, slips of papers remained,
For a later date, held on tight.
At closers review, unsuspecting you might lose,
These receipts have a ninety-day life.*

*The hour of three, we hit the floor,
Long lines for the Man in Black.
The view of the event worth every cent,
First performance we never looked back.*

*With talent and desire these five souls inspire,
Decades of songs with a poet's heart.
The rhythm and tunes stories were groomed,
Life, love, loss, spoken from the heart.*

*A baritone voice, lyrics a simple choice,
A spirit within the desire explored.*

*A passion he creates, each song resonates.
Remembering recorded and stored,*

*Man in black, I walk the line, Ring of fire,
Get Rhythm, Cry, Cry Cry A boy name Sue,
A spirit and Desire Missions who were inspired,
Hey Porter, Rain of love, Folsom prison blues.*

*The man comes around, five feet high and rising,
I was there when it happened, I walk the line.
These songs resonate each one still thriving,
Man in Black, one piece at a time.*

*Twenty years has gone by Johnny Cash' last goodbye,
The song Hurt resonates within.
Haunting song striking nerves, lyrics with the words,
Eerily feeling as love lost begins.*

*A day out was grand, this job takes many hands,
Volunteers who coordinated taking up the slack.
The bus driver alone, countless hours on the phone,
Adventure to the Falls & The Man in Black.*



