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A BRIEF HISTORY OF MY LIFE ~~at~~ 1861 to 1944

Just eighty-three years ago, they say,
A baby girl saw first the light of day-
In Sharon, Michigan, October third, eighteen sixty-one,
When a war to free the slaves had just begun;
And candle-light was giving place to lamp of kerosene,
Which meant to all the greatest light, ever had been seen:
A tiny bit of girl, no warrior was she,
Gladly welcomed to her home in this land of the free.
Two years she stayed near where the mill-wheels turned,
'Ere the grim reaper took the one for whom this babe did years.
Then a dear aunt, with heart filled with love and care,
Oped wide her door her busy home to share.
One year of this new home was hers to cherish
With love, and cousins dear, and food to nourish;
Then sorrow came, and heavy burdens pressed,
This baby girl must go to find another nest.
Long miles were traveled e'er they reached the goal:
A childless home, so filled with mother's soul
Of love and yearning over empty arms,
That life took on new beauty, added charms,
As she gathered this wee girlie to her breast
And asked her God for strength to do the rest.
And what a home, though humble, filled with all
That makes a child's life happy; a pretty dish, a big rag doll;
Rocked to sleep with song e'er placing in her trundle bed.
And as she older grew, all Nature was her playground:
The hills, the woods, the lake where the wintergreens were found.
Not a tree she could not climb or did not know their name