

A SOLILOQUY

I stood on the sands of the ocean beach,
And watched the tides come in;
Some with a calm and stately roll
And some with a crash and a din.

And I thought how long have they been on their way
And what of the place whence they came
Was it a land of sunshine and flowers
Or one of depression and pain.

And I wondered if they brought us a message
From our neighbors across the waves,
Would it be a friendly greeting
Or a call from their country brave.

Would they tell of starving children,
And plead for the help we can give,
And pray us to hasten our coming
That their poor dying babies may live.

For The Father has wonderfully blest us
With lands for production and thrift
And God fearing people who labored
As stewards, to work and not drift.

And so we must listen as brothers
To the calls that come to our land,
From the poor ,the sick, and the needy
If we would have peace that will stand.

For our God said " Do unto others
Even as we would they do unto us"
And in so doing we oft get the blessing
When trying in our Father to trust.

And so we will send back a message
On the deep ever restless waves
Of Jesus our Savior and Friend
Who died that the world He might save.

And He will bless our efforts to help
As we work all together for peace.
And the world has been conquered for Christ
And wars shall eternally cease.

Written in Florida sitting on the beach at Coronado looking
out over the Atlantic Ocean 1947

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