

POEMS

by

MONA CARD ROWLAND

man



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DAWN

Thrilled by the voice of a loved one,
Strengthened by prayer for the day,
Led on by Faith, Hope and Courage
Guiding us all on our way.

WHAT CAN I DO?

You can give a smile,
A friendly hand,
A kind word or two.
One never knows
Just what a smile
Or friendly word can do.

EVENING

When the curtains of night have been lifted
And pinned back by the stars,
Is the loveliest part of the evening,
As peace reigns and no discord mars.

THE RACING WAVES

How cool and how refreshing
The wind comes from the sea,
It fills your very being
With strength and energy.

And as the wind grows stronger,
The waves come dashing in.
It seems they're really racing
To see which one will win.

They laugh and talk and glisten,
The melody is sweet,
It gives a peaceful feeling,
When one lies down to sleep.

CLOSE TO NATURE

I love to live in the country
Where all is quiet and still,
Where frogs are always croaking
Down by the dear old Mill.

I love to hear the crickets,
The humming of the bees;
To hear the robins singing
In all the woodland trees.

The dear Old Mill is grinding
The yellow grains of corn;
A walk down there will thrill you
A lovely summer morn.

You feel so close to nature.
The rustle of the leaves
Will softly, gently whisper
God's message through the breeze.

THE WHISPERING OF THE PINE

In the Valley of Enchantment
All is quiet and divine
Then we think we hear the Ocean -
It's the whispering of the Pine.

And those stalwart trees so stately
Fill your very soul and mine
When the moon peeps through the branches
And we hear the whispering Pine.

In the Valley of Enchantment
Where the air is pure and fine
How we love that soft sweet fragrance,
Yes, the fragrance of the Pine.

In the Valley of Enchantment
Underneath the starry sky
Is a place of dream and wonder
And to feel God's presence nigh.

There the Stars were never brighter;
With the Moon so high above,
Shining down in all her fullness,
Nature teaches God is LOVE.

THE SABBATH DAY

The Blue-bells were ringing
In a valley by the sea;
Jack-in-the-Pulpit preaching
In a voice most tenderly.

Miss Mary-Gold came tripping
In a lovely dress of gold
To hear Jack's old sweet story,
The sweetest every told

The Birds furnished the music
And Jack had much to say;
The children all were happy
That lovely Sabbath Day.

DAWN

Heavenly, dainty was the sky
When dawn came out so very shy
And with her dainty finger tips
She lit the eastern sky.

A work of beauty, charm and art,
One no painter could impart,
The crimson rays of glory bright,
This panoramic view.

It pictured noble mansions, trees
With lakes, and flowers and with leaves;
Then wonder-filled, did we behold
A roadway to a gate of gold.

Words can not express its beauty,
Though miraculous it be -
The golden gate seemed opened wide -
Opened toward Eternity.

TODAY

The Master is coming,
He may come today.
We must be ready
We must not delay.

We cleaned and we dusted,
We polished the room,
He might be there, yes,
Perhaps before noon.

We were kind to our neighbors
And were nice, never vexed,
We were never quite sure
But Christ might be next.

He promised He's coming
And it might be today,
So let us be ready,
Pray, let's not delay.

THE STORM

Angry clouds sailed the dark sky
With lightning, then fierce thunder nigh;
Drops of water, sheets of rain
Came down like hail on window pane.

Mighty winds, we heard them roar;
The voice of night how it did soar;
Trees were tossed, but all held fast,
At last, at last, the storm has passed.

THE ROBIN

A darling little Robin
Outside my window there
Was singing very sweetly
And seemed so free from care.

I said, "Dear little Robin,
Have you no cares at all?"
He said, "Look up, have faith, as
God careth for us all."

WHEN MOMMIE WENT AWAY

The whole wide world was gone
When mommie went away,
She told us stories and
We sang most all the day.

Now it's all so different,
The world is up-side down;
Not much use of living
When mommie's not around

The birds have quit their singing,
Dad don't whistle any more,
We don't go to Sunday School
The way we did before.

Wish we did have mommie,
To comb and fix our hair,
And oh, if we had mommie
To hear our little prayer.

MY NURSE

She was so kind and good to me,
Patient and gentle as could be,
Her smile was sweet and eyes of blue,
And her pretty dress, just like new.

She stepped with firm and gentle tread,
Kept covers neatly on my bed,
Never weary and never sad,
Always making others glad.

Was always there to ease my pain,
Bringing my food that I might gain,
Who is this? Who can she be?
An angel sent from Heaven to me.

Virginia, you can never know
My heartfelt thanks to you,
For all the lovely things,
The lovely things you do.

A STORM

The waves dash high,
The billows roared
The lightning flashed
Like a mighty sword.

So very frightened,
Yes, all but one,
And she sat so calm
With her little son.

How can you be
So very calm,
You and your little
Lovely one?

My Savior's at
The helm, you see,
And He is watching
Over me.

I felt ashamed
As my weak faith
Was shown to me
Through her true grace.

CROSSING THE JORDAN

The church bells were ringing
When Father went away
To meet his Great Creator
Upon that Sabbath Day.

Asked if he wanted water,
He said, "No - no, not I.
I am drinking at the fountain
Which never goeth dry.

"I shall cross the Jordan River
With its dark and ebbing tide

And

In that bright celestial City
I shall evermore abide."

HE LEADTH ME

I have traveled life's long journey
Had my sorrows and my glee;
But I find that life is dearer
With less of self and more of Thee.

I have waded through the shadows,
Dark, yes, as the darkest night;
But 'twas grand to see the breaking
Of the Heavenly Gospel Light.

Now I'm living on the mountain
Where the view of life is grand,
And my Savior now is with me;
Gently leads me by the hand.

Is not this the vale of Beulah?
Is this not your longed-for goal
Just to greet your Heavenly Savior
And His presence to behold?

A TRIP

We're taking a trip, my darling,
A trip for you and me
A trip to be long remembered
Out on the deep blue sea.

The waves will dash high, my darling,
The furious winds will roar
And we're on the sea of life now
And often far from shore.

Some days will be sad and gloomy
And everything will look dark;
But look up, have faith, my darling.
It seems I hear a lark.

Yes, see how the sun is peeping
Around all those clouds of blue.
We know we're in His keeping -
We enter life anew.

Hold on to faith, my darling,
From it let us never part
And we surely will find gladness
In the garden of the heart.

AS A MAN THINKETH

It's just because of your thinking
That makes you do as you do;
It's just because of your thinking
That makes you false or true.

Sometimes the thought you're thinking
Makes you very, very sad;
And other times your thinking
Can make you very glad.

And you're thinking, yes, thinking
Some kind deed perhaps to do.
Some dwell on crime and suffering
And wreck their lives 'tis true.

There is something that's within us,
And it surely is the mind
That gives us peace and comfort
Or leaves us to repine.

KINDLY SPIRIT

There is something that's within us
Which is hard to understand,
But the something that's within us
Is the very best of man.

Yes, it is the kindly spirit
One which always swells within
That is really ever craving
Just to help some friend or kin.

It is there, but I must tell you
It is oft times hard to see,
It has been so covered over,
But its there, its sure to be.

Just have patience and forbearance
And this light will surely shine
For the something that's within us
Is, indeed, superbly fine.

TOGETHER

We have traveled down life's journey
For lo these many years;
We have had our days of rapture,
We have had our time of tears.

But it has been wonderful
To walk with you, my Dear,
To travel down the road of life
And always have you near.

You are just as pretty now, Dear,
As when we two first met,
As we walked along the river
Oh, I never shall forget.

Your eyes sparkled like the stars, Dear,
That shone so high above,
And your sweet soul fills my life, Dear,
With everlasting love.

SARAH JANE

Sarah Jane, yo' come right heah!
Need yo' help, so stay right neah.
Shine dat glass and dat plate too,
Have to tell yo' what to do?

Get that dust rag and the broom,
Time for you to clean that room,
Jack would think yo' mighty fine,
Hang that dish rag on the line.

Seems I nevah can teach yo'
Just the proper thing to do.
Think Jack's lookin' fo' a wife,
Says he's tired of single life.

If yo' try, yo' might catch him,
Sho' he be a prize to win,
But yo' have to change yo' way
If yo' catch dat man, some day.

AWAKEN

Who asks our Nation not to pray?
We're built on prayer from day to day.
It is our strength, our hope, our love,
It is our contact from above.

Who comes to take our rights away?
Who comes to tell us what to say?
Who comes to rule o'er all the land
And keep us bonded in his hand.

Who plans our freedom set aside?
O Lord, with Thee may we abide.
Our love, our faith, our destiny,
Will all be gone and slaves we'll be.

Who's taking over church and schools?
Who's laying down the laws and rules?
Who's ruling with their might and main?
Our lives will never be the same.

My dear friends, harken, one and all,
And listen to the Master's call.
Awaken now, yes, one and all.
Oh, may we never, never fall.

THANKSGIVING

The golden-rods are blooming,
The sky a perfect blue,
The air is cool and crispy;
We've a million things to do.

Thanksgiving is upon us,
Our hearts are free and gay
To know that we can worship
In the good old-fashioned way.

The corn still in the fodder,
The pumpkins lyin' round,
The turkey in the oven,
All luscious golden brown.

AWAY

I wakened in the morning
Just at the break of dawn,
Not a breath of air was stirring,
Not a leaf upon the lawn.

Quietness hung over me,
I truly could not sleep.
All I heard in the distance
Was the lowing of the sheep.

Finally there came a rapping,
Rapping on my hall door
To tell of Grandpa's leaving;
He'd passed beyond this shore.

His clothes laid out for meeting,
This quiet Sabbath day,
He heard his Savior calling
And quietly stole away.

SPIRIT OF LIGHT

Let the Spirit of Light within you
Shine forth like a radiant star.
Let it shine over hills and mountains
And over the valley afar.

Let it beam from your eyelet windows
And ring in your laughter of love.
Let it fill you with love and beauty,
That reigneth in Heaven above.

Hide not your light from your neighbor
Who's groping in the dark,
Lighten his pathway of sorrow
Ere time that he embark.

The Spirit that ever shineth
Will lead to the end of the way
And you'll find only peace and gladness
At the closing of the day.

A LIVING PICTURE

So beautiful in the soft light
Her voice was sweet and low
As she gave a lovely reading
Yes, many years ago.

Her eyes soft brown and mellow
As they glistened in the glow,
Flowers might have envied her
That night of long ago.

MY BROTHER

I received your little poem.
It is very dear to me
For I know within the writer
There is a soft melody.

Storms of life sail in upon us
And we're feeling very sad,
But we're happy, yes, within us
If we make somebody glad.

Bread that's cast upon the waters
Comes back to us triple fold.
Thanks to you, my precious brother,
For you have a heart of gold.

FATHER'S DAY

It's Father's Day. Dear Father,
He doesn't have much fun.
We take him all for granted
And keep him on the run.

We never think he's tired
Or wants to read his paper.
Oh no, what we want must be done,
His reading can come later.

I'm glad for Father's Day,
It is a good reminder;
Also glad for Mother's Day -
I'm glad that Daddy found her.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

We cannot make a rose,
We cannot make a tree
Or stop the billow's roar
Upon the stormy sea.

We cannot send the rain,
Or make the grass to grow.
We only trust in God
That's all that we're to know.

Of course we do our part
By planting of the seeds;
We care and tend the little plants
And pull out all the weeds.

We must not question all
We do not understand
The only thing we know
We're at our Lord's command.

SOME DAY

Some day I'll get up early
At really break of dawn
I'll show that I'm not lazy
I'm going to mow the lawn.

Neighbors may call me quite a freak
When they hear that lawn mower squeak
They may even call the police
But it's my yard; I've got the lease.

Not that I would have them think
That I was really crazy,
Just wanted them to know
That I'm not down right lazy.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, the sun has slipped away
To greet his friends across the sea,
I sat is awe at this beautiful sight,
For He left the twilight for me.

The soft curtains of night had been lifted,
And pinned back by the stars,
The Milky Way was passing by,
And there was the beautiful Mars.

THE ROSE

A little bit of Heaven
We met upon our way,
A little bit of Heaven
We cherish to this day.

She stood with head uplifted,
Her dress was velvet white;
She was adorned with dew-drops,
All sparkling in the light.

With Rose-buds all around her
And leaves of lovely green,
Our hearts were thrilled with gladness
For all that we had seen.

We stood in adoration;
Could Heaven be more grand?
We knew it was the work of God,
Created by His hand.

A VISION

I dreamed of the beautiful mountains,
There seemed to be a call -
Look up, have faith, my darling,
God loveth and careth for all.

I reached and somehow was lifted
To realms beyond the sea,
To rest in the bright forever
To rest through eternity.

ROSE FOR LOVE

O beautiful Rose, none can compare
With all your beauty and fragrance rare;
You the essence of peace and love
A special Rose, sent from above.

A Rose when we are sad,
A Rose when we are glad,
A Rose one can send at any time
For it fills our hearts with love divine.

A CHILD'S DESIRE

I want to scatter sunbeams
To the sick, distressed and sad;
I want to scatter sunbeams
And make the whole world glad.

DO YOU SEE?

Did you see the beautiful mountain,
The wonderful peaks of snow?
Did you see the twilight linger
Or the enchanting sunset glow?

Did you see water, pure crystal,
Flowing over rocks so white?
Or did you see the waterfall
Tumbling from mammoth height?

Did you see the dew-drops glisten
On the flowers along your way?
Perhaps snow upon the pine tree?
Or frost upon the hay?

Did you see the lovely rainbow?
Or did you merely glance,
Thinking of the pot of gold
And how you'd take a chance?

We miss so many pleasures.
We look but do not see
The glories all around us,
Look up, look up, and see!

MUSIC OF THE RAIN

I love to hear the music
Of the patter of the rain,
Sometimes it roars and thunders
As it glistens on the pane.

Sometimes it's just a-dripping,
Kindly lulls you off to sleep;
You know you're in His keeping
While His blessings 'round you creep.

DAWN

Kissed by the dawn of the morning,
Drenched by the dew-drops clear,
Soothed by the blessed sunshine,
And the song of a robin near.

Thrilled by the voice of a loved one,
Strengthened by prayer for the day
Led by love, faith, hope and courage,
And Blessed with friends on our way.

Soothed by the evening twilight,
Soothed by the whippoorwill's call,
Soothed by the beautiful moonlight
That shineth over all.

HIS FIRST PANTS

My first pair of pants
Were indeed quite a thrill;
Words can not tell you,
But I think of them still.

For I was very happy
And I will surely bet
If Aunt Mary had not come
I'd be wearing dresses yet.

The boys called me a sissy;
The girls all would glance;
So thanks to dear Aunt Mary
For my first pair of pants!

THE BIRDS LULLABY

Dear little bird in the tree so high
Singing that sweet little lullaby,
Your little ones, snug, close to your breast
While the wind gently rocks your cradly nest.

The father bird comes to share your glee
And brings food for the little ones three,
While you go out upon a limb
Leaving the cares of the family to him.

Then back to your nest so very shy
So not to be seen by passers by,
Now you must teach your babies to fly
Soon they will leave their sweet lullaby.

THE MOON

O beautiful moon,
What can compare
With all of your charm
And moon beams so fair?

We so often hear
"Oh lovely night"
All because of you
And your soft moon light.

Oh, how I adore
Your peeping through trees
And peering through clouds
As you sail on the breeze.

You are so lovely
With your silvery hue
And all of your charms
Lovely moon, you! Yes, you.

THE ROSE

The Rose, with head up-lifted
And dress of velvet white,
Adorned with lovely dew-drops
All sparkling in the light.

With rosebuds all around her,
And leaves of lovely green,
Makes our hearts thrill with gladness
For all that we have seen.

THE BELL

When I was just a little girl,
Oh, I remember well,
I'd hurry fast to Sunday School
To help Sammy ring the bell.

I see him now with watch in hand,
And with his broad sweet smile,
He sees me coming up the hill,
Yes, I've run almost a mile.

To ring the bell for Sunday School,
To me was quite a pleasure,
And after that the peppermints
Old Sammy didn't measure.

SHADOWS AND LIGHT

It is only after shadows
And sorrows and strife
That we appreciate our Blessings
Which come to us through life.

LITTLE SQUIRREL

Dear little squirrel in the tree so tall,
Aren't you afraid that you will fall?
With your tail curled high above your back,
You're a cute little squirrel, it is a fact.

You have often played jokes on me,
Curling up like a knot upon a tree
Then down you came as quick as a wink
And are storing nuts for the winter, I think.

OUR DARLING

She is beautiful, beyond compare,
Our little darling with light brown hair,
Little eyes sparkling and little pink nose,
How much we love her, nobody knows.

She is quick and quaint and very shy,
Always admired by passers by,
Sometimes she is naughty I must say
But we love our Puppy anyway!

THE DOGS' STORY

Don't often catch dogs sittin' still,
But I'll confess 'twas 'gainst our will.
'Twas all on count of Ken and Russ
'Cause we put up an awful fuss.

We would rather run and play
And have a good time all the day
Than sit up there and really pose,
Not allowed to twitch our nose.

We wasn't 'lowed to wag our tail,
We felt like we would surely wail.
We didn't want our picture took
We didn't fit in picture book.

We like Russ and we like Ken,
Suppose by now they're grown up men,
And maybe they would like to see
Us sittin' by the orange tree.



THE ARTIST

Winter paints a magic scene
While flying through the air;
He touches here, he touches there -
Fairylane seems everywhere.

Spring comes forth an artist too.
She paints the little violets blue;
She paints a lot of lovely flowers,
Birds sing sweetly hours and hours.

Summer comes in with her brush,
She paints a different view -
Those grand and glorious sunsets
Appeal to us anew.

Autumn with her magic rod
Brings forth a radiant hue,
A time to dream, a time to work
With many tasks to do.

Nature in all her glory
Paints sunsets and moonlight of love,
Clouds with their silver linings.
We know God reigns above.

THE GREAT SEQUOIAS

Wonderful, the great Sequoias.
There among the giant trees
One can almost hear God's whisper
Through the soft and gentle breeze.

In God's garden once we wandered
Midst those giants, big and tall,
Largest trees in all the world
And the oldest trees of all.

Several thousand years they stood there,
Suffering fire and many a storm,
But they stand with heads uplifted.
God has kept them through all harm.

SALT AND PEPPER

We're just two little birds
To bring you notes of cheer
And wish you peace and happiness
Throughout the coming year.

Not only through the coming year
But through your whole long life.
I'm Mr. Pepper Shake;
Meet Mrs. Salt, my wife.

BIG BROTHER

He swings her high,
He swings her low
He loves that child
From head to toe.

Her eyes were sparkling,
Yes, you bet;
But take her, Mom,
For she's all wet!

FRIENDS

It's nice to have friends like you,
And all the kindly things you do.

It gives me joy I can't express,
For all your love and tenderness.

THE BASLER HOME

While the Christmas Chimes are ringing
Through the corridors so clear,
And our friends are sweetly singing
Christmas carols far and near.

It gives us peace and happiness
To have the old folk near.
We call them "Flowers of Time",
Because they are so dear.

The Basler Home is just the place
To give them faith and cheer
And may this Christmas be to them
A Christmas very dear.

The office girls and the nurses
Spread their sunshine with a smile
And you feel life is worth living
When you help another smile.

The flowers add to the beauty
With all their charm and grace.
Thanks to Doctor Basler
For this lovely restful place.

IN MEMORY

There's a spot in Indiana
Which is very dear to me,
Where we laughed and sang together
And our hearts were filled with glee.

Could I only paint a picture,
Of dear Father sitting there,
With his manly, noble presence
And his silver locks of hair.

There he sat and told us stories,
While we listened with delight
And the fire-log popped and sputtered
Throwing forth a radiant light.

On the other side, sat Mother,
Precious Mother - kind and true,
Always willing, always ready
Any work 'twas to do.

'Tis such a good old-fashioned people
We are missing day by day,
Those who walked a blessed life-time,
In a blessed sort of way.

Those who always looked to Jesus,
For forgiveness of each sin
And believed in Him so fully,
That their lives were sure to win.

Blessed parents of my life time,
Blessed parents kind and true,
Always willing, always ready
Any work 'twas their's to do.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas best of all the year
For we know that Christ is here,
Gave Himself that we might live.
What more could a Father give?

Oh, that we might understand
Blessings that His mighty hand,
And that we might see the light
Christ bestows on us tonight.

EASTER BELLS

Hear the bells at Easter ring,
Hear the little children sing,
Hear the birds in all the trees,
Hear the humming of the bees.
All nature is awake to tell
That Christ has come, and all is well.

MY PAL

As I sit by my fireside this cold wintry night,
My thoughts will go back to the day
When I, but a child, lived down on the farm,
And played in a frolicsome way.

My brother and I, we had more fun,
We knowed most 'bout everything that was done,
We had a dog, and we called him Frank.
He was big, and long, and lean, and lank.

We'd play in the orchard or climb the trees,
We'd fish in the brook and watch the bees;
We'd hitch old Molly to a two-wheeled cart,
And off to a little town we'd start.

'Twas lots of fun to drive you see,
While brother held on to the groceries and me.
Brother was sure a fine old pal,
He taught me to ride his wheel, quite well.

And later when I had a wheel of my own,
We'd ride to school and then back home.
He taught me to walk on stilts so high,
I thought I'd almost reach the sky.

And once when we walked till it got quite late
I pinched my thumb on the old iron gate,
We both would almost rack our brain,
Trying to pull off some magic game.

We'd bury our pets by the old apple tree,
And cover them over with flowers, you see.
And then we'd grieve, and sometimes cry
Because our little pets would die.

And then we'd hustle in from school,
And call for Mother, as always the rule.
And make for the kitchen as soon as we could
For the pumpkin pies smelled, oh, so good!

Then after all the work was done,
We'd sit around and have such fun,
For Mother would take us by her knee,
And tell us pretty stories, you see.

And then she'd tuck us snug in bed,
After our little prayers were said,
With a good night kiss, as she turned to go,
We'd see her sweet smile, though the lights were low.

CHRISTMAS

It is Christmas in all of its glory,
It is Christmas in all of its glee.
It is Christmas because of our Savior
Who hath done so much for me.

He came in a lowly manger,
So meek, so blessed and mild,
He came to save us from our sins,
This Blessed Christmas Child.

He was the gift of our Creator,
No other gift so grand,
He now has gone to Heaven
And sits at God's right hand.

But He is ever listening,
The gift of God's great love,
Oh what can we do in our meager way
To repay this gift from above.

Inasmuch as you do it unto the least of these,
Ye have done it unto me.
And he who giveth his life for others
God's grace hath made him free.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas best of all the year
For we know that Christ is here
Gave His self that we might live
What more could a Father give?

Oh but we might understand
The blessings from His mighty hand
And that we might see the light
Christ has bestowed on us tonight.

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT

On Christmas night the Christ child lay
Imbedded in the new mown hay.
The cows and sheep were all around
To welcome the baby newly found.

The stars were shining down on him
While angels sang a Christmas hymn,
Oh beautiful the glorious night
When Christ brought joy and love and light.

O may we not forget to pray
And may we live from day to day
That we may have a Nation free
As Christ, our Lord, intends it be.

A CHILD IN ORBIT

She was sailing through the sky
With all the stars so bright,
Darting here and darting there
That lovely moonlight night.

So very fascinating
As she wandered through the stars,
Where am I, pray do tell,
Oh, where am I, Mr. Mars?

Mr. Mars said with a smile,
And a twinkle in his eye,
"You were on the Milky Way
When I saw you passing by."

I had milk from the Big Dipper,
And I'd be resting soon
But I cannot find the hammock,
The crescent of the moon.

I'd like to go around the sky
The Evening Star to see,
Do you suppose she'd care to talk
To a little girl like me?

The Man in the Moon winked at me
And asked that I might stay.
Oh, thank you, Mr. Moon,
But I must go along my way.

I forgot to feed my cat!
How could I do a thing like that?

RANCH HOME

The sun is sinking westward,
The shadows cease to roam,
The flowering shrubs give perfume
Out on our old Ranch Home.

The orange trees are bending,
The peach in velvet hue,
The figs in rustic yellow
The plums are purple too.

There was the old Rose garden,
A lovely little place,
We looked upon the roses
With all their charm and grace.

But something seemed to hold us
We never cared to roam
Away from purple sages
Out on the old Ranch Home.