

They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo

COMICS

Poetry

IN REMEMBRANCE  
OF NOVEMBER 22, 1963

President Kennedy:  
Our beloved President and his lovely Lady  
Sharing their happiness together on his last day.  
The welcoming crowd of Dallas, warming their hearts  
With never a thought of death, cold and gray.

Officer J. D. Tippitt:  
An officer of law in line of duty  
Brave and unflinching approached a man,  
He was shot and killed without mercy  
By the same ruthless hand.

Lee Harvey Oswald:  
Every man should have his day in court  
To plead his guilt, with or without shame,  
When man takes law into his own hands  
Then all America shares the blame.

Each left a family in shock and grief  
Each trod a different road of life,  
But God created all three equal  
And gave His word bearing days of strife.

We'll never know if it was God's will  
Whether it was a part of His plan,  
But we do know that in Arlington Cemetery  
Was buried a beloved and powerful man.

God does not plant seeds of hate  
But seeds of love, mercy and understanding.  
We, His people, may have failed Him  
He's slow to anger, but stern, commanding!

God has helped to keep America free  
How many truly pay respect to Him,  
How many go about our daily lives  
Satisfying our own selfish whim?

May He grant mercy for our neglect  
That our country has become in such a state,  
Where our young and apt President was sacrificed,  
Through a corrupt heart filled with hate.

May He grant mercy on each and all  
For the tragedy of Friday, November 22, 1963,  
May it be a lesson etched into each heart  
That all may turn toward God and Eternity.

Oh Lord, may we never again take for granted  
The wondrous things in which Thou believes,  
May we never again experience heartache  
As the one now in which our Country grieves.  
Mrs. Russell E. Jones.

AUSTIN AND I  
We were walking one evening  
My little nephew and I,  
When the darkness fell around us  
And the stars twinkled out in the sky.

As we stood and watched this wonder  
In the heavens up so high,  
The little fellow whispered,  
"God is lighting the candles in the sky."  
Teresa McComb, Malibu.

CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS  
The heavenly hosts sang,  
"Peace on Earth,"  
Proclaiming to all, the Savior's birth,  
Gold and Myrrh, the wise men brought to lay  
At the feet of the Child they sought.  
The eastern sky was light as day,  
And shepherds came where the Christ Child lay.

Leaving their flocks of snowy white,  
They followed the Star that shone so bright,  
"No room in the Inn," the keeper said,  
"You will find the Child where the cattle fed."  
Mary's travail they knew in part --  
But none of the things she kept in her heart.

Let us worship the Christ, and silently pray  
For a definite task, a starlit way  
As the wise men found the manger bed,  
May we to some humble place be led,  
And gladly our gifts to the Savior bring,  
When we do for his children, we honor the King.

Mrs. June F. Grimes,  
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