

LAW OF NATURE

THE LOVELINESS OF THE BUTTERFLY IS SOMETHING TO BEHOLD  
IT HAS SPARKLING COLORS OF BRILLIANT RED AND GOLD  
IT GLIDES ON THE AIR SO GRACEFUL AND FREE  
ITS HOME IS THE SKY, THE EARTH, AND THE SEA.

WE ALL COULD LEARN A LESSON FROM OUR WINGED FRIEND  
HIS FLIGHT SHOWS US THAT DEATH IS NOT THE TOTAL END.  
FOR HE WAS ONCE A CATEPILLAR CRAWLING ON THE GROUND,  
IT WAS OFTEN HARD FOR HIM JUST TO GET AROUND.

THEN BY THE LAW OF NATURE, HE SLOWLY DID CHANGE,  
AS HE WENT INTO HIS COCOON WHICH HAD BEEN PREARRANGED.  
BUT THIS WAS NOT THE END OF HIM AS WE SURELY KNOW,  
THIS WAS JUST A PLACE FOR HIM TO MARVELOUSLY GROW.

GRAND OLD MOTHER NATURE HOLDS HIM CLOSE IN HER ARMS.  
SHE PROTECTS HIM AND KEEPS HIM EVER WARM.  
UNTIL THE TIME TRANSPIRES FOR HIM TO BE FREE,  
THEN SHE OPENS HER ARMS AND HE DOTHS QUIETLY FLEE.

A MIRACULOUS CHANGE HAS NOW TAKEN PLACE  
AND THE LOW CATEPILLAR HAS A BRAND-NEW FACE.  
NO MORE IS HE SHACKLED TO JUST THE DIRT,  
BUT FLIES TRIUMPHANTLY OVER THE EARTH.

YOU AND I, MY FRIEND, ARE BOTH STUPID AND BLIND  
IF WE THINK THIS MIRACLE IS ONLY ONE OF A KIND.  
JUST LIKE THE CATEPILLAR LEAVES WITHOUT A TRACE,  
SO SHALL OUR BODIES BE LEFT ON THIS EARTHLY PLACE.

BUT, WE, JUST LIKE THE BUTTERFLY, WILL ALWAYS LIVE ON  
AND OUR SPIRIT WILL BURST FORTH LIKE A LOVELY SONG.  
SO DO NOT WORRY ABOUT YOUR INEVITABLE FALL -  
IT IS AS GOD PLANNED IT - IT IS NATURE'S LAW.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

MUDDY WATERS

Over the land it softly creeps  
It takes over while they all sleep.  
Its flowing body covers the earth  
As its prodding fingers dig in the dirt.

The continuous falling of the rain,  
Only means it won't refrain.  
It slowly overtakes the small town  
As it keeps taking more and more ground.

Home after home is hopelessly lost  
In the flood waters that claim a cost.  
Many people will have cause to weep,  
As the waters continue to get very deep.

Many heartbreaks can now be felt  
And outside Assistance is coming to help.  
But what has been lost can't be regained  
And all the town people are in a strain.

I had a young sister and brother, too.  
I loved them deeply as brothers do.  
But God has claimed them as His own  
For the muddy waters carried them home.

I still see my brother where he sat  
He and I haveing a brotherly spat.  
I still see the smile on Sis's face.  
No one will ever take her place.

My parents had both gone to the store.  
They, too, are lost forevermore.  
In the blink of an eye, my life was changed,  
I'm left all alone, it seems so strange.

That is the reason that my heart sank  
When the flood water receded to its banks.  
God has seen fit to take them all away  
Now, only He can help through the coming days.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

EPITAPH TO A SOLDIER

SO GALLANTLY YOU GAVE YOUR LIFE  
THAT WE MAY GO AND LIVE OUR LIVES.  
NO QUESTIONS ASKED, YOU WENT TO YOUR GLORY.  
NO ONE TOOK TIME TO ASK FOR YOUR STORY.

WERE YOU BITTER BECAUSE YOU HAD TO FIGHT  
AND LEAVE YOUR LOVED ONES OUT OF SIGHT?  
DID YOU KNOW WHEN YOU LEFT THAT DAY  
THAT NO MORE WOULD YOU TRAVEL BACK THIS WAY?

WHAT WERE YOUR THOUGHTS AS YOU PASSED YOUR TIME?  
DID YOU THINK OF FRIENDS THAT WERE LEFT BEHIND?  
DID YOU WONDER WHY SOME RIDICULED YOU -  
DID THEIR WORDS AND ACTIONS MAKE YOU BLUE?

I WONDER IF YOU ALSO KNEW  
THAT MANY OF US WERE PROUD OF YOU?  
YOU HAVE GIVEN YOUR ALL AND STEPPED OUT OF RANKS  
NOW FROM US, PLEASE ACCEPT OUR "THANKS".....

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE POOR OF THE LAND

The old woman sat on her porch in her rocker,  
 Stitching and mending the slightly torn stocking.  
 In the garden nearby, her husband holds onto his plow,  
 In the distant field, lazily grazes their lone cow.

Last Spring their weary mare went lame,  
 He had to shoot her, his heart still feels the blame.  
 Old "Spot" used to run and bring in the herd,  
 He knows this is over, though they said not a word.

They pass their time in peaceful thanksgiving.  
 Each night thanking God for their way of living.  
 For their table has plenty and they are glad to share  
 With neighbors around, who didn't so well fair.

Still in another part of this same town,  
 A well-dressed man can be seen around.

He is always laughing and telling his jokes  
 To the covetous young people and old country folk.

He drives a new car - the latest make,  
 In a grand house, he lives by the lake.  
 His clothes are of the latest new style,  
 His fine parties are the topic of talk for miles.

His neighbors soon learned that if they needed a loan,  
 Not to seek him - for he was never at home.  
 At Sunday Meeting - he was seldom there.  
 The parson could count on seeing his empty chair.

One cold winter day, the church bell did ring,  
 For miles around, the people it did bring.  
 To pay their respects to one of their members  
 Who would now be laid to rest - under the timber.

His worn coat pulled about him, the old man stared,  
 Why hadn't anyone noticed - why didn't they care?  
 The well-dressed man had needlessly died - when he committed suicide.  
 He couldn't understand - though he surely tried.

So it is written in the Holy Book, if you will look, you will find,  
 That we must look out for each other in our troubled time -  
 When we must reach out for a helping hand --  
 Take hold of the strong - THE POOR OF THE LAND.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

WHEN DESTINY CALLS

IT WILL BE ETCHED IN THE SANDS OF TIME  
THAT ONE MAN WITH A TREMENDOUS MIND -  
GAVE OF HIMSELF, AND REMOVED A WALL,  
WHEN HE ANSWERED HIS DESTINY'S CALL.

--

THE HANDS OF TIME MOVE VERY SLOW,  
THEY CAN'T BE STOPPED - IT JUST ISN'T SO.  
FOR NO MATTER WHAT, IT JUST CAN'T BE,  
AND IT IS HOPELESS TO TRY TO FLEE.

ONE MAN KNEW THIS IT IS VERY PLAIN.  
HE KNEW THE CHALLENGE BUT DID NOT REFRAIN.  
A DUTY CALLED HIM AND HE WENT FORTH,  
KNOWING DEEP IN HIS HEART, HE HAD NO CHOICE.

MANY THINGS HE ACCOMPLISHED WHILE HE WAS HERE  
THOUGH HE MAY HAVE FELT IT, HE NEVER SHOWED FEAR.  
FROM THE DAY HE TOOK OFFICE, UNTIL HE DIED,  
HE INSTILLED IN AMERICA A FEELING OF PRIDE.

HE WAS A MAGNETIC AND INFLUENTIAL MAN,  
HE WAS THE "BIG LEADER" OF OUR LAND.  
A GIANT BURDEN HE CARRIED ON HIS SHOULDER,  
BUT HE REMAINED STEADY, LIKE A BOULDER.

HE CARRIED ON THOUGH HE KNEW HIS FATE -  
THAT HIS TIME HAD COME, AND HE'D NOT BE LATE  
HE WAS KILLED IN DALLAS WHILE STILL YOUNG,  
FOR GENERATIONS TO COME, HE'LL BE ON EVERY TONGUE.

HE KNEW THE MEANING OF LOVE AND PEACE,  
HE TOOK THE REIGN AND TRIED TAMING THE BEAST.  
BUT WITH ALL HE GAVE, IT WAS NOT ENOUGH,  
FOR WE STILL FIGHT AND THE WORLD'S STILL ROUGH.

HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR ALL OF MANKIND  
HOPING THEY WOULD NOT ALWAYS BE BLIND.  
A REMARKABLE MEMORY HE LEFT BEHIND,  
AND "J. F. K." WILL "LIVE" FOR ALL TIME.

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by

MIRIAM BREWER

A BUTTERCUP

Oh, lovely little Buttercup -  
You stand serenely in the wind  
Undaunted by the breeze's touch,  
You cling bravely to your spot.

Nature is your kind Mother  
And you her fragile child.  
She nurtured you as her others  
And gave you life here for awhile.

You hold fascination for a child  
For they love to watch you grow.  
Your fragrance is sweet and mild  
A drop of Sunshine colors you.

You have no worries and no cares  
For Mother Nature sees to that.  
She lets you wander everywhere,  
You are free to grow and grow.

As you and your friends know -  
Summertime is just a long day,  
But winter is coming and you must go -  
So, sleep now, Buttercup, but come back in Spring.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

WHISPERINGS OF AUTUMN

The Autumn wind slid gently into the day -  
A flock of birds fade into the blue haze.  
The swaying trees surrender their leaves,  
And the coolness is felt in every breeze.

The grandeur of the colorful scenes,  
Brighten the days like misty dreams.  
A touch of gold on the leaves is so faint,  
As if a Great Artist a masterpiece paints.

With an invisible touch of the hand,  
Splashes of color are sprinkled on the land,  
The giant Elms are like magnificent rainbows,  
And the last rose of summer timidly grows.

The splendor of the fresh Autumn day  
Is leaning heavily on the new mown hay.  
The gentle wind pushes first moving clouds,  
And the Great Master Painter can be very proud.

The squirrels are busy with nuts to hide,  
To keep them fed in the long winter time.  
The Autumn days all sparkle and glimmer,  
Then open the door to the marvels of winter.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

## A FRIEND OF JESUS

The little child was very sick -  
The mother attended to it very quick.  
But whatever she did, he grew worse.  
She did all she could to be his nurse.

It so happened that visiting them in their home,  
Was Joseph's wife, Mary, and her small infant son,  
Mary, seeing this mother's troubles and trials,  
Asked if she might hold him for a little while.

The water that she bathed Jesus in still stood,  
And Mary wiped the child off with it, as she raised the infant's hood.  
The baby grew better and no more fever could you feel,  
It was with miraculous water that this infant was healed.

The days passed by and years rolled on -  
For Jesus - His childhood was now gone.  
At home no more did He lurk -  
He had started out to do His Father's work.

His enemies had placed Him on trial -  
He would be put to death in a short while.  
Though He had been beaten and tied in chains -  
Mary's Son had not once complained.

One of the viewers on Him took pity -  
And followed Him then out of the city.  
He helped him to carry His cross -  
For this, Jesus promised his soul would not be lost.

One of the Roman soldiers who was very bad -  
Suddenly in his heart felt very sad.  
He remembered now where he saw His mother.  
It was at his home, she was a guest with the others.

Their eyes did meet and he became aware -  
Of the heavenly light that surrounded her there.  
He fell at the foot of the cross where his childhood playmate hung.  
He prayed for forgiveness for everyone.

Jesus looked down at His long-lost friend,  
His eyes told him that He did understand.  
A drop of His blood fell on him then -  
And he knew he had been saved by Jesus again.

by

MIRIAM BREWER



LADY IN WHITE

At night at ten she comes around,  
To see if her guests are sleeping sound.  
Seldom they see her - and then only a few.  
And not one will admit it of the ones that do.

She is a lady that likes everyone,  
But can't communicate - and has no fun.  
For you see, our charming and gracious host  
Is what is commonly called a "Ghost".

She is lovely in her dress of white.  
But those she touches feels only fright.  
She never comes out during the day -  
If she did - what would they say?

Company is all she ever wanted -  
But they won't come in for her house is "haunted".  
She reaches out with only despair -  
For she's a captive of the past and must remain there.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE HAYRIDE

THEY ARRIVE SIDE BY SIDE  
GOING ON THEIR ANNUAL HAYRIDE.  
THE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE FULL OF CHEER  
THEY LAUGH AND JOKE, DEPARTURE DRAWS NEAR.

THE EVENING BREEZE STARTS TO STIR,  
THE THROWING OF HAY LEAVES ONLY A BLUR.  
THE DISTANT MEADOWLARK JOINS IN THE SONG,  
AS OVER THE HILLSIDE, THEY ROLL ALONG.

THE TREES GRACEFULLY WAVE HELLO,  
AS THE HAYRIDE CONTINUES TO GO.  
A YOUNG BOY SITS BY HIS FAVORITE GIRL  
THE AUTUMN LEAVES NOW TIST AND TWIRL.

A HUGE BONFIRE IS QUICKLY BUILT  
THE CHILDREN ALL HUDDLE UNDER THEIR QUILTS.  
STORIES ARE TOLD BY ONE AND ALL,  
THE ONLY ON-LOOKER IS A WISE OLD OWL.

MUCH TOO SOON THEY'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.  
EACH STORING THEIR MEMORY OF WHAT THEY FOUND.  
THEY'LL KEEP IT ALWAYS WHEREVER THEY ROAM,  
WITH AN INNER PEACE, THEY ALL HEAD HOME.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE PRECIOUS GIFT

Come- let me look at you -  
For your beauty ranks high.  
I can drink in your loveliness  
As it leaves me with a sigh.

How long have you been here -  
Unnoticed by the others.  
What is the heavenly scent you wear?  
It haunts me and it hovers.

The colors which adorn you  
Match the landscape you surround.  
I've watched you grow daily ☺  
From your home out of the ground.

No greater gift could be given  
To someone you hold dear in your heart,  
Then one of God's lovely flowers-  
For in all of His creation - it is entirely set apart.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

A CHILD IN NEED

It steals up on you very quietly  
Like a thief in the night.  
It slowly takes its evil time  
As a child it cripples in the ensuing fight.

An arm, a leg, once sturdy and strong,  
Are soon like putty in its grip.  
Anyone is chosen and many are picked,  
As it takes them on a frightening trip.

The little boy who wanted to pitch  
Will never reach his goal.  
He'll never know how it is to play,  
For being helpless is now his role.

The little girl can never dance,  
And be the greatest star in the world.  
For she has been touched by a disease,  
And its wrath on her has unfurled.

We wake up each morning with never a thought  
Of what it would be like to never walk.  
How sad it is that we take for granted,  
All that we have - even our talk.

We can learn much from these little people  
Of what it means to really be alive.  
They never give up and never quit.  
They always have hope - do you or I?

Though their limbs may be twisted,  
Their minds are quite alert.  
They keep happy thoughts and never lose hope,  
Even when with death they flirt.

They look to us for our support -  
So whatever you do, Don't let them down.  
When it comes to "Brotherly Love"  
This is where it is to be found.

Somehow in the light of a new day,  
A key will be found to set them free.  
We can't rest until it is licked,  
This terrible disease - Muscular Dystrophy.

by

MIRIAM BREWER