# COMICS

## They'll Do It Every Time — By Jimmy Hatlo

# POET'S CORNER

### A VERY DEAR SPOT

May God bless this dear spot,
Where Mom and Dad are lying;
They seem so lonely and alone
That is why my eyes are crying.

Stars look down on their graves,
I can see their names on a stone;
I pray that they are with Him,
Our Master, on His throne.

Humbly they followed in His steps,
Ever remembering that fatal day;
When they will go to their Eternal Home
In that land, so far away.

As they sleep side by side,
As the months and years go by;
A Century is but a moment,
In Eternity in the sky.

In my house there are many mansions,
And I pray one, they have secured;
Their reward for following Him
And the sorrows they have endured.

Let us now ask them — they can hear
Wherever the Angels sing;
And pray that they will remember
To ask God to be remembering.

CJH

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### 'NEATH THE OLD OAK TREE

I wandered down the lane — dear,
The one we used to tread;
Naught is left but memories, since
You are numbered with the dead.

I lingered 'neath the oak — my dear,
But my tears begin to flow;
There you promised to be my wife
I said "I love you so."

But now you have left me dear,
And I am lonely and alone;
My heart is broken forever
Since you have gone Home.

I saw the blossoms by the road,
A cardinal begin to sing;
I lingered by the oak — dear
I gave to you my ring.

You are ever in my mind,
It matters not where I go;
Every little whispering breeze
Says "Darling, I love you so."

Now that you have gone away,
How desolate is my heart;
In memory I hold you tight,
'Tis then the tears start.

CJH

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### MUSIC

Where are the rollicking bands
I heard in childhood days?
They were leading every parade
People expected no other way.

Has time changed so swiftly
That music is seldom heard?
Even in most of our homes
This part is just for the birds.

Years ago social gatherings
Were incomplete without a song.
While someone chorded the organ
The fiddle screeched along.

Has TV replaced all of this?
Must we all change our life too
Sitting tense and staring
Till each program is through?

The future I cannot predict
I must only live day by day.
Yet I hope old-fashioned music
Is just taking a holiday.

Jennie Charles

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### SONGS OF PRAISE

"Lord, I'll serve thee every day
In such a lovely, charming way
I'll be a flower with sweet perfume
To wreathe your path or grace your room!
Or else, I'll be a bird to sing
With silver flute, on scarlet wing!
Unnoticed tasks are not for me
A flame of glory, I will be;
I will cling close to your side,
And you will be the glorified!"

With beauty both of bird and flower,
She charmed them through the sacred hour;
Clad in cowl or scarlet dress,
She sang of truth and holiness!

Another came with contrite heart
To ask if he might have a part
To sort the trash, or sweep the dust,
Or build the fires, or scour the rust,
Or see that classes start on time,
Or serve, perhaps, in other clime
A vessel honored or disdained,
Of prominence, or else restrained,
Seeking neither praise nor place,
Content to share the fruits of grace.

This one in his quiet way
Went about from day to day
Helping others do their best;
His song—the love within his breast!

Eleanor Harvey