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OUR GRANDMOTHER'S

*Emma Oretta Boyer Whicker*  
POEMS

DEDICATED

to

OUR GRANDPA WHICKER  
(H. L. Whicker)

on

FATHER'S DAY - JUNE 19, 1955

These poems have been compiled from our  
Grandmother's scrapbook by her grand-  
daughters -

Edited and Illustrated by:

Maxine Whicker Albers  
Lois Whicker Norman

In Memory of  
OUR DEAR GRANDMOTHER (EMMA ORETTA WHICKER)

She has passed away, but her sweet good will,  
Like the odor of flowers, is with us still.  
The tender lesson that memory brings,  
The memory of patience o'er us flings.  
Tears are vain when a soul like this,  
Wings its way to the Gates of Bliss.

We miss you, dear, in all your ways,  
Your coming step, your love and prayers.  
When trouble or joy came as our guest  
It was shared by you without request.  
But God has a mission, in his realm above,  
None other could fill, so he called our love.  
Yes, 'tis better to yield when a christian life  
Gives up the battle of earthly strife.

We do not know the author of the above  
poem, but we feel it expresses the sentiments  
of all her loved ones.

FIRST PSALM

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the  
counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the  
way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of  
the scornful.

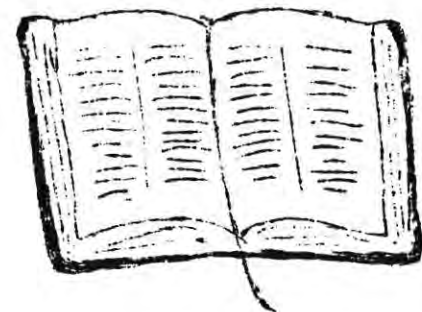
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;  
and in his law doth he meditate day and  
night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the  
rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit  
in his season; his leaf also shall not wither;  
and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff  
which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the  
judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of  
the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the right-  
eous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.



## CHILDHOOD DAYS

So plain I see the woods and hills  
The mossy banks, and rippling rills;  
And waking from their wintry sleep,  
The Dear-tongue spears begin to peep.

The grass is now a tender green,  
And soon the May flowers will be seen  
Along the old roadside out east,  
Where often we would sit, and rest.

With pails of water standing by,  
We'd carried there, with many a sigh,  
Along the shady winding road  
Though small, they were to us a load.

I see again the creek we crossed  
The place where Ma my breastpin lost,  
The sandy bank, the old Elm tree,  
The steep high bluff again I see.

The giant oaks, the saplings small  
Again I hear the blackbirds call  
    echo, among the elm trees tall  
Ah yes, there the violets blue,  
    sweet williams too are coming through  
The leafy mold.  
And then we jump, for there's mushrooms  
    beside a stump.

Perhaps we see some harmless snake  
Then quickly for our home we make,  
Our fearful hearts are all aquake.

When evening comes, and all is still,  
I hear again the whip-poor-will  
Now near, now far, their quaint calls go  
Far into night; now swift, now slow.

The moon comes slow above the trees,  
Their branches whisper in the breeze,  
Of the green dress they soon shall wear,  
The cooling shade that we shall share.

I see again our playhouse small,  
Swept clean, the old leaves made the wall  
While in a corner proudly stood  
Our organ, t'was a stump long dead.

We built our cupboard all ourselves,  
Bricks at each end, between board shelves.  
With broken china for a plate,  
And acorn cups, we grandly ate.

Stick knives and forks our table graced,  
Our rag dolls, on stump chairs we placed.  
Grand hats we made, of hickory leaves,  
All styles and shapes, our taste to please.

And fans, and dresses now and then.  
Sometimes we played that we were men,  
And proudly drove our prancing team,  
Or rode our stick horse o'er the green.

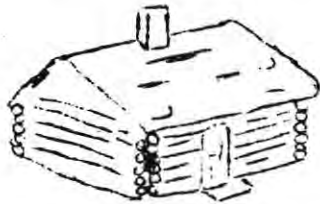
Or climbed a sapling, which was best,  
And rode it; rearing high its crest.  
So, swiftly sped our childhood days,  
So full of fun, in simple ways.  
And we grew up, and far apart,  
Remember them, with loving heart.

Emma Boyer Whicker



## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

A low eaved cottage, small and gray  
Where carefree children romp and play.  
With cherry trees surrounding it,  
Where birds and children love to sit,  
And eat the cherries ripe and sweet  
Singing and swinging brown bare feet.  
Or, in the spring, a fairy land,  
More beautiful than palace grand.



The yard, a lovely carpet green,  
The cheerful sunshine's golden sheen,  
The cherry trees, all robed in white  
Ah! they were then a lovely sight.  
And just beyond the picket fence,  
Between the yard and forest dense,  
A smooth green playground, scattered o'er  
With golden dandelions galore,  
That soon would lift white wooly heads,  
And leave for aye their humble beds.

Off to the right of our school road,  
Sturdy and straight, the twin oaks stood,  
With arms outstretched in sheltering shade.  
Often we here our playhouse made.

From the south tree, extended far  
A sturdy limb, and on it there  
We hung our swing of iron strength.  
Then found a board of proper length  
And back and forth we'd swing, and sing  
The woods with happy echoes ring.

A little farther up the road,  
Another giant oak tree stood.  
And on its shady northern side,  
Where cool green moss loved to abide,  
By some strange freak chanced to be there,  
A big rough knot that formed a chair.

The seat tree, we all labeled it,  
And how we'd race to see who'd get  
To in its, fancied, comfort sit.  
And all about were other trees,  
Wavering and nodding in the breeze.

From hickory leaves, gay hats we made,  
Wreathed with gay flowers, from hill and glade.  
Those happy carefree days are gone  
Forever, with our childhood home.  
When Sunday morning came along  
With holy hush, and birds sweet song,  
It seemed a different day somehow,  
How well I still remember now.

From church away, we never stayed,  
Except for storm, or sick abed,  
Summer or winter found us there,  
To in God's worship humbly share.  
Then after Sunday School was through,  
Class meeting came. And we stayed too.  
Father was leader, and he stood  
Before the pulpit, as he read  
A lesson from God's holy word.

Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good,  
And Christ, our Shepherd, is the Lord.  
I was glad when they said to me,  
Let us go unto the house of the Lord. You see,  
These were the sentiments of his heart.

Then some old fashioned tune he'd start,  
And all would join and sing the hymn  
No instrument of music then

Sing of a land more fair than day,  
Then all would kneel, and humbly pray  
That God would lead us to that land,  
Protect us with almighty hand.

By the west window, Mother dear,  
Sat with her friends and neighbors near.  
So plain I see their faces yet,  
That picture, I can ne'er forget.

Then, one by one, each Christian stood,  
Told of their faith in Jesus blood,  
To save and keep them, on lifes road  
That leads at last, to Heaven and God.

Again we sang 'ere home we'd go.  
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow.  
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

At last, the benediction o'er,  
We visited about the door,  
Then homeward went, to spend the day  
In needed rest and quiet play.

Swiftly, the years have sped away  
We childrens' hair all getting gray.  
Father and Mother long have gone  
To meet again in yonder home,  
Where disappointments never come.

I often wonder if we do  
Our duties, and are Christians true,  
And in God's grace and knowledge grow,  
As we were taught, long years ago.

I wish the world might better be,  
Because our lives helped others see  
The road that leads to perfect day,  
Where none will ever go astray.

Emma Boyer Whicker

## MEMORIES

The Sabbath day is ending  
In the house between the hills.  
And a robin in the treetop  
Is sending forth glad trills.  
All is peaceful in this valley  
Not a sign of strife to mar,  
As our hearts a little sadly,  
Think of loved ones scattered far.

Once our home was glad confusion,  
As the children raced and played,  
And we laughed, and sometimes scolded,  
As we asked their tardy aid.  
Little dreaming of how quickly  
Years would pass, and changes come,  
When the ones we loved so dearly  
Would be absent from our home.

Ben and Nellie, Glenn and Sylvia,  
Romed about in happy glee,  
While mixed in, both here and yonder,  
Were our darling babies three.  
Did they love the little hinderers?  
Well it seemed so anyway.  
As they caught them up to pet them,  
Few cross words we heard them say.

And how they loved to sing together  
In sunshine, or in stormy weather.  
Their voices rang so sweet and clear,  
In hymns and songs they loved so dear.  
As "Father Lead Me Safely Home"  
And then Glenn's favorite would come.

"When we all get to Heaven  
What a day of rejoicing that will be  
When we all see Jesus,  
We'll sing and shout the victory."

When nightfall came and prayers said,  
 The children all safe tucked in bed,  
 So calm and peaceful was our rest,  
 Content with those we loved the best.  
 And when at last our day is done,  
 Life here on earth is past,  
 God grant none will be missing  
 When we're gathered home at last.

Emma Boyer Whicker



### THE OLD BISCUIT CUTTER

The old biscuit cutter  
 is worn out at last  
 And into the ditch  
 it will have to be cast  
 The biscuit it's cut  
 would fill many a pan  
 For it worked for my boys  
 'till they grew to be men.

But now, its sharp edge  
 is battered and turned,  
 And it's useless for aught,  
 can't even be burned  
 But Mother looks at it,  
 and thinks of her boys  
 And how it cut biscuit  
 through sorrow and joys.

But now they are gone,  
 she longs for them yet.  
 And sometimes with teardrops  
 her lashes are wet.

And she looks at the cutter,  
 'twas made from a can,  
 And wonders, alas!  
 when she'll see them again.

How well they liked biscuit,  
 when flakey and brown  
 They thought them much better  
 than bread made in town.  
 So they ate and they grew  
 and then went away  
 And the old biscuit cutter  
 still lasts 'till today.

But now she's been forced  
 a new one to make,  
 But the old one looks best  
 for old times sake.  
 So, we all worn and battered  
 will soon run life's span  
 Like the old biscuit cutter  
 that was made of a can.

### A RAINY NIGHT

Softly fall the shades of night  
 Shutting out the cheerful light  
 Raindrops patter on the leaves,  
 And softly drip from off the eaves.

Rest and rain go well together,  
 After strenuous work and weather  
 Grass and trees hold up their hands,  
 Rejoicing with the thirsty land.

Dahlias with the Zinnias, stand  
 Dressed in scarlet colors grand.  
 All happy, in such weather,  
 In the garden patch together.

Blessings from God's hand are they,  
 Brightening lifes toilsome way.  
 Fragrant be our lives, and sweet,  
 Cheering those with whom we meet.

Silently the blossoms stand  
 Garden pinks and Cosmos grand.  
 Sweet petunias scent the air,  
 Lifting up their faces fair.

September 8, 1930

Well supper is over, and dishes all done,  
And I sit in the house, so quiet, alone.  
For the voices we once heard, so cheery and  
  bright  
Are all far away from us, this lonesome night.

But we're glad that the eye, that doesn't  
slumber or sleep,  
Over each dear one, its kind watches keep.  
T'is a very great help this comfort to know,  
That God watches o'er us, wherever we go.

And though for their presence we often do yearn,  
And though the hot teardrops our eyelids may  
burn.

We lift up our hearts to our Father above,  
And whisper, Lord keep those dear children we  
love.

And the angels watch, tho we're far apart,  
And the dear Lord comforts each lonely heart.  
Oh, what would we do without Jesus our Lord  
To give us sweet solace in his holy word.

December 28, 1951

The old year is going  
Is now almost gone  
With all its bright hopes  
Its frolic and fun.

But the memories left,  
Time cannot erase  
They cling to us still  
In the years we shall face.

Lord help us to live  
In the year that's ahead  
Clinging to right and shunning the bad.

Honoring God in all that we do  
Loving our neighbors  
With hearts clean and true.

FIRST OF MARCH

March the first came with a rush and a roar  
Rattling the windows and bumping the door.  
Thrashing the treetops so roughly together,  
Oh what a change in our nice balmy weather.  
The frogs plaintive song in the small stream  
  is still  
The water no doubt, to him feels rather chill.

The Redbird's loud whistle I hear not, today.  
The Robin I saw, has hied him away  
To find him a shelter, and wait 'till the sun  
shines,  
To tell us again that spring really has come.  
But it won't be long now, 'till the grass will  
be green  
The flowers on the hillside, again will be seen.

The birds building nests and housekeeping begin  
Gardens be made, bulbs and seeds be tucked in,  
Then very soon, small green rows will appear  
Of young growing things, to the gardener's  
  heart dear,  
What a bright happy time is spring anyway,  
We find things to cheer us, most every day.

But alas, like the evil, the weeds soon begin  
To come up so thickly, that good things seem  
thin.  
But all we can do, is to pull, dig and fight  
The weeds, like the evil that hinders the  
right.  
But some joyful day, right is going to rule,  
So let us be patient in life's rugged school.  
And try by our actions, others to bless,  
And speak a few words of plain thankfulness.

Emma Boyer Whicker





The Old Mail Box on the  
Martin Ranch (as we remember it).

Grandma and Grandpa made  
many a trip to this old mail box  
with the expectation of receiving  
mail from their distant children  
and relatives.

Maxine & Lois



-TO MY GIRLS-

(Written on Martin Ranch)

Good night dear girls, God bless each heart.  
It's hard for me to live apart  
From all my girls I love so well,  
Who all my thoughts I love to tell.  
Their loving hearts are kind and true,  
And I can trust them through and through.

How glad I am to feel and know  
That I can always trust them so.  
They're all so sensible and sweet,  
I feel that they are quite complete.  
They're worth more than their weight in gold  
I hope they still will be when old.

I love them more than I can say  
Although they're all so far away.  
They're all enshrined within my heart  
Sometimes it gives me quite a start  
When I remember all are gone  
The house then seems so still and lone.

All I can do is pray to God  
To bless and keep them on life's road  
In virtuous path and kindly heart  
'Till we shall meet no more to part,  
Where pain and sadness never come  
To us, in our eternal home,  
That Christ has said he would prepare,  
So pure and clean and wondrous fair.

God bring our loved ones all safe there,  
Let not one dear child absent be  
From home, throughout eternity.

Then, Lord we'll give thee all the praise,  
And to thee songs of gladness raise.

Emma Boyer Whicker

July 3, 1952. Lay, Colorado

Seventy years ago today a black haired baby  
boy came to stay  
In a little frame house just east of the road  
Where Father and Mother and three sisters abode.

The baby was large and the sisters were small,  
They hardly dared touch the new Brother at all.  
For he was something special, you see,  
This one baby boy, with sisters three.

Time rolled along year after year  
Filled with enjoyment, laughter or tear.  
All four children grew up and left home at last,  
With loving remembrance of years that are past.

So today, I am penning this queer little rhyme,  
To send many miles to that Brother of mine.  
Wishing him happiness, peace and joy.  
This Fredric Eugene, the black haired baby boy.

Emma Oretta Boyer Whicker





SATURDAY NIGHT ON MARTIN RAUCH

The month, the week, the day is past.  
The year is growing old.  
And soon will come the winters blast,  
Deep snow and bitter cold.

How thankfully we look about,  
Upon our humble home,  
Our cellar with potatoes stocked,  
And cabbage, all home grown.

And canned goods set upon the shelf,  
All ready to be eaten,  
And for pure air and sunshine,  
This country can't be beaten.

The coal shed isn't empty  
The flour bin isn't either,  
That's why we feel so comfy  
And happy here together.

The wind may still be raging  
The ground deep under snow,  
Outside not seems engaging  
Flowers in the window grow.

The main reason for contentment,  
Although we're growing old,  
Is the thought that God takes care of us,  
And though we have no gold  
He has promised to take care of us  
For in His word He said,  
His own won't be forsaken,  
Nor ever begging bread.

And, though we're not so very good,  
He knows we want to be  
For He looks on the hearts intent,  
And I'm glad that He can see  
And understand each motive  
When our actions seem to say

That we want to be contrary  
And have things all our way.

Sometimes we're lonesome, yes indeed,  
For far off loved ones feel the need  
But we remember God can see  
And care for them where'er they be.

How grand that God cares for us all  
He even notes the sparrows fall,  
So, trusting Him to hold our hand,  
We travel toward that better land,  
Where loved ones wait our coming home  
And Christ will smile, and say, "Well done."

So, as Thanksgiving day draws near,  
Forget your cares, and try to see  
The comforts and the friends so dear,  
We each one have, and thankful be.

Emma Boyer Whicker

Some years ago, a child I knew,  
With ready smile, and eyes of blue.  
She loved so much a horse to ride,  
Or down the hill to gaily slide.

If from the gate she went aside,  
Beneath the fence she'd safely glide.  
While Grandma in the porch did wait,  
She'd try again to hit the gate.

And laugh and laugh, to see the fun,  
As in the scoop she made the run;  
This pair's been known to swim together,  
Out in the ditch, in warmer weather.  
And thinking of that long past day,  
I'm sure her name was Dorothy May.



AFTERMATH  
(On the Martin Ranch)

Oh, the big silent lonesome,  
When the children have gone  
To scenes that's far distant,  
Or their own nearby home.

From its place on the shelf  
Ticks loudly the clock,  
While our hearts in our bosoms  
Press down like a rock.

The house seems so empty,  
Each room is so still,  
While loudly the silence  
Each one seems to fill.

We think of their faces  
In childhood so sweet,  
And the sound of their voices  
Or swift running feet.

We were sometimes impatient  
And weary, or sad,  
Life seemed almost a burden,  
To tired Mother and Dad.

But when at the close  
Of a wearisome day,  
Each child safe in bed  
After hours of hard play.

Then Mother and Dad  
Would smile, and say,  
They all with their sweetness  
For trouble repay.

And what were life worth  
If it were not for them.  
They are more than great wealth,  
These small women and men.

And how little we thought  
Of the swift flying years  
That would scatter our children  
And bring lonely tears.

Their return home again  
Causes glad anticipation,  
Mom hurries about  
Making much preparation.

To fix a good dinner,  
Things they always liked best,  
And though she grows weary  
Can't take time to rest.

While Dad does his best  
Helping all that he can,  
Fixing fires, running errands,  
While they busily plan.

Both are watching the road  
For a car to appear  
And if it is late,  
Mother then has a fear.

That something has happened  
Had a wreck, maybe sick?  
But when they appear,  
Fears are gone mighty quick.

How they visit and chatter  
Tell hopes and tell worry  
While the minutes and hours  
All too swiftly they hurry.

And it's time for the children  
To leave once again,  
And when they'll be back  
They never know then.

And the house again empty  
So silent and lone  
For Mother and Dad  
When the children go home.

Emma Boyer Whicker

To Little Emma on Her Second Birthday

A tiny little girlie  
With blonde hair so soft and curly,  
And eyes more blue than Colorado sky.  
A tiny little thing, that I hope soon learns  
to sing,  
And that I will get to see her bye and bye.

She is nearing two years old,  
Far more valuable than gold  
Matters not how high it might be piled,  
No temptation it would be  
To her Dad and Ma and me,  
She's my only little namesake, my Grandchild.

And I know she will grow up fine  
Guided by God's hand divine;  
Doing just the things that He would have her  
do.

With His blessing on her life,  
Through this world of toil and strife,  
Soul and body, mind and heart kept clean  
and true.

My wish for a happy birthday and life,  
With just enough shadow to make it right.

With lots of love from Grandma.

September 2, 1954, Lay, Colorado

Seventy eight years ago today,  
Born in a log cabin in Iowa  
Perhaps to her parents t'was quite a dilemma  
She likely had colic - They named her Emma.

The years have flown fast and now I am old  
Tho only in body, through summer and cold;  
Our real self never gets old, if Christ we  
believe,

And even our bodies great blessings receive.

The Angel of God camps 'round those that fear Him  
Delivering us from danger and sin  
His unseen hand guides us day after day  
Watching over us, like sheep, lest we go astray.

No matter how much we may gain, gold or land,  
Without Christ, it is building our house on  
the sand.

It is sure to crash, without Christ as  
foundation

In our own private life, or the life of a  
nation.

So why waste our life building on sand  
When we have solid rock always at hand?

Emma Oretta Boyer Whicker

\* \* \* \* \*

Most of the following poems were  
included in Grandma's scrapbook. We have  
inserted the ones marked with an \* because  
she had at some time or other requested a  
copy for her scrapbook, and we know she would  
want them included.

I KNOW A PLACE

I know a place  
Where there is fun  
Where you meet the coyotes  
And the honey bees hum.

Where there are horses, a lake and frogs  
And down by the willows, a spring.  
And I like to sit upon a log  
And listen to the frogs sing - Kroak, Kroak;  
Kroak.

And there is a house on a little hill  
Just above the spring  
And in that house upon the hill  
Every Sunday you hear people sing.

Now, my Grandma dear lives in that house  
We love to hear the birdies sing,  
And every day you'll see us going to the spring  
Tweet, Tweet, Tweet, Tweet.

Dorothy Mae Whicker  
(Written when a small girl)

Grandma and Grandpa, the inseparable two  
Sometimes at night their faces I view.  
Then memories pass, scene by scene  
As if before me on a big picture screen.

How kindly their features, how dear to my heart  
The country they live in, the home they are  
part.

I see the people they help day by day  
As they travel through on the main highway.

Then my day dreams billow bigger and bigger  
As I think of the visits I'd like to figure  
And all the things I could make and send  
For Grandma and Grandpa to see and commend.

Alas, alack, and woe is me  
Nothing is done, as you can see  
And all these things that I think I might  
Why, I never even so much as write!

So time hurries on and older we grow  
But maybe you both already know  
Without my songs and things created  
How much you are appreciated.

Dorothy Mae Whicker Mordick

As the clouds roll by  
You can see the clear blue sky  
And at night  
Lovely stars shine bright  
Which is a beautiful decoration of nature.

Dorothy Mae Whicker



Dear little Mickey where have you gone  
Could it be to the land far beyond?  
Oh, dear little Mickey I miss you so  
Why was it you who had to go?

Why did the car have to come along  
When you were where you didn't belong?  
You were as dumb as dumb could be,  
But very sweet and dear to me.

Ben Richard Whicker  
(Age 10)

"MY MOTHER" \*

When I am deeply troubled  
And my heart is full of grief,  
I always go to Mother  
For there I find relief.

She seems to know the answers  
For she's had her troubles too;  
She keeps my heartaches to herself  
As no other friend would do.

She'd never try to hurt me  
By cutting words or ways,  
And though I sometimes treat her wrong  
Her love; it does not faze.

I'm sure there is no other  
To protect when I'm afraid  
And love me as my Mother,  
The one true "friend" God made.

Lois Margaret Whicker  
(About 14)

FARMER'S GLORY \*

When the office gals are working  
In the office on Main Street,  
I gaze hopefully and longingly  
At the gentle rain and sleet.

Right-outside-my window  
Bright cars go whizzing by  
The streets are shiny from the rain,  
The farmers' spirits high.

They're dressed in new blue overalls  
With straw or grey felt hats  
They're driving trucks or Model A's  
(Sometimes on rims or flats).

'Bout four o'clock they hustle fast  
For it's time to do their chores  
Their wives are looking for them home  
With candy for their boys.

They like to be good farmers  
And ride their roans week days  
And Sundays really all dress up  
And ride their Model A's.

Lois Whicker  
(Age about 14 yrs)

ONE DRAWBACK OF EDUCATION \*

The steady gaze of her grey-blue eyes  
The smile that lights her face  
The words her lips are formed to say  
Adds to "My Sister's" grace.

It's only her picture that I see now  
Although she's not far away  
She's grown up a little too fast for me  
I think of her everyday.

The letters I write cannot express  
My desire to have her near

Yet many I write, tho' boresome they be  
And rather drawn out too, I fear.

Still, I must go on and wait for the time  
When I'll be with her again  
When we've crossed the divide far from  
"Educational Side"  
I'll be with "My Dear Sister" then.

Lois Margaret Whicker (Age 16)

\* \* \* \*

TO MY GRANDPARENTS - LAY COLORADO  
CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas time is the jolliest time,  
Of all the days in the year;  
You get gifts of all kinds then,  
That make you want to cheer.

I tell you folks, it's Heaven,  
When that jolly day rolls round,  
When the family gets into the 38,  
And drives right into town



Our car ain't much for style or looks,  
But it sure suits us all right;  
Oh, yes we like to go to town,  
But we're glad to get home at night.

There's an envious thing called money  
And some people have a lot,  
But my father always told us one thing;  
Be thankful for what you've got.

Barbara DeLambert  
(When a small girl)

\* \* \* \*



### MEDITATIONS

In this journey of life we must travel  
Whether short, whether long, it's soon gone  
So we strive, every day, to live better  
Than we did in the day that is done.

But so often we're tried the full measure  
No courage have we to advance  
We kneel before our Creator  
Our souls feel his kind loving glance.

Yes, the boys are in wild Colorado  
And we girls in Missouri so old,  
While our parents, and younger one with them  
Are in Iowa where winters are cold.

As I think of our childhood together  
Of days spent in pleasures so true  
Of the fights, and the good times together  
For the worries of life then were few.

But now we are scattered so widely  
Some are only a days drive away  
But I think that our hearts long forever  
To be gathered together some day.

Although long miles stretch between us  
We our letters to postmen entrust  
And longingly wait for an answer  
Be content with these sketches we must.

Sylvia Whicker Andrews

### MOTHER'S DAY 1934

Well, Mother's Day is here again  
And I aimed to be so good  
And go to church and Sunday school  
As all good daughters should.

I rushed and sped and scolded  
To make everything go right  
And as I donned my bonnet,  
Company hove in sight.

So, that put a stop to my going  
And I a good hostess was,  
And ran and cooked and waited,  
As most every hostess does.

Although my hands were busy,  
I don't know what they'd say,  
For I'd come out of dreaming,  
And my thoughts were miles away.

To the little two roomed cabin,  
Where my Mother and Father are,  
There I'd spend the day in person  
If it hadn't been so far.

I'm learning more, in every day,  
The things that keep a Mother  
More closely to their children drawn  
Than a sister or a brother.

All yesterday I sewed and sewed  
To finish up my suit,  
So I could wear it Mother's Day  
But then I didn't, shoot:

When we got up this morning  
Going with skips and jumps,  
When Forrest finally awakened,  
He at last, had taken mumps!

Just four more days of school  
To finish out this year  
I expect his term is finished  
For him at least, I fear.

He surely does look funny  
He's getting really fat  
Just below his ears I mean,  
But not beneath his hat.

Do you remember eleven years  
Ago, this very night?  
Was my baccalaureate service  
I remember well that sight.



But I'm over that, can tip  
The scales at 104  
And if I eat as I have today,  
Soon I'll be weighing more.

I meant to write this sooner  
So you'd get this Father's Day  
But I felt so bad and was busy  
I couldn't think what to say.

So I lay on the couch, in the dining  
room  
Dreaming o'er and o'er  
Of the good old times we had at home  
And wish we could have some more.

Sylvia Andrews

A LETTER TO DAD AND MOM

I stand at the kitchen range  
Washing and cooking on  
Praying for Dad and Mother  
Though you've been here and gone.

It seems like pleasant dream to me  
Though it seemed so very short  
I'll treasure it day by day  
'Twill have a place in my heart.

A picture I have of the Rockies  
Hanging on the wall  
As I look at its great majesty  
To me there comes a call.

A call to peace and happiness  
A call to hill and wood  
And I'm coming out sometime to see you  
I would come right now if I could.

Father's Day was busy here  
Will describe it if I can  
Sometimes I wonder if God meant  
To make things busy for every man.

We did our work, and milking too,  
As quickly as we could  
Then went to church and Sunday school,  
As everybody should.

They had no sermon yesterday  
'Twas Children's Day you see,  
Their program was a grand success  
The loveliest garden scene.

'Twas birds and flowers and garden fence  
All fixed with summer green so dense  
The little tots all did so well  
Performed without pretence.

Sylvia Andrews

THOUGHTS TO MOTHER

Well Mother dear, I'm sorry  
To hear that you are ill;  
I hope you'll be real good now,  
And gladly take your pill.

And while you're calmly resting  
On your bed you'd better stay  
And think of me, your roughneck,  
Working as I pray.

For it seems at any moment  
All we have to do to pray  
Is just to breathe the name of Jesus  
Then our petition say.

Asking always for His guidance,  
Trying to know His way is best,  
Then on Him to lay our burden  
And to our soul He gives sweet rest.

We can't see at times, I know dear  
Why these things must needs to be  
But if we live always faithful  
Some glad day His face we'll see.

After all, that's all we're asking  
For we know that time is short  
And our goal, oh yes, 'tis Heaven  
We all reach it through one port.

When we've done the best we know here,  
Tried each day as best we can,  
Isn't that all that's required us,  
All He asks of any man?

Thank God, it's not the outside either  
But the thoughts that we possess  
And to confess and love the Saviour  
That's the ones He'll truly bless.

So we'll labor ever gladly,  
Try to others burdens share  
Though we can't help much with money,  
Thank the Lord, we can in prayer.

Sylvia Andrews

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#### HAZELNUT GATHERING TIME

When the summer days are fading  
And September breezes blow,  
Through the goldenrod and asters,  
That make bright the old fence row,  
Then my thoughts from idle dreaming  
Flow into a simple rhyme  
As I picture Sister's birthday  
When 'twas hazelnut gathering time.

Now with happy hearts, we'd gather  
Bag and basket, pails for all  
Trudging to the distant pasture  
With its laden bushes tall  
First the long green slope, the oak tree  
Where anon we'd swing all day,  
Then the old tree with the seat on,  
Sometimes sofa, in our play.

The mudhole, fine for loblollies  
Path where first the May flowers blow

Still through green woods, to the school-  
house,

Where to school we soon must go  
Next the rambling Gillis collage  
The tall phlox, big mollies too,  
Bright coxcomb, and ladyfinger  
Make for us a pleasing view.,

Through a dusty sun-browned pasture  
Ah! the hazel patch at last  
Through the fence and sieze a basket,  
For a time the nuts fall fast  
But the lure of exploration,  
Sunny glades, grass green and long,  
The deep ditch for excavations  
Birds that fill the air with song.

All too soon the shadows lengthen  
Hasty search for bags and pails  
Slowly wind our way back homeward  
Lest the Mother's patience fails  
All too scant our garnered treasure  
'Though spilled only twice that day,  
Yet bright riches beyond measure  
Brought we, ne'er to fade away.

For the memory of our rambles  
O'er those well remembered trails,  
Will bring joy no wealth could purchase  
Until life's last sunset pales  
Still we love to roam in fancy,  
Thru the woods and down the hill,  
Coming home again at evening  
To the love that shields from ill.

So when life's long trail is ended  
And we hear the last home call  
When we see the shadows lengthen,  
And the last deep twilight fall,  
May we join with joy our loved ones;  
Who before us crossed the tide,  
In the house of many mansions  
Father's home at eventide.

Ellie to Sis, Emma, September 2, 1932



THE HILLS O' HOME

Those wooded hills we knew in childhood days  
The dear familiar paths of long ago,  
Where once in spring we watched the leaves  
turn green,  
And wild flowers spread a carpet fair below.  
What happy hours in work or play we spent;  
Long summer days, in field of grain or hay,  
With frequent hours of rest, along the creek,  
Where the "ole swimmin' hole" oft rang with  
laughter gay.

Soon autumn scattered gold across the field;  
Wild grapes along old fence rows down the lane;  
Well-laden orchards yielded treasures rare,  
And nuts were stored, for winters cold and rain.  
When winter covered all the hills with snow,  
It brought a new and different delight;  
Coasting, skating - all the winter games,  
With jolly "bob-sled rides," on winter nights.

The old schoolhouse that stood upon the hill,  
What memories of friends and teachers dear!  
The "spelling-bees" and all the programs grand,  
That crowned the work of each succeeding year.  
But best of all the scenes of early years,  
The path through cool green woods along the hill,  
Across the bridge, and through the meadows green,  
To the small, white church, that stands there,  
faithful still.

How dear to me each well remembered face!  
I still, familiar voices seem to hear, tho  
Many long have sung beyond the tide,  
And wait to welcome us as we draw near.  
Friends, met in kindred fellowship today,  
Whatever cares or joys to us may come,  
Sure is the promise, we may one day share  
Reunion Day, in Heaven's "Hills O' Home".

Ella Boyer Cridlebaugh  
For 55th Annual Boyer Reunion, at  
Moravia, Iowa, August 19, 1952  
Santa Rosa, California

## BUTTERFLIES \*

I would like to be a butterfly  
Sailing way up in the sky  
First they are caterpillars eating all the  
leaves,  
Second they are butterflies flying in the  
trees.

Butterflies, butterflies, they are of all colors,  
Yellow ones, black ones and a lot of others.  
Their wings are very big compared to their size  
But I guess they have to have them to fly like butterflies.

Ted Loren Albers  
(Great Grandson - Age 7)

\* \* \* \*

This prayer was sung at Rea and Ben Richard's wedding at the First Christian Church at Grand Junction, Colorado, 7:30 p.m., December 27, 1951. The words were written by Mrs. Clodfelter, Rea's Mother, and sung to the tune "Bless This House".

BLESS THIS HOME

Bless this home, O Lord we pray  
Make it safe by night and day.  
Bless the two who strive to be  
All that thou would's't have them be.  
When far cares upon them fall  
Let thy peace be over all  
Bless the home that it may prove  
Ever open to joy and love.

Bless them both and be with them  
Keep them pure, and free from sin  
Bless them as they work for thee  
Bringing others thy love to see

Keep them close within thy care  
May they call to thee in prayer  
Bless them both that they may be,  
Fit, oh Lord, to dwell with thee  
Bless us all that one day we  
May dwell, O Lord, with thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following poems were poems which our  
Grandmother had memorized as a little girl.  
We are sure that most of you have heard her  
speak them many times:

#### THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER

Not many miles from here, and e'en,  
Not many months ago.  
When all was bound in winter's chain,  
And covered thick with snow,  
As night came down upon the plain,  
Dark clouds hung o'er the earth.  
And chilling winds swept o'er the scene,  
In wild and cruel mirth.

A fair young child, with weary feet,  
From wandering to and fro,  
At last, o'ercome with weariness,  
Sank down upon the snow.  
His tender form was thinly clad,  
Though rough bleak winds swept by,  
And froze upon his cheeks the tears  
That flowed so mournfully.

It tossed the curls back from his brow,  
Back from the eyes of blue,  
That gave such looks of suffering,  
From out their azure hue.  
Though none but God was near to mark  
The tears that from them rolled,  
While from his lips, came oft the moan,  
I am so very cold.

A drowsiness came o'er his frame,  
And soon he ceased to weep

And on the chilling snow, he thought,  
To lay him down and sleep.  
But, true to holy teachings,  
First his evening prayer he said,  
And kneeling gently down,  
He clasped his stiffened hands, and prayed.

My Heavenly Father, were the words  
That from his pale lips came  
And many a dark and dismal night,  
His prayer had been the same.  
Please let me die, and take me to  
The Gentle Shepherd's fold  
I want to go so very much,  
I am so very cold.

When Mother died, and went to Heaven,  
To be an angel bright,  
She said I might come pretty soon  
Please let me go tonight.  
I want to feel her dear warm arms,  
Again around me fold.  
Oh Father, let me go to her  
I am so very cold.

There was a time, when 'round this  
selfsame childish form were thrown,  
A thousand comforts, dear delights,  
And guardian cares of home.  
The budding happiness of life,  
Shone on his carefree brow,  
And love and light and warmth were there,  
Where are those blessings now?

'Twas not the raging flame,  
That swept the pleasant home away,  
And turned the patient toil of years  
To ashes, in a day,  
'Twas not the ocean storm,  
That sank the Father 'neath its wave,  
'Twas not the foul disease  
That laid the Mother in her grave.

'Twas the demon of the winecup  
Set the Father's brain on fire,  
And plunged him, soul and body,  
Into ruin dark and dire.  
While, drop by drop, the lifeblood oozed  
From out the loving heart  
Of her, who vowed to cling to him,  
'Till death itself should part.

And when her weary life was o'er,  
They laid her in the ground.  
And left her child, in this cold world,  
To wander up and down.  
And now, alone with freezing form  
Beneath the wintry sky,  
He knelt upon the cold white snow,  
And wildly prayed to die.

When morning, with her streaming light,  
Came o'er the eastern hill,  
And flashed her beams across the plain,  
She saw him, kneeling still.  
And from the cold and parted lips,  
Came not one trembling word,  
The blue eyes raised to Heaven were  
closed,  
The Orphan's prayer was heard.

(From the old brown-backed 4th  
Reader 1884 - Age 8 years)

#### LIFE'S VOYAGE

From a vessel in mid ocean,  
Came a signal cannon boom  
All on board of her were trembling  
With the thought of certain doom,  
All on board were pale with terror,  
Must they perish thus, tonight?  
Leaving not one trace behind them  
For their loved ones waiting sight.

No, they need not sadly perish,  
Far away from any shore,  
For a ship has heard their signal  
And across the water bore,

From her trumpet came the message,  
Ship ahoy there, what is wrong?  
Ship is leaking, came the answer,  
We must surely sink, ere long.

Send us all you have aboard you,  
Came the voice from far away  
We will have you safe from danger  
Long before the break of day.  
Then the Captain of the vessel,  
From his lookout on the prow  
Sent the answer, through the darkness,  
We shall need you, but not now.

We are safe, lie by 'till morning  
You can save us better then.  
But his words sent doubt and terror  
To the heart throbs of his men.  
Once again the call was given  
Better let us save tonight,  
And again the Captain answered,  
Ship ahoy, lie by 'till light.

Morning dawned, the ship had settled  
To the bottom of the deep.  
All on board of her were sleeping  
In their last and latest sleep.  
Nevermore will trumpet rouse them  
'Till the final judgment call,  
When the sea gives up her keeping,  
To the Maker of us all.

-----  
The Sabbath day was ending  
In a village by the sea.  
And the uttered benediction  
Touched the people tenderly.  
And they rose to face the sunset  
In the glowing lighted west,  
And then hasten to their dwellings  
For God's blessed boon of rest.

Very anxious were the people  
On that rocky Coast of Wales,  
Lest the dawn of coming morning,  
Should be telling awful tales.  
When the sea had spent its passion,  
And had cast upon the shore,  
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims,  
As it had done heretofore.

With the rough wind blowing 'round her,  
A brave woman strained her eyes,  
And she saw across the water,  
A large vessel fall and rise.  
Oh, it did not need a prophet  
To tell what the end must be,  
For no ship can ride in safety,  
Near that coast, on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried  
From their homes, and thronged the beach,  
Oh, for power to cross the water  
And the perishing to reach.  
Helpless hands were wrung in sorrow,  
Pitying hearts grew cold with dread,  
And the ship, urged by the tempest,  
To that fatal rock shore sped.

She was parted in the middle,  
Ah, the half of her goes down,  
God have mercy, is this heaven  
Far to seek, for those who drown?  
Lo, when next the white shocked faces,  
Looked with terror, on the sea,  
Only one last clinging figure  
On the spar, is seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers,  
Came the wreck, tossed by the wave,  
And the man still clung and floated,  
Though no power on earth could save.  
Could we send him a short message?  
Here's the trumpet, shout away.  
'Twas the Preacher's hand that took it  
And he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon?  
Firstly, secondly, Ah no,  
There was just one thing to utter,  
In that awful hour of woe.  
So, he shouted through the trumpet,  
"Look to Jesus, Can you hear?"  
And "Aye, aye, sir", came the answer  
O'er the water loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing.  
Jesus Lover of My Soul,  
And the wind brought back the answer,  
While the nearer waters roll.  
Strange indeed it was to hear him,  
'Till the storms of life is past,  
Singing bravely from the water,  
Oh receive my soul at last.

He could have no other refuge,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,  
Leave, oh leave me not. The singer  
Dropped at last, into the sea.  
And the people, looking homeward,  
Through their eyes by tears made dim,  
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus,  
In the singing of that hymn."

#### THE BAR OF JUSTICE

She stood at the bar of justice,  
A creature wan and wild.  
In form too small for a woman,  
In feature too old for a child.  
For a look, so worn and pathetic  
Was stamped on her pale young face  
That it seemed long years of suffering  
Must have left that silent trace.

Your name? said the judge as he eyed her  
With a kindly look, yet keen  
Is Mary McQuire, if you please sir,  
And your age? I am turned fifteen.  
Well Mary, and then from a paper,  
He slowly and gravely read,  
You are charged here, I'm sorry to say it,  
With stealing three loaves of bread.



You look not like an offender,  
And I hope that you can show  
The charge to be a false one.  
Now tell me, are you guilty of this, or no?  
A passionate burst of weeping,  
Was at first her sole reply.  
But she dried her eyes in a moment,  
And looked the judge in the eye.

I will tell you just how it was sir,  
My Father and Mother are dead,  
And my little Brother and Sister  
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.  
At first I earned it for them,  
By working hard all day,  
But somehow times were hard sir,  
And the work all fell away.

I could get no more employment,  
The weather was bitter cold,  
The young ones cried and shivered,  
Little Johnnie's but four years old,  
So what was I to do sir?  
I am guilty, but do not condemn,  
I took, oh was it stealing?  
The bread to give to them.

Every man in the courtroom,  
Gray bearded, and thoughtless youth  
Knew as he looked upon her  
That the prisoner spoke the truth.  
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs  
Out of their eyes sprang tears,  
Out of their old faded wallets  
Money to last her for years.

The judge's face was a study,  
The strangest you ever saw  
And he cleared his throat, and murmured  
Something about the law.  
And no one blamed him, or wondered  
When at last these words they heard,  
The sentence of this young prisoner,  
Is for the present deferred.

And no one blamed him or wondered  
When he went to her, and smiled,  
And tenderly led from the court room,  
Himself the guilty child.

### THE PRETTY CHICKEN

Once there was a pretty chicken  
But his friends were very few,  
For he thought that there was nothing  
In the world, but what he knew.

So he always, in the barnyard,  
Had a very forward way,  
Telling hens and geese and turkeys,  
What they ought to do and say.

Mrs. Goose, he said, I wonder  
That your goslings you will let  
Go out paddling in the water,  
It will kill them to get wet.

And I wish, my old Aunt Dorking  
He said to her one day,  
That you wouldn't sit all summer  
In your nest upon the hay.

Won't you come out in the meadow  
Where the grass with seed is filled?  
If I should, replied Miss Dorking,  
Then my eggs would all get chilled.

No they won't, replied the chicken,  
And no matter if they do,  
Eggs are really good for nothing  
What's an egg to me or you?

What's an egg? replied Miss Dorking,  
Is it true you do not know  
You yourself were in an eggshell,  
Just one little month ago?

To be very wise, and show it,  
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt,  
But when young folks talk to old folks,  
They should know what they're about.

### THE MOUSE AND ROBIN

Once a trap was baited,  
With a piece of cheese  
It tickled so a little mouse,  
It almost made him sneeze.  
An old rat said, there's danger,  
Be careful where you go  
Nonsense, said the other,  
I don't think you know.  
So, he walked in boldly,  
Nobody in sight,  
First he took a nibble,  
Then he took a bite.  
Close the trap together  
Snapped as quick as a wink,  
Oh, he cried, I'm sorry,  
But I didn't think.

Once there was a robin  
Lived outside the door,  
Who wanted to go inside,  
And hop upon the floor.  
Oh no, said the mother,  
You must stay with me,  
Little birds are safest,  
Sitting in a tree.  
I don't care said robin,  
And he gave his tail a fling,  
I don't think the old folks  
Know quite everything.  
Down he flew, puss seized him  
Before he'd time to think  
Oh, he cried, I'm sorry,  
But I didn't think.

Now my little children,  
You who read this song,

Don't you see what trouble  
Comes of thinking wrong?  
And can't you take a warning  
From their dreadful fate  
Who began their thinking  
When it was too late?  
So when you're warned of ruin,  
Pause upon the brink,  
And don't go under headlong  
Because, you, didn't think.

The above taken from green-backed  
3rd grade reader and learned when  
a little girl.

### LET NOT YOUR LEFT HAND KNOW WHAT YOUR RIGHT HAND DOES

A little bird with feathers brown,  
Sat singing on a tree,  
Its song was very soft and low,  
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by,  
Looked up to see the bird,  
That made the sweetest melody  
That they had ever heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,  
For birdie was so small,  
And in her modest dark brown coat,  
She made no show at all.

Why Papa, little Gracie said,  
Where can the birdie be?  
If I could sing a song like that,  
I'd sit where folks could see.

I hope my little girl will learn  
A lesson from the bird,  
And try to do what good she can,  
Not to be seen and heard.

From a school book.

\* \* \* \*

### THE CRUEL COOK

I don't feel well, the kettle sighed,  
The pot responded, Eh?  
Well doubtless that's the reason ma'am  
You do not sing today.

But what's amiss? the kettle sobbed,  
Why sir, you're surely blind,  
Or you would notice that the cook,  
Is shockingly unkind.

I saw her bake a cake just now,  
If I'd a pair of legs, I'd run away,  
Oh dear, Oh dear, how she did beat the eggs,  
And afterward, a dreadful sight,  
I felt inclined to scream.  
The cruel creature took a fork,  
And soundly whipped the cream.

Nor was that all, remember please,  
'Tis truth I tell you,  
With my own eyes, I saw her  
Stone the raisins too.

Now can you wonder, that my nerves  
Have rather given way?  
Although, I'm at the boiling point,  
I cannot sing today.

(Irene's recitation when small)

\* \* \* \*

### SALUTE TO FREEDOM \*

Freedom! What is it? What does this word mean? It is something we cherish--something we love--yet something taken almost completely for granted by each and every one of us.

It is good to think of "freedom" as a sort of magic word, for its magic wand grants fully the God-given rights that belong to every

person at birth. The Golden Fairy of Freedom who holds this wand is the typical fantasy fairy--beautiful, kind--but most important, she is not dictatorial; she is not aggressive nor depriving; but quite the opposite. Her Mother, Democracy, is getting gray now, for her work here has been going on for a good many years....and yet she will never die, because through her trials and tribulations she has always outshone any other way of life, and thus has been granted everlasting life by all her adopted sons and daughters who live in a nation called America.

Democracy and her children--Freedom; Faith; and Love--have as their family symbol a flag. The symbol is colored of red, white, and blue, and designed of stars and stripes. Because Democracy has done so much for us, we are obligated and thankful to pay tribute to her symbol each moment of our lives.

As first period begins every school morning, we, the students of Grand Junction High School, may be heard reciting the pledge to the flag. Let us realize the full meaning of our words, that her enemies may never be able to attend the funeral of Mother Democracy and her Daughters.

By Rea Mae Clodfelter Whicker

\* \* \* \*