

Saints ~~of~~ just

THE CHOATE SCHOOL
WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT

THE HEADMASTERS HOUSE

December 14th 1946

St John

Thank
her

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Our daughter Elizabeth, who wrote these verses, has been handicapped, mentally and physically, since she was a baby. I know that you will understand my complying with her eager wish that I send to you a copy of the poem about your husband.

President Roosevelt's courage and philosophy were a very real inspiration to Elizabeth, and her tribute is from the heart. If you should find time to acknowledge it, will you write direct to her: Elizabeth Seymour St. John, Box 248, Bedford, New York?

The day when you came to see us at Choate is still marked with a white stone!

Cordially yours,

Clara Seymour St. John

(Mrs. George C. St. John)

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,
The words and deeds my parents
to me told
Of your husband cause me to
forever hold
In the truest way that man
can sense
His memory in love and rever-
ence.
I hope that God to you has
given
The assurance you'll meet him
again in Heaven.
His courage in trial, again
and again,
Has helped me endure my own
trials and pain.
When we meet him above, let
us tell him, too,
The full outcome of all he
started to do.
Then I feel Heaven's angels,
upon Heaven's sod,
Will sing, as we give thanks
for him to God.

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth S. John

P o e m s

by

Elizabeth Seymour St. John



DEDICATED
WITH NEVER-ENDING DEVOTION
TO
MY DEAR FATHER

"Commit Thy Works unto the Lord"

I Did Not Know

I.

"Do All to the Glory of God"

Dawn's Angelus	13
A Poetical Prayer (for Night)	14
Pleasing God	15
Will it please God?	15
Jesus, I would share my Life with You	16
Thanks to God	17
Come out this Easter Morning	18
Is God always Silent?	19
God's Church and Man's Church	20
As if before God	21
Where is Heaven?	21
Will Time heal that Scar?	22
How do you know God?	22
God's Radio	23
God's Flashlight	24
God's Pen	24
The Silver Glider	25
Eternity	26
So Long, President Roosevelt	27
The Christmas Star	28
Three Thanksgivings	29
Blessings	30
Happiness	31
My Father	32
Jim and the Organ	32
Because you're you	34
Bibles of the Brain	35
Each day a new white Page	36
God's Creations	36
Shake up your Thoughts	37
The Old Year and the New Year	38
The Book of Memory	39

II.

"Heaven and Earth are full of Thy Glory"

The Rainbow	43
Cloud Blankets	43
God's Paint Box	44
The Blue Cloud Baby	46
Day	47
Night	47
A Summer's Dawn	48
Seasonal Changes on Indian Hill	48
Nature's Shaded Greens	50
The Morning-Glory Tree	50
The Annual Bee-Tree	51
The Roseleaf Flood	52
Mr. Copper Beech	53
Nature's Diamonds	54
Moon Movies	55
God's Sky Stripes	57
Star Pictures	58
The Varied Blackout	59
My Soul's Garden	60
Memory's Garden	61
The Sea of Memory	62

III.

"O Lord, Thou Preservest Man and Beast"

I wonder what Animals Jesus met	65
The Movie Dog and The Radio Cat	67
Looking-Glass Cats	67
Amber Jack the Poet	68
Amber Jack's Prayer	68
Amber Jack on the Keys	69
The Banjo Cat	69
The Amber Jack Fire Drill	69
The Cat who never grew up	70
The Cat who forgot to purr	70

Purring in Time	71
You Purr and I'll Pray	71
The Cat's Shadow	72
My Kitty Radio	72

IV.

"To Everything there is a Season: A Time to Weep and a Time to Laugh"

Unnatural Names	75
Distant Travels, the Radio Way	75
Always one more	76
The Snowman is gone	76
Mr. Soap	77
My Pencil-Pen	77
You can never un-say	77
Slaps	78
Eating sticks	78
Snap and please	78

<i>"What shall be the end?"</i>	79
---	----

"Commit Thy Works unto The Lord"

I DID NOT KNOW

All my poems are not of God's inspiration,
Nor are all of Nature's own creation;
I've made some poems to fit each subject's test,
So the reader may choose what to him is best.

Perhaps my verses, whate'er they may be
Will reveal some beauty others fail to see;
If my poems can show beauties of Heaven and Earth,
They're not made in vain, when they prove their worth.

By my poems, I knew I could much pleasure loan,
But I knew not the joy that would be my own
In assisting others to gladly see—
This was the gift God gave to me.

I

"DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD"

11

DAWN'S ANGELUS

I love the old custom of Switzerland, where
They rang twilight bells for the Angelus-Prayer,
The best time was chosen, as it was at sunset,
For then many people close to God seem to get.

I wonder why morning is not used likewise,
Why not an Angelus at sunrise?
For dawn seems to me a time for prayer,
Before earthly things present the day's care.

As the Angelus gives all a summons to pray,
If all at sunset paused each in his way,
This would bring a tired soul again to pray,
And succeed in happily ending the day.

These aren't my only times to pray,
I say little prayers many times in a day;
Not that I repeat the same one many times,
But my wishes increase, and ambition climbs.

Even without bells or sunsets bright,
I feel called to prayer in the deepening twilight;
Also, at dawn, I pray with delight,
And thank God for keeping me till the daylight.

These seem to me my calls to prayer,
I often find thus God dismisses my care;
Be it sunset's glow, or Angelus bells,
Through prayer, many secrets Jesus tells.

A POETICAL PRAYER (FOR NIGHT)

Dear Lord, I would tonight thank Thee
For Thy blessings and guidance given to me;
Here returns to Thee at night Thy day,
While each day I learn how to better pray.

No word I pen, or thought I think,
To Thee is information,
But Thou alone canst give Thy gift
Of heartfelt inspiration.

Oh, help me, God, to live Thy way
That Thou at night canst to me say,
"See, daughter, you've pleased me today—
You've better done than yesterday."

That I may grow, possess, and be
In all refined quality,
Purge every branch that's part of me,
For I would now leave all to Thee.

Whatever lot may touch my helm,
Whatever things distort my realm,
While, too, another thing I ask,
May I e'er be fit to fill Thy task.

I thank Thee for night, as for daylight,
To many tired souls Thy night is rest;
'Tis then I feel Thy presence best,
The time I know by Thee I'm blest.

PLEASING GOD

Am I wasting time when I rest, deep in thought?
No, for I'm doing what I know I ought;
Christ obedience taught, and painfully trod
Life's sure, though hard, pathway, that led to God.

Any deed, be it great, or be it small,
Each deed and each word, God knows them all;
So fear not God, for your deed's punishment,
But with wrongs God cannot be content.

Why am I living, what is my task here?
'Tis but serving God in love and fear;
I'm not trying to reach the paths heroes trod,
I'm just trying to do what I know would please God.

Awhile ago, I sought for brighter days,
I've since discovered three certain ways,
One joyous thing about these proves true,
By doing these things, I'll please God and men, too!

So now if I do this all my days,
Thinking, "Will it please God?" before doing always,
I'll be glad to please men when onward I've trod,
But gladdest of all to know I've pleased God.

WILL IT PLEASE GOD?

"Will it please Daddy?" I used to say,
If I wished to do something in an untried way;
But since I have learned, as onward I've trod,
To more often say, "Will it, too, please God?"

If before each word and each act done,
The speaker or doer favor would have won,
Or before each step that he has trod,
Each man should ask, "Will it please God?"

JESUS, I WOULD SHARE MY LIFE WITH YOU

Oh, Jesus, come to me and stay,
So we can share a happy day,
Life asks strange things, it puzzles, too,
But I am safe while I'm with You.

Some say, to win in life's hard fight,
I've just to try to do things right,
While others say, push your way through.
But I do right, when led by You.

'Tis often said along life's way,
"He did a good turn yesterday."
I would do this, and be true,
But my life is best when shared with You.

When life seems a hard bridge to cross,
Help me appear free of past dross;
Yes, life is climbing up a hill,
But by Your hand, oh, lead me still!

People's opinions—friend or foe—
Differ, where'er I chance to go;
When days are full, with too much to do,
My load grows lighter, shared with You.

Just with a quiet calm sublime,
May I rest with one hand in Thine.
Not the end of hardships or strife,
But by Your help during this life.

All meet later upon one shore,
But can't we be happy even before?
That is another thing I would do,
My days are blest when shared with You.

Help me to solve where I'm perplexed,
Know where I stand, what to do next.
Yes, hold my hand, and guide my way,
I'd give You, too, a happy day.

Teach me the little things of life,
That save me from rebuke and strife.
Just as the potter shapes his clay,
So shape my life in Thine own way.

I would give God a happy day,
I do that best led by Your way;
None can deny a fact so true,
So, Jesus, I'd share life with You.

To the tune: Duke Street

THANKS TO GOD

As I look on Your world in its glorious hue,
It reminds me all blessings are Your gifts, too;
I've seen color and beauty in Nature for years,
But of people I've held many kinds of fears.

Many people have sunk all my courage, too,
But for its revival, I thank only You;
The many blessings I have are man-made,
Still, none could develop without Your aid.

For my home, and all the blessings within it,
My thanks for these do scarcely begin it;
For those of the world, which are also mine,
I couldn't name all in this short line.

A poetical prayer of thanks I'd raise
In these few words of thanks and praise;
I am coming back to the path You first trod,
For this, most of all, I thank You, God.

COME OUT THIS EASTER MORNING

Come, birds of every species,
Come, flowers of every hue,
Recall to men God's guidance,
And thus their souls renew.

Come, flocks from off your prairies,
Come, trees, join with them, too,
Thus calling men to Jesus,
To now their souls renew.

Come, all ye lights of Heaven,
God's rainbow doth appear,
While all the earth is joyful,
The Blessed One draws near.

Come, silent, rocky mountains,
And let your echoes roar,
To sing this song of triumph,
Which echoes evermore.

Come, ocean waves, to join them,
From earth's remotest shore,
Come, bring the wanderers homeward
To peace forever more.

Come, creatures of the woodland,
To these now add your call,
Yes, teach your young His story,
God gave His Son for all.

Come out this Easter morning,
Come, dwellers of the sea,
Oh, leap today in gladness,
That Christ now risen ye see.

Come, insects from your dwellings,
Come ye to hear His call,
Be ready then to answer,
Christ speaks His love to all.

Come, all things out to listen,
Give answer to His call,
For when ye see Him beckon
His love doth summon all.

Come, Sun and Moon in glory,
Stars shine from every sphere,
While in Earth's joyous springtime,
Men learn their Christ is here.

To the tune: Webb

IS GOD ALWAYS SILENT?

Is God always silent? No, he sings through
Sounds of Earth's voices, yes 'tis true,
God speaks to us through the still, small voice
That says, "Fear not, my child, rejoice."

We hear God's voice in wind-blown trees,
We catch His words from waves on the seas;
Some who love music may find it more strong
In Nature's choir, when a bird sings his song.

Each has to learn to hear God's word,
All must know where God's voice clearest is heard;
So through Earth's songs God speaks, as we can see,
Else God would seem silent as Eternity.

GOD'S CHURCH AND MAN'S CHURCH

There is a hill not far away,
Which inspiration gives each day,
Seen from my window, wrapped in mist,
No distant place is this to list.

In the quiet of dawn, or twilight hour,
I call on God to give me power,
To live as He would direct my day,
And ask Him beside me close to stay.

When to man's church I may not go,
I worship God by radio;
Or at Nature's altar of shaded green,
Inspired by beauties of the scene.

I like to hear the sea waves roll,
These give inspiration to my soul;
Each turns for comfort in his own way,
Back to the church of his soul to pray.

God is set, and our church built there,
Let us hold our faith by the handle called prayer:
As when autumn comes, and the green turns brown,
I rejoice faith, like grass, has not died down.

Just as sun seems brighter after rain,
After loss, the hill seems greener again:
So friends, you'll agree, I think it so,
We'll appreciate more its returning glow.

If we learn to appreciate what is now on,
Instead of sorrowing after it's gone,
We can always in some church enroll,
And meet God each day in the Church of the soul.

So many places let us consecrate—
How many? No human power could rate:
The path through the wood—where ocean waves roar—
Or places no man e'er consecrated before.

If in man-built churches, or upon the ground,
Fear not, our foundation is sure and sound.
This being done, where'er men have trod,
All Earth will be holy, as unto God.

AS IF BEFORE GOD

How often I'd change the ways I've trod,
If I'd thought to do things as if before God.
I've made little motions, I've unknowing steps trod,
Which I wouldn't have done in the presence of God.

In life's many tasks, this proves helpful to be,
If you're doing your task as you'd want God to see;
Yet I know this, there's not a single step trod
Without the real presence of our dear God.

If I'm doing a task worthwhile to do,
As if before God, I'll try this to do.
It helps me a lot, and I feel God near,
And since I've so lived, God seems more dear.

A prayer in silence means more to me,
Than a week spent in society,
Since my church to me is ever dear,
I can always worship better here.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

This isn't a name to lightly pass by,
It's not just somewhere we go when we die,
Why not seek your Heaven upon earth now?
I feel sure all Christ taught us should show us how.

One way that works out helpfully to me,
Is to seek a Heaven in all things that be;
In flowers I find a Heaven for my after hours,
For this is my memory of seeing some flowers.

As when a bright bird flies away as it sings,
My memory of it has not yet spread its wings.
The breaking waves seem to echo some word
I've rejoiced in before, as I did in the bird.

Even in rocks deeply buried in the sod,
Each item in some way expresses God.
When we are happy, each blessing seems like seven,
Then within you and on earth you have found Heaven.

WILL TIME HEAL THAT SCAR?

Some scars of the flesh with time will heal,
But more are the scars of emotion we feel;
Due time will usually heal the first scar,
But a cruel word lasts like a great black star.

Yes, like a black star upon a white page,
Sorrow to the hearer, increasing with age;
But for a kind word said, or a good deed done,
God gives us heart-stars, bright as the sun.

HOW DO YOU KNOW GOD?

Do you know God in the way I do?
As ever present, loving, true;
Or do you know him the stiffened way,
That says, "He'll help me, but He's so far away!"

Once I knew God that distant way,
'Twas always the same words I'd pray,
But now I have met him the better way,
I feel closer to God since I learned how to pray.

That doesn't mean the Church loses her rule,
I feel the Church is God's earthly school;
God wants us to learn, and to work every day,
But that doesn't mean He'd look down upon play.

Can you freely tell God, "Hello, my Friend,
Now will You in this a helping hand lend?
I don't doubt You at all, whatever I ask,
You will help me, I'm sure, to accomplish my task."

GOD'S RADIO

The conscience is God's radio,
The way God reaches man,
God doesn't need one here below,
Nor since the world began.

God gives to varied objects
The task of radio,
As men see birds upon the wing
Or grass on Earth below.

Perhaps another looking up
May also see the bees,
While to some other listening in,
God's radios are trees.

The ocean waves when breaking
Upon the sandy shore,
These are God's radio to me,
As inward they do roar.

God's radios are blessings,
Which we may call our own,
But men forget they reap the seed,
First planned by God and sown.

The earth has been less quiet
Within my recent years,
If she took more to silence,
I think there'd be fewer tears.

Where more of Christian teachings go,
There more will hear God's radio.
Each with a set to receive and send,
To talk with God, as friend to friend.

Each will have his own code, and so
Each will get words he alone can know.
When peace prevails on Earth below,
All men can then God's message know.

GOD'S FLASHLIGHT

When I saw the moon from the clouds peep out,
I watched as it seemed to turn about;
First, shining, then clouded, 'twas lost to sight;
I said to a friend it could be God's flashlight.

But that is all fancy, for I know, too,
That God's own light guides, and is always true:
You may learn by this, as you grow in grace,
And you'll increasingly clearer see God's face.

GOD'S PEN

God's pen, it writes the story,
I here to you now tell,
Now for many, many years
It has served me very well.

Now it's God that fills my pen,
I'm sure it can't run dry,
When God accepts a task,
He does not pass it by.

Love gleaming is not absent,
She burneth Faith's bright fire,
God's love lights up her candles,
So their light cannot expire.

With my brain as his faithful torch,
My hand, it holds God's pen,
Thus God can now in full express
His great love once again.

This pen can never fail me
For God's pen cannot tire,
It is repeatedly thus filled
With love's unquenchable fire.

My pen — but is it mine now,
When God fills and guides it so?
With skill divine, men know not how,
He bids my inspirations flow.

THE SILVER GLIDER

A silver-hued aeroplane sails through
The snow-white clouds and the skies' true blue,
Sailing as smooth as a bird in its flight,
With wings that shine in the bright sunlight.

The body of this plane seems as silvery
As the gleaming wings seem to be,
Like a silver bird that on high does sing,
It appears like a bird seen on the wing.

Its aspect at night is sad, I'd say,
Compared with its glory when seen by day,
For then only its lights can be seen so high,
While in darkness otherwise it crosses the sky.

Another star in the sky appears,
Above us, or yonder in other spheres;
Then the silver glider is given a light,
But by day the sun's rays make it bright.

All know of things that lovely seem,
So here our plane gets a doubled gleam,
A thing reflected, a glider or rainbow,
Its beauty then gains a doubled glow.

In such a craft, I might meet God there,
For it's feeling God near that makes pilots dare.
But to those who doubt, it's only fair
To say that God is everywhere.

Like a gorgeous bird flying over there,
This glider sails on, we know not where.
I know how I'd feel in that situation,
Being quiet o'er Earth would be an inspiration.

Just as when I my first airship found,
I stood there still, upon the ground,
But if it's in air, on land, or sea,
You must find Him first, if with God you'd be.

ETERNITY

Here is what it means to me,
This thing called God's Eternity,
The words, the deeds, the sights and sounds,
The ocean dashing in its bounds,
Waves ever breaking on the shore,
Each one an echo of that before.

Time past returns to Eternity,
Whence it had come from yesterday;
So thus all past returns to God
Our eternal home where saints have trod,
The future yet to God belongs,
Silent, it's not yet heard Earth's songs.

The song of God's love through the years,
Is now faintly heard by human ears
In the song of a child in grasses deep,
Or his mother's song when she puts him to sleep,
Or the bird that sang sweetly in a day long past—
Their songs in memory will eternally last.

The sunset's glow, though its brightness fades,
The sunrise climbing from pale dawn shades,
The rainbow's rays, gleaming colors these hold,
At its end, men say, is a pot of gold.
The trees and flowers of earth, when they fade
Will all re-bloom above in Heaven's glade.

So great or small, whate'er it may be,
Whether past or to come, is God's Eternity.
But the way men can color our Earth as a bower,
Is to live as God asks during each hour.
If memory or thought of the future it be,
All these are a part of Eternity.

The wind that blew, the storm that's o'er,
The love of friends who have gone on before,
All music's a beauty that time can't outdo,
While the memory of it is lasting and true.
The moon's radiant beauties, its rays' shining bars,
When it's night, I see God behind the stars.

If it's word, thought, or deed, whate'er it may be
Once over, it's part of the great heavenly sea;
Its space we can't measure, so great is God's love,
Some day we all hope to meet God above.
So thank God for every blessing you see,
Thus your life will shine bright through Eternity.

SO LONG, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

"So long to you President Roosevelt,"
I do wish to reverently say,
Now I put it down in this fashion
As I hope we may meet there some day.

If it's true that great souls meet each other
When they get to the heavenly shore,
Then I'm sure that you, President Roosevelt,
Will meet those who have gone on before.

Then, if there you should meet little children
I am sure your smile always would be
Just as friendly as ever your greeting
Here among us on earth used to be.

I think you would gather the children
As Jesus did call them of yore
Though you'd be just as friendly to grown-ups
As you'd been to them always before.

I will greet you some time, somehow
When we meet on God's estate
For I know you'll bid me welcome
When I enter heaven's gate.

So as in our hymn it is written
"Good night here but good morning there,"
Then instead of "farewell" said in sadness
Your "welcome" will answer my prayer.

On the day when you left us forever
Deep sorrow o'ershadowed each soul
For we feared that your hopes for our country
Would surely fall short of the goal.

Yet we pray that the love of our country
May increase as you'd wish it to do;
While recalling your spirit and wisdom
We gain courage to help her, anew.

I recall, when my life becomes troubled,
How you carried your burden of pain;
That your patience made weakness an asset
Has inspired me again and again.

The fact that God summoned you thither
Proves He feels that your task is now done
Though we grieve that you can't see the outcome
When the Peace which you lived for is won.

But the best of yourself is still living,
For your courage and faith become ours
While treading the road where you led us
We come nearer to heavenly powers.

Though your death has brought grief to our nation
Yet your praises men ever will tell;
May you, God and I meet in heaven
So we need say no final farewell.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

One morning I woke at daybreak,
And saw from my window afar,
Above in the darkened heavens
The light of one single star.

I thought then of the Wise Men,
And the journey they made afar,
How they were guided to Jesus,
By the light of a single Star.

Do any know which star they followed,
That led to Jesus, God's Lamb,
Which guided them forth in the darkness,
Straight to Jesus in Bethlehem?

Then I also thought in wonder,
Has that Star now vanished away,
Or could it be that I'm blest to see
The same Star that led them, today?

THREE THANKSGIVINGS

This was one day, originally,
But now our victories make it three,
So today it resembles God's Trinity,
For in both are three parts, all can see.

The first of these, as we translate,
Is the victory in Europe we celebrate;
Then, with even more joy, if any can,
There is our victory over Japan.

Then our Thanksgiving as first set
For surely our gratitude lives on yet;
Although, for different reasons, we say,
Each of these is a Thanksgiving Day.

Yes, men thank men, that is very true,
But we must not forget to thank God, too;
It's easy a "thank you" once to say,
Though we have cause to thank God each day.

This is more true than most can see,
But all can thank God on these set three;
We could thank God for His help that day,
And the day's blessings when next we pray.

So it's well to remember, I would say,
At night, the blessings of the past day,
Now all today your hearts should search,
For love and thanks constitute the Church.

It's not the church of stone or wood,
But the Church of love and thanks that's stood;
In men's love for each other gratitude begins,
Then, after thanks to Him, God lifts our sins.

These are, as I said, the big three,
But if possible, I'd thank God constantly:
Too, when we're happy doing good
It pleases God when we do as we should.

Each day, each hour, that we are living,
We can thank God for something He's giving;
So, not one or three in a year of living,
But life could be one long Thanksgiving.

BLESSINGS

I do not need to leave my home,
Oh, God, to find daily blessing,
I do not need afar to roam,
Life then would be depressing.

Some stand as if for battle waiting,
While others get a lot that's grating;
Some seek their blessings, far to roam,
I find my dearest ones at home.

I don't need an airplane for pleasures up high,
I find joy in flowers, right close by,
Some seek the stars of the evening sky,
While I find blessings that are very nigh.

The joy I get in the wild birds' song,
Or watching Mr. Squirrel run along;
The joy of gathering clover gay,
I feel some blessing returned each day.

The roses near my doorway, the pansies so gay,
These bloom in the garden, I see them each day;
Big peonies and lilies add colorful ray,
These are in our garden, they bless every day.

The roses, they are another blessing, too,
They teach purity's creed, being lovely and true;
My joy is not spent when I shut my door,
In a life of blessings, I keep finding more.

Yes, food and drink are blessings, too,
As to the rose is the early dew;
Clothes or furnishings count no less,
So each good in our lives is a blessing, I guess.

Now with blessings like these I need never roam,
Since God's in their midst, it's truly my home.
Daddy's blessing my house has helped me more
To please God at home as never before.

HAPPINESS

The birds are singing in the trees,
The butterfly is on the breeze;
I hear the hum of swarming bees,
All joys of spring in these man sees.

I feel a strange new sense of joy,
Everyone can own it, be it girl or boy,
It wouldn't take long to know it's happiness,
If asked, I'd name it so, I guess.

The trees are dressed in summer sheen,
Brightest right after rain, they're seen;
Most of the beauty in Nature seen
Includes soft shades of blue and green.

The ocean looks happy from far away,
Like a long blue-green ribbon, we may say.
Nearer we see waves, or feel its sprays,
My hours near the ocean were my happiest days.

To sit and sew, to write or to read,
They all hold a place in my happiness creed;
All that I do for another's need
I am happy to do when called to indeed.

I'm happy if I am cleaning my home,
I'm so happy there I ask not to roam;
I can be happy here, my joy will not rust,
The pleasures of home I can always trust.

Besides earth's joys, as one may guess,
To friendship's call, I answer yes;
Here are some ways to love and bless,
For 'tis God's own gift, our true happiness.

"I Will Arise and Go To My Father"

MY FATHER

Oh, dearest Father, come nearer to me,
That we together in spirit may be
When we can't meet to say or hear it,
We can always meet in spirit.

As I went to church, among roses and bees,
There came near the sweet scent of peonies,
While voices of birds were Nature's choirs,
And breezes played hymns upon their lyres.

On this glad day I thought of you,
As leaves and daisies softly blew.
In the haunts of Nature, or in the blue sky
There's no place I know where God seems more nigh.

As we two walked along the beach,
Many a lesson to me you'd teach;
Now, as a singer, I can gladden your days,
Or as the poet, brighten life's rays.

In the haunts of Nature, sea, or land,
Let us meet in spirit, hand in hand;
Since I've dwelt with Nature, God seems more true:
I've gained this bliss through love of you.

"Yea, brother, let me have joy of thee in the Lord"

JIM AND THE ORGAN

Oh, come, my beloved brother,
Come touch those keys for me,
Wherein lies that wondrous music,
Which calls God's world nearer to be.

Oh, sit you down at the organ,
And recall those lost chords to me,
For its notes have a marvelous beauty,
Which you only can call to be.

Oh, remember those tones of splendor,
Along with God's words of love;
Oh, think of that world beyond us,
That City four-square above.

Pray raise your hands to the organ,
And call forth those hymns you see,
For that music hath far more than echoes
And sadness to leave with me.

As I sit by the ocean, resting,
And watch that majestic sea,
I think of you and your organ,
And the love they recall to me.

Oh, think of the inspiration,
The help and nearness to God,
Remember the silence broken
Only by the notes you have trod.

A touch of its soothing beauty,
When loaned to these of God,
Will call many souls from destruction,
Into paths which Christ hath trod.

Dear Brother, do you not feel it
In those tremulous sounds of love?
As I step toward that world of music,
Heavenly thoughts surge in from above.

Remember my love for music,
And my prayer that love may reign,
Remember each friendly echo,
And call forth those chords again.

As I sit and recall to my memory
Those thoughts of music and thee,
Pray recall to your own loved memories,
That great organ's sweet chords, and me.

Dedicated to my Brother Jim

BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU

Not just the things you did for me,
Things I could hear and things I could see,
But I know that this is always true,
I love you both because you're you.

I love you deeper than words can say,
Not just for clothes or a shopping day,
But with all you have done, it still is true,
I love you most because you are you.

I am so grateful for what you've done,
Put joy in my life, and added to my fun,
Others can buy me clothes, it is true,
But nobody else is truly you.

Others can take me on trips if they wish,
To dine on mushrooms, ice cream, and fish,
Others may warn me, "do", or "don't do",
I still love you best because you're you.

Where I am now, no wishes o'erlooked,
It's as if my desires had all been booked,
I am happy each day, yes, this is quite true,
But I couldn't love anyone better than you.

Of course, we love those who love us most,
That has been proved from coast to coast,
With children or parents, 'tis just as true,
I'll love you most, just because you're you.

I love each friend in a different way,
With a love that to him seems best to pay,
Tho I love you most, as you know is true,
I tell each, "I love you thus because you're you"

BIBLES OF THE BRAIN

There are many printed books
Of the Bible, which men read,
Tales of kings, their acts and looks,
And of Jesus' life and creed.
So much for these, as kings did reign,
But for the ones most treasured,
These are the Bibles of the brain,
Whose extent none ever measured.
The little joyful words you hear,
The things you see with happiness,
When you recall that God is near,
Birds and flowers are here, oh, yes.
Any pleasant sight, now a memory,
That's joy to relive again,
Any music heard, or friend to see,
Are other Bibles of the brain.
All the blessings which on us are set,
Our freedom, too, from want and fear,
Knowing your dear ones won't you forget,
These are memories that make them seem near.
When we name them over in this way,
Each doth his own provide,
What another is thinking, who can say?
One can't for another decide.
In print, of books there are many a score,
But in Bibles of the brain,
You will find there are a great many more,
For each is a joy to read again.
Each of these fits well into place,
Even out on the rocks or sod,
These will fit into any size or space—
Are not men temples of God?
So with all our blessings and pleasure
It should not be a strain,
While we hold our memory's treasure
In our own loved Bibles of the brain.

EACH DAY A NEW WHITE PAGE

Each day I think of as a spotless page,
Given me to record my calm or rage.
I like to keep such leaves unstained, I say,
By doing or saying nothing wrong that day.

That is my part, but it's also true,
My page can be stained by others, too;
In God's record of me, none can spoil it that way,
But on my own page, others have spoiled my day.

I try to keep my share as spotless white,
But even that won't make others' wrongs right.
What I like best in recording a day
Is to recall no mean words I or others did say.

Think not that sunshine need mark your way,
You can make just as white any rainy day.
When we both give sunshine with what we do and say,
It can be sin-free, and thus a white-page day.

GOD'S CREATIONS

I see a poem in all God's creations,
Some day again there may be love among nations;
I am seeking men's words—could these lift such care?
Not alone, but use God's own cure—'tis prayer.

SHAKE UP YOUR THOUGHTS

When I see someone his thoughts did let
Dim and dusty before him get,
"Shake up your thoughts," to him I say,
"Twill help to restore them again today!"

Then I add, "If they do not do it now,
I'll do it for them, showing them how;
So they'd better get busy," thus I say,
"If they'd wish to restore them in a gentle way."

Most folks can distinguish a weed from a rose,
But few have the wit to think or suppose
That if each took the time to change his mind,
He could appear more pleasant and kind.

I shake up my thoughts when, after awhile,
They seem to have stacked in a stagnant pile.
Anyone can say, 'tis a truth I tell you,
Mine need shaking up if I'm cross or blue.

Two ways I have learned to right thoughts find;
One is repeating hymn words in my mind.
There are times when set words go astray,
Then, thinking of flowers is my other way.

It isn't as hard as it seems, you will find,
To replace mean thoughts with ones that are kind.
Be it hymns or flowers, I always find
I can't ever sleep, disturbed in my mind.

Perhaps yours, too, need a little shake,
When you are first beginning to wake;
I tell you, friend, your answer's there,
Just tell God about it in a prayer.

When you come back, saying, "I don't care, anyway,"
Just ask God to change your thoughts when you pray;
I've heard some don't know the help of prayer,
But my strength is knowing God is ever there.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR

"Greetings, New Year," said the fading Old Year,
"We meet only in passing, soon I'll not be here;"
"Then meet me on the next," the New Year replied:
"No, that cannot be," the Old Year sighed.

"For when you grow old, as I've grown to be,
You'll scarcely be able to remember me;
Just as it was last New Year, you see—
I scarcely remember poor old Forty-Three.

"So now take while you may any good in me,
And hold it forever in memory;
Take the good to remember, that is divine,
Thus doing will help you, as others helped mine.

"Take not such memories as the wrong that men say,
Or your disappointment, because it rained that day;
But take the glad memories, 'the Happy, the True,'
All these last will be a great help to you.

"Don't carry my woes into your new day,
For then I, the Old Year, will be gone away;
Carry memories of me, like a song to sing,
Let joy soar up, like a bird on the wing.

"But with God's help, New Year, you will see
You can help mankind to happier be;
Now practice this lesson all your months through,
Then when you're my age, the world will thank you.

"Knowledge can teach us some things are true,
While experience teaches of other facts, too;
But that is today's, our work and our plan,
While memory's lamp is God's gift to man.

"Teach him to trim it, and burn it bright,
To recall only good by the aid of its light;
Kind words and deeds reflected here
Will help to add joy to the coming year.

"So recall the good without the bad,
And remember the happy without the sad,
So recall not wrong things, then all can see,
Put to its ordained purpose, God's lamp of memory."

Then said the New Year, "Yes, this is true,
But where am I called upon to act anew?"
Said the Old Year, "Help people more good to see,
For each deed done in you reflected will be.

"To a New Year like you that's just starting its road
Few rules can be handed to lighten the load;
Except let the mistakes of your yesterday
Help you add improvement to your today.

"But how long we have talked," the Old Year said,
"You had best be advancing to what lies ahead;
For I'll soon be returned to Eternity's sphere,
My time is fast fleeting; my ending draws near."

"I give you my thanks," the New Year replied,
"I shall do all you bid, with your words as my guide;
Farewell, and God keep you," the New Year said,
But he heard no reply, for the Old Year was dead.

THE BOOK OF MEMORY

Many things we hear, and many more we see,
Some are in your own book of memory;
All that has happened, each thing seen or heard,
Are written in this book, yes, every word.

But we needn't recall past wrongs or fuss,
Nature will put such in the unconscious;
We don't want past woes recalled to us,
Wrongs of the past no one wants to discuss.

The part of this book that we can see,
Is the chapter named as "Consciously."
We may pick from this any joy we see,
To record in our own book of memory.

Let's seek all the joy-bits, and forget the sad,
To recall its joys later will indeed be glad;
You may tell another what you did see,
So he, too, may share your glad memory.

Friends, don't you agree that it is true,
No one should record the wrongs others do?
Using kindness and tact, then there can be
No word you'll regret in your book of memory.

A number I've met have done just this,
To hear their memories is no less than bliss;
I've met quite a few who can make joy be,
Thus I read no woes in their books of memory.

I am now trying to keep my own glad,
Though I need to learn how, after the past I've had;
But in these later years many things I see,
That will shine like stars in my memory.

So, you ask me, but what things to you prove best?
I reply, those you wish to record are the test.
No one else can advise you here, you see,
No one knows what you want in your book of memory.

You have lived all the joy, though also the woe,
But from memory's record you can let sadness go.
If others can share in your joy, you can see,
They, too, can keep glad books of memory.

II

"HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF THY GLORY"

THE RAINBOW

I love the joy of a bright rainbow,
To see its lovely colors glow;
I think, then, too, of sunset hours,
I too recall life's growing flowers.

I wonder where is its other end,
It seems to me some circle, friend,
Of beaming blossoms in God's glade,
God's shining rainbow doth not fade.

We see its colors pale, more dim,
Upon our human vision's whim,
But I think that many still don't know
Forever lives God's bright rainbow.

We all draw colors from its lot,
While none yet found its golden pot,
Or perhaps it's Jesus' own paint-box;
Unused by Man, it needs no locks!

CLOUD BLANKETS

Have you seen the blankets of Mr. Sun,
How at dawn he awakes in a bright rosy one?
It first seems grey with a yellowish edge,
Then turns pinker, as it reaches the horizon ledge.

Have you noticed when Mr. Sun sets,
That most of the color then dimmer gets?
His blankets look washed to white or gray,
Before he uses them again next day.

GOD'S PAINT BOX

God, the great Artist, has painted his world,
With beauty around the picture curled,
So variety's flag unfurled is seen,
In beautiful colors, on shaded green.

E'en a rocky mountain of dull, cold tone,
God's given a beauty all its own,
Even a field of dead grass, 'tis true,
Has bits of green—new grass peeping through.

Such joy I live, and re-live, as I think
Of His lilies, some white, some yellow, some pink.
On barren mountain paths, men say,
God's painted flowers, bright and gay.

How could a bare hillside, as many think,
Stay dreary, filled with flowers of pink?
Thus, any view in Nature one sees
Becomes the lovelier with flowers through the trees.

I could not forget what the rainbow told,
Men say at one end is a pot of gold;
I think that God here keeps His paint-box hid,
Well filled with colors, when He lifts the lid.

God must be busy, with so much painting to do,
In skies and oceans His shades to review.
If God cut a pattern for each leaf to be,
He'd be too busy to paint them, it seems to me.

But as God has the truest, surest power,
Each tree is ready at His appointed hour.
But though these are lovely, they are not all—
God's painted more beauties, I can now recall.

The birds that fly o'er us into the sky,
The silver gleam of rivers flowing by,
Beyond our wild life our gardens grow,
Without God's thought, none of these could Earth know.

Perhaps God's favorite color is green,
Since He has made so much of it to be seen;
I like to think of green's meaning rest,
Where hearts speak to God, thus being blest.

There's beauty in the shades of blue on high,
Clear written, when God thus paints the sky,
Another way God paints the heavens bright,
Is in contrast of stars 'gainst the darkness of night.

The green of young corn, the tan of grain,
God's painted with brushes of sun and rain,
And when the harvest time draws near
He tints with yellow the ripened ear.

On animals, too, God His colors has tried,
From the bee on the wing, to the horse men ride.
Just as flowers are not all of one hue,
God has applied this to His creatures, too.

First I thought of colors, then of actual things,
As one sees a bird fly, then notes its bright wings.
When thinking how differently color shades glow,
I see better the beauty God's given below.

Fleecy clouds grow radiant in the sun,
An individual beauty seen in each one.
Now I've named many places where God's colors abide,
Without His thought, naught endures life's tide.

THE BLUE CLOUD BABY

Last night in cloud pictures I saw something new,
The first shape it made there was a fat, laughing baby,
All made of one cloud, and that cloud was blue,
With a blue teddy-bear, of the same cloud, maybe.

I saw the baby, as he lay there,
While a friend told me what he did see;
This was when he told me of the bear,
But the baby was of more interest to me.

It was such fun to see the baby try
To kick his legs, and wave his arms, too,
Poking his fist into his eye,
With each new breeze, as it softly blew.

We didn't look for changes to see,
Though this picture was moved, as the clouds blew,
Thus born of clouds shaped differently,
Just as in moon movies this proves true.

He lay on his stomach, and a blanket, too,
While he seemed very glad and gay,
So, of course, he lay on a blanket of blue,
For the picture was painted that way.

"I am so happy," I feel he would say,
"Though I've no mother to love her son,
I'm happy, just because it's today,
But I have a Father, and you have the same One.

"I guess you can tell to Whom I'm given,
Who will always give me His tender love,
The Father I mean is our God in Heaven,
Who will finally take all to His home above."

DAY

I love the sunshine and the flowers,
I'd work or play through all its hours,
I love the trees with needles or leaves,
I love the meadows with golden sheaves.

As day dawns, we may view bright skies,
Though, as hours progress, hardships arise.
Each day has its duties, perhaps a surprise,
While some are less calm, I don't ask otherwise.

In daylight, man quarrels with his friends;
'Tis not until night he comes to friendly ends;
While the sun is shining and the birds are gay,
I'd want to act my kindest, while it still is day.

To those who do wrong, night is not a balm,
For, haunted with fear, rest cannot be calm.
Those who've tried to do right in the paths they've trod
Sleep in calm, peaceful rest, hand in hand with God.

NIGHT

I love the restful time called night,
When the moon and stars give light;
While sleep cuts off our sorrows' might,
The peace when God comes into sight.

Besides rest, I've time to think aright,
'Tis then, in the darkness of the night,
I meditate, and regain sight
My inspirations come their best at night.

A SUMMER'S DAWN

Have you seen the earth on a summer's dawn?
'Tis a sight really lovely to look upon,
When all its greens are bathed in mist,
And all its flowers by dew are kissed.

The birds are now singing in the trees,
And we catch a taste of a cool June breeze,
We may hear a cricket, or perhaps a linnet,
On a day with all charm and beauty in it.

At dawn I know best past woes do flee,
That today will that much happier be;
Also this is one time when the road I've trod,
Has brought me where I can hold hands with God.

Not the kind of a prayer where I say every word,
But the kind God gives when we let Him be heard;
But dawn's not the only time I have thus trod,
For in each sign of beauty, I again meet God.

SEASONAL CHANGES ON INDIAN HILL

*Here is Indian Hill at varied seasons,
The poem itself will explain my reasons.*

Spring

Here in springtime, we see the trees of willow
When the days grow longer, time changes its glow,
To pale green, from its hue of yellow,
Nature changes her dress as the days swiftly go.

The grasses are greener, and flowers appear,
What a world of beauty I've found here,
Though the violets here are too small to be seen,
Under their coverlet of springtime green.

Summer

Roses bloom here beneath the pine,
But their beauty's no greater than roses of mine;
Then, at sunset, as I feel a cool breeze,
When shadows lengthen, shades change among its trees.

A man has his garden here, so I can know
His flowers in their season all add to its glow;
Once, its beauty glowed above and below,
In the shining colors of a bright rainbow.

Autumn

Now the leaves change again to colorful hue,
The grasses redden and turn brown, too:
Pine trees stand here, as if earth to tell
Some daily word, as would a sentinel.

When leaves have fallen, you can know
The beauty from here of the sunset glow;
The sight I see I always admire,
'Tis as if the rocks here had caught fire.

Winter

In winter this is often white,
But every sunset makes it bright;
The sunset in changing colors doth glow,
Reflected to me here on some nearby snow.

Another change, in a second form
Is Nature's diamonds after an ice storm;
When these as many jewels glow,
In doubled brightness, we see the sun show.

*Now that you've read this, you can clearer see
Indian Hill as a place of beauty to me.*

NATURE'S SHADED GREENS

It seems marvelous to me to see so much green,
Yet all that is nature's has a very soft sheen,
In nature there are so many colors everywhere,
She plans all her pictures with beauty and care.
So it's always restful to watch shades agree,
Just as seeing leaves blowing on a tree,
I love to watch shadows move from tree to tree,
Thus on wooded hillsides, these changing shades I see
Then to the south upon our hill,
The greens change too, as shadows will,
Not but the shades were lovely to be seen,
But nature remembered to shade her green.
Then eastward another hill is seen,
Less steep, we see more shades of green,
Green seems peaceful, giving rest,
Tired eyes that see it then feel truly blest.

THE MORNING-GLORY TREE

Down in Tom's garden is a tree,
Its beauty is borrowed, all can see,
It died, so no charm of its own stood,
We missed its green of leaves as a hood.
Then someone around it planted seeds,
These then filled all the old tree's needs,
Now it's a sight most lovely to see,
We call it the Morning-Glory Tree.
When these flowers blossom, it is then true,
It's like a rainbow with many a hue,
Some of these blossoms are shaded blue,
It also has purple blossoms, too.
Today it's not only of white or pink,
But in at least five glowing hues, I think.
Since such a change has come to be,
Now it's our Morning-Glory Tree!

THE ANNUAL BEE TREE

Last year, the bees chose a tree by our field,
Then we cut it down, so it could nothing yield;
Now we fear this will happen to other trees,
When each in its turn gets used by the bees.

The bee tree which was chosen last year
Was so near our lawn chairs it caused much fear;
But it was a very reasonable thing
To ask to sit where no bees could sting.

Next, the corral is where they are this year,
Causing any who go there bee stings to fear;
If they burned the nest out with a torch,
We'd never need fear bees on the back porch.

They built at the peak of the house-roof, too,
Then they come out each spring to build anew;
That is the time when they come, you see,
To select their chosen annual bee tree.

So look out, friends, and bring your torch,
The bees are building in the roof of my porch.
I have learned how to sit and let them be,
But many could not take them quietly.

There is a real lesson in this, 'tis true,
To never trouble trouble till it troubles you.
It works the same way with the bees, you see,
So if I don't trouble the bees, they don't trouble me.

Then you warn another how dearly you paid
For a chance to sit enjoying the shade;
Then, if you bring a restless friend here,
The bees will sense it, and come too near.

So if you're a person disturbed easily,
I advise you to never sit near a bee tree;
But if you can see them, yet stay your arm,
I can promise the bees will do you no harm.

"The Grass withereth, the Flower fadeth: but the word of our God endureth forever."

THE ROSELEAF FLOOD

I greet this time each passing year,
As each new rosebud blossoms here,
A joyful mission to my sight,
When again return my roses bright.

They speak in crimson over there,
To a tiny plot which else stands bare,
They yearly dress my wee window,
But for them, it brightness could not know.

Men give me of their harvest's rain,
In fruit and vegetables and grain,
While I may give them roses bright,
When roses greet again my sight.

On gift occasions I send flowers,
To add more joy to someone's hours,
For roses call thoughts of the kind
Which soothe and rest a tired mind.

I think Christ often quenched His woes,
Assisted by the beaming rose,
I wonder if the rose floods there
Assisted Christ in His fervent prayer.

Now Daddy dear, I bid you note,
These thoughts of mine are as I wrote,
Unsaid they'd still remain, though true,
But for love of God, the rose, and you.

In Nature's church thus beams each rose,
To me the fairest flower that grows,
While we thus commune and love entwine,
We each pluck one, your rose, now mine.

But even when they pass away,
And Daddy's hair is silver gray,
Each bloom we keep in memory's fold,
Here roseleaf floods can gleam like gold.

So let's recall, where'er we are,
All our roseleaf memories, near or far,
While Nature's rose doth yearly bud,
Time can't wear out our roseleaf flood.

MR. COPPER BEECH

First come with me, I now beseech,
To meet my friend, Mr. Copper Beech.
He came here before the school did, too,
If he could speak, he'd have much to tell you.

Mr. Copper Beech is thriving well,
And loved by all his friends, who tell
Of Choate's events since he first stood
As a small new comer from the wood.

He saw the Hillhouse corner-stone laid,
And the Chapel's consecration made.
'Tis much Mr. Copper Beech has seen
Since he first stood on Choate Campus green.

Now since he came there in his youth,
With Choate he's grown in the glory of truth;
Today with broader view and reach,
We still meet here Mr. Copper Beech.

Then I heard he'd grown taller, of course that's true,
So of course his trunk has grown bigger, too;
'Twas a childhood ambition, that, when grown, I
could reach

My hands round the trunk of Mr. Copper Beech.

But now he is bigger than I can reach to,
For though I've stopped growing, he hasn't, 'tis true;
If I want, with hands meeting, to hug Mr. Copper Beech,
I must call it a hope now beyond my reach.

Now increased both in circumference and might,
In his look of wisdom and majestic height,
Extended toward all he could wish to meet,
From here we may Mr. Copper Beech greet.

The greatest of all those trees who stand near,
Both for size and majesty, he wins here.
Now he's so wise he'd have a lot to teach,
Had this been the profession of Mr. Copper Beech!

NATURE'S DIAMONDS

One morning after sunrise
I saw another gleam,
Nature had just wrapped the trees
In a brightly shining beam.

Each twig and branch was covered
With a crystal icy sheen,
Thus, she spreads her sparkling diamonds
Far o'er the earth to gleam.

The beauty of these is wondrous,
'Tis come again, we say,
The beauty of our tree friends,
While naught is cast away.

Have you ever caught the sight of
The fast increasing beam,
Whilst Nature spreads her diamonds
Around, to brightly gleam?

'Tis only fair to say it,
Of these jewels Nature'd send,
She gives them free by millions,
As if they had no end.

While, as for man-cut diamonds,
Sir, give the price to me,
But Nature gives millions on millions,
And each gem is given free.

I do not dread the winter,
With "Oh dear, I can't keep warm!"
I watch Nature spread her diamonds,
To shine when ends the storm.

Some cannot catch these beauties,
Whilst the cold north wind doth blow,
But he who loves the Master
Doth genuinely know.

The beauty of these jewels,
As to me 'twould surely seem,
Is that they are reality,
Not choice bits from a dream.

The sun, he rises daily,
To cast a friendly beam,
But when Nature spreads her diamonds,
The sun hath a doubled gleam!

MOON MOVIES

On Monday night I went to bed,
Although that goes without being said,
What I saw within the eleventh hour,
That gives my tale its charm and power.

As I lay there without lifting my head,
I saw a line of fiery red,
Then it rose higher, a scarlet ball,
Then it became orange, as in the fall.

Later on, like a torch-light blown out,
It vanished in a cloud about,
Then it returned—its tale fairly sings—
For it had become three golden rings.

I watched it, guided by heavenly powers,
A golden basket of golden flowers.
The wind seemed to upset it, these flowers to chuck,
Soon it became a golden duck.

Now the clouds played again and made a ridge,
Next there appeared a horse on a bridge;
Then 'twas a fisherman on a raft,
When the man returned to mend his shaft.

He lifts a light, before a house he appears,
Stands on its porch with gathering fears,
As he raises a hand with courage to knock,
The clouds change the scene to a golden peacock.

Then the fisherman's lantern again returns,
And "A second lamp in the belfry burns."
From the church the clouds rose as if from a shock,
Only faintly this picture could my vision unlock.

The fisherman returns, the rat bites his line,
Tho each break seems to join, as a branch to a vine,
He holds his lantern as high as he dare,
Within his hand, its shape changes there.

Ere lost to my view, now my sight did unlock
A second view of the golden peacock.
This time he had his tail fully spread,
Revealing his splendor from his tail to his head.

Some would rather I said, "From his head to his tail,"
'Twas his tail I saw first, so that phrase will not fail.
The fisherman returns, his octagon lantern I see,
With its light beaming bright o'er the maple tree.

When it came toward the south, it would be a loss,
Not to say its rays made a golden cross,
The last I saw of it, it shone out bright,
A gleaming cross with a central light.

I must not forget a golden airplane,
When the basket's handle had come to wane,
In that cross the light was not likely to fail,
I believe I saw the true Holy Grail.

It's sad to say, tho it's so, my friend,
That all things begun must also end;
Tho I've seen the moon rise in days of yore,
Ne'er with such beauty have I seen it rise before.

I have seen the moon rise, but never as yet,
Have I come to the time when I've seen it set,
But as the sun, too, doth set and rise,
To hear the moon sets is not a surprise.

But I'd like to see if, when she'd set,
You as wondrous a group of pictures get;
The sun wins his beauty when he sets,
But the moon on rising her beauty gets.

More wondrous than any colored film-roll,
This show of gold my vision thus stole.
Moon movies? Yes, on midnight's screen and rod,
But most wondrous of all, 'twas directed by God.

GOD'S SKY STRIPES

One evening we heard a joyous cry:
"Oh, friends, do come, and look at the sky!"
'Twas after dark, though not very late,
I think the hour was about half-past eight.

First, Tom said, "Agnes, come and see!"
Then she told us what had come to be,
While many discovered that from our field,
Full view of this from there would yield.

So I soon came out to where she did stand,
To see the full picture that was at hand.
Down there, there was nothing to hide a clear view,
While distance in length was gained by it, too.

Now, for how its arrangement was done—
'Twas as lovely as any view of the sun;
From the eastern horizon, it seemed to start,
While in the center, the stripes seemed farther apart.

Then they joined on the western one,
At one center, as at their start they had done;
When each cloud stripe had passed its sphere,
It joined the wide white cloud bank lying near.

Between their stripes, whatever their hue,
Lay clear divisions of deep midnight blue;
All seemed like smooth white ribbons to lie,
In full beauty and glory across the sky.

So much for the scene from a general view,
But the moon stripe's story is different and new;
The moon's in this tale, as we all can see,
So perhaps its more truly a moon movie.

The cloud stripe o'er the moon was, strange to hear,
The only one as a mackerel sky to appear;
The moon shone out, brightening the whole strip,
As if through that cloud it had started to slip.

This strip was aglow with a pink, gold-edged light,
Adding much to its beauty in the course of its flight;
Too, as clearly in this, we could see from afar,
One, then a second, bright golden star.

Thus, the wind had his game with the cloud stripes, too,
While he gave us a picture entirely new.
I couldn't say how long this scene did last,
But I saw an hour later, it had not fully passed.

Men soon tire of the same picture, we know,
So perhaps God gave us a new kind of show;
Unvaried is his screen of deep midnight blue,
But upon it, for variety, God can many things do.

STAR PICTURES

One night I saw stars, when, I can't say why,
I began to see pictures form in the sky.
I wish I'd had longer to gaze at them there,
They seemed to bring God very near, as in prayer.

If I had time and the opportunity,
I could imagine star pictures unlimitedly,
But unfortunately, though true to say,
No one can make such pictures by day.

In making such pictures another difficulty
Is that one often can't tell what he did see,
So when thoughts are that dim, it puts names on the shelf.
How can I tell another, when I can't tell myself?

Such sights or thoughts don't stay on the shelf,
They become conversation between God and myself.
So, though not in clear words, its spirit is caught,
Though the picture's forgotten, I'm with God in thought.

THE VARIED BLACKOUT

I like to see the sunrise
At the start of each new day,
Then life for me begins again
To start me on God's way.

Oh, how I like the dawning,
When I anticipate the day,
Before the words or deeds of Earth
Have time to cloud my way.

Some days God blacks out with a storm
Or eclipse of moon or sun,
But in the natural course of time,
Nights are His usual one.

But when day is past and over,
Only memory's left, 'tis true,
Though clearly you can enjoy it,
While memory keeps it for you.

I can't get up and do things
In the darkness, without lights,
But I guess that's how God wants it,
Though He calls His blackouts nights.

In use of things, God always says,
Out goes Earth's every light,
Here mine keep watch, so God will say,
So planned, each soul stays bright.

This seems the best of ways to me,
God, too, respects men's rights,
Besides, with His stars and His moon,
There really are *some* lights.

Most people know of God's blackouts,
That these came first is right,
In fact, they've been here ever since
God first made day and night.

MY SOUL'S GARDEN

Did you ever hear of the flowers
I raise in my soul's garden plot,
Which direct my mind rightly
To truth in what is or is not?

All down the garden's length,
I have a pathway wide,
With gaily blooming flowers,
Growing up on each side.

A large bed of patience in full flower,
To help me endure in a needed hour,
A bed of hope, ambition, some say,
To encourage my hopes throughout the day.

Then there is a fine climbing courage vine,
That courage, also, may ever be mine;
A little vine called cheerfulness, too,
It runs all over, as vines often do.

And, too, around this, my soul's garden,
Is a fence of set determination,
With posts of perseverance to hold it,
Thus I fence in my garden plantation.

The fence is to keep out the grumbler vine,
It grows thickly around, trying hard to get in;
Outside is a tree like a weeping willow,
It shades my blooms in a darkness like sin.

Sometimes a black bird comes to it and sings,
But it's not a sweet song that with him he brings;
I've a hot bed for smiles, when they must be forced,
But I can pass mine on, they're not endorsed.

The songster outside this garden heard
Is at times the complaining bird;
But inside is the love-bird, singing good will,
With his partner, faith, these I ne'er try to still.

Now what do you think of my garden plot?
Perhaps you'd like a similar lot—
Mine helps me to improve each day,
Yours will help you in this same way.

MEMORY'S GARDEN

The flowers from earth have passed away,
They're transplanted to memory gardens, they say;
Like the Easter lily once given to me,
And the water-lilies I used to see.

Not only lilies in my memory's garden grow,
There are dandelions and other weeds I know;
I love daisies, too, in Nature's show,
How often daisy picking I used to go!

Then before the daisies, came buttercups gay,
We picked those for Mother every day;
And when Grandpa died, one day, in brief,
Our florist made our buttercups into a wreath.

Then Daddy said later, when buttercups are gone,
He felt sure these buttercups, going on and on,
Would blossom and re-blossom heavenly soil upon,
In that beautiful Heaven, where his father had gone.

There no flower will fade, so never fear it,
For there they are named our blossoms of spirit;
Earth's flowers are lovely, they arouse many smiles,
But it's the blossoms in character that gain us the miles.

Here we see what once was reality,
The flowers we've seen again seem to be;
There are the flowers of character for those who will hear it,
These are the ones called flowers of the spirit.

How I cherish in that memory's garden of mine
Those lavender blossoms on our wisteria vine;
(But that all wisteria's lavender isn't right,
It is also as lovely when purple or white).

Another way I did such a vine see,
Was as it grew round an old dead tree;
This tree held no beauty of its own,
But the vine growing round it great beauty did loan.

And lilies of the valley in memory I see
In many places beneath many a tree;
They bloom by churches, in gardens, on the wall,
In other places—oh, I couldn't count them all!

I couldn't end this, but what I could again see
The beautiful blossoms of our magnolia tree,
Then forget-me-nots, and many a violet,
Are in my memory's garden yet.

In memory's garden, bouquets bigger get,
When these of earth leave me, I'll have flowers yet,
What matter if I build the character way,
Or for memory's garden, or a bigger bouquet?

But the flowers of spirit no man can share,
Each must grow his own, but that's not unfair,
Though with those we love we seem to hear it,
God has spoken to me through my flowers of spirit.

Maybe it's dear Mother, perhaps dear Daddy,
Who helped to plant that flower in me;
Though others try this, my parents are most near it,
When with them both, I grow roses in spirit.

Now of earthly flowers, 'tis needless to say
I've made poems about them before today;
But when God speaks out so I can hear it,
His voice I hear best from my flowers of spirit.

THE SEA OF MEMORY

Poems, songs, and prayers,
All good I hear or see,
Sail like little boats,
Bringing their cargoes to me.

For treasured little thoughts
I have the only key
To open up this secret door,
Which leads to memory's sea.

By miles it is not measured,
This could never be,
For no man can measure
The extent of memory.

I think of Eternity,
Whose size one can't see,
No more than God's love
Can one measure memory.

III

"O LORD, THOU PRESERVEST MAN AND BEAST"

I WONDER WHAT ANIMALS JESUS MET

I wonder what animals Jesus met
While He lived on our earth below,
His story at birth tells of the cow He met,
And He heard the oxen low.

The horses neighed, and the asses brayed,
Where Him in the manger His mother laid,
I think there was a dog which near by sat,
Though I never heard this said of a cat.

Of course, God knew and met them all
At the time of Creation when they grew at His call.
Too, Noah met almost as many, we find,
When he called to his Ark beasts of every kind.

Creatures God saw, like the dinosaur,
When Jesus came these were gone long before.
I can't believe Noah God's favor could win
By taking these his Ark within.

God did not condemn the dinosaur,
But I think its existence was ages before.
I guess Jesus, too, the camel met,
When before Him their gifts the Wise Men set.

Among Bible animals naught we see
Tells the elephant had come to be.
Now, as I look, I find it also as true
That we find unmentioned the kangaroo.

These two may have come into Noah's ark then,
But if they had, there'd be little space for men.
Of the cat, I believe he was pretty wild,
Until into men's homes beguiled.

In Jesus' time, I think 'twas true that
Every cat living was a wild cat;
Today we don't try to pet beasts of the wood,
And since cats were wild, I don't think He would.

I see nothing wrong about the porcupine,
He would have fitted into the Ark just fine.
He wasn't too big, nor would he throw quills,
With Jesus or Noah, he'd obey their wills.

The skunk Noah called to the Ark anyway,
For it's true there are plenty of them today.
What he did for insects, I'm not sure men know,
Though the fly still remains, and the mosquito.

Then Jesus' home in Palestine,
Is a place where birds are many and fine,
They glow in colors lovely to behold,
They sing songs glad as any tale told.

The sheep and lambs He knew them well,
Such about them the Bible does tell.
We all remember when one went astray,
Whom Jesus would seek by night or by day.

Under the birds there would be the goose,
Were these then tamed, or flying wild and loose?
When I've named others, it now comes to me,
To wonder if Jesus e'er saw a monkey.

If Jesus saw them as they swung on a bough,
Wouldn't He be surprised to see them now?
Mr. Monkey wearing a suit, shoes, and hat,
Playing a hand-organ too, earning money at that!

The bear or antelope could have crossed His road,
With passing cheer to lighten His load,
But I can't think He could love these when it's told
That such beasts stole lambs from Jesus' own fold.

I am glad that Jesus knew animals so,
For He can then the better know
Of my great love of animals, too,
Through His own experience, loving and true.

THE MOVIE DOG AND THE RADIO CAT

Amber Jack sat on a chair—just so,
Thinking, while he listened to a radio,
"I heard the meow of another cat,
Though I cannot see him, for all that!"

Tony sees a dog on the movie screen,
Then says, "Bow-wow! What does this mean?
Oh, Master Tom, do tell me today,
Why screen dogs, too, can't bow-wow say!"

Since Tony could the dog clearly see,
"Why," Amber Jack asks, "is it not so for me?"
But here is the joke that neither could know,
One saw a movie—the other heard a radio!

Now it's come to the date when movies talk, we see,
While many look forward to television to be.
When this comes to pass, then pictures will talk,
We'll hear men's voices while we see them walk.

But until these wonders more fully may be,
Amber Jack or Tony will still hear and see,
For as dog and cat they can't possibly know
That one saw a movie, the other heard a radio.

Amber Jack sputtered and bristled his tail,
For all his inquiries proved to fail;
But Amber Jack and Tony agree that
They'll get even some day with that dog and that cat!

LOOKING-GLASS CATS

For at least an hour, Amber Jack sat,
Staring straight at the mirror cat;
'Twas as if he'd played a game to bid,
While the mirror cat did all he did.

It took him awhile to fully see
That he was the pattern and the copy;
If ever there lived a conceited cat,
I'm sure Amber Jack is exactly that.

AMBER JACK, THE POET

When I make a poem, to make lines neater,
I read it to Amber Jack, he improves its meter;
You see, he purrs in perfect time,
So thus I write a better rhyme.

I feel it's really quite a boon,
That Amber Jack can keep a tune,
If I sing, or tune in on my radio,
Amber Jack can purr in time, just so.

His even purr helps me meters to perfect,
When I follow Amber Jack, my meter is correct.
If talent were catching as the diseases we see,
Amber Jack may have caught poetry from me!

AMBER JACK'S PRAYER

When I said my own, he seemed to stare,
I wonder if he knew mine was a prayer,
Only that mine were several prayers,
But I don't think Amber Jack really cares.

If he said words, they'd probably be,
"Thank you, God, that my life is happy,
Thank you for food, for love, and for care,
And especially bless Helen and Elizabeth there.

"If I may dare it, will you hear a cat pray?
Have you wondered, God, what I'd like to say?
I thank you, too, for a nice place to stay,
And because I made someone happy today.

"I ask not more from future's cast,
Only continue my blessings past.
Yes, I wish well to most of Earth's men,
But bless those I asked you, e'en bless them again.

"Now it's like talking to an old friend,
I knew not before 'twould be harder to end.
For my warm fur coat, I thank you, then,
Since I've thanked you in trust, I will say Amen!"

AMBER JACK ON THE KEYS

Amber Jack plays the piano by ear,
Or another way this fact could be put
Is that he, being without human hands,
Hears by ear, though he plays by foot.

I don't think he knows how to play,
Though he may have a musical ear,
For when he plays it in this way,
It's apt to be discords we hear.

If he, in his walk up and down the keys,
A few pleasant chords thus struck,
It wasn't his musical genius, I'd say,
But entirely due to his good luck.

THE BANJO CAT

One evening, while playing cards, I sat,
When I heard a strange sound made by my cat,
Like a drum, drum, drumming, the sound did go,
So my friend said, "Hear him play his banjo!"

To play one our way needs hands 'tis true,
But to play Amber Jack's way, his feet will do.
In what an odd position we'd have to be put,
To play a banjo with two feet, or one foot!

THE AMBER JACK FIRE DRILL

We had a fire drill, some weeks back,
The one ahead was Amber Jack;
No one called him, but he just seemed to know
That Cush's call was a signal to go;
Amber Jack now responds of his own free will,—
Would your cat do that if there were a fire drill?

THE CAT WHO NEVER GREW UP

Amber Jack never grew up the emotional way,
And so he's still my baby today;
He grew up normally, according to size,
As the length of his tail, or the green of his eyes.

But he's a real baby, in the sense that I see
That he has never grown up, still proves to be.
He loves to be held, his dish tipped and backed,
He is my baby, and that is a fact.

I adopted him, because he my affection beguiled,
I don't say I'm his mother, but I call him my child.
I've fed and helped him in many a way,
So now he's my baby, while together we stay.

I get lots of pleasure from my kitty child,
I don't fondle the other cat, he is so wild.
Amber Jack is the same cat, I wish people to know,
As in "The Cat's Shadow", and my "Kitty Radio".

THE CAT WHO FORGOT TO PURR

Less and less often I hear him purr—
He used to, whenever I stroked his fur;
I seldom, if ever, hear him purr now,—
Does a cat to do this ever forget how?

He hasn't forgotten how to loudly meow,
But to purr, it seems he has forgotten how:
Now, if I stroke him, he waves his tail hard,
And if I let him, he runs into the yard.

My affection for him has never dropped,
But I think his for me has almost stopped.
When most cats are fed, or you stroke their fur,
They, unlike Amber Jack, will usually purr.

Once in a while he purrs so now,
I hear him purr, so he still knows how;
Though many more times his tail will sway,
But that is what's done when he's angry, they say.

Why should he ever be angry or mad,
When I only wished to his joy to add?
So now I see his manners are crude,
For to not purr when pleased, in a cat is rude.

PURRING IN TIME

Amber Jack's purr always helps me
To make better rhythm and rhyme,
Because his purr is as even
As a metronome beating the time.

He purrs as he dozes, or when food he may see,
But when rhyming, his reason makes no difference to me,
Though he doesn't say words in prose or rhyme,
No one can deny that he purrs in time.

As he sleeps on my bed, he will softly purr,
Which calms my thoughts when they get in a stir.
I once lay awake for hours many and long,
Now I go to sleep promptly, hushed by his song.

Now at night he helps me get my full rest,
While if I am rhyming, he improves on my best.
If I'm cleaning house, or write, or sew,
I work best in Amber Jack's company, you know.

YOU PURR, AND I'LL PRAY

One night when I knelt down to pray,
Amber Jack kept walking in my way;
I wouldn't mind if he purred only,
But walking's forbidden so near to me.

I told him that God all language knew,
So he could purr a prayer beside me, too;
That God would accept, it was surely true,
For God accepts all prayers, old or new.

Next, I said, "Don't get in my way,
When fanned by your tail, how can I pray?
Now you sit down and purr, over there,
Then I can really say my prayer.

"To purr a prayer's all right for a cat,
But God would be sorry if I only did that,
So sit over there, don't come my way,
Now sit and purr yours, for I want to pray."

Well, it's hard to believe, but my desire came,
Amber Jack sat down, though he purred all the same;
He's an intelligent cat, I think to this day,
Thus, undisturbed, I was able to pray.

THE CAT'S SHADOW

The cat jumped on the bed—just so,
His coat was one of stripped yellow,
He looked, but another stared him back,
This one was clad in dullest black.
The first one sniffed and puffed his tail,
But all his searching proved to fail,
Now you will see what he could not know
That the dull black cat was his own shadow.

MY KITTY RADIO

Amber Jack, as you likely know,
Is my own kitty radio;
I've just to stroke his smooth, soft fur,
And he'll begin right then to purr.
He purrs so as to let me know
That he is there, and won't elsewhere go;
Amber Jack has no dial, you know,
For he's a cat, not a radio.
I never fear this lasting too long,
For sleep automatically turns off his song.
I haven't learned it all, word by word,
But his song is pleasing, whene'er it's heard.
Some people can soothing music play,
But they may get rude by the end of a day,
In Amber Jack's song there is never a loss,
For I've never seen him get really cross.
Now while his fur Amber Jack's shedding so,
He is like the grass that Mickey would mow,
Except Mickey rakes the grass in heaps,
While Amber Jack sheds wherever he sleeps.
Tom puts him out with a sharp word, "Go!"
I am so sorry he doesn't know
How soothing, when one accepts it so,
It is to have a kitty radio!

IV

"TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON:
A TIME TO WEEP AND A TIME TO LAUGH"

UNNATURAL NAMES

It's funny what some names express,
Like a "heel" of bread, or a "cake" of soap,
Or a "deck" of cards, fifty-two, no less,
For any game with them I do hope.

On a real ship, "deck" would not be made
Of paper or cardboard, I feel,
Any more than we'd make our playing cards
Of hard, unbending wood or steel.

Also, the Major quite forgot
The "heel" was really one of bread,
When "Come to heel, upon the spot,"
To his dog Jip he once had said.

I haven't heard of soapy ducks,
But I have heard of Ducky Soap;
Too, I have heard, "What doggy meat!"
But a meaty dog is what we eat.

Some don't know this for a fact,
So when you ask for a hot dog,
Remember on my advice to act,
It's really a piece of a pig, or hog.

Enjoy your meal, if it's a hot dog,
But don't say, "How is it a hog?"
I tried your trick, I like your dog,
But I spent my money in a fog."

DISTANT TRAVELS, THE RADIO WAY

How many places have you been to today,
When you travel to them the radio way?
I've been to London and San Francisco,
New York and lots more I don't even know.

It doesn't take gas to thus traveling go,
I love to take trips on my radio.
Then I go to many places whose names I can't say,
I'd be lost if I'd done it in any other way!

ALWAYS ONE MORE

When you are dressing yourself to go,
And you are rushing to and fro,
Up pops another "don't miss me" chore,
On such occasions there's always "one more".

When you are putting your trinkets away,
And your good-night to all you say,
If you're hurried and tried to your temper's core,
That is the time there is always "one more".

When you've locked up the trunk and mailed its key,
Then "one more" to go in there is sure to be,
Or a strap snaps so you're seeking a pin,
When you're latest for church, "one more" get thrown in.

When you're catching your train, and the whistle blows,
You say to yourself, "I'll be late, goodness knows!"
In such places as these, when it's time to go,
An always "one more" is surest to grow.

I think this fact is always true,
'Tis found by all, even including you,
When life asks you to do forty-four,
Like an added postscript, there's always "one more".

THE SNOW MAN IS GONE

The snow man has gone,
We all know why;
Has he sunk into the ground,
Or gone back to the sky?
This is a thing I could not know,
Perhaps science has found
Where melted snows go.

MR. SOAP

Mr. Soap can't play baseball,
That's known by everyone;
But one would think he tried to—
He so often takes a run.

MY PENCIL-PEN

I think, my friends, you've probably heard
How poets say, "I'll pen my word."
I pencil-write, nine times in ten,
But I "pen" each word, love-scored again.

If I write them out the pencil way,
Then my poems will rate well any day.
So I use a pencil as if it were ink,
That's the "pen" I use, when I want to think.

So my writing tool proves now to be
A "pen" to men, but a pencil to me;
Since I write poems best with a pencil, then
Why isn't a pencil as poetical as a pen?

YOU CAN NEVER UN-SAY

One can re-write a word written in haste,
Erase and replace it to his taste;
If it's a letter in which meanness is said,
One can re-write it, saying "it went to my head."

But words that are spoken don't act that way,
So remember, a mean word one can never un say.
It makes a difference to some what you say,
I find it a caution to me every day.

If we more often tried to use tact,
'Twould help us live happily, that is a fact.
But to make sure that life goes smoothly each day
Never say anything you'll wish to un-say.

SLAPS

I could slap a lot of people for their wrongs to me,
But it wouldn't prove consistent, as I can plainly see;
For many folks would get the ones that I would give to be,
While I'd be left to take all theirs, and there's only one of me!

EATING STICKS

This isn't a feat, or form of tricks,
We do it often, but no one kicks,
When I say with cream sauce we get sticks,
You can see, I guess, how this we fix.

For celery is sticks, in a way,
Spaghetti, too, the same tribute does pay,
Celery can be cooked, but then it's squares,
But spaghetti claims the stick shape ever theirs.

True, this gets limp and harder to break,
But of raw spaghetti, who would wish to partake?
Now you'll see it's no art or kind of tricks,
So here we enjoy our eating of sticks.

SNAP AND PLEASE

Yesterday, it was a snap,
Today, it's "If you please;"
I guess Considerate River
Had a truly block-up freeze!

"What Shall be the End?"

My poems might turn out to be better,
If ideas didn't come in so fast;
But for running to catch the new ones,
I could improve on those of the past.