

The following poem, written by Jewel Maxon, was read the W.M. THE BUTTERFLY BEING HER EMBLEM:

LEGEND OF THE BUTTERFLY

Once as a child many years ago on a balmy summer's eve
I sat in the yard at my mother's side and a butterfly lit
on my sleeve.
"It's a sign of good luck," my mother said
As the butterfly stayed on my arm.
"He's a symbol of all the beauty in life -
Make sure that you do him no harm".
First, butterflies are eggs, and after they hatch
They see that their lives just beginning.
They're not content with their lot in life.
So they go out on a limb and start spinning.
They stay but awhile in a magic cocoon
Then emerge like flowers in Spring
And they share their story of victory and success
Through each of the colors in their wings.
The gold in his wings is for the Golden Rule
To follow that is a must;
The blue - that means true blue.
Be someone that others can trust.
The green on the tip of his wings is saying:
"Stay green and you'll always grow;"
And the silver is the lining in the clouds of doubt,
That you must look for as through life you go.
Butterflies bend with the wind, it's true,
Still they get where they want to go.
They arrive by persistence - through their own insistence.
A lesson more people should know.
Sought and valued by the whole human race
for their beauty, tenacity and charm,
Here's my wish to you "ere this verse is thorough:
May the butterfly light on your arm.
And if he ever chances to stay at your sleeve,
Remember my friend, don't you fight him
But learn what you can from the butterfly clan
And you too may become a rare item.

--By Jewel Maxon

--Sister-in-law of the late Pauline Barnes