

Poetry

Just for You

WINTERTIME

Winter is outside the window
Snow flurries obscure the light
Leaves huddle close together
Under a blanket of white.

Wind whistles at the corner
Icicles hang from the eaves
A lone gray squirrel swings
homeward:
An acrobat in the trees.

The land is still and silent
Except for a distant chime
The lakes and streams lie
motionless
With the peace of wintertime.

—ORLANDS G. WADE
Warner Robins, Ga.

ON BEING A BOY

If you have walked
in muddy holes,
in tin-can shoes,
on six-foot poles,
on auto top,
on barn-roof tall,
on silver rails,
on garden wall,
upon your hands,
in ladder-joy...
then you were born
a boy.

—DAYRA

Poetry

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TWILIGHT HEALING

Alone I sit
Upon a lovely hill
While twilight shadows
Hurry, scurry by;
O'er meadows dim
The cattle wander home;
In darkening wood
The birds of evening cry.
Mid peace I rest
Upon this lovely hill
To watch the night
Replace a perfect day.
In magic hues
A golden sun reclines
And from my heart
All worries fade away.

12 GRIT
TIME

May 12/1

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A SPECIAL ANGEL

God sent a special angel, who
would care for me on earth
She loved and held me close
to her
the moment of my birth.
She is a nurse who cooks and
sews
she always is my friend,
She tucks me in and kisses me
when day comes to an end.
She feels my pain, dispels
each fear
and when I go astray,
She suffers too, her broken
heart
will look to God and pray.
But even when she leaves
this earth,
I know she will not rest,
For God has stars to dust in
Heav'n
and Mom will do her best.

JANET RUMPP
Pine Grove, Pa.

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RIVER VALLEY IN WINTER

The frozen river lies asleep,
entwined in quilts of snow.
Beneath the ice it privately
has never ceased to flow.

The trees, bare, towering
skeletons,
stand motionless and cold,
but still the cells inside their
trunks
are quietly controlled.

Snow-burdened houses dot the
slopes,
but through the silent day,
out of their chimneys, threads
of smoke
fade into solid gray.

—FRANK GOODWYN
Silver Spring, Md.

A FRIEND

A friend is one who's always there
When you are sad and blue.

He knows just when you need
him.

So he stays close, close to you.
He leaves his work undone

sometimes
To help you willingly.
Your troubles are his troubles
too.

How thankful you should be.

He helps you through dark
valleys, dear,

Lifts burdens hard to bear.
Rewards he never wants to have.

God keep you is his prayer.
Appreciate your good, true
friend,

Like him help others too.

Our world a better place will be,
If that's what we all do.

—VIOLET WHITA
Iron Belt, Wis.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

She set a good example,
In every phase of life;
A tender, loving mother,
An understanding wife.

She set her private standards
To reach the ultimate height;
When teaching all her children
To always do "what's right".

She made for us a happy home,
Helped us learn and grow;
Asked for nothing in return,
And we all loved her so.

But oftentimes I wonder now,
Did I ever really say —
How much I loved and needed
her...
Each and every day.

ANGIE MONNENS
Richmond, Minn.

MY MOTHER

God chose her from the best ones,
And saved her just for me,
A kind and gentle mother,
As sweet as she could be.

I'd hoped that I would get one,
Who'd give me love and care,
And anytime I needed her,
I'd always find her there.

I wanted someone who'd love me,
Whether deservedly or not,
And when he gave me mother,
That's exactly what I got.

IDELLA R. LYNCH
Danville, Va.

MAY FLOWERS

Gently, softly moving
Come the flowers of May,
Spreading beauty everywhere
Jewels in grand array.

Fragrant May, we crown you
The beauty of the year.
Dull, drab days of winter
Flee before your cheer.

ROBERTA B. LINDBECK
Escondido, Calif.

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I Pr Bas

By REV. E. I.

Before him,
nations, and
them one from
herd separates
goats.

For almost 30 years
I have headed for the
207-mile stretch from
Dallas to a tranquil acre of
country in which this public
Years ago the route was

Sermon

river that parallels its course.
Recently, I noted what was
referred to as the "disappearing
It used to be that on an average
miles we would find four or five
— from a rough piece of land
unevenly on some tree to
illuminated message done by a
cial artist on a huge poster
such as these:

"BEWARE THE WR
"WHERE WILL YOU S"

Although not part of
the Bible Belt, a

PRAYER FOR A PARENT

Lord, give me grace to hold my
tongue,
Never to say, "When I was
young..."
When jeans and shirts and socks
are flung
When I'm by radios unstrung
Or Jimmy swings on the topmost
rung —
Lord, give me grace to hold my
tongue!

—J.B. BLEECKER
Mount Dora, Fla.

SENIOR RECITAL

Your music moved the audience
To deafening applause,
Its wealth of stirring beauty
Far exceeding any flaws.
Choking tears welled in my throat
From joy and pride in you,
As sitting there, I realized
A secret dream come true.
Every second of my life
Has moved with quiet stealth
Toward this one shining moment,
Supreme unto itself.
Because of this one moment
Of recognition won,
My life has been worth living.
I'm proud of you, my son.

—E. COLE INGLE
Mansfield, Ohio

II

Poetry Just for You

HALLOWEEN SENTINEL

The pumpkin sits by the old lamp
post,
A sentinel haunted by whitened
ghosts
That frequent this crisp October
night
Which speaks of fun, inter-
mingled with fright,
As children and oldsters
masquerade
As these very ghosts in the
Pumpkin Parade.

High, high in the sky old witches
ride
On broomsticks beneath the full
moon's light;
Atop a fence a black cat howls
And the echo resounds in the
"who" of an owl;
Still the pumpkin sits by the old
lamp post,
A sentry undaunted by
Halloween's "ghosts."

—LOISE PINKERTON FRITZ
Lehighton, Pa.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

It's very silly so to be,
Afraid of what you cannot see.
The fertile mind recoils in fright
At shapeless forms which bump
at night,
The slightest sound becomes a

moan,
Especially when one is alone;
Imagination has its way,
Which only daylight can allay.
It's finally time to realize,
When nothing's there before the
eyes;
It's always silly so to be,
Afraid of what you cannot see.

—RICHARD J. VAULES, JR.
Phoenix, Ariz.

THE WITCH WORE RED

The young witch pouted all the
day,
"My costume should be bright,"
she'd say,
"Like pink or yellow, blue or
green,
I don't want black for
Halloween!"
But Old Witch shook her head in
doubt,
She watched the young witch
fume and pout,
"Update your costume? What a
shame,
That's worse than if you changed
your name."
The young witch chose fire-
engine red,
"A Go-Go witch I'll be," she said.
And like a comet flying high
She blazed a path across the sky!

—MARGARET MOORE
Weatherford, Texas

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GRIT

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THE QUILT

Little scraps of gingham,
bits of calico,
Saved from sewing baskets
many years ago.
Countless tiny stitches,
each one like the last,
Hidden little knots
to hold the stitches fast.
Hour after hour,
under candlelight,
Grandma sat there sewing
far into the night.
Flashing silver needles,
covered now with rust,
"Coving-nadas'that neld'tnem,
long have turned to dust.
Though her few possessions
didn't seem like much,
She created beauty
with her gentle touch.
Legacies of beauty,
so a wise man told,
Fill our lives with beauty,
richer far than gold.

—PHYLLIS BEVING
Everly, Iowa

SUMMER'S SYMPHONY

How lovely are
the summer sounds —
the cheerful reveille
the robin sings each morning
from the sugar maple tree
the drift of treble voices
from that sacrosanct domain,
the tree house, and the patter
of the softly falling rain;
the hum of the cicada
and the call of whippoorwill,
the rumble of the thunder,
the ripple of the rill.
How lovely are
the summer sounds;
could any but agree,
no music sweeter to the ear
than summer's symphony.

—JEAN S. PLATT
Pittsburgh