

Hello



Neighbor

COLLECTED POEMS OF

CARRIE BADGETT

Arranged and Edited by

Joe Naumann

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PREFACE

This project began with the finding of two homemade booklets of Carrie Badgett's poems among the effects of her daughter, Catherine Isabel Stephenson. I would like to give particular thanks to Carrie's daughter Eleanor Dalton for sending me her collection of poems and Carrie's granddaughter Sharron Johnson for sending her collection. I want to give thanks to all the members of the family for sharing memories in the Round Robin and sending poems which gave me the opportunity to come to know and love Carrie Badgett. In a few places, I had to supply a title, and for one poem, I had to supply a couple lines to complete it. It is wonderful to know that such a saint as Carrie Badgett is in Heaven praying for her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, as well as their spouses. As I work on this, I know that Carrie loves me and prays for me to become all that God made possible in me. I hope all who get copies of this will renew their loving memories of Carrie, or, if they are in-laws, like me, they will come to know and love her now and feel her love in their lives.

Joe Naumann

Husband of Mary Jane Stephenson Naumann,
the daughter of Catherine Isabell Badgett
Stephenson and granddaughter of Carrie
Badgett.

April, 1995

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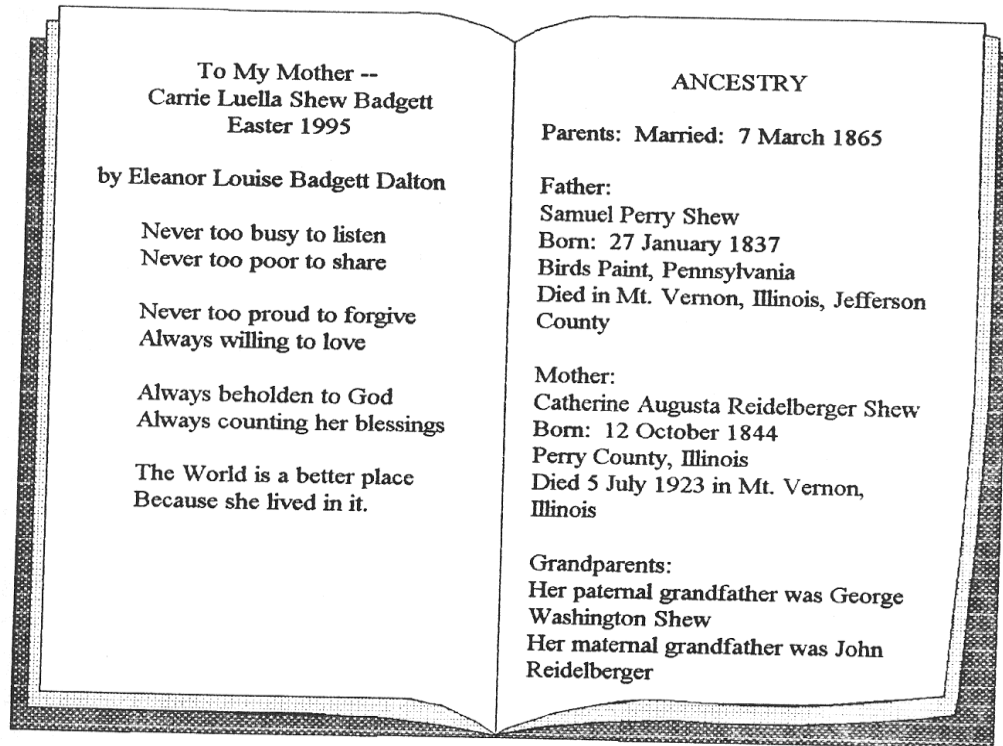


Strictly Fictitious — by Grandma B.

The Story of Two Baby Girls

This is the story of two little girls
With buttons and bows and hair in a curl:
Each of them came to the hospital room
Riding a large, gaily colored balloon.
Both started together, those two little maids,
But one flew past while the other one stayed.
Her Mommy and Dad were waiting for her,
For she was to be their own little girl.
She knew them at once by the gleam in their eyes,
She waved to them happily and sang out "Surprise"
My very own Daddy, my very own Mom
I've come to go with you straight to our home,
To be your very own daughter! My name's Sharman Lee
My surname is Badgett, to that let's agree
But away in the distance above the bright moon,
I left my very dear cousin astride her balloon.
She was sailing right into a bright silver star
It was really the one they call the planet Mars.
But I had to leave her and come down to earth
For this was the month and date of my birth -- May 25, 1953.
My cousin is now on her way to the room,
I'm sure she will land in the hospital soon
And there will be waiting, her Mom and her Dad
Then they will go home to their three little lads.
She whispered her name, and I know it is true
That she will be called by the name Linda Lou.
Eubanks will be added, not Badgett, not her
For they really wanted a wee baby girl - June 5, 1953

This note appeared at the bottom of the original poem sent to Bus and Ruth: "My hand is extremely nervous this morning, but I give you credit as a good interpreter. Sometimes I think I'll quit trying to write, but that is my hobby and I love it, yet I hate to persecute people by thinking they can read my scribbling."



Notation from Aunt Eleanor:

Thanks to Joe Naumann, this book of poetry is ours to read and share. It reveals Carrie's personality, her great love for humanity, and her love for God and family. Bless you Joe and thank you. We are fortunate to have you as a member of our family.

Notation from Joe:

It has truly been a blessing being part of this fantastic family.

POEMS ABOUT HOME AND FAMILY



The Badgett home in Mount Vernon, Illinois

OFF TO COLLEGE

Yes, my son has gone to college,
And my heart has gone there, too.
He has gone to gain more knowledge,
My heart has gone to see him through.

TRANSFORMATION

My little girl has gone from me,
Who used to climb upon my knee.
And beg for tales of giants bold,
And fairy elves and streets of gold.

Her hands that used to hold to mine
Like some small wild and clinging vine,
Has lost their grip and gone away.
And yet I cannot say to her “nay.”

For in her place a maiden stands,
Grasping her lover by the hand.
A deep, sweet blush upon her face.
Her giant bold has taken my place.

And some day, he will carry her
Away to castles built with pearls
Of love upon a velvet throne.
With fairy elfs to make her home.

My dear, I hope your dreams come true.
That love will always follow you.
And please dear God, may he be brave
Yet gentle as her gallant knave.

Please make those fairy tales come true.
And may they always find that You
Will be their friend, to hold their hands
and guide them through enchanted lands.

Do keep her sweet and pure and strong.
As lovely as a lovely song,
And make her grow in strength and grace,
As she fulfills her woman's place.

JUST ONE SENTENCE

When you turned and said as you left tonight ——
“You’re pretty good after all ——”
This topsy-turvy day turned out all right
My world didn’t seem so small.
I really believe those words you spoke
Were not in jest or glee,
For the old spirit in me that was almost broke,
Was mended in ecstasy!

MY PRAYER FOR MY CHILDREN

Gracious Father, who hath given to me the gift of life,
Hear me. I beseech Thee in behalf of my children.
Thy gift they were to me after months of hushed expectancy.
After weeks of brooding tenderness, after hours of pain and turmoil
Bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, they rested in my arms, their heads pillowed against my breasts.
I fashioned soft garments for them in which they might be warmly clad.
I hushed their fretful wail; I watched over them with loving care.
When the curtain of night was drawn and day was fled
I taught them to lisp their evening prayers.
I sought also to instruct them well, and lead them in right paths.
I saw them grow in suppleness and strength from babyhood to young manhood and womanhood.
And now as each one goes from my side to take his or her place in the world
Go Thou with them O God, in the hour of temptation
When the tides of blood run hot, give them the spirit of mastery
I ask not that they shall gain fame but that they shall be strong.
Not that they shall have the praise of the throng but the approval of the still, small Voice within
And Thy words, Well Done "O Christ"
Let their heads be bowed before Thee, in reverence and submission, but lifted high to meet life’s
challenge
And bring them home to me with minds of men
And women but with the hearts of little children, Amen.

SING

My little girl her age just three
Eyes shining like the dew of Spring
Would often climb upon my knee
And say, "Sing Mamma sing."

Her little boy the other day
Was sailing high up in a swing
When suddenly he stopped his play
And said, "Sing Grandma, sing."

DREAMING OF HOME TONIGHT

winter of 1945

I shut my eyes just for a spell
And there it is, a wishing well!
I look and wish. My wish comes true
I'm standing now at home with you,
I'm searching deep within your eyes
To see if I'm a glad surprise.
Do you love me like I love you.
Oh! there you are my Skipper boy
To you I shout a glad ahoy!
I see your smile just half a grin
Mischievous eye, a dimpled chin.
There's Eleanor and Ira too
My heart sings out as I see you.
I look outside and there's your car
And then I say Oh! there you are
We'll have French fries and T-bone steaks
I'm wondering if I'm wide a wake
Or only dreaming as I see
Susie wagging her tail at me.
There's Buster Just come in from school
Woody should he there, for as a rule,
He usually is. And there stands Hank
With Dorothy. Oh please be frank
And tell me do you want me still
Though full of faults and other ills.
How nice the house looks, Dorothy dear.
And for the yard I give three cheers.
Just let me hug you all real close
Oh wishing well, You're just a ghost.

BABY BRUCE

Dec. 19, 1946

You've been with us a month today
We're looking for your smile
But it will come your baby way
So we'll just wait awhile

We're watching dear for your first goo
You're eyes light up so bright
We chuckle you and say Boo Boo!
Then hug you up real tight.

Because you see my baby Bruce
We all just love you so
We'll soon be giving you orange juice
Which helps to make you grow.

You've got ten fingers and ten toes!
You ears are like sea shells.
You have a darling little nose
That's there for you to smell.

Your hair is dark we think it curls
We're glad you came a boy
Of course we love the little girls
But you are such a joy.

To both your Mamma and your Dad
We welcome you my dear.
You're such a wee bit of a lad
We hope you like us here.



MY SON, HOMER H. BADGETT

The morning he left, I knew I must not cry
If he was to be a good soldier then so must I
So I cooked his breakfast and set his plate
And then returned thanks before we ate.
We talked about his dog; she wagged her tail
And about the journey he would take by rail.
Take good care of my boy while you're away I said
"He knew I meant him, for he smiled then turned his head
For me to kiss him on the neck, my favorite spot
I grasped him by the hand and we walked out
Onto the porch; his dad was waiting for him in the car
Then he was gone; and into my window I hung a service star.



A DOZEN OF RED ROSES

January 30, 1947

Tonight I went to Gertie's to help her celebrate.
The occasion was our birthdays and so we made a date
That she should serve the dinner with chicken all in style
And I should come and eat it and tarry for a while.
We gathered at her table and grace had just been said
When we were both presented with a dozen roses red.
They reminded me of someone with memories sweet.
And so dear, Jimmie Francis, I give my thanks to you ,
For the dozen of red roses all sprinkled down with dew
They made our birthdays perfect, your mother will agree
That nothing could be nicer than the gift you gave to me.

ELEANOR IS OUT

She is so very young, Dear Lord
Please keep her in thy sight
And hold her lightly by the hand
And teach her things that's right

If she is tempted to do wrong,
Help her to victory
In overcoming temptation,
"These things I ask of thee."

So very much we love her, God
In all her virginity
God, keep her sweet and pure and true
We'll give the praise to thee.

Now in Thy care we leave her, Lord
Oh! Keep her safe from harm
With all thy loving tenderness
Encircled in Thy arms.

MY ELEANOR IS OUT IN THE NIGHT

Two A.M. and I cannot sleep.
Softly to the window I creep
Gaze at the skies and wonder where
My little girl is, so then my prayer
Is for her safety, and once again
I go back to bed with the lights all dim

I try to sleep but instead I hear
The clock on the mantel striking clear.
The half hour stroke, and my ear is strained
For the sound of a motor out in the rain.

Three A.M. Did I hear the slam of the door?
I walk to the window, look out once more
Into the night and at the rain
To disappointment, Oh! the pain
Of not knowing where in all the world
I could find her. "God take care of my girl!"

Three thirty A.M., I raise the blind
Thanks, Dear God, for being kind.
Coming down longer, I see the light
Like a beacon becoming in the night
The music is sweet as the motor hums
Telling me my little girl has come home.

DEAR ELEANOR

I haven't any gift to offer you my dear
I haven't any money to fill your life with cheer
My love for you grows daily, you're always on my heart.
Just 16 years ago today, in my life you became a part.
And for your 16th birthday, my wish for you is this
That God will be your guide and fill your life with bliss
My dear, will you take him by the hand, no matter where you are?
For in your darkest places, he'll be your guiding star.

Momma

A MOTHER'S DREAM FOR HER DAUGHTER ELEANOR

You say the homes you enter, are beautiful my dear,
I'm very sorry, Eleanor, that you can't bring them here
And entertain the boys and girls of your society
With lively games and lovely eats and lemon in the tea.

Our home is very humble, our dollars very few
Of course you know how much I long to do these things for you,
And own a lovely house my dear and wear a blue silk gown
Then throw my doors wide open to the boys and girls in town.

I've tried to make you happy, even though our house is small
I've sacrificed the best I could, and gave to you my all
I'd like to do much better, and I often sit and grieve
Then ask the Heavenly Father to supply you with your needs.

Just to make you see life different and mold you His own way.
We know that God's the potter, while you're a bunch of clay,
If you will only trust him, Dearie, place yourself in His dear arms,
He will mold your life so perfect, shield your soul from every harm.

Make your character so lovely, everyone will pause to see
The very charming lady with the personality
Then when life's journey's ended, and God builds a home for you,
Then your mansion will be perfect, your dreams will all come true.

LA RIE

Six years: March 5, 1947, left March 8, 1953

They lingered with her the whole of the day
Trying to banish their fears away
The sun went down and hid behind the cloud
Then when it smiled again La Rie had gone to God.

SKIPPER IS GONE, IN HIS PLACE STANDS DAVID

May, 1958

Fourteen in August did you say?
Why it was only yesterday
He came. A tiny baby lad
Our hearts rejoiced and we were glad.
You see, we loved his baby ways
And entered into all his plays.

The years went by and he was six
And he was full of boyish tricks
A real, real boy; no sissy stuff
Or not a bully or a bluff
And so we watched him while he grew.
Next thing, he was a boy in school.

He joined the church at ten years old
The seed of righteousness to sow.
On Sundays you will find him there
With Andy Reed; A lovely pair
Of teenagers: The youth for Christ.
The kind that stands for all that's right.

His grammar school will end today.
He graduates from his eighth grade.
Our boy is gone, here stands a man.
We've done for him all that we can.
He enters high school's hall of fame
Skipper? No, David is his name!

DIANA GAIL SHEW

October 25, 1947

A little girl four lives here in this place
Where I've been visiting a week.
She has such a winsome, beautiful face
With red roses upon each cheek
Her eyes are the color of lovely blue bells
With long curling lashes so sweet
Her ears are the shape of tiny sea shells
With a nose you would just love to tweak
Her hair is a halo of sheer shining brown
So lovely all brushed and in curls
She's the tops with her folks and the talk of the town
She's one of the cutest of girls.

This little girl's name is Diana Gail Shew
And a secret was told by her mother
In just a few weeks and I know it is true
She is getting a tiny new brother
Or maybe a sister if brother's are out,
To be dressed in lovely new clothes
She'll just be so tickled, I'm sure she will shout
And tell everyone that she knows.
I'll bet you a dime when Santa Claus comes
If she lets him know that it's here
He'll bring her a doll or bring him a drum
And he'll say to her "thank you, my dear"

MY SONS

I watch the boys and ponder
How it ever came about
It makes me often wonder
Why they ever were on outs.

It was the other summer
That I'd gaze across the street
My ear would catch a mumble
And a hurrying of feet.

As if someone intruded
And my Charles would hurry back
And say I'm not included
In the races on their track.

He'd find his old pal Bundy
They would have a friendly chat
Go buy themselves a sundae
Then I'd see them coming back

With smiles upon their faces
And their hate for Robert grew
Never should he go their paces
Ever know their plans in view

Now we find them all together
Pals that stick as old pals should
Going in all kinds of weather
Growing up to fine manhood.

Each will find his own vocation
As the years go one by one
Really they are no relation
Yet I love to say "My sons."

This poem is dedicated to my own son Charles, and David Bundy and Robert Russel.

Mom always referred to Sharron as "My very own granddaughter? When Mom died, Sharron came with a nosegay of violets with a ribbon that said, "Your very own granddaughter." I removed the artificial nosegay of violets (Mom's favorite flower) from Mom's hand and placed Sharron's flowers in her hand. Eleanor

A SONNET TO MY VERY OWN GRANDDAUGHTER

You're my very own grandmother you said that day
When you started out on your way to play
I grabbed you and kissed you and said, "You bet!"
Which makes you my very own granddaughter pet!
I've watched you grow as years went by
First my tiny lass, then my small fry
Your long golden tresses that hung to your waist
And the brightness of beauty that shone in your face
You were just a little girl, I think about ten
You decided on Jesus as your personal friend
The grandest step you ever will make
The grandest friend who will never forsake
You at any time through troubles deep
For now you are counted as one of His sheep
Oh! Sharron, dear, I could reminisce
The things you did when a tiny miss
You grandpa Badgett and the ironing board
The cute little dresses that you wore
And now you've reached your womanhood
Graceful and charming and very good
When you start to college, my heart will start too
You to gain more knowledge, my heart to see you through
And when you reach the peak of your career
May our knight ride along upon a golden steed
And carry you away to a mansion of your own
Its every woman's right to have a husband and her home
And children who in dividends will pay
For the training of a Christian home when you reach your old age
I'll leave you now, dear Sharron, my very own grandchild
My love for you and prayers for you shall stretch across the miles

During the winter I stayed with the Stewarts, 1950-51, Sharron had to have a poem that contained the whole story of her reading lesson. So naturally, she turned to Grandma for help.

THE ANGEL ON SKIS

Six days had gone by since Jim left home
And mummie and Bobby were all alone
The food was scarce and the snow was deep
The hills were icy and very steep
And mummie had saved the food for her child
As she bravely looked at him and smiled.

The father had gone on a business trip
And no one knew that he was sick
Alone in a cabin until one day
A man on skis was passing that way
When he heard a moan and then a sigh
He opened the door and stepped inside.

It was Christmas Eve and the lights were dim
In the cabin that mummie and Bobby lived in
Everything was quiet and still as a mouse
When a knock on the door sent a thrill through the house
He thought it was Daddy and shouted for joy
The angel on skis gently lifted the boy.

"Merry Christmas!" he said, as he pulled in a sled
Filled with goodies, like chicken and white loaves of bread,
And butter and everything so good to eat
With candy and oranges as an extra treat
And on Christmas morning he found a top
And pretty tin soldiers all stuffed in his sox.

Then the very next morning, this angel on skis
Took Bobby and mummie a whirl through the breeze
They were wrapped in warm blankets and sat on the sled
When Bobbie turned to his mummie and said
I hope we'll find Daddy all well. And then,
He was up in his Daddy's arms again.

MEDITATION

My little girls went home today
Tonight I miss them at their play
And wish they hadn't gone so soon.
A week was oh! so very short
So very soon to have to part
There's a stillness in my rooms.

Sharron and Nancy are their names
Cousins by birth; but to be plain
Their grandma is the same you see!
I've been so proud to have them here
They've been so precious and so dear
And I know that they love me!

Bridget and Sopha were my maids
A make belief game that we played
When they would straighten up the rooms.
They seemed to have the most of fun,
While grandma kept them on the run
With dust mop and the broom.

I know you all got home all right
I'm sure by now you've said good night
And snuggled down, each in your bed.
Nancy and Sharron, the two of you
The things now that I'd like to do
Is to see that your book is read.

Then draw the shades so softly down
Close my eyes, and without a sound
Ask God to keep you through the night
Then gently creep to my own bed
And with two pillows for my head
Just sleep till morning light.

I'll just say good night, my dears
It was so nice to have you here
So please come back some day
We'll eat hot dogs and drink some pop
And do the flip and do the flop
But make a longer stay.



RAGS

When I received your letter today
My sympathy went right out your way
For she was such a loyal friend
And loved her family till the end.
There's a vacancy in your heart, I know
For I cried too that she had to go
Even though blind, she knew your touch
And I know you loved her very much
She was your dog and her name was Rags
And she lived to be a ripe old age
Her name will be blazed in memory
For the hear of her was all loyalty.



THE LOVE OF LITTLE CHILDREN

As I look out of my window and watch the leaves drill down
Of gold and red and speckled but most of them are brown
The trees will soon be leafless; the robins will go away
A sadness comes within my heart, the air is chilled today,
So I'll just tum my chair around and sit and reminisce.
Here comes my precious little girl to offer me a kiss.
"Hello, Grandma," she says to me with her sweet impish smile.
"Please read about *Dear Doctor Goat*," I'm laughing all the while.
Dear God, please hold her in your arms and keep her ever gay.
A little child can mean so much to grandmas old and gray.

DEAR KIDS

It's been ages since I tried to write
A poem, and so, I thought tonight
Since Dad and Dot are both in bed,
And all the papers have been read,
I'd scribble just a line or two
And tell some thoughts I have of you.
About this trip you took tonight,
I'm wondering now if you're all right.
"Charles, are you having lots of fun,
Or do you look all sour and glum
Because you couldn't go alone
Tonight and take Juanita home?"
I'm sure dear Charles it's up to you
To make a jolly crowd or blue.
And Betsy too, I hope you're kind
By leaving all your eggs behind.
The little thoughtless words that sting
I trust you'll laugh and joke and sing.
I'd love to know this very minute
You're out for fun and all that's in it,
And every one in harmony,
Buster as nutty as can be
Eleanor and David yelling like mad
Although you'd never call them bad.
And when you all come home tonight
And find me sleeping snug and tight
Remember that before I slept,
Across the room I softly crept
And read a portion of God's word
Asking His blessings for my herd
Of children that are out tonight.
Keep them sweet and guide them right.
Make them in each other see
The good and not the bad, for we
All have our faults, and so kids dear,
Good night, God bless you, and good cheer.

MY OLD PORCH

It's old and tottery like me.
But yes I still sit there and see
Good people always passing by.
And listen to the children's cry
At play, as they go hide and seek.
The newsboy's coming down the street.
The mailman's coming down my way.
Is there any mail for me today?

I even sit and count the cars.
And when dusk comes I watch the stars.
The moon is rising o'er the hill.
Here comes Skipper with my pill.
The pill is for this heart of mine,
That sometimes gets out of line,
Dear old Porch I love you so.
It's hard to sit and let you go.

The steps are crumbling away,
And I'll be going too, some day.
Last night when all the household slept,
To this old porch I softly crept,
And talked to God. I found Him there,
And so to Him I said my prayer
From off my heart He lifted a load of care.
Life's bounty or woes He helps me bear,

I talked to Him for quite a while,
And then I quickly turned and smiled.
A sweet peace came within my soul,
And I no longer felt so old.
And now I'll sit and nod and doze,
Oh, dear! I'll have to blow my nose,
And wipe my glasses wet with tears.
Dear Porch, we'll go on through the years.



This is why I want to make two apartments in my home. The one for Dotty and the one for me, so each of us can be happy to do as we see fit to do in our own homes and yet be together as long as Dorothy wants it that way. I'll always want Dot, Hank and her babies there until they can better themselves, then I wouldn't be the one to stand in their way.
February 19, 1947

MY DREAM HOME

I wish you all could understand
About my little bit of land
That what I want is a home of my own
Some secret spot to cry alone.
With maybe just a tomato patch
Some friendly face to lift the latch
That will hang on the outside of my door
Or a child to romp across my floor.
I want a home with friendly rafters
And let ring with wholesome laughters.
Iris blooming for their delight
Clean windows with gay curtains bright
With never too big a bill to pay
To cause you sorrow in any way.
I want to be gracious and kind and sweet
That to come to my house will be a treat.
With now and then, spite of any rule
I'd like a chance to be a fool
With an hour to dream and an hour to pray
With thoughts of him who has gone away.
My house should have a little nook
Off in the corner for Buster's books
A little room to call his own
And make him feel, "so welcome," home
For such a home I've planned and planned
A porch screened in for baby hands
To play around without a thought
Of getting germs from flies and moths.
I'd want my yard to be a place
For children's feet to run and race
And when at last the shadows fall
My prayer would be, God Bless You all.

HOME SWEET HOME

Oh I love these old rooms and crumbled down walls
To me they're not old or crumbled at all
But lovely and stately; they say things to me
Of yesterday's children that climbed an old tree
Why this house is chock-full of memories dear.
I can see my own mamma from where I sit here.
And my papa so dear whose posies he loved
They had all the hues of a rainbow above.
I picture the weddings took place in this room
Of Genie and Gene as the first bride and groom.
Then Florence and Arthur, then Oscar and me.
And Dorothy and Henry who didn't agree!
Next came the births of the babies so dear
Just one went to Heaven, the rest are all here
Hospitals were things in the distance to come
We rocked our own babies and thought it such fun
Two Catherine's, one mine and one Gertie's, you see
The children I spoke of that climbed an old tree
And not only them, but Elizabeth and Charles,
Then Eleanor! Then Buster, who went to the war.
And my thoughts wonder back to two babies so dear
Donald is gone, but Dorothy's still here
They were twins and we loved them, but one couldn't stay
The Lord wanted him and took him away.
That was one generation, but another one came.
Skipper and Donnie, we call them by name
Sons of my Dorothy, and now do you see
These are the boys that still climb the old tree.
But of course they were born in the hospital zone
Yet this was the place that to them was called home
And they too are those that were raised at my knee
And that is the story of the old walnut tree.
So that's why to me the old house is as dear
The memories, the sweetness, the sorrows, the tears.
To me it is like an old open book
Chock-full of excitement from corner to nook.
An I'll go on loving it until I am called
To my mansion above where there's no crumbled walls.

PRAYER FOR SHARRON

Please help me Dear God to feel better tonight
Please give me the strength to sit down and write
To my Very Own granddaughter and help me to smile
Big, broad and loving, the kind that's worthwhile.
I've read and reread your valentine sweet
From my Very Own Sharron that just can't be beat.
Dear Sharron, as you finish reading these lines,
Remember you're always my valentine.

US MOTHERS

I would compare my life to a deep red rose
Where thorns and thistles and green leaves grow
The red is the life blood I gave unto you
As under my heart you blossomed and grew
And then you came forth just a bud on the earth
I'm referring, my dear, to the day of your birth.
We've battled the thorns and the thistles my dear
All through your life right down through the years
But the green leaves that covered each thistle and thorn
Represent your sweet life from the day you were born
And now, you're a mother, just the same as I
Just a few years back you were still my "small fry"
And so I salute you on this Mothers Day
As one of the best. But please let me say
To both Sharron and Sue, that your mother, it's true
Is God's gift from heaven, sent right down to you.

To my daughter on Mother's day June 1946
Dedicated to all true mothers everywhere

WHEN GOD CREATED MOTHERS

When God created mothers, He must have had in view
Certain kind of mothers that represent just you.
Today, I pay you tribute and give to you my hand
As being very gracious and lovable and grand.

When God created mothers, He must have understood
How little children needed to have them kind and good
The kind that take the trouble to understand their whims
When they are tiny people and life has just begun.

When God created mothers, He wanted something fine
You surely must have been like those he really had in mind.
And so to you I give a rose with many thorns, but sweet
Thorns represent the heartaches, the rose, the children's feet,

When God created mothers, He knew the time would come
When raising little children wouldn't always be like fun.
He would have to keep them busy watching them with tender care
They would have to be a comfort in crisis sometimes rare.

When God created mothers, He held His standards high.
He wanted the kind of mother that could soothe a baby's cry.
He wanted the kind of mother that would go through all the years
In keeping faith and loyalty with confidence and tears.

He wanted praying mothers, so again, I say to you,
That you're the kind of mother I'm just sure he had in view
So in honor of all mothers, I salute to you my dear,
And wish you joy and happiness throughout the coming years.

GRANDMA'S HOUR

Dot put her children all in bed
I listened while their prayers were said
Then read to them from a story book
Until they could no longer look,
Their eyes went shut, all went to sleep,
They did not hear me softly creep
Away from them; "It is grandma's hour"
And on my table sits a flower
The clock is ticking the time away
Tomorrow will be another day,
There's Dave and Don and Danny too
The dear little girl we call Linda Lou.
Dorothy and Curtis and all the cats four
The children's pet turtle just adds up one more
This is my household; and now I'm alone
I love this arrangement, for this is my home.

JUANITA AND RUTH

Juanita, you're very precious and so is my Ruth girl too
My God's very richest of blessings be showered on both of you,
I'm sure He saw in the distance that you were the very ones
That would make the nicest mothers for the children of my two sons.
If they hunted the wide world over, they couldn't have pleased me more
Than the day you became my daughters, and I thank God o're and o're.
For the blessings you both have given me by being so good to me
I thank you, dear hearts, for I love you. For this I do believe.

CHARLES

Twenty-one today? Oh me!
Just seems like yesterday that we
Were looking forward to the day
A little boy should come our way.
You came, and once more looking back,
I see you walking up the track.
Going to school, a little lad
With book and pencils and paper pad.

Again, I see your steady gait
A big boy, eighth grade graduate.
We knew our boy was the stuff
That makes the man, and sure enough
You've made us mighty proud of you.
We find you noble, good and true
To God, and us, and fellow man
Going forward as best you can.

A senior in S.I.N.U.
We find you now, we know it's true
Through poverty and loads of tears
You've kept on going through the years.
So now you've reached to twenty-one.
Dear Charles, your work has just begun.
We wish you all your dreams come true
Of Juanita, and all she means to you.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO FLORA

Greetings, my Dear, from us to you
Upon your natal day
May blessings that are fond and true
Along you pathway lay
We haven't any cards to send
All lithographed in gold
With butterflies and pretty wrens
And verses new and old
Or any presents fine and grand
With wishes that are new
But may God take you by the hand
And guide you safely through
Life's journey, all along the years
And keep you sweet and good
And lovely, and may you, my Dear,
Be a gift to womanhood
Another candle for your cake
To shine out broad and wide
Away across the crystal lake
Across the great divide
Till its bright ray reaches Heaven
The angels sing a hymn
Because one on earth has given
Her light to shine for Him.

A SONNET TO MY VERY FIRST EXPECTED GRANDCHILD GEORGE WEATHERALL STEPHENSON — BORN JUNE 8, 1936

Bring my cap and specks here too
My knitting and my patching
In June I'll high hat all of you
And do a little packing

I soon will be a grandma!
Hand me my alpaca gown
Oscar, you'll be a grandpa
Oh waltz me around and around.

I'm going out for pleasure
To a city that is big
St. Louis will hold my treasure
My baby! Oh! Jig! a jig! Jig!

I was in St. Louis when George was born at Christian Hospital, June 8, 1936.

GRANDMA'S BABY BOY

Little boy asleep tonight
In a nursery room.
Grandma's going to hug you tight
Next Thursday afternoon
Plant a kiss upon your cheek
Watch you all the while
As you gently go to sleep
Grandma's little child.

You are such a tiny mite
Helpless, loving, sweet
Wonder where you are tonight
Dreaming as you sleep
Are you in a fairies' dell
Playing with the elves
Maybe angels round you dwell
Guarding your good health.

Little boy, they call you George
Wonder if you know
That some day you'll be as large
As Daddy when you grow
We were watching for you dear
Your entrance gave us joy
We're so very glad you're here
Grandma's baby boy.



Catherine (Ciba) and George Junior.

A tribute to George and his mother and dad ——— also to Bruce and his mother and dad and Dorothy and her two little boys David and Donald and Hank —— also this same poem is dedicated to Elizabeth and Oliver, Sharron and Sue; Juanita and Charles and Yvonne and La Rie and Miss Ciba and George, Nancy, Mary Jane, and Cathy. This poem was originally written at the time my first grandson George was born and was in honor of Catherine and George, but now I pass it on to you. La Rie has lived her life and departed on March 8, 1947, at the age of 6 years and 3 days.

THE BABY

Isn't it wonderful and true
The blessings a baby brings to you
And how we love them from the start
All tucked right under a mother's heart
A little seed was planted there
And then was nourished with tender care
With mother's blood and father's too
As God was molding it for you.

A lovely flower so sweet and dear
With the smallest pair of pink shell ears
Eyes that open so big and wide
As he looks at you with mild surprise
Spreads his mouth with a big broad grin
At the lovely mother God gave to him
Your fingers twine in his hair with joy
As your hearts rejoice that he's "your boy"

We trust you're fine and baby too
Here's Congratulations from us to you
And may God spare you both to live
To see your boy grow strong and big
And stand for everything that's good
To crown your lives with parenthood
And as the years go one by one
May your guiding star be in your son.

LIFE FOR A TEENAGER (written for Eleanor)

Life's conflicting it seems to me —
So many things I want you see.
Beautiful figures, pretty face,
Some pretty things all trimmed in lace.
Sheerest hose and shoes galore
With lovely dresses from the store.

All kinds of gloves and pocket books
Jaunty hats to help my looks,
Swimming suits (the latest type)
Some shorts and skirts to take a hike.
Let manicurists fix my nails
Let me be baffling to the males.

I'd love to own a limousine
With upholstering done in green,
Or with my airplane fly up high
And beat all records in the sky,
But here I'll sit and pine away
Studying books from day to day.

A DREAM COME TRUE

I'm going to be a grandmother, I used to say
When I was a youngster, and people would say
What are you going to be when you grow up?
A teacher? A leader? And all that stuff
I'll be a nice grandmother with a cookie jar
And I'll hand out my cookies with a candy bar.
I'll smile at the kiddies and ask them to stay
I'll have my yard fixed up with a place to play
There are the thirteen grand children up to date
There'll be others coming before too late.
They stand for the dream that really came true
A dream that was realized all through you.

My grandchildren that are living:

Catherine Isabel's children — George, Nancy, Mary Jane, and Catherine
Elizabeth's children — Susan and Sharron
Charles' child — Yvonne
Eleanor's child — Bruce
Dorothy's Children — Elaine, Curtis Lee, David, Donald, and Dannie
La Rie and Luella Ann are safe in the arms of Jesus.

A TRIBUTE TO ELIZABETH

Twenty years ago today, a little girl was born
Lovely, pure and wholesome on a cold November morn
The day before Thanksgiving, God gave this babe to us
He saw far in the distance as He left her in our trust.
To us, she's been a blessing when trouble tore our hearts
She's never failed and never will, she more than does her part
By sacrificing down the years to see her family through,
There has been no disappointment in the things that she can do.
Her life may not be brilliant, no laurels o're her head
For all the world to sing her praise, but a crown of life instead
Will be waiting up in heaven when God reigns upon his throne
And the golden deeds are counted and our sins are all atoned.

There's a mother loves this daughter, wishes her a birthday bright
Filled with sweetness and contentment and a long and useful life.
And a husband and some children as comfort for old age.
A home so filled with happiness that all the world will praise.
The loveliness of her who dwells within its walls so fine
Elizabeth, sweet of the sweets, a blessing to mankind.

MONEY, GIFTS FROM YOUR CHILDREN

Money comes and money goes
Which surely helps to ease my woes
I say thanks here and say thanks there
And buy myself a luscious pear.
If it weren't for you children sweet
I'd never buy myself a treat
And while my pocket book I search
To put a dollar in my church,
I say Dear Lord, just thank those kids
And know that this is what they did
From out the goodness of hearts
They load me down with apple tarts.

Apple tarts I use as a parable meaning sweet, crisp and lovely.
Crisp for dollar bills and bank checks.
Sweet and lovely, meaning the spirit in which they give it for me to buy happiness with.

DEAR ELEANOR AND BRUCE

(When you moved to Johnstown)

I hated to leave you both today
Knowing you're going so far away,
But really I do want you to know
How much I love you before you go.
I love you so much, Oh my! My Dears,
Please forgive me if I shed some tears.
Now when you are at your journey's end,
Remember to be real sure to send
A message; telling me you're okay
We arrived safely at __ today. (telling the hour)
Tell me about your trip on the train.
Did Bruce have any stomach pains?
Also, I want to thank you, my dears
For the nice things you did while I was here.
I wish you happiness and good luck too
In all things you undertake to do.
When you see Ira, tell him, "Hello."
Well, really, I should prepare to go.
I'm leaving now, be good, both of you
I leave you with God to see you through.

UNTITLED POEM TO A CHILD

Your flowers were such a grand surprise
A bit of heaven from the skies.
Like pink clouds mingled with the blue
Telling my heart that I love you.
Mountains of snow stacked up so high
With white snap dragons riding by
Green things just springing from the earth
Teaching my soul of an endless birth.
Also, my dears, your card was grand
A card that was made by an artist's hand.
I love it and shall cherish it oh so long
A memory sweet, when the flowers are gone.

REMINISCENCE

It doesn't seem so long ago
Since first you came to me.
I dressed you up in frills and bows
And laces daintily.

You were so sweet and winsome, dear
Just made the old house ring
With happiness and love and cheer
And blessings. And did sing

Sweet lullabies, "The Rag Man" song.
Just peeping through the vines;
I'd tell you stories short and long
Croon you nursery rhymes.

You had a party with a cake
The day that you were three,
A fish pond that the tots thought great
And how you laughed with glee

At candles all lit up so bright
You counted one, two, three.
Then watched them all burn out of sight
And shouted merrily.

Your birthday now has come once more
I look all down the years
And find you have passed a score
Of candles added dear.

Your life has meant so much to me
You've always been so good
And lovely in your purity
Now grown to womanhood

Best wishes from both Mom and Dad
And all the family
May your life be always glad
And full of harmony.

This poem is dedicated to Catherine Isabel (Ciba). It was first written on October 12, 1932, your 23rd birthday.

HANK AND DOT

Like dew that falls from heaven above
And makes the violets bloom
So are their hearts entwined in love
Around a sliver moon.

All set with stars and blue pink skies
And dancing fireflies bright
While fairy elves around them flies
To grant their wishes bright.

And so dear God, from out the night
Just grasp them by the hand
That they might measure to thy height
The woman and the man.

And if he leaves to go afar
To fight for Uncle Sam,
Just be to him a guiding star
To lead him through strange lands.

And comfort her while he's away
And keep her heart in tune
A knowing he'll come back some day
To stand beneath their moon.

BABY SUE ELLEN

Okay, my little baby
And so you've come to stay
Your eyes are like blue violets
Grandma's favorite nosegay.

Your hair is like the ravens
As black as any night
Must have caught a cloud from heaven
In the hurry of your flight

Your ears like tiny sea shells,
How do I know all this?
Well, fairies sometimes tells
They saw you through the mist.

And where you stopped to linger,
You grew a tiny nose
Ten tiny little fingers
Ten tiny little toes.

Grandma's little dream girl
We didn't want a boy
Not when we look at your one curl
That curl's your mamma's joy.

You're daddy's little cooing dove
And sweet heart number two
Sharron was his first love
But now she shares with you.

Fairy's tell me that you're pretty
Also that you are good
Some day you'll be quite witty
Like grandma said you would

Sunday afternoon, September 29, 1946
Skipper, age 2, and Grandma Badgett, age 61

TWO KIDS

We went car riding on the bus
And we had fun, the two of us.
When we got off we took a walk.
It was so cute the way he talked.
He started out with his cloth bear (teddy)
Which soon he put into my care
While he began to pick up sticks.
He struck a dog! The little minx!
Then we came home and found ice cream.
His mom and dad were both serene
At home again! They'd been away
Off to a show, and so we played.

FIVE LOVES

Her first love stood upon his head,
"Hey, you! Look at me," he said.
She turned and looked with impish grin
Then slyly made a face at him.
This miss was only seven

Her next love was a lanky youth
Freckled nose and hair uncouth.
He laid his tributes at her feet
Apples, rings and chocolate sweets,
Her age had reached eleven

Her third love came, and she was thrilled
Dressed herself in lace and frills.
Then on the sofa sat sedate
Afraid each moment he'd be late.
Fourteen was she and pretty

The fourth love came. Oh, he was grand.
Dignified, grown up young man,
Alas she flirted as the dance
Which was the end of their romance.
Just seventeen, but witty

The fifth love came; he was her knight.
Lover's lane, the moon was bright
A kiss or two, the two were wed
With fairy feet they homeward tread
The night that she was twenty.

Alas, they quarreled with no regrets.
Widow now, at her request
Alimony doth soothe her pain,
And she can really laugh again
Because she won a plenty.

SHARRON ELIZABETH STEWART,

Age 3 Weeks, 4 Days

There's a baby in the house;
Tread as softly as a mouse:
Keep your voices soft and low
like a river's gentle flow.

Such a tiny little mite
Sleeping in your crib tonight;
Resting in your dear sweet way,
Yes, we think you've come to stay.

From the very time you came,
This home has never been the same.
You are monarch of us all
Though you are so very small.

Sharron Elizabeth is your name;
You mostly drive us all insane;
Loving you with tender care
While you rule us unaware.

Eyes of blue and darkest hair;
Dimpled chin and skin so fair.
Wonder what you think of us
Making such an awful fuss?

You are like a fairy queen
And I'm sure you sweetly dream
As you sleep because you smiled,
Mother's little angel child,

DEAR BRUCE

You live there, but I live here
Well! That's too many miles away
Because you see, I miss you dear
And love you from my very heart
How fast the years go traveling by
For now you've reached eleven
Say! What's become of my small fry
That hadn't yet reached seven?
And we'd go fishing in the stream
All back in your corn field
And ride an engine full of steam
With pissants for our meal
We'd walk along the quarry road
And fetch a load of rocks
We stopped to watch a hopping toad
We placed him in a box
And oh! the paper chains we made
We hung them everywhere
Of gold and blue and red and jade
All down the basement stairs
But you have vanished into space
No more to be with me
A tall young lad has took your place
That means so much to me.

MY PAL

Dear Dorothy, on your natal day
It's time to leave your books and play
Bring your friends, forget your woes
Come along and away we'll go
To the park. There's plenty of space
We'll make a fire and run a race.

Later

As they stood around the campfire bright
Roasting wieners in the night
Toasting marshmallow, eating buns
Playing games and having fun
'Twas great that I too could be there
Their laughter and their joy to share.

Next Morning

This morning, I uttered a little prayer
(My Donald boy is over there)
To ask, Dear God would he for me
Say, Happy birthday Donald "please."
And once again, I thanked him then
I still had you my little friend.

For your life that means so much to me
And for a loving memory
Of big blue eyes, smiles, the joy
The short life of my baby boy,
Dear Dot, you're everything to me
A double of that memory.

A lapse of almost twenty-nine years - at the time of this, Skipper is two and one half years of age.

DONALD GENE OVERTURE

A star just dropped from heaven
And a little boy was born
In nineteen forty-seven
March the sixth on Thursday morn.

Skipper is his great big brother
And his Daddy's name is Hank
Dorothy is his lovely mother
Donald Gene is fourth in rank.

This is true about your mother
You see, my dear, she was a twin
And Donald was her baby brother
This is where your name comes in.

Just four months and days of seven,
That was an the time he lived.
Then he left to go to heaven
He just wasn't very big.

We loved him all those precious days
So I give his name to you
We hope that you have come to stay
Donald dear, I love you too.

I dedicate this poem to you, Dorothy. I tried to write your thoughts on paper as you have expressed them to me. Written by Carrie Badgett the winter she lived with Eleanor and Ira on the farm.

LOUELLA ANN

You came to me Louella Ann
It makes it hard to understand
Just why you couldn't stay
Your little life was far too short
You twined yourself around my heart
And then you slipped away.
Louella Ann, I loved you so
It was so hard to let you go
My little baby girl
Your memory will linger long
Oh! Dear God, please make me strong
Your lovely hair! It curled.

You had a dimple in each cheek
You smiled into eternal sleep
The angels sang a song
I felt the touch of your sweet hand
Before you sailed for heaven land
But I couldn't go along

Sleep on sweet babe Louella Ann
Some day, I'm sure I'll understand
Just why you didn't stay
The angels caught your baby smile
And you'll be happy all the while
until I come some day.
And I will come Louella Ann
I'll come to your dear Heaven land
When my work on earth is done
But now I'll stay upon this earth
To guide two boys so full of mirth
They are my little sons.

Your memory will guide me too
To do the things that I must do
To raise these boys up right
And so Dear God, I turn to you
My consolation please renew
And make the dark clouds light.

UNTITLED POEM ON A DAUGHTER'S GRADUATION

Daughter of mine because of you
My life has been worth living;
Your life. your tears, your happiness
Were mingled in that giving
Because I've known your frailties
Yet counted them as naught
Because I've guessed your hidden best
That others never sought
Because when your ambition flagged
I've always understood
Because I've watched your every step
As you grew from babyhood
Because of my belief in you,
As, now you graduate
My every prayer, is for success
In what you undertake.

MOTHER'S DAY, MAY 3, 1955

My Dear Daughter on Mother's Day
I haven't any card embellished all in gold
Or any pretty flowers, their fragrance to unfold.
But I want to say God Bless you on this your mother's day
And when the day is over and dusk is on its way,
May the peace of God surround you in the shadow of the day.

SUNDAY NIGHT

Eeny, meeny, miney and moe
Who shall I ask to mend my woe?
Oliver, Ira, Buster or George
Curtis, Charley, Oh! who will enlarge
My income enough to fix my stool.

To ask for money is against my rule
So I'm passing the hat and with a grin
I'll take whatever you want to drop in
My neighbor says it must be done
But really, my dears, I haven't the fund.

But Monday, I'm going to take what I have
And trust in the Lord for good or bad
My neighbor declares it won't cost too much
If I buy the parts, he'll fix the flush.
For he's found the leak and he showed it to me.

If you all could see it, I'm sure you'd agree
it's best to fix it and fix it right now
Or my water bill will sure be a wow
So here comes the hat, what will you put in?
And thank you, and thank you, and thank you again.

UNTITLED POEM FOR SHARRON

And now your prince has rode to you
With chariot and silver spurs
And diamonds on your finger too
While fairy castles are your world.

I wouldn't disillusion you
For all the Kingdom's throne
If you love your prince, "Well, I will too"
Agreed? "My very own."

Keep her heart singing precious God
With a merry dancing tune
With bells a ringing sweet and loud
Entwined in a silver moon

My little girl has gone from me
A maiden kind and good
Is standing here within her place
In her sweet womanhood

A priceless princess, fair and proud
Dear prince, be a prince to her
Walk discreetly in the fear of God
My Sharron, my little girl.

THANKSGIVING, 1955

We had a wonderful Thanksgiving Day today
A feast fit for a king my son Buster would say
The table was stately with leaves brown and gold
The chicken in the center was elegant to behold
And all around that chicken were all the trimmings too
The vegetables, the dumplings, and dressing and the stew
After grace was over, we began to fill our plates
And every one of us just sat and ate and ate and ate
And then we saw the pumpkin pie with whipped cream on the top
A chocolate cake just full of nuts. Our eyes began to pop.

The chicken was a present, two friends just brought it in
They asked for Mrs. Badgett, then gave it with a grin
They are such lovely ladies, I wonder who they were
Have they simply disappeared from us, in just thin air?
Our Dot did all the cooking, to her all credit's due
And so Dear Dot, it's now our turn to tip our hats to you
We appreciate you honey, we know you work too hard
But where you are, we will be fed, no one of us will starve
I hope that every family gave thanks to God today
And had as much as we did, Lord, and cheerful and as gay.

MY LITTLE GIRL

(a variation of The Love of Little Children)

I look out my window and watch the leaves come drifting down;
Gold and red and speckled; some are even brown.
The trees will soon be leafless, the robins gone away.
A sadness creeps into my heart.
The air is crisp today.
I'll just turn my chair around, and sit and reminisce.
Here comes my precious little girl to offer me a kiss.
"Hello, Grandma," she says to me, and with her sweet impish smile
"Please read about, "Dear Dr. Goat" - I'm laughing all the while.
"Dear God, Please hold her in your arms and keep her ever gay."
A little child can mean so much to Grandma, old and gray.

DON

Donnie is a baseball fan.
He wants a ball to fit his hand,
A fielder's mitt, that's just this size,
(Not large or sloppy or otherwise).
Please, someone! Answer his call,
And bring to him a glove for a ball.
His age is ten with some months added
His baseball glove must be well padded.

JUNE 6, 1951, SUNDAY SIX A.M.

Dear hearts and gentle people, I say fare well today
Thanks for your hospitality; I must be on my way.
It's been good for me to be here, and I love you everyone
so thanks again, my hearties for everything you've done
And if the Lord is willing, I'll be coming back to you
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the summer time is through.

So may the good Lord bless you by keeping you in health
And give you wisdom from above to share each other's wealth.
And when the sun is shining and all the sky is blue
And the birds are in the tree tops, I'll be thinking, dears of you
I'll be thinking of your kindness and how you took me in
And kept me warm and fed me all through the winter wind.

You know Our Father tells us, and this you'll all agree
That what you do to others, you do it unto me.
So when your life's work's ended, your crown you then shall win
For Christ will say well done, my dear, please come and enter in.
So my Dear Sue and Sharron, I want to thank you too
For being sweet to grandma in everything you do.

POEMS ABOUT LOVE AND LIFE



Oscar when Ciba was an infant

45 YEARS AGO TODAY

October 19, 1952

Forty-five years ago today, we took the marriage vows,
And promised that we would obey and live up to our vows
That death alone would part us two, and then you slipped away.
I know dear heart your love was true, yet you just couldn't stay,
Now I'm alone and yet I feel your presence, Oh! so near
To me you seem so very real, your spirit must be here.
Just keep a look out, dear, for me for I'm not very strong,
The children now will all agree that they can get along.
Each one's established their own home for which I feel so blessed.
For even Dot is not alone, she has her family nest
Of three boys to love and raise, and fill her heart with glee
And someday they will sing her praises and she will think of me.
Gertie and Jim were here today, they seldom ever come.
And then, of course, they went away back to their same old home.
But **I** enjoyed them very much, they brought a pie to me
It gave to me a closer touch of what they used to be.
But now **I** close my eyes and pray for God to have "His Will"
And lead me gently day by day and help me to "Be Still."

ADVENTURING

We went adventuring today,
Along an old road trail.
Sometimes we nearly lost our way,
Until someone we'd hail
From farms all scattered here and there,
And ask which way to go.
The little children all would stare,
As **if** we were a show.
We'd wave to them. And how we'd laugh,
To see a sow with pigs,
A mother cow and her young calf,
A goat that dined on twigs.

We saw some horses, mules and sheep.
Great fields of growing grain.
Those singing hills were very steep.
We'd sing that glad refrain
Oh, me! T'was such a lively drive.
We'll go again some day.
All nature seemed so much alive,
To cheer us on our way.

MEDITATIONS

While sitting here and waiting
My brain keeps meditating
In a lazy, silly sort a way
At the giggling and the talking
Of the boys and girls a walking
Cross the corridor from day to day

A sitting here a dreaming
A thinking and a scheming
If my grades will really be an "A."
Or if really I've been flunking
How my nerves are always jumping
And sometimes I'd like to run away.

My heart goes back in fancy
I catch myself romancing
With the boy of sparkling eyes
And it keeps my soul a rumbling
With a panic sort of grumbling
When he's looking at me on the sly.

I find myself complaining
That the other girl might claim him
When I know I really do not care
Yet I know that he is charming
And my pulse goes on alarming
At the way he looks at me and stares.

AUTUMN

The air outside is bleak and cold.
This house is growing very old
Yet tapping on my window pane
The gentle falling of the rain
Speaks peace unto my heart tonight.
The fire inside is warm, and bright
Lights are casting away the gloom,
And Autumn is in merry tune.

INCOMPLETE POEM

(the title was unreadable and the last lines were missing)

Honey - I've seen a lot of dark times, lots of trouble
Tons of it, almost, since I've been traveling through
But nary one I wish I'd missed, even tho' 'twere double
Each seemed to knock some rough spot off, that nothing else could do.

Then I've seen days so full of sheerest gladness -
Just couldn't hold it all - it seems some ways
To just spill over and sweeten any sadness
And make less so, the bitter of those other days.

So if some day, joy hides behind some sorrow
And all life's horizon is dim with mist and tears
Honey just give thanks, to know *that on the morrow*
God will bring gladness to last you through the years.

Italicized words were added by Joe Naumann to complete the poem, he hopes, as Carrie Badgett intended.

MY VALENTINE

The children passed in boisterous glee,
Skipping, laughing and so care free.
Each of them carried cupid's darts
In valentines gay, and candy hearts.
With lovely verses all in rhyme
Like "Will you be my valentine?"
"Roses are red and violets are blue,
My love for you is always true"

Today in school there would be a box
All done in hearts with a slit on top
To drop in their treasures all addressed
To heart's desire they loved the best.
And thus I watched them as they went.
Each child upon some pleasure bent,
Each one happy telling their loves
With hearts and flowers, and cooing doves.

Then I came along. Mid shouts of glee,
He handed that valentine out to me.
"For me!" I said with mild surprise!
That Valentine I highly prize.
Although it came from a weak-minded boy,
I know the giving gave him joy.
Among my souvenirs it lays in state,
All yellowed now with age.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN NEED REAL DADS

I saw a little boy today whose age was half past three
Run out upon his porch in a jolly burst of glee
To ask his daddy could he go with him into the town
But an the answer that he got was just an ugly frown
With a question as to who had put him up to such a whim
My mother did he answered with a child's sort of grin
No! The daddy wouldn't take him and the child began to cry
And as I watched the two of them, I drew a great big sigh!

Oh! If I could have taken his place and been the youngster's Dad.
(For after all, just three and a half is such a tiny lad)
I'd lifted up his tear stained face and surely I would kiss him,
And then I'd say, come on my son lets go into the kitchen
For if you're going with your dad, I'll have to wash your face
And scrub your hands and comb your hair and then we'd run a race.
To tell his mother we would like a clean pair of pants
Then I would put them on him and watch to see him prance.

We'd go to that old comer and we'd wait for that old bus
And when it came we'd hop inside, Oh! just the two of us.
And I would say to everyone who looked upon my boy
Yes sir, we're pals; until my heart would surely burst with joy
Now that's the kind of daddies little children need so bad
And that's the kind of daddy every little child should have
When God created daddies, I'm sure he had in mind
Something very stable and something very kind.

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE

Today marks eight years and twenty
Since we took the marriage vows
We've had ups and downs a plenty
From that time on up till now.

Yet, I wouldn't change thee Dearie
Took the bitter with the sweet
And at times the clouds looked dreary
The dark shadows seemed to creep.

All around us, we stood the test
Both together with a vim.
Always striving to do our best
Till the sun would shine again

We've always wanted things 'tis true,
A lovely home, a bed of flowers
Our dollars have been very few
To raise a family like ours.

To educate them as we should
Buy their clothes and daily needs
They've been so very sweet and good
Filled our lives with golden deeds.

Oh! I wouldn't trade you Dearie
For the largest pot of gold
For my love for you grows yearly
Even though we're growing old

You've been mine through all the years
Always when I'm sick and blue
Or troubled; or sometimes in tears
Consolation comes from you

And so dear heart, when life is through
You and I are old and grey
When God calls you, he'll take me too
We'll be together then, always.

IF I COULD BE A HUSBAND

I wish that I could sometimes be
A husband for a while
I'd pat my wife on the back
And give to her a smile
If I could not afford to buy the necessities of life
I would be so very careful what I said to my dear wife
I'd never scold or throw a fit
Because her arm was sore
And she had to give the doctor
A little bit and more
I'd be glad her arm was better
From the bottom of my heart
And I'd say you're very lovely
As she'd try to do her part
In laying out the money
And I'd do my best to see
That upon our scanty budget
She had done her best for me.

After 37 years of married life, the Lord took him to Heaven, there to wait for me.
Married October 19, 1907 . . . Went to Heaven, April 26, 1944

MY HUSBAND

Oscar, I'm down home tonight
Your picture's on the radio
A lump comes in my throat so tight
Because I seem to miss you so.

You have the old familiar pipe
Tobacco pouch is just the same
"Dear hands" as natural as in life
Your specks that's crooked in their frame

The sweater that you wore so much
Showing the collar of your shirt
If I could only feel your touch
Perhaps I wouldn't feel so hurt.

Or lonesome or so down right blue.
Our children are so lovely dear
But I can't help from missing you
I wish so much that you were here.

So many things have happened here
Since the day you went away
The war is over and oh! My dear
Buster and Hank are home to stay

Ira and Eleanor are both at home
Living back in the same old place
They did before they went to roam
In distant lands of a different race

And Dad! They have a baby son
And Dot has a boy that's half past two,
A little girl Cathy for Ciba has come
And Beth has a little girl Sue.

I'm sorry I grieved for you tonight
Some day, I'll be coming along.
And so until then, I'll say good night
Then next my good morning song.

Sunday night, March 2, 1947

MY TRUSTY OLD CANE

My grandson and I and my trusty old cane
Went walking today, right after the rain
The flowers were fragrant, all nature was green
The sun had come out in a bright golden sheen
No garden this year with tomatoes red
Or green beans or pepper or lettuce beds
It took us some time to walk over the ground
You see, I am slow about getting around
But together, we made it, my David and I
And I am so happy there's a tear in my eye
For the wonderful peace that is filling my soul
The Lord is my Shepherd, I'm a sheep of his fold

WHEN YOU ARE BLUE

Did you ever stop to wonder at the beauty of a rose
Or watch the tiny baby as it wrinkles up its nose
Or listen to the warble of a bird upon the tree
Or watch a squirrel that scampers along with every breeze?

Did you ever watch the sky with its fleecy clouds of blue
Then turn to pink and scarlet and every kind of hue?
Did you ever watch an airplane that soars up in the sky
And think about the pilot and the crew that's passing by?

Did you ever thank your maker for the lovely things of earth
When every green and living thing reminds you of His birth?
Did you ever think of friends that we know are tried and true
They remind you of a flower, the forget me not of blue?

Did you ever share a heartache with a loved one kind and good
And dry their tears with sympathy because you understood?
It's the little things in life that count which makes just living grand
A smile, a gay, "How do you do?" a shake of someone's hand.

There's so much beauty in this world if we'll just look around
And take with us the sunshine and leave behind the frown.
Then count your many blessings when you start a brand new day
And think of all the lovely things - then bow your head and pray.

UNTITLED HALLOWEEN POEM

The midnight hour is striking and the goblins ride about
They are headed by the north wind and coming with a shout!
Watch out for bats and beetles and pussycats that creep.
And mother witch astride her broom and ghost that make you creep.
Their coming to your very door with baskets for a treat!
No treat? Then trick! and mind you, it won't be very sweet
To see those awful creatures come creeping up on you.
They'll make your hair stand out on end and then what will you do?
Now treat or trick, which will it be this happy Halloween?
Just lift our masks and you will see that we're not really mean.

THE TALE OF A RAT

Our dad was telling us one day about a rat
A rat you couldn't catch with any trap
So Dad and Grandpa set out with a vim
To use their brains as how to capture him
My grandpa started out with his old cane
And waited for his chance to strike again
He didn't figure that he'd make him mad
He didn't know a rat could really bark
But this one did. And it wasn't any lark
For Mr. Rat who started on the run
Straight for Grandpa when Grandpa raised his gun.
Grandpa jumped aside, and did it pretty quick.
Then Dad grabbed up a big old hickory stick
And gave the old rat such a painful whack
With just one blow he broke that sinner's back.
And then my dad he winked at Mom and said,
"We finished up the job." The rat was dead.

Several poems about April were written for a Ma Bell promotion

IT'S APRIL

Just give me a ring on my telephone
For that April Date. I'll be home
We'll plan on lots of things to do
I'll wear my slacks and my old grey shoes
With my fishing pole and a can of worms
And a picnic lunch in the old boat stern
We'll be free and happy and when you get home
Just give me a ring on my telephone

APRIL (TWO)

April is the month you'll need that kitchen phone
So if you haven't any, let's put one in your home
The winter days are over and spring is in the air
You'll need to call and check about that coming fare
Of your vacation trip where the fishing is best
A telephone within your home will help to do the rest

IT'S APRIL WITH A "SPRING-A-LING"

I stop to get the call
From off my kitchen telephone
That sits against the wall
I pick up the receiver
The colors are so pretty

With pink and white gingham checks
The call comes from the city
Oh! I've been baking apple tarts
You'd better come on out
I'll take off my kitchen apron
Yes, I can always stop
Now, while I'm waiting for that date
Out in the April weather
I'll give another Spring-A-Ling
Another get together

MAY TIME

May time should be glad time when all nature is in bloom

~
With daffodils and blue bells and sweet violets in full bloom
Green grass and picnic tables and shade trees in the park
With well-filled picnic baskets as we go out for a lark.

May time should be glad time for sweet summer on its way
And we can share together in all the games we play
Like hide and seek and blind man's bluff and farmer in the dell
Or jump the rope and when we're tired we'll sit still for a spell.

May time should be glad times for fanners plant their wheat
And all the other things that grow in rows all trim and neat
Asparagus and sugar cane and cotton in the pod
With rain to bring them to full growth done by the hand of God.

May time should be glad time as you dance around the pole
A custom that is so much fun and yet so very old
And so we'll choose a May queen and let that queen be you
The pretty lassie Sharron who goes to Buder School.

Of all the months that's in the year, to me May time's the best
We'll climb a tree and count the eggs laid in a robins nest
Or lay out in the open and gaze up in the sky
And count the stars in heaven, and thank God we're alive.

POEMS ABOUT NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS



THESE ARE MY NEIGHBORS

This is my neighbor. And this one too!
Oh, yes! And you and you and you.
It's a lovely neighborhood where I live.
A place where each of them love to give
A good morning smile. The shake of your hand,
Or a bit of green from off the land. . .
Like a mess of lettuce, a bouquet of flowers,
A slip of a rose from off the bowers.

Where little children can play at ease
Out in the open, as they drink in the breeze.
Or share the glorious sunshine sweet,
Or take a shower out in the street.
If any of us should fall in need,
They know how to do a golden deed.
These are my neighbors I'm going back to
When winter is over and the sky is blue.

When the flowers are blooming and the grass is green,
And God in nature is plain to be seen,
I'll sit on my porch, and when they pass by,
I'll keep the twinkle within my eye,
And I'll walk out and say, "Why, hello there,
Won't you come up and sit in a chair?"
Oh, I wouldn't change my neighborhood,
Because you are every one so good.

My neighbor, Mildred Shanahanm, gave us the roses. So I dedicate this poem to her.

LOVELY ROSES

A neighbor came into my yard today
Bringing to me a beautiful bouquet
Of roses that were yellow, pink, and red.
Gorgeous in their beauty! So I said,
"Thank you my dear," and then she went away
She was always doing lovely things that way!

I arranged the roses in a vase; they looked so sweet
An then I thought of someone that lived just down the street.
Etta Williams is her name; she is so very ill.
She would enjoy those roses as she took a bitter pill
And so instead of keeping them, I passed them right along
And then my heart just bubbled o'er with tenderness and a song.

Two blessings for you Mildred. Yes, two instead of one
For the gift of your dear rose. Like the brightness of the sun
They shed a golden glow on two souls, and so, my dear,
She loves them and I loved them. They gave us so much cheer.
And so we want to thank you for your kindness and your love
And may the good Lord bless you from His heavens up above.

APRIL 12, 1955

Thank you Dear Mrs. Hall for a lovely time today
You entertained your company in such a lovely way.
I noticed every movement was gracious, kind, and good
From the playing of your game to the serving of your food.
I loved your home, the way each piece of furniture was placed
The lovely flowers all in bloom like gold and silver lace
I used to see you in the church with your two sons along
I watched you from behind your back, a queen upon her throne
A very lovely lady, like a rose all fresh with dew
A pleasure to remember, these are my thoughts of you.

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

There are two little boys in the house next door
Their names are Butchie and Billie Moore.
Butchie 's the oldest, he's not quite two
Billie the youngest is rather new.

Butchie is perfect in every way
Always happy and ready to play
Full of mischief from morning till night
Making a path of sunshine bright.

While little Billie just sleeps and grows
Dreaming of elves and his ten little toes
Smiles and coos every time he's fed
Then grandma puts him back to bed.

Two dear little boys in the house next door
And as **I** tread across their floor
My thoughts fly back when other feet
Came running homeward down the street.

Just children and you counted four
And one of them now is Helen Moore.
Ah me! It seems but yesterday
They too were full of fun and play.

Three generations in the house next door
Two generations across the floor
Have romped and played and so you see,
That's why the house is dear to me.

ROSEMARY'S CAT BUTCH

While I sat resting in my swing.
I noticed such a pretty thing
Walking across the street.
It proved to be my neighbor's cat.
He came and jumped into my lap,
Then curled down on his feet.

I stroked his lovely yellow fur,
And he began to purr and purr
Until he fell asleep.
He looked so snug, all cuddled there.
As if he never had a care
Or ever counted sheep.

Again, I looked across the road.
Two girls with books that made a load
Came strolling down the walk,
One came directly on across
To where I sat. With curls all tossed,
She dimpled as she talked.

She noticed Butch within my lap,
And softly calling to the cat,
She gently spoke his name.
Then said she'd have to send him home
That he must never, never roam.
For he was far too tame.

She knew he loved us neighbors well,
But might get killed, why who could tell?
The car might hit him flat,
The other girl who was her chum,
Came at her call upon the run
And carried home her cat.

Dedicated to Rosemary and Butch on Rosemary's birthday.

DISH RAGS (originally untitled)

Dish rags we need,
To do our deed
Of washing up the dishes.
So here are three
As you can see
Tied up with my best wishes,

Proverbs 18:24

There are friends who pretend to be friends,
But there is a friend that sticks closer than a brother.

Our friend Irma; called me up to say,
"Mrs. Badgett, will you please lead the day
By giving the devotional to this group?"
Well, I do know that you're a wonderful troupe
Of God's loyal soldiers, so please lend an ear
Because I do love everyone of you here.
Let's call ourselves neighbors as together we work
For not one of us ever our duty should shirk
If we can't do this, maybe we can do that
Or one of you sing while another one smiles
The little things in life are the ones that's worthwhile.
So let's you and you and everyone here
Be friendly from now till the end of the year.
For this day, we begin and tomorrow it's over
Our friendship will grow like red and white clover
Entwined all around in everyone's heart
Because we were friendly right now from the start.

Thank you Mrs. Jennings for a wonderful time
The breakfast you served was really just fine.
The table was pretty, the flowers were sweet
And made such a beautiful center piece.
The fruit was delicious; the coffee superb
The rolls were simply made out of this world
As we sang the doxology and each took a plate
The congenialness of everyone really was great
Your voice was so soothing, as you read from the book.
Everyone enjoyed it, you could tell by their look.
And now, Mrs. Jennings, I bid you adieu
Next Sunday morning, I'll be looking for you.

POEMS ABOUT LIVING IN CHRIST



WHY DO I GO TO CHURCH

I go to church because my Lord is there!
And I can worship Him in song and prayer
I go to church because I love the crowd
Of Christian people come to worship God!
I go to church to hear the sermon through
And when I leave my soul is blest anew!
I go to church for memories so sweet
Of sainted ones whom someday I shall meet!
I go to church to give my widows mite
I go to church because I know it's right.

GOD'S GOODNESS

It is God's goodness that the future
remains an unread book
Each day is a chapter, and if we would
only look
At one chapter each day, and take the
day as it comes
Remembering God and His wisdom as things
well done --
Casting all cares upon Him for He careth
for you.
And He can be counted on to carry you
through
All difficult places; and so, my dear
friend
You can face the future with courage
no end.

AS JESUS TAUGHT US

Our dear Heavenly Father, we come to you
today
Thanking you for thy dear son who taught us
how to pray
And Father, hallowed be thy name. May soon
thy kingdom come,
And while we're waiting here on earth, please
let thy will be done.
You did not promise us our wants, but just
our daily needs,
You taught us all we must forgive for every
unkind deed.
Please keep our hearts, dear Father, from
doing what is wrong.
Don't let us yield to sinful ways, but keep
our bodies strong.
We love to say "Our Father" for we're joint
heirs with Him
We're just thy little children and someday
we shall win
A home within thy Heaven and Father we shall
see
Your face with all the glory of the man of
Calvary.

GOD'S LOVE (originally untitled)

I love you all so much my dears
I'll miss you so when you're not here
I wonder just what **I** will do?
My lovely Lord will see me through
I know He'll never turn me down
I'll keep away from this frown
And trust it all to His sweet will
He's always taught me to "Be Still"
Be still and know that I am God
I hear Him say, as life I trod
Now as I lay me down to sleep,
I'm just one of your humble sheep
So keep me safely through the night
And when I wake at morning light,
Please help me to obey Thy voice,
For what is done will be Thy choice.

CHURCH GOERS

Some people go to church because their
hearts are pure and true,
And they really worship God in
everything they do.
There's a glow of Christ-like goodness
that shines upon their face,
And you'll always find them faithful
within a Christian's place.
They never gossip when they talk, about
another's life,
They couldn't be a Christian and always
live in strife,
No matter how they went to church, no
matter how they lived.
Instead of all the gossip, they would
have a smile to give,
With a loving look instead of hate, they
would let God be the judge
For when you black another's life, your
own life you might smudge.
So watch out for your doorstep, that you
always keep it clean
Before you sweep your neighbors, sweep
your own, is what I mean.
And so, dear lovely people, who are
always true and kind
To do good unto others, as you'd have
them do to you,
And be a loyal Christian, in everything
you do.

THE LOAD WAS HEAVY

Tonight I packed a great big load
Of longings and of tears.
And started down a lonely road
Through shadows filled with fears.
My shoulders soon began to sag
My back began to throb
The load got heavier to drag
And then I called on God.
He took upon Himself the load
At once my heart was free.
As all the shadows left the road
My Savior spoke to me.
How often have I said "Be Still"
And Know that I am God
If you will only do my will
On higher ground you'll trod
Right now you're on the sinking sand
Your faith indeed is small
Why don't you take me by the hand
And give to me your all
I come, dear Lord, in grief and shame
May I no more revere thy name
Or pack the load alone.

A tribute to our officers, our hostess, and the members of our Rebecca J. Anderson missionary group.

OUR MISSIONARY GROUP

We salute you, our dear Grace
No one else could fill your place
As the chairman of our group
You've been so faithful in your work
We've never, never seen you shirk
A duty to your troupe.

Lucille, we think you're mighty grand
To you we all extend a hand
In loyalty and praise
Just to catch your winning smile
Makes your life to us worthwhile
And helps us when we pray.

A tribute to our dear Estell
Who does her work and does it well
Without a thought of self
We leave the money in her trust
Which takes the burden off of us
So may you keep your health.

Now to our hostess we must bow
For everyone is full by now
Of such good things to eat
We love these luncheons this is true
And so dear, Rose, we give to you
Our thanks for being sweet.

And now to each and everyone
We know this work just must be done
So we must hurry through
By saying each one has her part.
We'll do our best with all our heart
In standing pat by you.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL "

"Thou shalt not kill." the savior said.
Yet millions now are lying dead
From being murdered in a war.
Then, shall I be a mother star
By sacrificing my young sons?
Just stand them up before the guns;
Then say, "Go on, blow off their heads."
They're just a few more humans dead.
Or maybe it would be my daughter
That war would trace across the water,
My Dot, a dimple in her cheek,
Just bombed into eternal sleep.
American Mother, wake I pray,
For there is work for us today.
Let's send the cry across the sea
That we stand for democracy.
Let's shout it out from shore to shore
That we want peace forevermore.

SHADOWS

Shadows shine in my fire tonight
The air is crisp and still
I see the cross my Savior bore
Upon a distant hill.

And mother Mary standing there
A weeping for her child
Who took upon Himself our shame
In Him there was no guile.

He died to save us from our sins
They laid him in a tomb
Hallelujah, He arose!
The shadows vanish from my room.

For He is real within my heart
As lamb of Calvary
And in their place my Savior stands
Through all Eternity.

A PRAYER

Dear God,
I shut my eyes, what do I see
The man who hung on Calvary
His hands out stretched to me
He endured the cross and took the shame
As for our sins he took the blame

He suffered that for me.
He suffered just like one of us
By accusations so unjust
And all without complaint
His cross was heavy and a load
To carry down a lonesome road
And he became so faint.

But yet He overcame it all
Forgave the world both great and small
And we too must forgive
He lifts the road from us to Him
No matter just how great the sin
And we look up and live

So teach me, Lord, humility
The world might turn their backs on me
But you are still my friend
And teach me Lord to be so still
And may I live in thy sweet will
And now I say, amen.

DEAR PHILATHEA CLASS

You're invited my dears to come with me
To gather around the old oak tree
Its shady there and the grass is green
Where God in nature is sure to be seen
In every flower and rill,

I want you to bring your lunch along
Right after lunch we'll sing a song
And everyone will pray
We'll reminisce about the past
Of all those members of our class
That silently went away.

But oh! the wisdom they did give
To us as how that we should live
To carry on their work
We love them everyone so much
Sometimes we feel their very touch
To tell us not to shirk

The things that Christ would have us do
With sufficient grace to see us through
It may just be a smile
Or feed the hungry, clothe the poor
Visit the sick around our door
And make our lives worthwhile.

The Philathea Class are loyal souls
Some of us are growing old
And cannot brave the weather
But you that are both well and strong
And young enough to come along
Please join our "Get together."

And now we find the day far spent
We're everyone so glad we went
To sit on top God's hill
You feel His very presence there
He watches you with loving care
And tells us to be Still.

THE REBECCA MISSION CIRCLE

Dear Grace,
On behalf of the Rebecca Mission Circle, I want to say
The loveliest thing happened to me today
In the form of a beautiful gay bouquet.
They were white carnations and ferns of green
Which made it seem like some pleasant dream.
The postman delivered them right at the door
I was never more thrilled in my life before.
As I opened the box and read the name,
Rebecca Mission Circle it said, quite plain.
They were such a wonderful, glad surprise
The tears just gathered within my eyes.
They match my new dress of black and white.
In the morning, I'll pin them to look just right.
And then I'll step out and hold my head high
And I'll nod at my neighbors as they pass by.
I shall wear them to church and sit down in a pew
And very quietly be thinking of you
And wishing you all could see how I look,
And know how I love you. I'll sing from a book.
Praise God from whom all blessing flows
Like springtime and flowers and green things that grow
Kind people and friendship and all things worthwhile,
Like laughter and giving a sweet baby's smile.
So thank you dear Circle, I'm so happy tonight.
There's a lump in my throat as I'm trying to write
And express all kind thoughts in my heart straight to you
For those beautiful flowers. What a sweet thing to do!

GOD'S SNOW BLANKET

God in His infinite love last night
Wove a blanket all of white
To cover the little tender things
That peep up early in the Spring.

His weaver's loom went round and round
To weave a blanket on the ground
To keep from coming all too soon
The fragrance of a flower in bloom.

The budding of the fruit and trees
The golden bells from shooting leaves.
And all the lovely things that grow
He covered with his flakes of snow.

Then when Spring comes so warm and bright,
He'll lift the blanket and the light
Of morning sun will warm things up
The violet and the butter cup.

Then nature in her loveliness
Will come forth from her winter's rest.
All resurrected from the tomb,
In fragrance sweet of bursted bloom!

SWEETER AS THE DAYS GO BY

Tonight a great song fell upon my ear.
"Sweeter as the days go by" -- rang clear.
It came from the choir. From where I sat,
I listened and wondered whose voice was that
Mingled so sweetly with another voice rare?
Then I noticed the reverend sitting there
Was gazing direct in his dear wife's eyes.
It was she who was singing to my surprise!
The song was so beautifully on the air
That when it was finished, a stillness was there.
A sermon in song which made the church ring
With honor and tribute to Jesus Our King.

PAUL

Paul was going down Damascus Road
Grumbling and cursing; with a bitter load
Of hatred in his heart for Christian men.
Suddenly a light appeared in front of him.
A voice from heaven was plainly heard.
And he was sore afraid; and so disturbed.
"Why persecutest thou me?" the Savior said
Paul fell down as one who might be dead.
Men that were with him were speechless too.
They heard the voice and wondered what to do.
Paul opened his eyes and stood up on his feet,
But for three days, he was blind and he did not eat.
He called upon the Lord and asked Him what to do.
He was trembling, repentant and very sorry too
As he realized his sins in the deeds that he had done.
He had persecuted Christians and slew them one by one.
Jesus, the ever-loving Savior, was very pleased that night,
And Ananias through his faith, restored to Paul his sight.
His sins were all forgiven and he went.

DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER (was untitled)

Our Dear Heavenly Father, we come to you today
Thanking you for Thy Dear Son who taught us how to pray.
And Father, Hallowed be Thy name, may soon Thy kingdom come
And while we're waiting here on earth, please let Thy will be done.
You did not promise us our wants, but just our daily needs.
You taught us all we must forgive for every unkind deed.
Please keep our hearts, Dear Father, from doing what is wrong.
Don't let us yield to sinful ways, but keep our bodies strong.
We love to say, "Our Father," for we're joint heirs with Him
We're just Thy little children and some day we all shall win
A home within Thy heaven. Father, we shall see
your face with all the glory of the Man of Calvary.

Reflections on Pilate

EASTER DAY

Jesus went into the garden of Gethsemane to pray
His heart was overburdened and his strength was weak that day.
He was so very human, and His cross was hard to bear.
We're told he sweat great drops of blood as he was kneeling there.
His disciples, too, were weary, and they had gone to sleep.
So, left alone was Jesus, it makes my sad heart weep.
And when He stood outside the gate of sweet Gethsemane,
He gave Himself unto the mob to die for you and me.

They led Him on to Pilate, who found no fault in Him
Then washed his sinful hands, and said he'd cleansed himself from sin.
"This sin shall be upon your hands," he cried unto the mob.
With bitter hate, they crucified the true and living God
They mocked Him as He bore the cross and this inscription wrote,
"Hail King of the Jews," then put on Him a king's own purple coat
And then they made a crown of thorns and placed upon His brow
And said "Yourself, you cannot save. If so, then do it now."

Oh, can't you see Him hanging there upon Mount Calvary,
The Lord that died upon the cross that sinners might be free.
But as you look, the scene is changed, the stone is rolled away
Hallelujah! Jesus arose, and is alive today.
Oh grave! Where is thy victory? Oh death! Where is thy sting?
The glorious resurrection is shown throughout the spring
When flowers bloom and birds are gay and buds are on the trees.
It's Easter time, glad Easter time, for those who do believe!

THE RESURRECTION

Now, while I listen to the rain
Tapping on my window pane
I keep thinking of the Spring
All the earth is turning green
The smell of fragrance fills the air,
There's resurrection everywhere,

Our Christ was resurrected, too
I know that and so do you.
He knocks upon your weary heart.
Please let Him in, He might depart.
Just take His gift, His gift is free
A home through all eternity.

The clouds are gone, the rain has ceased.
My soul is filled with his sweet peace
I bow my head and softly pray
That I will live His own sweet way
And be submissive to His will
And listen to His voice; "Be Still."

POEMS ABOUT CHRISTMAS



THAT FIRST CHRISTMAS

Everywhere about me I feel Christmas in the air
With children all excited standing here and standing there
Watching windows filled with gadgets and all the whirligigs
Like electric trains and wagons and a little toy that jigs.

My thoughts go back to the baby that in a manger lay
All wrapped in swaddling clothes on that first Christmas day.
I see the face of Mary and with the awe and tender smile
As she beheld the glory of the coming of her child

And of the lowly shepherds who were tending to their sheep
Surprised and sore afraid when they heard the angel speak
When suddenly a multitude of angels stood about
Praising God and singing with a loud and might shout.

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will to men."
I wish I too had been there to worship with them then.
As the angels ascended to heaven the shepherds stood so still
Gazing and looking upward, up on that lonely hill.

Then turning to each other they too began to speak
"Let's go and find the baby of whom the angels speak."
And when the shepherds found him, they knew that it was true
That they were his first witness far the world to know him too.

And then I think of Herod. as he sent his wise men out
To find the little baby that he'd heard so much about
And the lovely star that led them to where the Christ child lay
They gave him gifts and worshipped before they went away.

Then I think of mother Mary as the child grew big and strong --
Did she at every birthday sing to him a birthday song?
Did she have his cake and candles as the children of today?
Was he very quick and active in his work and in his play?

He must have been so gentle, and, oh, so very kind
And many loving memories I am sure he left behind
To ease a broken mother's heart as he died upon the tree
To give life eternal to such folks as you and me.

Now as the Christmas carols peal out upon the air
Let's bow our heads in reverence and breathe to him a prayer
That we might think of someone less fortunate than we
By giving gifts to others who are very much in need.

A PRAYER

As we assemble this Christmas eve
Around the Christmas tree
Lord give us understanding hearts
Of love and sympathy.

We thank you Lord for Thy great gift
The Gift of Thy dear Son
With peace on earth, good will towards men
A gift for everyone.

Help us to see Thy guiding star
As wise men did of yore
And bring to him our gifts of love
The same as long ago.

And as we pass these gifts around
Help us dear Lord to see
That at the birth of Thy dear Son
We gain eternity.

And may this Christmas be to us,
A Christmas filled with glee
Then let it be a pleasant page
In books of memories.

A PRAYER (prince of Peace)

Thou Prince of Peace, we pray that thou mayest really be accepted as King of Kings and Lord of Lords in human hearts.

We pray often, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Thy kingdom upon earth would mean universal peace.

We pray for national leaders around the world, that they might seek Thy kingdom upon earth.

CHRISTMAS

The Christmas spirit is in the air.
Sweet chimes are ringing everywhere
Proclaiming "Peace, Good Will Towards Men"
It's the Christ child's birthday. And again
In fancy, we see in the distant sky
An eastern star from Heaven on high.
The wise men following from afar,
Guided by the glittering star.

At last they see their journey's end.
The star has stopped above the inn,
And lingers where the Christ Child lay
In a stable's manger on some hay.
With reverence and lowly tread,
The wise men slowly bow their heads,
And lift their voices as they sing
A carol to their new-born King.

The wise men gave him gifts of gold,
Frankincense and myrrh, so we are told.
Then left the Babe and went their way
Rejoicing for the glorious day.
And as the Yuletide comes once more,
Bestow some gift upon the poor.
"As oft as ye give it unto these,"
Christ says, "Yes give it unto me."



Carrie holding Charles, Elizabeth, Oscar, and Catherine (Ciba)