

The place where they stood always empty will stand,
But the memories it holds are enshrined in the land.

In a few years: the radio, so welcome to all,
With its news of the world and sweet music on call.
Moving pictures were also another great treat
As we glimpse foreign countries and cities so neat,

Not many years passed and boys were well grown,
And decided to make themselves homes of their own.
The daughter then offered her home she would share
A place of contentment free from worry and care.
And the music in her soul still kept the refrain
And filled her with peace again and again.
Weeks and years rolled by. God took one dear son,
But left one to comfort and help till her life work was done.
But darkness soon spread all over our land
As World War number one, decided to stand
And fight for a peace that never did come,
But instead, took our brave fathers, brothers, and sons.
In time, the Flu swept the country taking people so quick
The mother went to the hospital to help care for the sick.
A few months there, then an appointment to keep:
She left for Bay View, a new home there to seek.
They were happy years, with new friends, education, and pleasure,
With some travel thrown in to fill out the measure.
And now after nations filled with discord and pain
A great war is raging, in hopes to regain
The long looked-for Peace, to help make the world
A place of God's choosing with flags of victory unfurled.

The mother still spends summers in her own northern home,
But the winters will find her where'er she may roam.
Many years mark the changes since that babe's appearing;
As a great grandmother now her body is wearying
But the music still singing in her soul is God-given,
And will abide till the gates open wide into Heaven.

Nellie I. Thomas,

Age -- eighty-three.