

Grandmother's Chair.

It's not tucked away in the corner,
But stands at the side of the room
Where the nice warm breath of the furnace
Makes you cosy and warm so soon.
It's not such a grand chair to look at
With it's green modest cover so fine.
But it's comfort and rest and a refuge
For Grandmother, at most any time.

To the family, it seems rather sacred,
Set apart as a sort of a shrine,
And they pass by to some other resting,
Whatever the needs, or the time
Even Duke, the big pet of the family,
Stands gazing with expression so meek,
For he knows that in finding his pleasure
Some other place he must seek.

To Grandmother, it means quiet and ease
And rest when your spirits are low
A chance to recall all your blessings
For there always are many you know,
So she sits there in peace and contentment
And does what her hands find to do,
For she feels in the sunset of life,
His grace will carry her through.
And she knows that this seat she loves
Was placed by hands of tenderest care
And will say when called on to have it
God bless that old over stuffed chair.

Nellie I. Thomas.

April 1943.