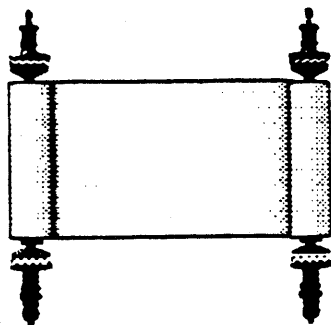


Favorite Family Devotional Poems



From the House of Jacob

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When you choose to follow Christ,

You choose to be changed.

The Lord works from the inside out.

The world works from the outside in.

The world would take people out of the slums

Christ takes the slums out of people,

and then they take themselves out of the slums.

The world would mold men

by changing their environment.

Christ changes men—

who then change their environment.

The world would shape human behavior,

but Christ can change human nature.

Christ changes men,

and changed men can change the world.

President Ezra Taft Benson

We need to teach..

A Gem thought by LaDawn Jacob

It is important to teach our young girls the necessity of developing their minds and talents.

There is an imperative need for women to prepare adequately for motherhood . Those women who have used their growing time to expand their minds and talents, skills, and souls will have much more to offer in the "doing" part of mothering. A woman who becomes a mother, is first of all a teacher. Her mind will be the book from which her children draw their first and most lasting education. If her mind were the only book her children could read, how sparse or filling would the pages be?

I am always aghast when young girls express little interest in becoming scholars, or highly adept in any area because they say, "I'm just going to be a mother." Oh, if only they could see that the greater their preparation, the more powerful will be their influence and teaching. How blessed is the home whose heart is the mother. The mother is a woman of intelligence, skill, and depth of character.

Every woman should become outstanding in whatever talent she may have, be it a scholar, musician, writer, or scientist. The greater her skill, and education the more blessed will be the lives of her children. I feel the need to say to woman who are intent in the gaining of this goal, "Never forget, whatever your knowledge may be, whether math, history, science, homemaking, art, music, (the list is endless) that it can and will have the greatest service, (not in the world with monetary reward attached to it,) but in those little people who surround you, and call you, "Mother."

" The way we will produce the greatest educators, scientists, national leaders, will be from homes where mothers armed with their knowledge and skill will impart of their vast store to their children. In my effort to encourage a young woman to prepare intellectually, I have no intentions of slighting the more important preparation in the refinement of her soul. Her virtue, her unselfishness, her love of God, of fellowman, her charity and beauty of her heart. For these make her a noble mother, not just a smart one. Women never need feel frustrated or unfulfilled. Their education will find greater use within the walls of their home, and have greater long lasting effect that in any other position they could ever hold outside the home.

Love of Country

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:

"This is my own, my native land"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering in a foreign land?

If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self,

Living shall forfeit fair renown

And ^{doubly dying} ~~dead~~ shall go down

To the vile dust from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

-Sir Walter Scott

THAT REALLY MATTERS

My mother says she doesn't care
About the color of my hair
Or if my eyes are blue or brown
Or if my nose turns up or down.
She says she doesn't care for things
like that. It really doesn't matter.

My mother says she doesn't care
If I'm dark or if I'm fair
Or if I'm thin or if I'm fat.
She says she doesn't care for things
like that. It really doesn't matter.

But if I cheat or tell a lie
Or do mean things to make folks cry,
Or if I'm rude or impolite
And do not try to do what's right,
Then that really does matter.

It isn't looks that makes one great,
It's character that seals your fate.
It's what you are within your heart,
you see,
That makes or mars your destiny.
And that really does matter.

A Mother's Prayer

**Oh, give me patience when tiny hands
Tug at me with their small demands.
And give me gentle and smiling eyes;
Keep my lips from sharp replies.**

**And let not fatigue, confusion, or noise
Obscure my vision of life's fleeting joys
So, when, years later, my house is still-
No bitter memories its rooms may fill.**

I'D LIKE TO BE

If I were not a little child
I think I'd like to be
A shining, tall evergreen
Oh, I'd rather be a star.
The gleams so clear and bright
I'd twinkle in the far off sky.
And shine with all my might.
I'd rather be a Christmas Carol
And have folks singing me
Like "Silent Night" or "Little Town."
A Christmas Carol I'd be!
If I were not myself I'm sure
It would be the grandest fun
To be old Santa Clause with gifts
To give to everyone.
I'd like to be a Christmas Card
And some dear friend would say,
A merry, merry Christmas wish
I'd send to you this day.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

If I were a clerk in a country store,
A long, long time ago,
And I had miscounted a penny or more,
I wonder, would I go
To the lady's house when work was done
To give her a penny or two?
I wonder, Abraham Lincoln did!
He was honest, and he was true.
Suppose I had borrowed another's book.
And left it in the rain.
Would I have all the courage it took
To take it back again
And tell the owner and pay it off
Splitting logs for rails
I wonder, Abraham Lincoln did!
Such courage never fails.

A GIANT OF A MAN

George Washington was a giant of a man,

Over six feet tall he stood,

He was a patient, gentle man,

All of him was good.

He kept his men together

Though they suffered cold and mud.

This tall man walked among them

And warmed their hearts with love.

In pitch darkness and grinding ice

They crossed the Delaware;

And in the snow at Valley Forge

This tall man knelt in prayer.

Every man gives his life for what he believes

Every woman gives her life for what she believes

Sometimes people believe in little or nothing, and

yet they give their lives to that little or nothing.

One life is all we have to live, and we live it as we

believe in living it and then it is gone.

But to surrender what you are and live without

belief is more terrible than dying

Even more terrible than dying young.

- - Joan of Arc

Boys flying kites, Haul in their white-winged birds.

You can't do that when you're flying words.

Careful with fire is good advice you know.

Careful with words is ten times doubly so.

'Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead.

But God himself can't kill them once they're said.

The Naughty Soap

*Just when I'm ready to start on my ears,
That is the time that my soap disappears.
It slips from my fingers and slithers and slides
Down to the end of the tub where it hides.*

*And acts in the most disobedient way,
And that's why my soap's getting thinner each day.*

-Dorothy Aldis

Reading Books

**I like to read all kinds of books
To entertain myself.
And so I'm glad when I can take
A book down from the shelf.
I like the picture books of planes
Of flowers, birds and ships
From which I can imagine
I'm taking wonder trips.**

**I like the books with stories in
And also books of rhymes--
I often try to learn a poem
And say it lots of times.
I like to read all kinds of books
That I find on the shelf--
Particularly now that I
Can read all by myself.**

-Dorothy Aldis

~12~

General Rules of Life

If you open it, close it.

If you turn it on, turn it off.

If you unlock it, lock it up.

If you break it, admit it.

if you can't fix it, call in someone who can.

If it belongs to someone else and you want to borrow it, get permission.

If you value it, take care of it.

If you make a mess, clean it up.

If you move it, put it back.

If you borrow it, return it.

If you don't know how to operate it, leave it alone.

If it is none of your business, don't ask questions.

If it ain't broke, don't fix it.

If it will brighten someone's day, say it, if it won't don't.

If you aren't hurt, don't cry.

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth and
danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I have climbed, and joined the tumbling
mirth of sun-split clouds, and done a hundred
things you have not dreamed of--wheeled and soared
and swung, high in the sunlit silence.
Hovering there I've chased the shouting wind along,
and flung my eager craft through footless halls of
air.

Up, up the long delirious burning blue, I've topped
the windswept heights with easy grace where never
lark or even eagle flew.
And while with silent lifting mind I've trod the high
untresspassed sanctity of space, put out my hand
and touched the face God.

DAYS OF THE WEEK

*Monday's alone,
Tuesday together,
Wednesday we walk, when it's
fine weather*

*Thursday we kiss,
Friday we cry,
Saturday's hours just seem to fly.
But of all the days of the week
We will call Sunday
The rest day, the best day of all.*

No matter if you're quicker

Or slower than the rest.

The main thing when you're working

Is to do your very best.

S U C C E S S

(3 VERSIONS)

"Success comes in cans, not can'ts."

"For they can conquer who believe they can."

"Poise is the art of raising the eyebrows, instead of the rooftop."

WHAT CAN WE BRING TO CHRISTMAS

What can we bring to Christmas?

We who are only three?

Oh, the wonder and awe of touching

The ornaments on the tree.

What can we bring to Christmas

We who are just about five?

A song for the little child Jesus

Who was soft and warm and alive.

What can we bring to Christmas

We who have just turned seven?

We can say rhymes about wise men

And the bright star in heaven.

What can we do for Christmas

We who are past eleven?

We can bring love and service and joy

And make Christmas time like heaven.

Two Kinds of People

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds, no more I say.

Not the bad and the good,

For it's well understood,
That the good are half bad,
And the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor,
For to know a man's wealth
You must first know the state
Of his conscience and health.

Not the haughty and meek,
For in life's little span,
Who puts on airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad,
For the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter,
And each man his tears.

No the two kinds of people on earth I mean,

Are the people who lift

And the people who lean.

Wherever you go you'll find the world's masses

Are always divided into just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you'll find too, I ween,

There's only one lifter,

To twenty who lean.

Success

**Success is speaking words of praise,
In cheering other people's ways,**

In doing just the best you can

With every task and every plan.

**It's silence when your speech would hurt,
Politeness when your neighbor's curt.**

**It's deafness when scandal flows,
And sympathy with other's woes.**

It's loyalty when duty calls,

It's courage when disaster falls.

It's found in laughter and in song.

It's in the silent time of prayer,

In happiness and in despair.

In all of life and nothing less,

We find the thing we call success.

Kindergarten Prayer

*Two little eyes to look to God.
Two little ears to hear his word.
Two little lips to sing his praise.
Two little legs to walk in his ways.
Two little hands to do his will.
One little heart to love him still.*

Lips and Slips

*If your lips can keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
 To whom you speak;
 Of whom you speak;
And how, and when, and where.*

-Edward Norris

I AM ONLY ONE

I am only one

But I am one.

I cannot do everything

But I can do something.

What I can do, I ought to do;

And what I ought to do

By the grace of God,

I will do.

- -Edward Everett Hale

Inspiration

*"If there is righteousness in the heart
there will be beauty in the character.*

*If there is beauty in the character
there will be harmony in the home.*

*If there is harmony in the home
there will be order in the nation*

*If there is order in the nation
there will be peace in the world.*

-Old Chinese Proverb

IMPROVEMENT

**"Your task; To build a better world," God said. I answered,
How? "The world is such a large, vast place; so complicated
now. And I so small and useless am. There's nothing I can
do." But God, with all his wisdom said, "Just build a better
you."**

"Today as always in the past, unchastity has led to misery. Self-control through boyhood and womanhood gives strength of character and lays the foundation of the future happy home.

"The girl who keeps herself true to her future husband is the girl who will live a happy life. If her boy friend does not admire her for her virtue, he is not worth her companionship. Such a young man has no sense of the value of purity of life. Better ten thousand times she would be without him."

- - Pres. David O. McKay

"The secret of all success is to know how to deny yourself. Prove that you can control yourself, and you are an educated man; and without this all other education is good for nothing." - - R.D. Hitchcock

"Spirituality is consciousness of victory over self; and communion with the infinite." - - Pres. David O. McKay

"Until you can say 'I am my master,' you cannot say 'I am thy servant.'" - - Stephen R. Covey

GOD ANSWERS PRAYERS

I know not by what methods rare

But this I know God answers payers

I know that he has giv'n his word

Which tells me prayer is always heard

And will be answered soon or late

So I (work) and pray and calmly wait.

I know not if the blessing sought

Will come in just the way I thought;

But leave my prayers with him alone

Whose will is wiser than my own

Assured that He will grant my quest

Or send some answer far more blest.

- - Eliza M. Hickok

I Am An Eagle

**I am an eagle; I live for the challenge
Created by visions that reach to the sky.**

From high in the heavens I beckon,

"Come and join me."

**There's so little difference between you and I,
For all those who see me and all who believe in me**

Share in the freedom I feel when I fly.

Come onward and upward and forward together.

Fly over the mountains and up to the stars.

Reach for the heavens and hope for the future.

Be all that you can be and more than you are.

WE BELIEVE IN CHILDREN - LITTLE ONES, BIG ONES,
THIN ONES AND CHUBBY ONES.

THERE IS FAITH IN THEIR EYES, LOVE IN THEIR
TOUCH, HOPE IN THEIR ATTITUDE.

WE THRILL WITH THEM AT LIFE'S JOYS, BOW
WITH THEM IN WORSHIP AND HOLD
THEM CLOSE IN TRAGEDY

WE BELIEVE IN CHILDREN - THE FRAGILE DREAM
OF YESTERDAY, LIFE'S RADIANT REALITY
TODAY, AND VIBRANT SUBSTANCE OF TOMORROW.

WE BELIEVE IN CHILDREN - FOR WHEREVER
WE GO, WE FIND YESTERDAY'S CHILD
WHO WAS NURTURED IN LOVE, TRUTH,
AND BEAUTY AT WORK TRYING TO MAKE

THIS WORLD A BETTER PLACE FOR
EVERYONE.

"I find that when I get casual with my relationship with divinity and when it seems no divine ear is listening and no divine voice is speaking, that I am far, far away. If I immerse myself in the scriptures, the distance narrows and the spirituality returns. I find myself loving more intimately those I must love with all my heart, mind and strength."

-Spencer W. Kimball

**"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of
intelligent people and the appreciation of honest
critics, and endure the betrayal of false friends; to
appreciate beauty, to find the best in others; to
leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy
child, a garden patch or a redeemed social
condition; to know even one life has breathed
easier because you have lived. This is to have
succeeded."**

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

*"If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams,
and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will
meet with a success unexpected in common hours."*

- Henry David Thoreau

A S M I L E

A SMILE COSTS NOTHING, BUT GIVES MUCH.
IT ENRICHES THOSE WHO RECEIVE WITHOUT
MAKING POORER THOSE WHO GIVE

IT TAKES BUT A MOMENT, BUT THE MEMORY
OF IT SOMETIMES LASTS FOREVER.

NONE IS SO RICH OR MIGHTY THAT HE CAN
GET ALONG WITHOUT IT, AND NONE IS
SO POOR BUT THAT HE CAN BE MADE
RICH BY IT.

A SMILE CREATES HAPPINESS IN THE HOME,
FOSTERS GOODWILL IN BUSINESS, AND
IS THE COUNTERSIGN OF FRIENDSHIP.

IT BRINGS REST TO THE WEARY, CHEER TO
THE DISCOURAGED, SUNSHINE TO THE
SAD, AND IT IS NATURE'S BEST
ANTIDOTE FOR TROUBLE.

YET IT CANNOT BE BOUGHT, BEGGED,
BORROWED OR STOLEN, FOR IT IS
SOMETHING THAT IS OF NO VALUE TO
ANYONE UNTIL IT IS GIVEN AWAY.

SOME PEOPLE ARE TOO TIRED TO GIVE YOU
A SMILE

GIVE THEM ONE OF YOURS, AS NONE NEEDS
A SMILE AS MUCH AS HE WHO HAS NO
MORE TO GIVE.

I have something in my pocket
That belongs upon my face,
And I keep it very close at hand
In a most convenient place.

'T'night as I am singing
I'll want it with me all the while,
So I'll take it out and put it on-
It's a great big happy SMILE!

What Is A Family?

A family is a blessing-
It means so many things
Words could never really tell
The joy a family brings...

A family is mutual love,
The love of a dad and mother
Showing children how to love
And care for one another...

A family is heartfelt pride,
The feeling deep and strong,
That makes us glad to play a part
And know that we belong...

A family is always home,
A place where we can share
Our joys and sorrows, hopes and dreams
For happiness lives there...
A family is a bond of faith
That even time can't sever,
A gift to last throughout our lives-
A family is forever.

-Anonymous

Special Child

A meeting was held quite far from earth,

It's time again for another birth,

Said the angels to the Lord above,

This special child will need much love.

His progress may seem very slow,

Accomplishments he may not show,

And he'll require extra care,

From the folks he meets way down there.

He may not run, or laugh, or play,

His thoughts may seem quite far away

In many ways he won't adapt

And he'll be known as handicapped.

So let's be careful where he's sent,
We want his life to be content,
Please, Lord, find parents who
Will do a special job for you.

They may not realize right away,
The leading role they have to play,
But with this child sent from above,
Comes stronger faith and richer love.

And soon they'll know the privilege given,
In caring for this gift from heaven,
This precious charge so meek and mild,
Is Heaven's very special child.

-Anonymous

Hugs

It's wondrous what a hug can do.

A hug can cheer you when you're blue.

A hug can say, "I love you so"

Or, "Gee, I hate to see you go."

A hug is "Welcome back again"

And "Great to see you, where've you been?"

A hug can soothe a small child's pain

And bring a rainbow after rain.

The hug! There's just no doubt about it...

We scarcely could survive without it!

A hug delights and warms and charms.

It must be why God gave us arms.

Hugs are great for fathers and mothers,

Sweet for sisters; swell for brothers.

And chances are your favorite aunts

Love them more than potted plants

Kittens crave them; puppies love them

Heads of State are not above them.

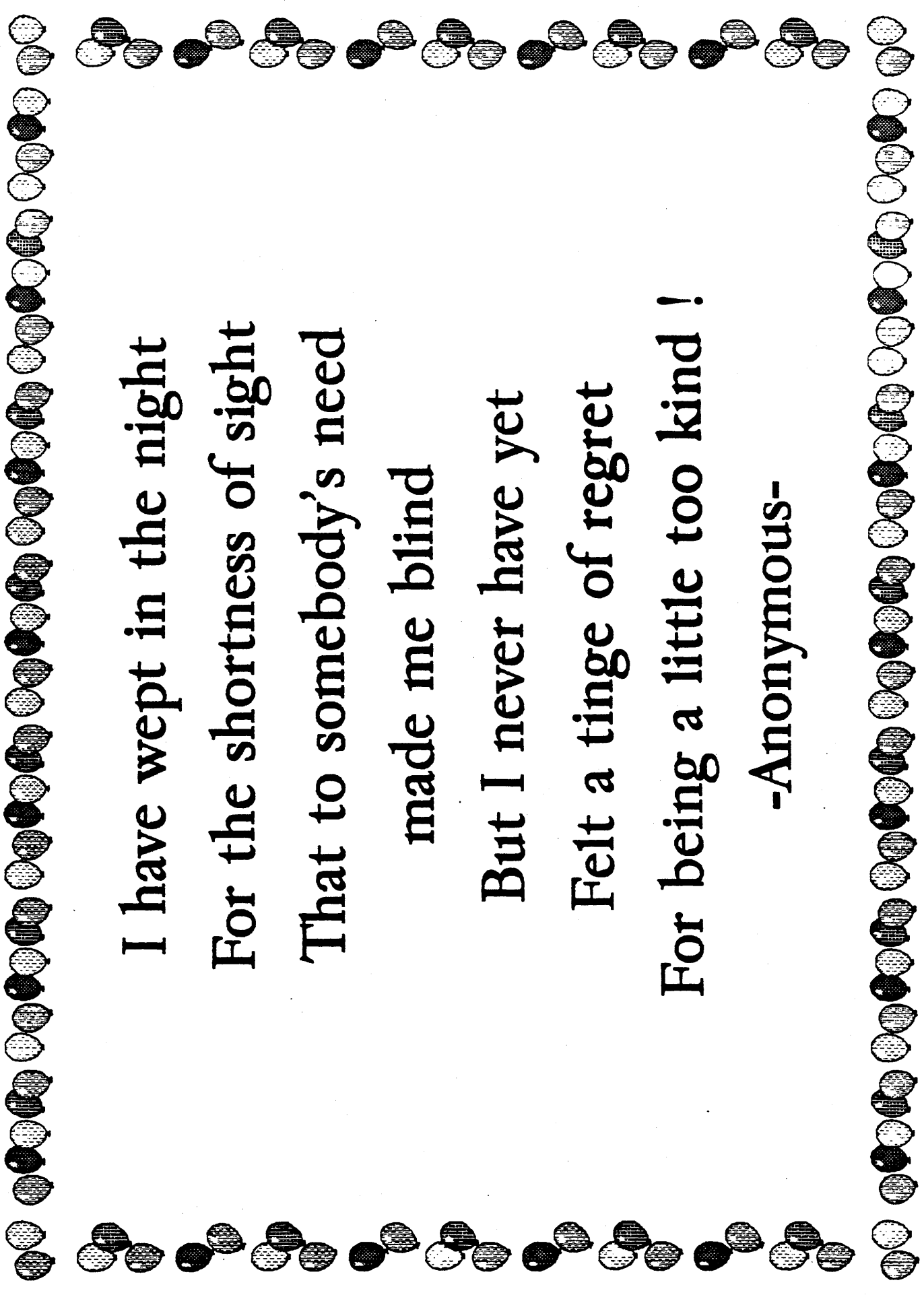
A hug can break the language barrier.

And make your travels so much merrier.

No need to fret about your store of 'em;
The more you give, the more there's more of 'em.

So stretch those arms without delay

And give someone a hug today!



I have wept in the night
For the shortness of sight
That to somebody's need
made me blind
But I never have yet
Felt a tinge of regret
For being a little too kind !

-Anonymous-

Magic Words

"Thank you" and "please" -
"Thank you" and "please"

I can think of no nicer

Words than these.

I like to hear them

And use them too;

It's almost like magic

The things they can do!

For they open doors,

Bring surprises and fun,

And even help

When there's work to be done.

"Thank you" and "please" -

"Thank you" and "please"

I can think of no nicer

Words than these.

My Friend The Monster

Our vacuum is a monster
Who gobbles up the dirt.
He gulps up pater, strings, and grass
As if they were dessert.
He pokes his nose in corners
And under every chair,
And all the little cookie crumbs
Had better just beware!
He roars across the carpet
And flips his tail behind;
Then sneaks around a table leg
To see what he can find.
And though he's always gulping
Whatever he can see,
He'll always be my monster friend
And never swallow me.

-Janet R. Balmforth

My Task

"Your task is to build a better world," God said

I answered, "How, this is such a vast place, so complicated now,
and I so small and helpless am there's nothing I can do."

But God in all His wisdom said "Just build a better you."

No Sense In Pretense

You tell what you are by the friends you seek,
By the manner in which you speak.

By the way you employ your leisure time,

By the use you make of dollar and dime.

You tell what you are by the things you wear,

By the spirit in which you burdens bear,

By the kind of thing at which you laugh,

By the records you play on the phonograph.

You tell what you are by the way you walk,

By the things of which you delight to talk,

By the manner in which you bear defeat,

By so simple a thing as how you eat.

By the books you choose from the well-filled shelf;

In these ways and more, you tell on yourself.

So there's really no particle of sense

In any effort at pretense.

You Never Know

You never know when someone

May catch a dream from you.

You never know when a little word

Or something you may do,

May open up the windows

Of a mind that seeks the light.

The way you live may not matter at all,

But you never know, it might.

And just in case it could be

That another's life through you,

Might possibly change for the better,

With a broader and brighter view,

Wouldn't it be worth a try

At pointing the way to the light?

It really may not matter at all,

But you never know, it might.

My Daddy's Gift

My daddy said the other day
He wanted just one gift.

It wasn't a hat, or a fancy tie,
Or a book or a handkerchief.

"All that I shall want" said he,

"And mother wants it too,

Is just to have you kind and sweet,
To keep you good and true."

And so though I'm a little girl,

I'll try to do my part,

Each day to bring this precious gift,
To cheer my daddy's heart.

My Kingdom

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard the task I find

Of governing it well.

For passion tempts and troubles me,

A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,

To be the child I should,

Honest and brave nor ever tire,

Of trying to be good?

How can I keep a sunny soul

To shine along life's way?

How can I tune my little heart

To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear!

Teach me to lean on thee and feel,

That thou art very near;

That no temptation is unseen

No childish grief too small,

Since Thou, with patience infinite

Doth sooth and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown

But that which all may win:

Nor try to conquer any world

Except the one within.

Be thou my guide until I find

Led by a tender hand,

The happy kingdom in myself,

And dare to take command.

-Louisa May Alcott

Be the Best of Whatever You Are

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley, but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill,

Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of grass,

And some highway happier make;

If you can't be a muskiek, then just be a bass,

But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be the crew,

There's something for all of us here,

There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,

And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,

If you can't be the sun, be a star;

It isn't by the size that you win or fail,

Be the best of whatever you are!

-Douglas Mallech

Today

THIS DAY I PRAY, GOD GIVE ME STRENGTH ANEW

TO DO THE TASK I DO NOT WANT TO DO,

TO YIELD OBEDIENCE, NOT ASKING WHY,
TO LOVE AND OWN THE TRUTH AND SCORN THE LIE,

TO LOOK A COLD WORLD BRAVELY IN THE FACE,

TO CHEER FOR THOSE WHO PASS ME IN THE RACE,

TO BEAR MY BURDENS GAILY, UNAFRAID,

TO LEND A HAND TO THOSE WE NEED TO AID,

TO MEASURE WHAT I AM BY WHAT I GIVE-

GOD GIVE ME STRENGTH THAT I MAY RIGHTLY LIVE.

The Crossroads

He stood at the crossroads all alone

The sunlight in his face.

He had no thought for the world unknown

He was set for a manly race.

But the roads stretched east,

And the roads stretched west,

And the lad knew not which road was best.

So he chose the road that led him down

And he lost the race and the victors crown

He was caught at last in an angry snare-

Another day at the selfsame place,

A boy with high hopes stood.

He, too, was set for a manly race,

He, too, was seeking the things that were good.

But one was there who the roads did know

And that one showed him the way to go.
So he turned from the road that would lead him down,

And he won the race, and the victor's crown.

He walks today the highway fair,
Because one stood at the crossroads there,
To show him the better way.

-Unknown

Be pretty if you are
Be witty if you can
But be cheerful
If it kills you!

If you're happy--
Notify your face!

I Love You, Mother

"I love you, Mother" said little John
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, Mother" said rosy Nell.
"I love you more than words can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, Mother" said little Ann.
Today I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am that school doesn't keep."
Then she rocked the baby till he fell asleep.

*Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room.*

*Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as a child could be.*

"I love you, Mother" again they said,

Three little children going to bed.

How do you think that this mother guessed

Which of them really loved her best?

I Have To Live With Myself

*I have to live with myself and so,
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hat myself for the things I've done.
I don't want to keep on a closet shelf*

*A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself as I come and go
Into thinking that nobody else will know*

*The kind of a man I really am.
I don't want to dress myself up in a sham.*

*I want to go out with my head erect.
I want to deserve all men's respect.
And here in the struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself.*

*I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.*

*I can never hide myself from me,
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know,
I can never fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.*

-Author unknown

My Nose Knows

My nose knows so very much
Just like it has a brain.
it an sense what's on for dinner,
Even if it's going to rain.

If Mommy's changing diapers,
Or Dad's painting a chair,
My nose knows all these things,
Without even being there.

I'd say my nose is magic
It goes everywhere I go
It never speaks a word,
And never is too slow,
But tells me very quickly
The things I want to know.

Like the smell of pine means Christmas

**Is coming very soon
And peanut butter in the air means
It must be nearly noon.**

I'm thankful for my nose.

We're loyal as can be.

**I go wherever it goes,
And it always sticks to me.**

**Oh, cleaning and scrubbing will wait til
tomorrow,
But children grow up, as I've learned to my
sorrow.
So quiet down telephone, dust go to sleep,
I'm rocking my baby...Babies don't keep.**

**Thank God for dirty dishes,
They have a tale to tell;
While other folks go hungry,
We're eating very well.
With home and health and happiness
We shouldn't want to fuss,
For by this stalk of evidence,
God's very good to us.
-"Dear Abby" column**

Somebody Said It Couldn't Be Done

Somebody said it couldn't be done,

But he with a chuckle replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.

He waded right in with a trace of a grin
On his face-if he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done-and he did it.

Somebody said, "Oh, you'll never do that,

At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew, he'd begun it.
With a lift of the chin and a bit of a grin

Without any doubting or "quit it",
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done-and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure.

There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a lift of the chin,

Take off your coat and go to it,

Starting to sing as you tackle the thing,

That cannot be done, and you'll do it.

-Edgar A. Guest

Trees

I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,

And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear

A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;

Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree.

-Sergeant Joyce Kilmer

Striving

Better to strive and climb,
And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time,
An aimless, worthless soul.
Aye, better climb and fall,
Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day,
And never strive at all.

-Margaret Sangster

~64~

Be Thankful

**Be thankful for the morning sun
That makes your soul delight.**

**Be thankful for the countless stars
That glorify the night.**

Be thankful for the smell of spring,

And each new baby sound,

Be thankful for the crisp new snow

That warms the frozen ground.

Be thankful for the breath of life

That gave us mortal birth.

Be thankful for the countless things

That bless us here on earth.

Be thankful for our living God

And for His blessed Son.

Be thankful, Oh, be thankful

For all that they have done.

Thank God every morning when you get up,
That you have something to do that day
Which must be done,
Whether you like it or not.
Being forced to do your best
Will breed in you temperance and self control,
Diligence, and strength of will,
Cheerfulness and contentment,
And a hundred virtues
Which the idle never know.

"The greater the obstacle, the more glory in overcoming it."

"Inside each of us, I believe, sits a monitor
-- intolerant of evil."

And we must take care not to stifle his voice,
or blunt the edge of his sense of justice. For
as wise men have held through the ages, the
voice of CONSCIENCE is very close to the
voice of God."

- Norman Vincent Peale-

"It is for us to pray not for tasks equal to our powers, but for powers equal to our tasks."

-Helen Keller

**I asked God for strength, that I might achieve--
I was made weak, that I might learn humbly to**

obey.

**I asked for help that I might do greater things--
I was given infirmity, that I might do better
things.**

I asked for riches, that I might be happy--

I was given poverty, that I might be wise.

I asked for all things, that I might enjoy life--

I was given life, that I might enjoy all things.

**I got nothing that I asked for--but everything I
had hoped for.**

Despite myself, my prayers were answered.

I am, among all men, most richly blessed.

~68~

Edith Hunter said; "Educated woman in the home? What an odd thing to deplore! What better place to have us end up. What more important job is there, than sharing the values we are learning to cherish, with the next generation of adults? What more strategic place could there be for an educated woman ?

Don't Give Up

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you.

-Phoebe Cary

~70~

Mental Attitude

"There is one thing over which each person has absolute, inherent control, and that is his mental attitude. No one can hurt you but yourself. Do not keep blaming other persons. It is a good day when we awaken to this fact. Mind is the master power that molds and makes man. Every act of man springs from the hidden seed of thought. Life is made or marred by our habitual thinking. Man, in the final analysis, is but the incarnation of his thoughts."

-Alfred A. Montapert

Garbage Can Head

With garbage and junk
Our can is well fed;
And what we don't use
We throw out instead.

But what of the things
That we've seen, heard, or said?
Oh what can we do
With a garbage can head?

Wise Old Owl

There was an old owl
Who sat in an oak;
The more he sat,
The less he spoke.
The less he spoke,
The more he heard.
Why can't we be like
That wise old bird?

Good Timber

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
But stood out in the open plain
And always got its share of rain,
 Never became a forest king
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil
To gain and farm his patch of soil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air,
 Never became a manly man
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow with ease,
The stronger wind, the stronger trees,
The further sky, the greater length,
The more the storm the more the strength.

By sun and cold, by rain and snow,
In trees and men good timbers grow.

Where thickest lies the forest growth

We find the patriarchs of both.

And they hold counsel with the stars

Whose broken branches show the scars

Of many winds and much of strife.

This is the common law of life.

(quoted by Sterling W. Sill, Making the Most
of Yourself. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, Inc.

1971, p.23.)

Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake

The only other sounds' the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are love, dark and deep

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

-Robert Frost

Let Me Be

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more.
Let me be when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be.
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Travels By Books

Have you ever gone-a-traveling

On a very rainy day?

A book in a cozy corner

Is the very nicest way.

One day I went to Holland

Where tulip gardens grow.

And along the wharfs of cities,

Where ships are in a row.

One day I went to Venice

That gay Italian town

Where the streets are only water

With gondolas up and down.

I loved going to England

To explore the London Tower.

I rode a double-decker but,

Because there was a shower.

My Nose

It doesn't breath,
It doesn't smell,
It doesn't feel so very well.
I'm discouraged with my nose,
The only thing it does is blows!

Thinking

If you think you are beaten, you are.

If you think you dare not, you don't.

If you'd like to win but you think you can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost,

For out of the world we find

Success begins with a fellow's will-

It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.

You've got to think high to rise;

You've got to be sure of yourself before

You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go

To the stronger or faster man;

But soon or late the man who wins,

Is the one who thinks he can.

~81~

-Walter Wintle

Stick-Together Families

THE STICK-TOGETHER FAMILIES ARE HAPPIER BY FAR
THAN THE BROTHERS AND THE SISTERS WHO TAKE SEPARATE HIGHWAYS ARE.
THE GLADDEST PEOPLE LIVING ARE THE WHOLESOME FOLKS WHO MAKE

A CIRCLE AT THE FIRESIDE THAT NO POWER ON EARTH CAN BREAK.

AND THE FINEST OF CONVENTIONS EVER HELD BENEATH THE SUN
ARE THE LITTLE FAMILY GATHERINGS WHEN THE BUSY DAY IS DONE.

THERE ARE RICH FOLK, THERE ARE POOR FOLK, WHO IMAGINE THEY ARE WISE,
AND THEY'RE VERY QUICK TO SHATTER ALL THE LITTLE FAMILY TIES.

EACH GOES SEARCHING AFTER PLEASURE IN HIS OWN SELECTED WAY.

EACH WITH STRANGERS LIKES TO WANDER, AND WITH STRANGERS LIKES TO
play.

BUT IT'S BITTERNESS THEY HARVEST, AND IT'S EMPTY JOY THEY FIND.

THERE ARE SOME WHO SEEM TO FANCY THAT FOR GLADNESS THEY MUST ROAM,
THAT FOR SMILES THAT ARE THE BRIGHTEST THEY MUST WANDER FAR FROM
HOME.

THAT THE STRANGE FRIEND IS THE TRUE FRIEND, AND THEY TRAVEL FAR ASTRAY;
THEY WASTE THEIR LIVES IN STRIVING FOR A JOY THAT'S FAR AWAY.

BUT THE GLADDEST SORT OF PEOPLE, WHEN THE BUSY DAY IS DONE,
ARE THE BROTHERS AND THE SISTERS, WHO TOGETHER SHARE THEIR FUN.

IT'S THE STICK-TOGETHER FAMILY THAT WINS THE JOY OF EARTH,
THAT HEARS THE SWEETEST MUSIC AND THAT FINDS THE FINEST MIRTH;
IT'S THE OLD HOME ROOF THAT SHELTERS ALL THE CHARM THAT LIFE CAN GIVE;
THERE YOU FIND THE GLADDEST PLAYGROUND, THERE THE HAPPIEST SPOT TO
LIVE.

AND, OH WEARY, WANDERING BROTHER, IF CONTENTMENT YOU WOULD WIN,
COME YOU BACK INTO THE FIRESIDE AND BE COMRADE WITH YOUR KIN.

(ADAPTED FROM A POEM BY EDGAR A. GUEST; THE NEW ERA, DEC. 1970)

Eletelephony

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant--

No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone--
(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)

However it was, he got his trunk

Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee--

I fell I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!

-Laura E. Richards

Mud

Mud is very nice to feel
All squishy squashy between the toes!
I'd rather wade in wiggly mud,
Than smell a yellow rose.
Nobody else but the rosebush knows
How nice mud feels between the toes.

-Polly Chase Boyden

~85~

Whistle

*I want to learn to whistle,
I've always wanted to;
I fix my mouth to do it but
The whistle won't come through.*

*I think perhaps it's stuck and so
I try it once again.
Can people swallow whistles?
Where is my whistle then?*

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

And sorry I could not travel both

And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,

Because it was grassy and wanted wear;

But as for that, the passing there

Had worn them really about the same,

Both that morning equally lay

In leaves no step had trodden black.

Oh, I kept the first for another day!

Yet knowing how way leads on to way,

I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

-Robert Frost

~88~

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or, being lied about, don't deal in lied,

Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream-and not make dreams your master;

If you can think-and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with triumph and disaster

And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,

And stoop and build them up with worn out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

2892

And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with kings-nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run-

Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,

And-which is more-you'll be a man, my son!

-Rudyard Kipling

A Simple Prayer

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hatred...let me sow love;

Where there is injury...pardon;

Where there is doubt...faith;

Where there is despair...hope;

Where there is darkness...light;

Where there is sadness...joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek

To be consoled...as to console;

To be understood...as to understand,

To be loved...as to live, for

It is in giving that we receive,

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,

It is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

-St. Francis of Assisi

~91~

Be Strong

Be strong!

**We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle-face it; 'tis God's gift.**

Be strong!

**Say not, "The days are evil. Who's to blame?"
And fold the hands in acquiesce--oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's
name.**

Be strong!

**It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not--fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.**

~92~

-Maltbie D. Babcock

Mr. Turkey

*"Good morning Mr. Turkey, I've come to talk to you.
But you're so big and gobbly, you kind of scare me
too.*

*I have something to tell you
That I think you ought to hear.
It's just like this, Mr. Turkey,
Thanksgiving's awfully near.*

*It surely comes tomorrow,
That's what my mama said.
And if you're here tomorrow
Mr. Turkey, you'll be dead.
It makes me feel real sorry
What I heard my mama say
So I came right out to tell you
Mr. Turkey run away!!!*

I Like To See

I like to see flowers and beetles and things,

I like to see baby birds try out their wings.

I like to see ships bouncing out on the sea.

I like to pretend that the captain is me!

I like to see puppies and kittens and mice.

Sunbeams and showers and seashells are nice.

I like to see bright colored leaves as they fall

But I like to see daddy come home best of all!

A Prayer

Plastic little children
Made of heaven's clay,
Oh Father, give me vision
To mold them right this day.

Potential Gods in miniature,
I must have help from thee,
For how they're fashioned here today,
Will endure through eternity.

~95~

Grandpa

I take Grandpa's hand
And we go for a walk
We look and we listen
We stop and we talk.

We take lots of time
For laughs and for jokes,
Cause we don't have to hurry
Like most other folks.

My Daddy's Hands

*My daddy's hands are large and long,
His slender fingers, straight and strong.*

*'But he can mend the smallest toy
'Broken by a little boy.*

*They work outdoors for me all day;
They sow, they reap, they toss fresh hay.*

*And in the sandpile, out of sand
They build dream castles, tall and grand
His hands in mine, heads high with pride,*

My dad and I walk side by side.

Bundles

A bundle is a funny thing,
It always sets me wondering;
For whether it is thin or wide
You never know just what's inside.

Especially on Christmas week,
Temptation is so great to peek!
Now wouldn't it be much more fun
If shoppers carried their things undone?

Laugh and the World Laughs with You

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;

Weep, and you weep alone;

For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,

It has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;

Sigh! it is lost on the air;

The echoes bound to a joyful sound,

But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;

Grieve, and they turn and go;

They want full measure of all your pleasure,

But they do not want your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;

Be sad, and you lose them all--

There are none to decline your nectared wine,

But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;

Fast, and the world goes by.

Succeed and give, and it helps you live,

But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure

For a long and lordly train:

But one by one we must all file on

Through the narrow aisles of pain.

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night--and toss it over a continent or sea;

 If the petalled white notes of a violin
Are blown across the mountains or the city's din;
If songs, like crimson roses, are called from thin blue air--
 Why should mortals wonder if God hears prayer?

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

-Robert Louis Stevenson

Sharing Time

My daddy and I have a sharing time almost every day,

Sometimes it's a story he reads to me

Sometimes it's a game we play.

Sometimes it's a walk we like to take,

Sometimes it's a show we see.

Sometimes it's something he helps me make,

Like a playhouse under a tree.

But it isn't so much what we choose to do,

Or play, or make, or see.

It's just that we have a sharing time,

Together, daddy and me.

Figure It Out

Figure it out for yourself, my lad,
You've all that the greatest men have had;
Two arms, two hands, two legs, two eyes,
And a brain to use if you would be wise.

With this equipment they all began,
So start for the top and say, "I can."

Look them over, the wise and the great,
They take their food from a common plate,
And similar knives and forks they use,
With similar laces they tie their shoes,

The world considers them brave and smart,
But you've all they had when they made their start.

You are the handicap you must face.
You are the one who must choose your place.

You must say where you want to go.
How much you will study the truth to know;

God has equipped you for life, but He

Lets you decide what you want to be.

Courage must come from the soul within,

The man must furnish the will to win.

So figure it out for yourself, my lad,
You were born with all that the great have had.

The Grumble Family

There's a family that nobody likes to meet,
They live, it is said on Complaining Street;

 In the city of Never Are Satisfied,
 With the River of Discontent beside.

They grumble at that, they grumble at this.
Whatever comes, there is something amiss.
And whether their station be high or humble,
They are known by the name of Grumble.

The weather is always too hot or too cold,

 Summer and winter alike they scold.

Nothing goes right with those folks you meet
 Down on that gloomy Complaining Street.

They growl at the rain, they growl at the sun,

In fact, their growling is never done.

If everything pleased them, there isn't a doubt

They'd growl that they'd nothing to grumble about.

But the worst thing is that if anyone stays

Among them too long, he will learn their ways.

And before he dreams of the terrible jumble,

He's adopted into the family of Grumble.

So it is wisest to keep our feet

From wandering into Complaining Street,

And never to grumble, whatever we do,

Lest we be mistaken for Grumblers, too!

Stick to Your Task

*Stick to your task 'til it sticks to you,
Beginners are many, but enders are few*

*Honor, power, place and praise
Will always come to the one who stays.*

*Stick to your task 'til it sticks to you,
Grin at it, sweat at it, smile at it too.*

*For out of the grin and the sweat and the smile
Will come life's victories after awhile.*

-Author unknown

Sometimes My Hands Are Naughty

Sometimes my hands are naughty

And so my mother says
"I will have to spank them,
And send them off to bed."

So little hands be careful

Of everything you do

Because if you have to go to bed

I have to go to bed too!

I shall pass through this world but once.

Any good therefore that I can do,

Or any kindness I can show to any human being,

Let me do it now.

Let me not defer or neglect it,

For I shall not pass this way again.

The Ship of State

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,

In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,

'Tis of the wave and not the rock;

'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,-are all with thee!

-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Tobacco

Tobacco is a dirty weed

And from the devil it doth proceed.

It picks your pockets

And burns your clothes

And makes a chimney out of your nose.

Three Gates

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale to you someone has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.
These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

My Granny

*My granny's hair is grayin'
She has pretty, shiny eyes.
My granny can knit mittens;
My granny can bake pies.*

*But today she told me something,
I never thought could be.*

*My granny said that once she was
A little girl like me.*

My Grandmother

*Her soft hands are gentle
And full of wrinkles,
Her sweet face is kind
And lined with crinkles.*

*Her laughing eyes
Always shine with twinkles.*

AMERICA FOR ME

'TIS FINE TO SEE THE OLD WORLD

AND TRAVEL UP AND DOWN,

AMONG THE FAMOUS PALACES

AND CITIES OF RENOWN;

TO ADMIRE THE CRUMBLING CASTLES

AND THE STATUES OF THE KINGS,

BUT NOW I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH

OF ANTIQUATED THINGS.

SO IT'S HOME AGAIN AND HOME AGAIN

AMERICA FOR ME.

MY HEART IS TURNING HOME AGAIN

AND THERE I LONG TO BE.

IN THE BLESSED LAND OF ROOM ENOUGH

BEYOND THE OCEAN BARS,

WHERE THE AIR IS FULL OF SUNLIGHT

AND THE FLAG IS FULL OF STARS.

OH LONDON IS A MAN'S TOWN,
THERE'S POWER IN THE AIR,
AND PARIS IS A WOMAN'S TOWN,
WITH FLOWERS IN HER HAIR.
IT'S SWEET TO DREAM IN VENICE,
AND IT'S GREAT TO STUDY ROME,
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO LIVING,
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

I LOVE THE GERMAN FURWOODS
IN GREEN BATTALIONS DRILLED.
I LOVE THE GARDENS OF VERSAILLES,
WITH FLASHING FOUNTAINS FILLED,
BUT OH TO TAKE YOUR HAND, MY DEAR,
AND RAMBLE FOR A DAY,
IN THE FRIENDLY WESTERN WOODLAND,
WHERE NATURE HAS IT'S WAY.

I KNOW THAT EUROPE'S WONDERFUL,
YET SOMETHING SEEMS TO LACK.

THE PAST IS TOO MUCH WITH HER,
AND THE PEOPLE LOOKING BACK.

BUT THE GLORY OF THE PRESENT
IS TO MAKE THE FUTURE FREE.

WE LOVE OUR LAND FOR WHAT SHE IS,
AND WHAT SHE IS TO BE.

SO IT'S HOME AGAIN AND HOME AGAIN,
AMERICA FOR ME.

I WANT A SHIP THAT'S WESTWARD BOUND,
TO PLOW THE ROLLING SEA.

TO THE BLESSED LAND OF ROOM ENOUGH

BEYOND THE OCEAN BARS,

WHERE THE AIR IS FULL OF SUNLIGHT,

AND THE FLAG IS FULL OF STARS.

- HENRY VAN DYKE

The Psalm of Life

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returneth,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

*In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!*

*Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act-act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!*

*Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;*

*Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.*

*Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.*

-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Kindness

Drop a stone into the water-

**In a moment it is gone,
But there are a hundred ripples
 Circling on and on and on.**

Say an unkind word this moment

**In a moment it is gone
But there are a hundred ripples
 Circling on and on and on.**

Say a word of cheer and splendor

**In a moment it is gone
But there are a hundred ripples
 Circling on and on and on.**

Kitchen Concert

One day I stopped to listen
To the sounds our kitchen makes,
And I was quite surprised to hear
That when my mother makes cakes,

It's the whirr of her big mixer
With it's beaters going 'round
That starts the kitchen concert
And fills the room with sound.
There's the splashing of the water

And the dripping in the sink;
There's the knife that scrapes the butter

With its clinkety, clink, clink;
There's the rattling of the dishes
And the click of cupboard door,
There's the whistling from a kettle
And the broom swish on the floor;

There's the rhythm of mom's footsteps

And the tune she always sings-
Our kitchen's full of many sounds

From all these happy things.

I Am A Child of Royal Birth

I am a child of royal birth

My Father is king of heaven and earth
My spirit was born in the courts on high;

A child beloved, a princess am I.
I was nurtured there; I lived by His side
In a home where patience and love abide.
My mother was there in that glorious place
Blessing her children with queenly grace.

I grew to the stature that spirits grow.
I gained the knowledge I needed to know
I was taught the truth and I knew the plan
That God and Christ laid out for man.
I was there when the stars of morning sang.
I mingled my voice when the heavens rang.
I was there to rejoice, to praise and applaud
The shouts of joy from the sons of God.

I waited my turn and I came to earth
Through the wonderful channel of human birth.
Then the curtains were closed and the past was gone;

(On the future too, the curtains were drawn.

I lived on the earth, and God willed it so,
With freedom to choose which way I should go.
I must search for the truth; I must serve and obey;
I must walk by my faith many miles of the way.

Someday I'll go back; I will answer the call,
I'll return with my record to the Father of all;
The books will be opened and so will my heart.
There will be rejoicing if I've done my part.
My Father, the King, with His infinite love
Will welcome me back to the mansions above.

The curtains will part and eternity
In it's light and glory will open to me.

There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer

No disease that enough love will not heal

No door that enough love will not open

No gulf that enough love will not bridge

No wall that enough love will not throw down

No sin that enough love will not redeem

In makes no difference how deeply seated may be the
trouble

How hopeless the outlook

How muddled the tangle

How great the mistake

A sufficient realization of love will dissolve it all.

--Emmett Fox

*To laugh is to risk appearing the fool
To weep is to risk appearing sentimental
To reach out to others is to risk getting involved
To show your feelings is to risk exposing your*

humanity

*To place your ideas and dreams before the crowd is
to risk their loss*

To love is to risk not being loved in return

To hope is to risk pain

To try is to risk failure

*But risk must be taken, because the greatest hazard
in life is to*

risk nothing.

*The person who risks nothing does nothing, has
nothing, and is nothing.*

*He may avoid suffering and sorrow but he simply
cannot learn, feel, change, grow, live, or love.*

Only the person who risks is free.

Life, believe, is not a dream

So dark as sages say:

Oft a little morning rain

Foretells a pleasant day.

Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,

But these are transient all:

If the shower will make the roses bloom

Oh why lament it's fall?

-Charlotte Bronte

Winning

IT TAKES A LITTLE COURAGE AND A LITTLE SELF CONTROL,
AND SOME GRIM DETERMINATION IF YOU WANT TO REACH YOUR GOAL.
IT TAKES A DEAL OF STRIVING AND A FIRM AND STERN-SET CHIN,
NO MATTER WHAT THE BATTLE, IF YOU'RE REALLY OUT TO WIN.

THERE'S NO EASY PATH TO GLORY, THERE'S NO ROSY ROAD TO FAME.
LIFE, HOWEVER WE MAY VIEW IT, IS NO SIMPLE PARLOR GAME.
IT'S PRIZES CALL FOR FIGHTING, FOR ENDURANCE AND FOR GRIT,
FOR A RUGGED DISPOSITION, AND A "DON'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT".

YOU MUST TAKE A BLOW OR GIVE ONE, YOU MUST RISK, AND YOU MUST LOSE,
AND EXPECT THAT IN THE STRUGGLE YOU WILL SUFFER FROM A BRUISE,
BUT YOU MUSN'T WINCE OR FALTER IF A FIGHT YOU ONCE BEGIN,
BE A MAN AND FACE THE BATTLE-THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO WIN!

A Friend

A friend is a person who is for you always.
He wants nothing from you except that you be yourself.
He is the one being with whom you can feel safe.

With him you can utter your heart, its badness and
goodness.

Like the shade of a great oak tree in the noonday heat is
a friend.

Like the home port with your country's flag flying after
a long journey is a friend.

A friend is an impregnable citadel of refuge in the strife
of existence.

It is he that keeps alive your faith in human nature,
that makes you believe that it is a good universe.
He is the antidote to despair, the elixir of hope, the tonic
for depression.

Give to him without reluctance.

-Anonymous

~130~

Christopher Daniels

(Husband's name) turned into his drive

With a definite feeling of dread.

He had hoped against hope that the routine had
changed

And the kids would be safely in bed.

He wondered if maybe the house would be neat.

And his supper just once done on time.

He pictured a wife, sweet and smiling, with whom

He could plan his professional climb.

But daydreams were gone with his first sober
thought

Of just how it would really be.

Eight kids would be fighting and running around

And his dinner designed for T.V.

His wife so disheveled and full of complaint,

The problems all named one by one.

His day wouldn't matter --

Her only concern was to discipline daughter or son.

He parked the car slowly, and entered the house

Like a martyr resigned to his doom.

The first thing he noticed and couldn't believe

Was the lovely immaculate room.

The House was so quiet and calm and serene,
And the promise of food filled the air .

He looked for confusion and clutter and noise,

But serenity reigned everywhere

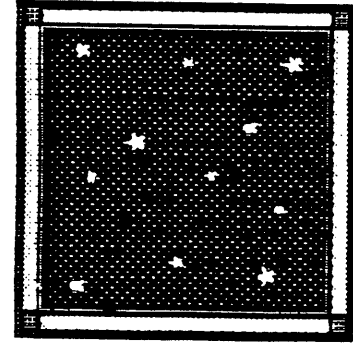
He found his wife smiling and neat as a pin --

He didn't quite know what to say.

She smiled at his question, "Where are the
kids?" ,

"They're gone dear, I gave them away."

Luana Buhler Hunter



Thanks

Dear Lord, we give thanks for
the bright silent moon
And thanks for the sun that will
warm us at noon.
And thanks for the stars and the
quick running breeze,
And thanks for the shade and
the straightness of trees.



115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200

Give Thanks

*Oh, give thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep, and daily food,
Quickener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.*



Thanksgiving

"I Thank you God
That swallows know their way
In the great sky
That grass all brown today
And dead and dry,
Will quiver in the sun
All green and gay
When winter's done."

Louise Driscoll



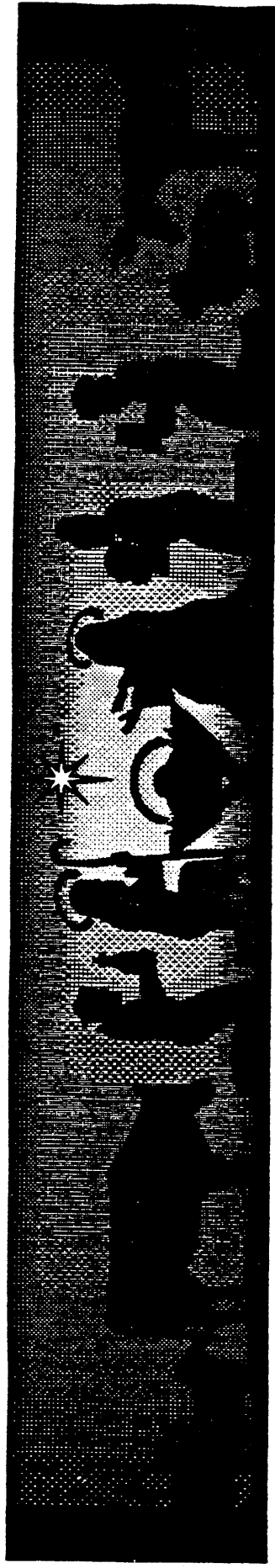
The Missing Turkey

It lay there on the table
That turkey plump and round
But when it was time to carve it
It was no where to be found.

We looked all through the kitchen
And in the pantry as well.
We asked Kate if she had seen it
And Rose and Annabelle.

Even little Mary
We asked her if she knew
About the missing turkey - and she said,...
"Of course I do !

Poor Turkey wasn't feeling well
Because he lost his head.
So I put my mighty on him.
And tucked him into bed."



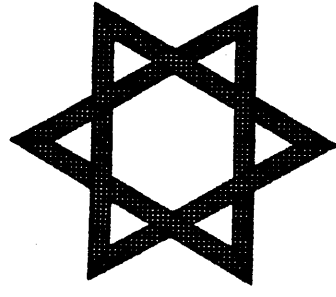
Long, Long, Ago

**Wind through the olive trees
Softly did blow
Around little Bethlehem
Long, long ago.**

**Sheep on the hillside lay
Whiter than snow
Shepherds were watching them
Long, long ago**



Long, Long Ago (cont.)



**Then from a happy sky
Angels bent low
Singing their songs of joy
Long, long ago.**

**For in a manager bed
Cradled we know
Christ came to Bethlehem
Long, long ago.**



What Can I Give Him ?

By Christina Rossetti

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am ?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wiseman
I would do my part. --
Yet what can I give Him,
Give Him my Heart.

I WONDER

By Mula Greenwood Thayne

Last night we trimmed our Christmas tree --
It's such a lovely sight.

On every single branch we placed
A colored crystal light;
We hung a brilliant yellow star
Way up on top -- so high
When I look up I' most believe
That star is in the sky.

Then Mommy sat right close to me;
We watched the pretty glow
Of crystal balls and shining lights.
She asked me, "Do you know
The story of the Christmas star?"
And then she said to me,
"Come, darling, let's sit here and talk
Beside the Christmas tree.

Once in a land far, far, away
On that first Christmas night.
The shepherds caring for their sheep
Beheld a wondrous sight.
And angels [REDACTED] came right down to earth
And sang a song of joy;
They told the shepherds of the birth
Of a tiny baby boy.

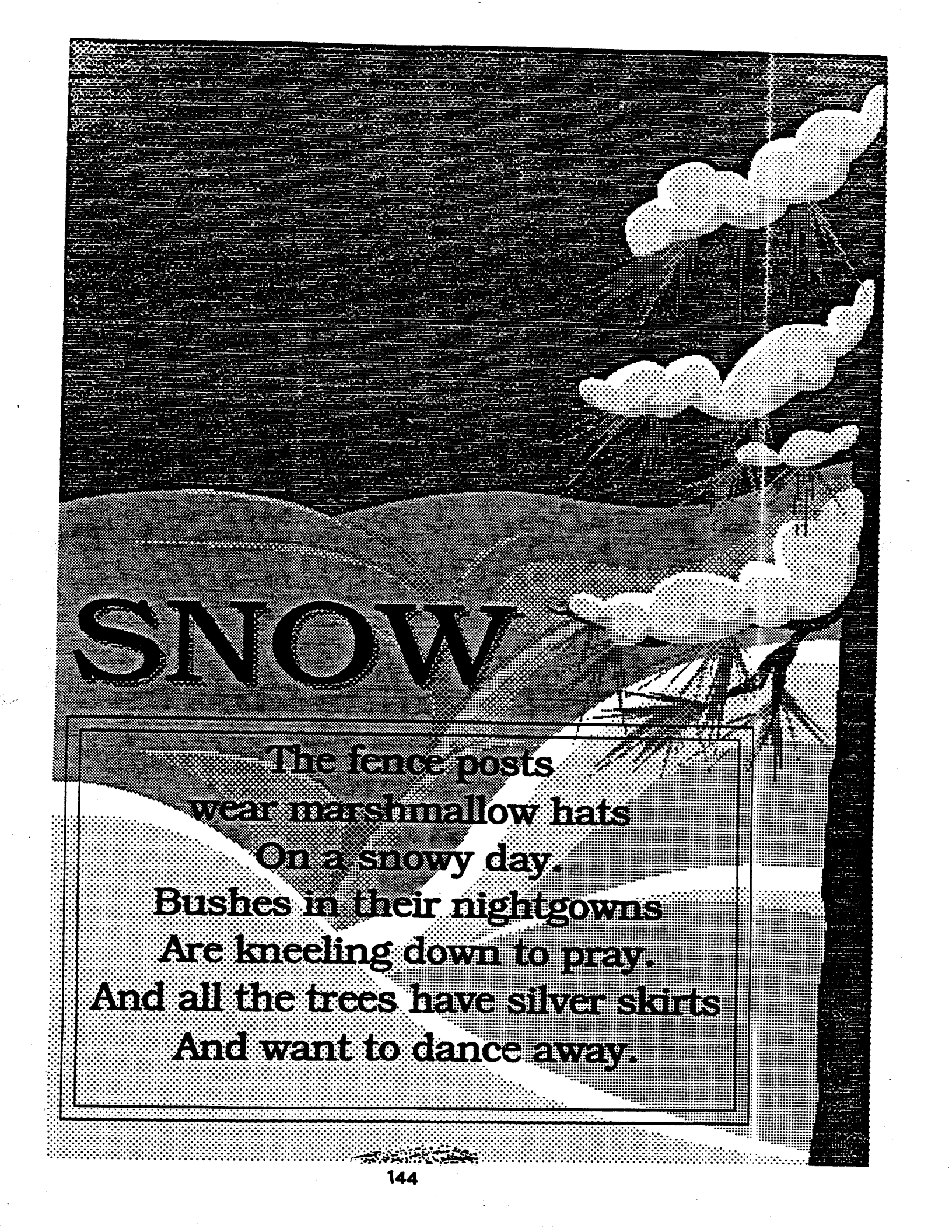
**"You'll find Him wrapped in swaddling clothes
Tucked snugly in a manger.'
The shepherds took their finest lambs
As gifts for the wee ^{ya}stanger.
Wise men watched for many years
To see a new born star;
This night they saw a wondrous light
Shining from afar.**

**" 'It is the star. He has been born
Our Savior, Christ our King!
Let's hurry, we must find the babe
Of whom the angels sing.'
The wise men followed the bright star;
It gently led the way
And stood above a humble bed
In which the baby lay.**

**"This babe grew to be a man
Strong and wise and kind;
He blest each child like you,
He healed the sick and blind;
He taught the people to do right;
He prayed for everyone.
Then He went back into His Heav'n
Up where the stars are hung."**

I wonder (cont.)

He'll come again, My Mommy says,
No one can tell just when,
But probably it won't be long
Then we'll have peace again.
I wonder when he comes again
Will herald angels sing ?
Will earth be white with drifted snow
Or will the world know spring ?



SNOW

The fence posts
wear marshmallow hats
On a snowy day.

Bushes in their nightgowns
Are kneeling down to pray.
And all the trees have silver skirts
And want to dance away.

If I Had Been A Shepherd Boy

If I had been a shepherd boy

On that very special night

Tending sheep upon the hillside

I'd have seen the angels bright

I'd have heard the angels singing

Of what happened in the town

I'd have left my flock with someone

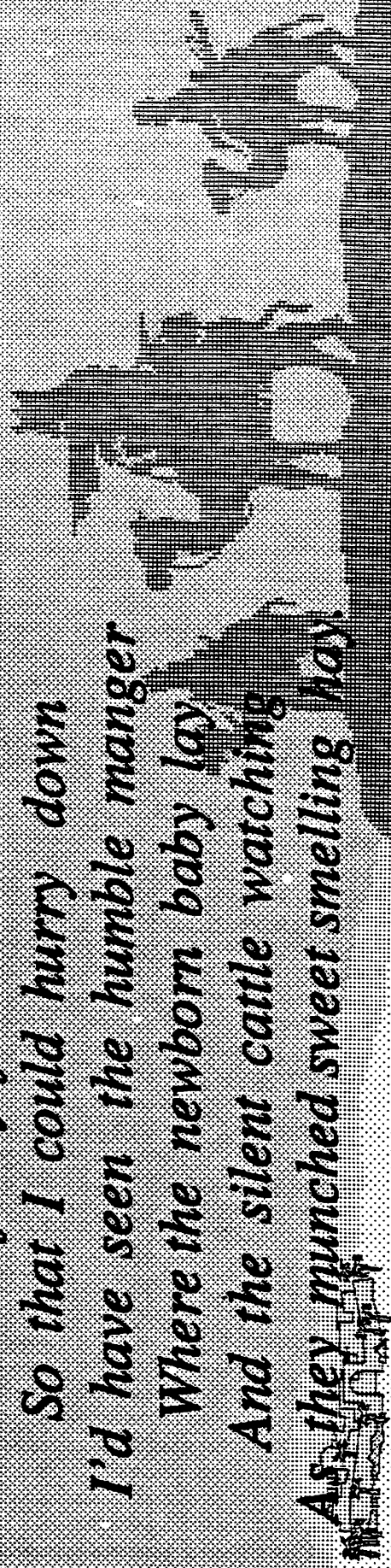
So that I could hurry down

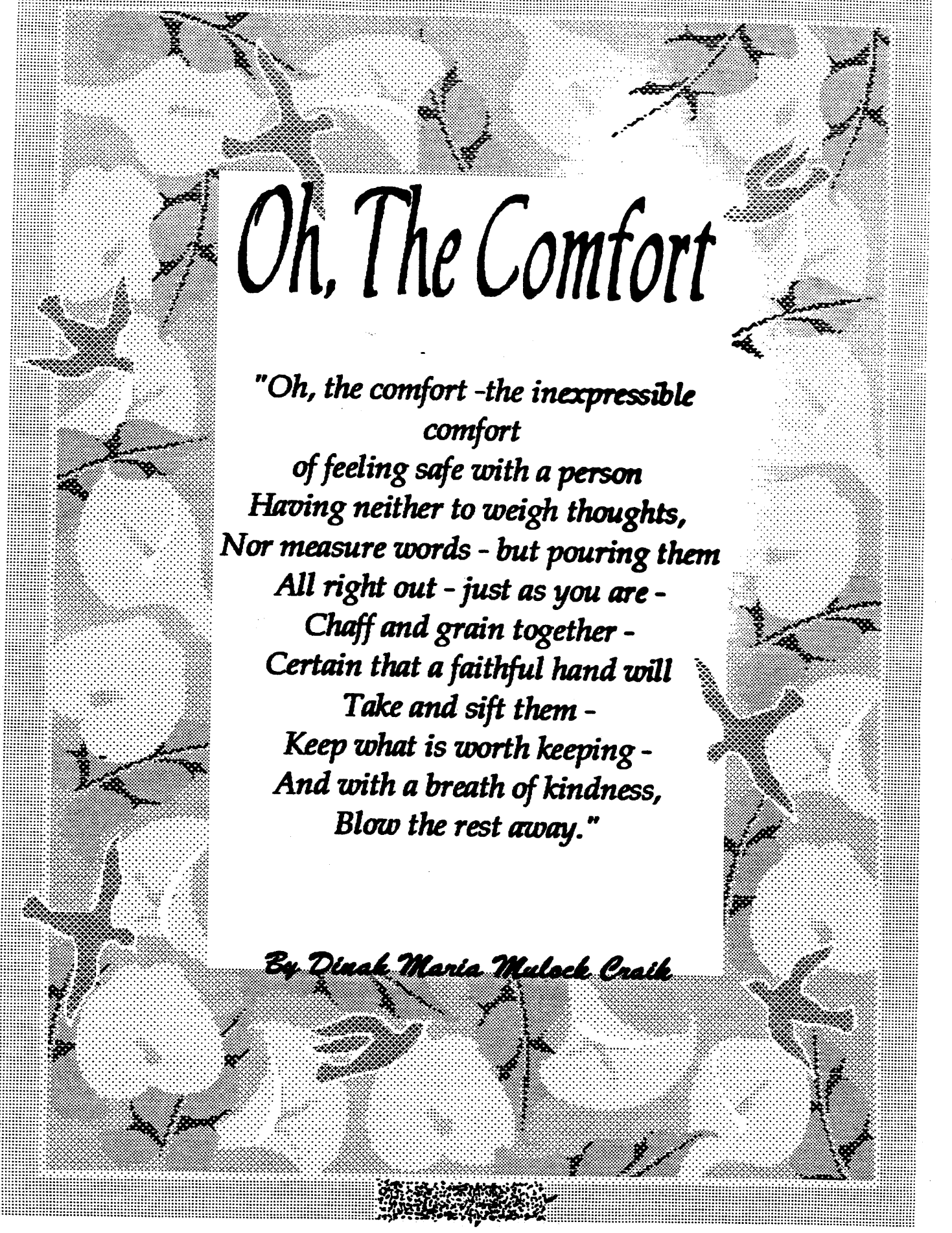
I'd have seen the humble manger

Where the newborn baby lay

And the silent cattle watching hay

As they munched sweet smelling hay





Oh, The Comfort

*"Oh, the comfort -the inexpressible
comfort
of feeling safe with a person
Having neither to weigh thoughts,
Nor measure words - but pouring them
All right out - just as you are -
Chaff and grain together -
Certain that a faithful hand will
Take and sift them -
Keep what is worth keeping -
And with a breath of kindness,
Blow the rest away."*

By Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

Hearts, Like Doors

Hearts, like doors,
will open with ease
To very very little
keys,
And don't forget that
two of these
Are "Thank You, Sir,"
and "If you please."

Robert Louis Stevenson

Beautiful faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there;
Beautiful hands are they that do
Deeds that are noble, good, and
true;

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe.

Talking to God

I close my eyes and bow my head
When a grace or prayer is said.
I wouldn't stir or even nod
When other persons talk to God.

Garry Cleveland Myers

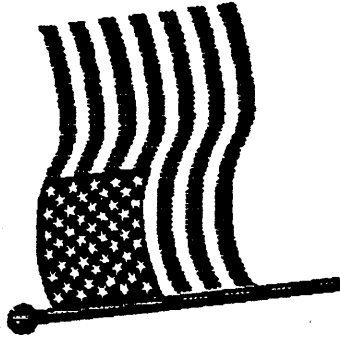
Quote When a Wrong wants righting.. By E.T. Sullivan
From LaDawn Jacob's talk at Homeschool Convention June 1993.

And when you are discouraged, not seeing past the diapers or the dishes or quarreling children think on these words..

"We fancy that God can only manage his world with battalions, when all the while he is doing it by beautiful babies. When a wrong wants righting, or a truth needs preaching, or a continent wants opening, God sends a baby into the world .. perhaps in a simple home and of some obscure mother. And then God puts the idea into the mother's heart, and she puts it into the baby's mind . And then God waits. The greatest forces in the world are not the earthquakes and thunderbolts. The greatest forces in the world are babies." E.T. Sullivan

The Flag Goes By

By Henry Holcomb Bennett



Hats Off !

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,

A flash of color beneath the sky;

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

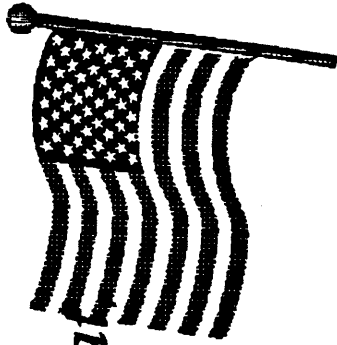
Blue and crimson and white it shines,

Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off !

The colors before us fly;

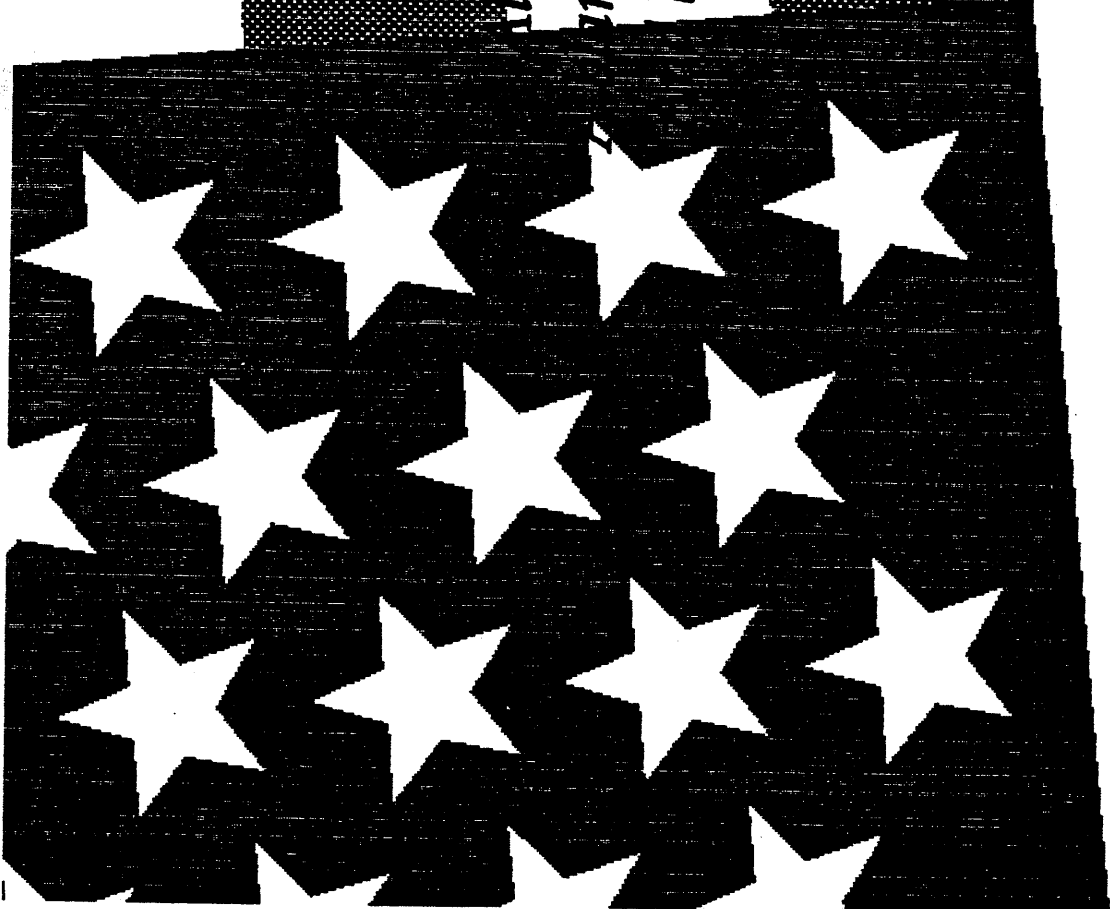
But more than the flag is passing by.



*Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great
Fought to make and to save the state:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;*

*Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;*

*Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, - all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.*



March off!

*Along the street there comes
a band of bugels, a ruffle of drums,
loyal hearts are beating high!*

Hallelujah!

The flag is passing by!

Supposing today were your last day on earth.

***The last mile of the journey you've trod,
After all of your struggles, how much are you
worth,***

***How much can you bring home to God?
Don't count as possessions your silver and gold,***

Tomorrow you leave these behind,

And all that is yours to have and to hold

Is the service you've given mankind.