

THE BIRD

The bird flew high into the sky above,
As a symbol of God's great love.
He glided so gracefully over the land,
He knew he was safe in God's hand.

Food was waiting on the ground
God placed it there where it could be found.
The bird soared on and winged the sky -
He made you wish that you could fly.

He dipped low over the tree tops -
He flew on and on as if he'd never stop.
When he needed a rest from the wind,
For him God provided a limb.

The bird's shelter is a tiny nest,
High in the trees which God did bless.
He clothed them in the brightest of garments.
They're God's "Special Friends" and we should not harm them.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

HAUNTINGS OF HALLOWEEN

THE GHOSTS AND GOBLINS ARE COMING TONIGHT
THEY WILL GIVE YOU QUITE A FRIGHT.
THEY ONLY COME OUT ONCE A YEAR
AND WILL INSTILL A MOUNTAIN OF FEAR.

IF YOU SHOULD STEP OUTSIDE AFTER DARK,
DON'T DARE VENTURE INTO THE PARK,
THEY WILL SWOOP DOWN AND TAKE YOU AWAY,
AND YOU'LL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN, AFTER TODAY.

A WISE OWL IN A TREE GIVES A LOW "HOOT"
HE IS WARNING ALL TO QUICKLY TAKE FOOT,
FOR IF THEY REMAIN THERE AFTER EIGHT,
THEY CAN'T BE SAVED, IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

A FOGGY MIST COVERS THE GROUND,
NOT A PERSON ON THE STREET CAN BE FOUND.
THE WIND WHISTLES THROUGH THE TREES,
THE WITCHES RIDE IN ON THE COOL NIGHT'S BREEZE.

THE GHOSTS CAN BE SEEN FLOATING BY -
AND THE DEVIL HIMSELF SETS HIS "EVIL" EYE.
MANY SPOOKS THIS NIGHT WILL BE SEEN,
FOR THEY ALL COME OUT WHEN IT'S HALLOWEEN.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

A LITTLE GURL WAS SITTING HERE,
 I TURNED AND SHE WAS GONE.
 I CURLLED HER HAIR JUST YESTERDAY,
 OR HAS IT BEEN THAT LONG ?

A LITTLE GIRL WAS WALKING HERE,
 DID YOU SEE HER PASS BY?
 I TOOK HER TO SCHOOL MANY TIMES,
 ON HER FIRST DAY - WE BOTH CRIED.

A LITTLE GIRL WAS EATING HERE,
 HER PLATE IS STILL UNTOUCHED.
 I WORRY FOR HER HEALTH,
 SHE REALLY DOESN'T EAT SO MUCH.

A LITTLE GIRL WAS SWINGING HERE,
 DID SHE LEAVE WHILE I WAS TALKING?
 WE PLAYED HERE MANY TIMES,
 I CARRIED HER WHEN SHE WAS TIRED OF WALKING.

A LITTLE GIRL WAS LYING HERE,
 DID SHE WAKE WHILE I WAS SLEEPING?
 I CARED FOR HER NEEDS WHEN SHE WAS SICK,
 AND I KEPT HER IN MY KEEPING.

A LITTLE GIRL WAS DANCING HERE,
 HER SHOES ARE ON THE FLOOR,
 HER BEAU IS CALLING FOR HER NOW,
 HE STANDS IMPATIENT AT THE DOOR.

A LITTLE GIRL CAME IN THE CHURCH,
 SHE WAS STANDING BY MY SIDE,
 THE BRIDE LOOKS SO LOVELY IN HER GOWN,
 MY LITTLE GIRL MUST BE OUTSIDE.

I HEAR HER CALLING ME YET,
 "MAMMA, HELP ME FASTEN MY DRESS".
 PLEASE, MR. TIME, IF THIS LITTLE GIRL YOU SEE,
 RETURN HER TO ME - FOR SHE IS MINE.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

LEGEND OF JAKE BRAND

A hush fell on the peaceful town,
When they heard "Jake Brand" was coming around.
For it was rumored that he was tough,
And not one in town could call his bluff.

Only the sound of the bell in the Church could be heard,
And not a soul in town would utter a word.
The men folk gathered in the local bar,
While the man with the badge called help from afar.

On a lone road just to the North,
A desolate man on his horse comes forth.
He must keep a promise to someone dear,
But hesitates now that he draws near.

At the edge of town, the men do wait,
Each of them hoping to end his fate.
They know if they should kill "Jake Brand"
They'll be the new "hero" of the land.

In a small cottage, just out of town,
Waits his mother, with her spirits down.
Though he is hated and hunted by everyone,
She still loves him - he's still her son.

Over the valley, Jake Brand rides on,
He's at the top of the hill over-looking the pond.
He remembers playing here when just a boy,
He smiles ever slightly, remembering this joy.

Now he must face his hardest task,
To face his life and look back at his past.
Twenty long years had now gone by,
Since he left this valley - to climb high.

When his wife died, he went on the run,
Leaving with his mother, his infant son.
He had promised her he would come back,
But he couldn't face her or his son, Jack.

His time was now up and he had to come,
For death rode his shoulder, he knew he was done.
How could he make it up to his sweet mother -
What could he say - to tell her he loved her.

In the distance he saw all the men wait,
As he approached his dear mother's gate.
In the yard a young man stands by the well,
The only sound still is the peel of the bell.

Old Jake Brand then started to run -
But he was stopped by a fast-shooting gun.
The man firing the shot swells with pride,
As he twirls his gun triumphantly by his side.

He knew he had just now inherited the land,
When he pulled the trigger and killed "Jake Brand".
But he doesn't know and he would not be so glad -
If he only knew that - he had just killed his Dad.

THE KEY OF LIFE

OH MY CHILD -- I HAVE NO PLACE TO KEEP YOU,
I HAVE NO FOOD TO FEED YOU,
I HAVE NO CLOTHES FOR YOU TO WEAR,
I HAVE NO LIFE THAT YOU CAN SHARE.

I HAVE NO SPIRIT TO MAKE YOU LAUGH,
I AM NOT A WHOLE PERSON, BUT ONLY HALF.
MY OWN LIFE IS IN SUCH SHAMBLES,
TO LET YOU LIVE WOULD BE A GREAT GAMBLE.

I CANNOT GIVE YOU THINGS THAT YOU'D NEED,
SO GIVING YOU LIFE WOULD BE A WRONG DEED.
I JUST HAVE NO CHOICE, AS YOU CAN SEE,
FOR IF YOU WERE TO LIVE, WHAT WOULD YOU BE?

-

LISTEN TO ME -- YES, MY MOTHER - BUT YOU ARE SO WRONG.
FOR IF YOU HAD ME, DAYS WOULD NOT BE LONG.
YOUR LOVE WOULD BE MY CLOTHES TO WEAR,
AND WHEREVER YOU WERE, MY HOME WOULD BE THERE.

I WOULD NOT NEED MUCH FOOD TO EAT,
THE LOVE OF MY MOTHER IS ALL I WOULD NEED.
I CANNOT TELL YOU WHAT IT WOULD MEAN,
TO BE BORN YOUR CHILD WOULD FULFILL MY DREAMS.

-

A MOTHER WITH CHILD - HER UNBORN SON,
ARE JOINED TOGETHER - BOTH LIVING AS ONE.
SHE HOLDS THE KEY TO THE DOOR OF LIFE.
HOW WILL SHE USE IT - WILL HE LIVE OR DIE?

by

MIRIAM BREWER

A PECULIAR THOUGHT

Have you ever wondered
As oft' times I do,
If you ever met yourself
Just what would you do?

Would you know immediately
That this person was you,
Or would you be fooled for certain,
And think it was someone new?

Just how well, I wonder,
Do we know ourselves,
Do we keep our real true feelings
Hidden on a shelf?

Each one has many feelings
This fact is surely true
But do we really see ourselves
As other people do?

Think of the person you most
Want to be like.
Then do as they would do
And try with all your might.

For another fact is very certain
And true, as you will find,
We all become the person that
We create in our own mind.

So do not give another thought
To just what you would do,
But get acquainted with yourself,
Then if you meet, you'll know it's you.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE DAY DREAMER

Have you ever wished for something
You know you couldn't get?
I do this all the time
It keeps me quite upset.

Never in my entire life
Have I been satisfied.
Wishing your life away -
To me could be applied.

I wish for this - I wish for that -
And dream away the hours,
Each thought takes wings and blooms
Like many lovely flowers.

To have all things better
Is what I want, you see,
I never can decide completely
Just what I want to be.

To be a great astronaut, I feel,
That flies in eternal space
Would be a great adventure and thrill
To see such a marvelous place.

I do so many wonderful things
But only in my day dreams.
Never in real-life could one expect
To fulfill so many schemes.

Do you really think it's wrong
To wish for such a lot?
Is there anyone person on this earth
Happy with what they've got?

And so I shall leave you now
With nothing else to say,
But, Golly, wouldn't it be great
To have a wish come true today.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

A NEW YEAR

THE BELLS IN THE CITY BEGIN TO CHIME,
AS THEY MARK OFF THE YEARS OF TIME.
ANOTHER YEAR NOW BELONGS TO THE PAST,
IT CAME AND WENT BY VERY FAST.

A NEW YEAR IS NOW USHERED IN
FOR SOME THE BEGINNING, FOR OTHER THE END.
WHAT HAVE WE DONE WITH OUR LIVES THIS FAR -
AND WHY ARE WE ALL CHASING AFTER STARS.

EACH ONE IS ALLOTTED SO MUCH TIME
TO DO WHAT HE CAN TO IMPROVE THEIR MIND.
HOW LITTLE WE TREASURE THIS GREAT GIFT,
FOR TIME GOES BY SO VERY SWIFT.

DO WHAT YOU CAN TO ENHANCE YOUR FATE,
FOR EACH MOMENT MOVES ON AND DOESN'T WAIT.
ENJOY THE LAUGHTER AND SHARE THE TEARS,
FOR THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST "NEW YEAR".

by

MIRIAM BREWER

TIM'S MIRACULOUS RING

It was only his Dad's Class Ring -
But to Tim, it meant everything.
For he gave it to him that cold winter day,
The day that the army took his Dad away.

Three years would not be long to wait -
But it seemed so to a young man of eight.
Watch over your Mother and keep her well,
Son, the man of the house you'll be for a spell.

He held Tim tight and kissed his cheek -
Then walked out the door -starting to weep.
His letters came in almost every day,
He read them over when he came in from play.

Now more than a year has passed -
And his letters stopped coming in so fast.
It seems his Dad was sent off to war -
And writing letters was now quite a chore.

Then one day his mother stood waiting at school.
Son, I have something to tell you - it will be cruel.
Your Dad is missing in action - that's all she said.
The lad took her home where many tears were shed.

The neighbors were nice and tried to be kind.
Cheer up, Tim - we know that you Dad they will find.
He comforted his mother and sat by her side -
His own grief and sorrow trying to hide.

Then one day an idea struck him -
He was very bright - this young man, Tim.
Things now didn't look so black.
He now had a plan to get his Dad back.

With the greatest of ease, he slipped off his ring
He wrapped it in gold paper and tied it with string.
He addressed it to "God" and sent a short note.
"Thank you, God" - at the bottom he wrote.

One night he awoke and saw a great light
And in the corner stood a figure in white.
It moved closer to the edge of his bed
He knew immediately that this was his Dad.

He sat with him and talked a long time
Then said he must go - and must leave me behind.
"Also - my son - I want to return this thing"
Then he took from his finger - THE MIRACULOUS RING.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

OUR TOWN

DOWN BY THE RIVER IN A SETTING OF TREES
IS A QUIET LITTLE TOWN WHERE TIME DID FLEE.
A CLUSTER OF PEOPLE IS ITS MAKING
INSIDE IT IS PEACEFUL AND THE VIEW BREATH-TAKING.

NOT ALWAYS HAS IT STOOD AS SUCH,
FOR BEFORE THE "HAND OF PROGRESS" LEFT ITS TOUCH,
IT WAS A BUSTLING TOWN WITH LOTS OF ACTION -
AND TO SEAMEN OF PAST-TIMES, IT WAS A BIG ATTRACTION.

ITS BUILDINGS STILL STAND - SO MEEK - YET PROUD;
A FAINT TOUCH OF HISTORY FROM THEM SPEAKS OUT LOUD.
IT HAS MORE TO OFFER THAN YOU'LL SEE IN A GLANCE,
AND IT CAN BE "GREAT" AGAIN, IF GIVEN THE CHANCE.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE SUNRISE

THERE IS QUIET ALL AROUND ME,
STILLNESS FILLS MY SOUL.
A FADING STAR, I CAN SEE,
AS THE CURTAIN OF DARKNESS SLOWLY RISES.

IN THE EBONY SKY, THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.
AND A LARK IN A TREE GIVES A LOW WHISTLE.
OVER THE HILL, COMES THE DAWN'S LIGHT,
AS THE SUN USHERS IN THE WAKING OF THE DAY.

THE WARMTH OF THE SUN NOW COVERS MY BODY,
AND THE MORNING WIND BRUSHES MY HAIR.
THE COLD SPRING WATER IS LIKE A SWEET TODDY.
AND THE KISS OF THE MORNING DEW CLEANSSES MY SKIN.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY BESIDE A GREAT LAKE,
THE CREATURES OF GOD BEGIN TO STIR.
I, THE INTRUDER, NO SOUND SHALL MAKE,
AS THE SERENITY OF NIGHT GIVES WAY TO THE DAY.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

MY PLACE IN THE SUN

LONG WINDING HILL TOUCHES THE SKY,
GREEN LANDSCAPE HANGS NEARBY.
BRIGHT COLORED LEAVES ADORN THE TREES.
QUIET BLUE LAKE FLOWS WITH THE BREEZE.

ON THE HILLS THE MOUNTAINS RISE -
A MONUMENT TO GOD WHO REIGNS ON HIGH.
SMALL PUFFS OF CLOUDS APPEAR IN PINK,
BY THE FRESH SPRING, A DEER DOTH DRINK.

IN WOODED HILLSIDE SHADES COLORFUL FLOWERS,
BY THE VALLEY, THE GREAT MOUNTAINS TOWER.
A RED-BREASTED ROBIN WATCHES ITS NEST,
A BULLFROG BELOW LEAPS OVER THE CREST.

BY THE EDGE OF THE WATER SO CLEAR AND COOL
LIVES AN OLD MAN WITH HIS FISHING POLE.
BY HIS SIDE IS HIS FAITHFUL HOUND,
HERE, PEACE AND QUIET DOTH ABOUND.

THE SUN RAYS PEEK IN AND OUT OF THE BLUE
AS IF THEY WERE PLAYING AND CALLING TO YOU.
THE CLUSTER OF TREES MAKE GIANT BOUQUETS
AND I WISH I COULD STAY HERE FOR ALL OF MY DAYS.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE CHURCH OF THE VALLEY

THE CHURCH OF THE VALLEY I'LL NEVER FORGET
IN MY DREAMS OFTEN I GO THERE YET,
GO THERE, MY FRIEND, AND YOU'LL AGREE,
IT'S A SMALL PART OF HEAVEN FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

THE MOUNTAINS RISE IN MAJESTIC SPLENDOR
AS THE TREES BOW TO GOD IN PERFECT SURRENDER,
THE BREEZE THROUGH THE LEAVES SEEM TO WHISPER GOD'S NAME,
AS THE CHURCH OF THE VALLEY STANDS SERENE IN GOD'S RAIN.

THE BABBLING BROOK THAT FLOWS NEAR-BY
THE SMALL WINDING ROAD THAT DIPS FROM THE SKY,
ALL LEAD TO THE SMALL PEACEFUL CHURCH AND IT'S LOVE,
WHERE GOD SMILES DOWN FROM HIS HOME UP ABOVE.

IF ONLY ONE WOULD TAKE THE TIME,
I KNOW THAT THEY WOULD SURELY FIND,
THAT NO MATTER HOW FAR AWAY THEY'VE ROAMED -
THE "CHURCH OF THE VALLEY" IS CALLING THEM -
CALLING THEM HOME.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

MY IMAGE

I look in the mirror and what do i see?
A strange face smiling back at me.
What does he do there the livelong day -
Where does he live while I'm away?

He must know me, I feel sure -
When I need company - he provides the cure.
Why must he always stay there and hide -
I would love to release him - let him outside.

What if I miraculously could do just this?
Would I bring him misery or bliss.
Then another thought awakes in my being -
Just who is the captive - my image or me?

by

MIRIAM BREWER

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"MYTH OF TIME"

A "LITTLE WHILE" CAN BE FOREVER,
AND YET PASS BY QUICK.
TIME CAN BE MOLDED BY YOUR HANDS,
IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU SIT.

TAKE THE WORDS "I'LL SEE YOU LATER",
THEY MEAN TO US WHAT WE MAKE OF IT..
SO "LATER" COULD MEAN "SOONER",
IT'S ALL IN HOW YOU TAKE IT. .

"TODAY" IS JUST A WORD FOR "NOW",
TOMORROW DOES NOT EXIST,
YESTERDAY IS ONLY IN OUR MINDS,
SO, THE WORD "TIME" IS JUST A MYTH.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

JUDGMENT DAY

They are standing now in all of the streets,
As the voice of God starts to speak.
"I have come to gather all my sheep."
He is magnificent, glorious and meek.

All over the earth mankind doth rise,
As God softly calls them to His side.
There is brought forth a great human tide,
Of people that have been waiting for this blessed time.

In the Lord's hand is quite a long list,
From His Golden Book - no one will be missed.
Loved-ones shall meet on these eternal shores,
As together they walk on through heaven's doors.

The souls that are left will number a few,
They had their chance but didn't come through.
The sky is darkened and now comes a rumble,
As all of the universe starts to tumble.

Where shall you stand on judgment day?
When God calls, just what will you say?
It is not too late to amend your ways,
But do it now, for He could come today.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

DO WE NEED IT?

It can make you happy -
It can make you sad -
You can't live with it
And can't live without.

It can change your way of living
And even change your style -
It can make you anything -
And make things worthwhile.

Or it can destroy you -
And make life a misery -
It can throw you in the gutter
And make you feel like dirt.

When you have need of it -
There's nothing you won't do -
And when you think you have it -
It really has you.

It goes by many names -
And under many disguises.
It may sound funny - but
This thing is called our money.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

PATH TO NOWHERE

The wind howled on that cold winter day,
 When Jamie took his clothes and ran away.
 It had been a week since he made up his mind
 To depart from his home - his own way to find.

Where did you go - who were you with and who did you see?
 How tiresome this "nagging" got to be.
 I'll show them - was his thought, as his head he tossed.
 I'll go out in the world and be my own boss.

His sister was sound asleep in her bed,
 Peeking in, he felt an impulse to touch her head.
 He would miss Sis - without a doubt,
 When he got in trouble, she'd help him out.

In a few hours his father would rise for work
 What a way to live - the stupid jerk.
 His mother always worried but was still "A Pearl".
 In her eyes - he was still a boy and Sis, a little girl.

Here he was at last from his family apart.
 He had a feeling of joy - or was it a pain in his heart.
 Once on the highway - it started to rain.
 For an instant he almost went home again.

Two years had passed since he left home
 He'd done a lot of living while on his own.
 He fell in with a real groovy group
 And now he was a part of the "Troop".

His parents now felt their search was in vain,
 Each night his mother would pray he return, just the same.
 But Jamie was too busy with his own life,
 To take time to phone them or to even write.

In the still of the night came the ring of the phone,
 Could this be their son, saying he was coming home.
 The voice at the other end spoke in a low hum -
 "Mrs. Stone, we found him, we have your son."

At the foot of his casket - stood his Dad
 His Mother and Sister, their hearts very sad.
 By accident or suicide, - he had lost his life.
 How doesn't matter -- they just wonder why.

Here was a young man with so much to give,
 He had chosen instead - his "Path to Nowhere" to live.
 If time could be turned back to that cold winter day -
 Would our Jamie still go - or would he want to stay?

by

MIRIAM BREWER

"WANDERING FEET"

WANDERING FEET, WHERE HAVE YOU LED ME?
WHERE HAVE WE BEEN, WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WHAT IS TO BECOME OF US?
WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SEE?

WE HAVE TASTED FROM THE CUP OF LIFE,
AND IT'S TASTE WAS BITTER.
THERE WERE TIMES WE BECAME A BETTER MAN,
THERE WERE TIMES WE BECAME A QUITTER.

WE TRAVELED FAR, YOU AND I.
MANY THINGS WE DID BEHOLD.
WE SOUGHT TO FIND A FORTUNE,
THOUGHT THIS MEANT GOLD.

OUR WALK HAS LED US FAR, YET NOWHERE.
OUR THOUGHTS REACHED OUT FOR TRUTH.
OUR VOICE SCREAMED FOR HELP TO DEAF EARS,
WE WERE LOST IN DESPAIR, LOOKING FOR HELP, WITH NO ONE THERE.

WE SHALL NOT BE MISSED IF WE STEP FROM THE PATH,
WE PLAYED THE "GAME" HARD, BUT COULDN'T LAST.
LIFE HOLDS ALL THE ANSWERS, BUT WON'T LET GO.
IT CAN DANGLE YOU ON A STRING AND BREAK YOU IN ITS WRATH.

WANDERING FEET, YOU'VE BROUGHT ME MANY FRIENDS,
AND THEN TOO, MANY FOES, THIS WORD DID HIDE.

FOR A FRIEND IS SOMEONE ON WHOM TO RELY.
BUT IN TIME OF NEED, THEIR "FRIENDSHIP" DIED.

I'M NOT COMPLAINING, FOR THERE HAS BEEN BEAUTY,
A STILL QUIET NIGHT, THE MOON AND STARS.
THE BRILLIANT SUNRISE, THE DAWN OF NEW DAYS,
EACH ITS OWN MIRACLE, PERFORMING THEIR DUTY.

WANDERING FEET, WE NOW ARE HERE, AT THE END OF THE ROAD, AT THE END OF
THE STORY,
WITH ONE GREAT LEAP, WE SHALL GO ON TO PEACE, ON TO THE STRETCH OF
ETERNAL SHORES,
WHERE WE CAN SIP ON TIME FOREVER AND SHARE ONLY IN GOD'S GLORY.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE LEGEND OF
"THE LAST WRECK"

The sun was gleaming on the spotless deck
As we boarded the ship called "THE LAST WRECK"
Our baggage on board; we wave to the crowd,
As the whistle signals - so shrill and so loud.

Slowly it starts chugging away,
I lean on the rail, the boat's starting to sway.
The engines are churning, as speed we gain,
The hour grows late - it's starting to rain.

From up in the cabin, where the captain doth sit,
Orders are given, while the crew keeps it fit.
With ease we break through the mighty waves,
As our gallant boat, the water enslaves.

The horizon ahead, we shall not meet,
For the closer we come, the further it flees.
The moonbeams bounce off the great water,
As the sea holds us close, like a mother and daughter.

Without warning, the ship slows to a grind,
As it inches its way through the fog in the blind.
All over the ship the deck hands fret;
The passengers watch helpless and soaking wet.

High as mountains are the huge water spouts,
A gigantic wind hurls "THE LAST WRECK" all about.
Then, as swiftly as it once came.
The storm is silent and "Fate" takes the reign.

A sea gull scoops down to look at our deck -
To greet the residents on the "THE LAST WRECK".
Land is in sight, we are nearing the end,
Our voyage will be over just 'round the bend.

Now we have docked and all are ashore.
The tale of 'The Last Wreck' will be told evermore.
Somehow I passed through the portals of time
To share the "LAST VOYAGE" with the shipmates of mine.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

MESSAGE TO A STAR

As I sit on the beach, gazing out at the sea,
The moonbeams play gayly on the waves that brush by me.
I look in the sky and see a bright, shining star.
I think of my loved one that has gone so far.

I remember so well the day that we met.
How could I, Darling, ever forget?
It was here on this beach that our lives intertwined.
And I knew at that moment you would always be mine.

There were so many memories that we had to share.
Beautiful memories that will always be there.
I wonder, Darling, do you think of them, too.
Do you recall the night you said, "I love you"?

So often we sat here on this spot
And planned our future - it meant such a lot.
Even now - closing my eyes - I can see
Your Sparkling eyes smiling at me.

You know, I even remember the little things,
Like the day you surprised me and gave me my ring.
Yes, my Darling, that, too, was on this beach -
And I was so happy, I couldn't speak.

Then came the war and you had to go.
Each day you were gone went by so slow.
I never told you the reason I didn't come to say good-by.
Don't you know, Darling, I didn't want you to see my cry.

I had to come here today to try to talk to you some way.
For tomorrow was to have been our wedding day.
Here in my one hand is your last letter -which I read and re-read,
And in my other is the letter that states you are dead.

Somewhere in heaven I know you're waiting for me
On that Golden Beach by the magnificent sea -
Until then, my Darling, watch for our star that shines in the blue -
Each night it will carry my message of love, Dear, to you.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

"SAY THAT AGAIN"

"IF" IS SUCH A LITTLE WORD,
BUT IT MEANS SUCH A LOT.
IT EITHER MEANS YOU HAVE,
OR MEANS YOU HAVE NOT.

SO MUCH COULD BE SAID,
FOR ALL THE THINGS YOU DO.
IT CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY,
WHEN REALLY YOU ARE BLUE.

WHEN INSERTING IN A PHRASE,
FOR WHATEVER IT'S WORTH,
KEEP IN MIND, WITH LITTLE DOUBT,
YOU CAN IMPROVE YOUR CONVERSATION,
"IF" YOU WANT, THE "IF'S" CAN CHANGE THE ROUTE.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE SKI RESORT

We arrive in the fall of the evening dust,
As the wind howls and the snow comes from afar,
To ski over the mountains and follow the stars.

The Inn is crowded with people of cheer,
Over the mantle hangs a lonesome reindeer.
Scatterings of groups, some sitting on the floor,
Is the sight that greets us as we come through the door.

The warmth of the fireplace draws us near,
As we move to a corner and unload our gear.
The glow of the fire seems to light every face,
In this cozy and quite marvelous place.

Outside the window the snow is still falling,
And to all of us it seems to be calling -
We are all looking forward to a morning of play,
As we glide over its softness and ride in a sleigh.

The icicles form castles and glaze the trees,
As a bright full moon now enhances the scene.
A small doe can be seen as it wanders into the night,
All of this truly makes a very beautiful sight.

We all come here each year without fail,
Telling our stories and telling our tales.
We take home many memories and a feeling of glee
If you want to be totally free, just take time to ski.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

WHEN DAY IS DONE

WHEN DAY IS DONE, I NEVER REST
I WONDER INSTEAD, -- DID I DO MY BEST?
WAS THERE A FRIEND I DIDN'T SEE,
WAS THERE SOMEONE IN NEED OF ME?

DID I LET SOMEONE DOWN - ON ME DID THEY RELY?
I WONDER, TOO, DID I, WITHOUT THINKING -
MAKE SOMEONE CRY?
WAS SOMEONE I KNEW IN NEED OF SHELTER-
COULD I HAVE LET THEM IN OUT OF THE
HEAT AND SWELTER.

WAS I COLD IN MY ACTIONS TO MY BROTHER, SAM,
DID I GIVE MY BEST TO MY FELLOW-MAN?
IF I HEAR THEM CALL, I WILL RUN.
FOR I'LL NEVER REST - UNTIL WE ALL LIVE AS ONE.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE GIFTS OF GOD

HE GAVE US EYES THAT WE MIGHT SEE,
HE GAVE US BEAUTY IN THE SKY AND THE LAND
HE GAVE US A NOSE SO THAT WE COULD SMELL
THEN HE SPRINKLED FLOWERS - THEY FELL FROM HIS HAND.

HE GAVE US HANDS AND GAVE US A HEART
HE GAVE US FRIENDS AND GAVE US THE EARTH.
HE TOLD US ALL TO USE IT WELL -
HE GAVE US "FREE WILL" TO PROVE OUR TRUE WORTH.

HE GAVE US "CHRIST" - HIS ONLY SON
HE SHOWED US THE WAY TO ETERNAL LIFE.
ALL THESE THINGS GOD GAVE UNTO US -
NOW, WHAT SHALL WE, AS HIS CHILDREN, GIVE UNTO HIM?

by

MIRIAM BREWER

LADY OF MYSTERY

I PASSED THIS WAY MANY TIMES
BUT DID NOT SEE YOU THERE.
YOU LOOK SO VERY BEAUTIFUL
WITH YOUR GOLDEN LOCKS OF HAIR.

I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO ASK YOU
ABOUT YOUR CHARMING DRESS OF BLUE,
DID YOU PICK IT OUT YOURSELF
OR WAS IT GIVEN TO YOU?

DO YOU EVER TIRE OF STANDING
ON THE TOP OF THAT HILL?
MUST YOU STAY THERE FOR ALL TIME,
OR CAN YOU LEAVE AT WILL?

DO YOUR BROWN EYES ALWAYS LOOK
INTO THAT GLISTENING STREAM?
DO YOU EVER TRY TO AWAKEN
FROM YOUR NEVER-ENDING DREAM?

DO YOU LISTEN TO THE BIRD THAT SINGS
IN THAT WEEPING WILLOW TREE?
DO YOU EVER THINK OF OTHER THINGS,
OF WHAT ELSE YOU MIGHT BE?

WHY DO THE RAYS OF THE GOLDEN SUN
NEVER TAN YOUR SKIN?
MUST YOU ALWAYS STAY SO QUIET
AND KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS WITHIN?

A SMILE SEEMS TO BE HIDDEN
BY YOUR FULL RED LIPS.
I WONDER DOES THAT FROG NEAR-BY
EVER JUMP OR SKIP?

OH, LOVELY LADY, IN THE PAINTING,
YOU ARE A CAPTIVE ON THE WALL,
AND THOUGH I KNOW WE CAN NEVER MEET
I LOVE YOU MOST OF ALL.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

WHY AM I

I try to imagine how it would be
If I were you and you were me.
What would your thoughts be like -
Just what would they tell?

I try to put myself in your place,
If we could suddenly exchange our faces,
What would your eyes focus upon -
Just what would they reflect?

If I could feel what you do inside
If emotions could blend like the sea's tide -
What would I want the most in life -
Just what would I willingly die for?

If your path I could follow behind -
If I could walk in your daily grind -
Where would it lead me, I ask -
Just 'round in circles or with definite path?

If we could erase "us" from our minds.
What amazing things we may find.
A Great One made us and He alone knows why -
But sometimes it is natural for us to ask -
Why Am I ?

by

MIRIAM BREWER

CHOICE OF A NATION

YOU ASKED WHY I HAD CHOSEN THIS PATH
AND I'LL ANSWER THE BEST I CAN.
MOST OF YOU KNOW THAT WAR HAS ITS WRATH,
BUT DO YOU KNOW THE REASON THAT WE RAN?

I, LIKE OTHERS, WAS CALLED TO DO MY PART,
AND YOU FEEL THAT I SHOULD HAVE GLADLY GONE.
BUT WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO STOP A HEART?
ACCORDING TO GOD'S LAW, THIS IS ALL WRONG.

I SEE A SMALL CHILD DIE FROM HUNGER,
AND ALL AROUND IS CRIME IN THE STREETS.
WE DON'T SIT IN JUDGMENT, ALTHOUGH WE WONDER,
JUST WHY OUR GREAT NATION IS EXPERIENCING DEFEAT.

WE TRIED TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND,
BUT OUR PLEAS FELL ON DEAF EARS.
IT SEEMS THAT THE LEADERS OF OUR LAND
ARE ACTING BLINDLY OR MAYBE IN FEAR.

WE WOULD ALL TAKE ANOTHER ROAD
IF WE HAD ANOTHER CHOICE.
IT SEEMS THAT WE MUST CARRY THE LOAD,
AND HOPE THEY SOMEDAY HEAR OUR VOICE.

I HAVE A QUESTION NOW TO ASK OF YOU.
WHAT WILL YOUR ANSWER BE?
IT MAY SHOW YOU WHAT YOU WOULD DO,
IT JUST MAY HELP YOU TO BETTER SEE.

IF YOU COULD TAKE THE PLACE OF A FATHER
THAT HAD TWO GROWN SONS,
EVEN THOUGH AT TIMES THEY WERE A BOTHER,
WOULD YOU LOVE THEM BOTH OR ONLY ONE?

IF ONE SHOULD SUDDENLY COME TO YOU
AND KNEEL DOWN AT YOUR FEET -
HE TELLS YOU WHAT HE PLANS TO DO,
AND ASKS YOUR BLESSING ON HIS DEED.

HE PLANS TO KILL HIS OWN TRUE BROTHER
AND THIS HE'LL DO WITHOUT A DOUBT.
BUT CAN YOU LET ONE SON KILL THE OTHER?
ISN'T THIS IN REALITY WHAT WAR'S ABOUT?

SO I'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR THOUGHTS
AND HOPE THE RIGHT ANSWER YOU FIND.
I HOPE SOME UNDERSTANDING THIS HAS BROUGHT,
AND THAT YOU KEEP IT ALWAYS FRESH IN MIND.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

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 DOETH 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 TIM E?
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.

--

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.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

A BUTTERCUP

Oh, lovely little Buttercup -
You stand serenely in the wind
Undaunted by the breez'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

WHISPERS 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

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT

I remember well those days
When we were small kids at play.
Grandpa Joe would keep us entertained
He always told stories - 'specially nights it rained.

One night in particular is fresh in my mind,
It was an experience, as you will find,
That cannot be equalled, or ever forgot
It was even well-worth the lickin' we got.

When school was out for the summer vacation,
My brother and I stayed at Grandpa's Plantation.
Though Grandpa was busy, he always took time
To fish and hunt with us, and his work got behind.

Grandpa's birthday would be next week,
We wanted to do something for him really neat.
For he treated us so well and was so kind,
That we decided to make for him, his favorite wine.

In the old smoke house, we hid the makings
And started our venture with great "pain-taking".
We worked and toiled until it was nearly light,
The only witness being our dog - "Miss Snowwhite".

The day of Grandpa's birthday was coming in haste,
We now had it finished and both took a taste.
Something indeed was very wrong with this wine
We kept changing and tasting it - our dog just whined.

Then at last, it seemed to have a zip -
We both heaved a sigh - taking one more sip.
Of our achievement, we were both mighty proud.
We both started shouting then and got very loud.

My brother fell down - I thought it was funny.
Little "Miss Snowwhite" took off, chasing a bunny.
All this commotion aroused our dear Grandpa -
We knew he was angry by the set of his jawl.

He carried us both into the house,
We both got a whipping and both were doused
Within the hour, we were both very sick -
We explained the reason to Grandpa real quick.

He still sounded mad - but had a twinkle in his eye.
He wiped a tear away, and tried not to cry.
You boys have made this a Birthday I won't forget -
He thanked us and apologized all in one breath.

To this day, he still tells this, his favorite story.
Though the years have passed and we've outgrown our toys.
He tells everyone the best Birthday he's ever seen-
Is the one when his two grandsons both turned green.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

TWINKLE - THE LITTLE STAR

LONG AGO, AT THE BEGINNING OF TIME,
 A FLICKER OF LIGHT COULD BE SEEN IN THE SKY.
 IT WAS MADE OF GOLDEN STARDUST AND
 SPRINKLED WITH THE BREATH OF AN ANGEL'S SIGH.

SLOWLY IT GREW AND EACH DAY BECAME BRIGHTER,
 UNTIL IT WAS MORE NOW THAN JUST A FLICKER,
 IT WAS A FULL GROWN STAR - IN ALL ITS GLORY -
 NO MORE COULD THE "GREAT STARS" LOOK AT HIM AND SNICKER.

EACH EVENING, WITHOUT FAIL, AT THE FALLING OF DUSK,
 HE WAS THE FIRST TO ALWAYS APPEAR.
 ALL NIGHT YOU COULD SEE HIM AS HE DANCED TO AND FRO;
 HE WAS FULL OF JOY AND KNEW NOT THE MEANING OF FEAR.

HE SPARKLED AND TWINKLED AND LIT THE NIGHT,
 THEY NAMED HIM "TWINKLE" - YOU GUESSED IT RIGHT.
 FOR CENTURIES HE BOUNCED IN THE HEAVENS WITH GLEE,
 DELIGHTING THE VIEWER WITH HIS AWESOME LIGHT.

HE GRANTED WISHES FOR PEOPLE ON EARTH -
 NONE HE TOOK LIGHTLY - BUT AT THEIR WORTH.
 IT WAS A TASK INDEED TO KEEP HIM IN LINE,
 FOR HE WANTED TO BE THE "BEST" STAR IN GOD'S LINE.

THEN ONE NIGHT - SOMETHING WAS WRONG,
 THE STAR NAMED "TWINKLE" SEEMED TO BE GONE.
 NO ONE TOOK NOTICE -- NOT YOU NOR I -
 AS IT FELL TO THE EARTH FROM OUT OF THE SKY.

THE CLOUDS AND "BIG STARS", THEIR GRIEF IS THE SAME-
 THEIR TEARS HIT THE EARTH --WE CALL IT RAIN.
 REMEMBER - THE NEXT FALLING STAR YOU SEE -
 CALL TO IT - "TWINKLE" - FOR IT MAY BE.

LISTEN AT NIGHT WHEN IT THUNDERS,
 YOU'LL HEAR ALL OF THEM CALLING IN WONDER.
 FOR THEY ARE CALLING FROM NEAR AND FAR -
 "TWINKLE -TWINKLE" - OH, LITTLE STAR.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE VISIT

THE ROAD WAS LONG AND THE OLD ROAD WAS BUMPY
THE CAR BOUNCED OVER THE CRACKS AND HUMPS.
THIS VISIT I HAD PLANNED FOR SO LONG A TIME,
AND MY GRANDPARENTS WERE WAITING AT THE END OF THE LINE.

YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE I MOVED AWAY,
BUT NOW IT ALL SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY.
THE OLD COVERED BRIDGE STILL BRAVELY STANDS,
AND THE SMELL OF PINWOOD STILL FILLS THE LAND.

JUST OVER THE HILL, IN THE CURVE OF THE BEND,
IS THE OLD FISHING HOLE WHERE MUCH TIME I DID SPEND.
TIME SOMEHOW HAS NOT FOUND THIS QUAIN'T PLACE,
AND MANAGED TO CHANGE IT AND PAINT ITS FACE.

THERE'S AN ENDLESS FLOW OF GARDENS AND FIELDS,
AND THE ONLY SOUND IS THE TURNING OF WHEELS.
THE BREEZE OF FRESH CLOVER IS EVER SO SWEET,
AND THE FIELDS NOW ARE COVERED WITH WHEAT.

INTO THE VALLEY I SLOWLY CREEP,
WITH TIRED BODY AND EYES FULL OF SLEEP.
I TIDY MY CLOTHES AND COMB MY HAIR -
I SEE THE FARMHOUSE - I'M ALMOST THERE.

IN THE SHADOWS OF EVENING THE OLD OAK SWAYS,
IT HAS LONG BEEN HERE - FOR SO MANY DAYS.
THE SWING ON THE PORCH GIVES A LOW SQUEEK -
AS IF WELCOMING ME IN ITS OWN FORM OF SPEECH.

THE WARMTH OF THE HOUSE BECKONS ME NEAR
THE DOOR OPENS WIDE - I HUG GRANDMOTHER DEAR.
AN AROMA OF FRESH BAKED PIES FILL THE AIR -
AND GRANDDAD IS SLEEPING IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR.

ON HIS FOREHEAD I PLANT A QUICK KISS -
THIS TELLING HIM HOW MUCH HE IS MISSED.
NOTHING HAS CHANGED I SEE IN A GLANCE,
EVEN THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL STILL DANCE.

HOW OFTEN I COME TO THIS QUIET RETREAT,
WHENEVER I AM HAPPY - OR FEELING DEFEAT.
HOW PLAIN IT IS - SO CLEAR IN MY MIND -
HERE IN THIS PLACE, NO SADNESS YOU'LL FIND.

THIS TRIP I KNOW I'LL BE MAKING AGAIN -
I'LL COME HERE ALWAYS - UNTIL MY LIFE ENDS.
FOR EVEN THOUGH IT EXISTS ONLY IN TIME -
ITS A SMALL PART OF HEAVEN AND ITS TOTALLY MINE.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

SALUTE TO A POLICEMAN

THEY COULD BE CONSIDERED A "LUCKY CHARM"
FOR THEY PROTECT US AND KEEP US FROM HARM.
THEY COULD ALSO BE CALLED OUR FATHERS,
FOR WHEN IN TROUBLE, THEY'RE THE FIRST ONES WE BOTHER.

THEY DILIGENTLY STAY ON THEIR BEAT,
AND HONESTY AND INTEGRITY WALKS IN THEIR FEET.
WHENEVER WE MUST LIVE IN FEAR,
WE CALL THE POLICEMAN WHO'S ALWAYS NEAR.

THEIR DUTY THEY WILL NEVER SHIRK
EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS DEALING WITH DIRT.
THEIR LIVES ARE CONSTANTLY IN DANGER,
HE MEETS "DEATH" WITH EVERY STRANGER.

WHEN HE IS CALLED, HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE FACES,
HE IS CALLED TO ANY AND ALL KINDS OF PLACES.
HE DOESN'T COMPLAIN AND ACCEPTS HIS PLIGHT,
HE WOULD GLADLY GIVE HIS LIFE FOR US IN ANY TYPE OF FIGHT.

HE IS THE VICTIM OF MANY PRACTICAL JOKES,
HE IS THE TARGET OF ALL KINDS OF FOLKS.
HE IS A TRUE FRIEND AND WILL ALWAYS BE OUR GUIDE,
EVEN THOUGH MANY TIMES HIS PATIENCE WE HAVE TRIED.

HE WILL ALWAYS COME WHEREVER THERE IS NEED,
AND IF YOU SHOULD KNOW ONE, YOU HAVE A FRIEND INDEED.
ONE THING THEY HAVE IN COMMON WITHOUT PREDICATION -
THIS ONE THING, NEIGHBOR, IS THEIR DEDICATION.

WITH THEM AROUND CRIMINALS MUST HIDE.
IF THEY WERE GONE - COULD WE GO OUTSIDE?
DON'T BLAME THEM FOR OUR OWN DOWNFALLS,
THEY LIVE UP TO THEIR DUTY - WHEREVER IT CALLS.

THINK WHAT IT WOULD BE WITHOUT OUR POLICE, FRIENDS -
THIS WHOLE WORLD WOULD SOON COME TO AN END.
FOR THEY ARE THE PILLARS THAT HOLD IT UP,
AND WE SHOULD BE PROUD OF THEM AND GIVE THEM OUR TRUST.

DON'T LET THEM DOWN - EXTEND THEM YOUR HAND,
FOR THEY ARE THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LAND.
EACH WEARS A BADGE, HID IDENTITY TO SETTLE,
BUT IN MY BOOKS, BROTHER, THIS SHOULD BE A MEDAL.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

MY CONSTANT COMPANION

WE STROLLED MANY LANES TOGETHER
WE BRAVED MANY HOURS OF STORMY WEATHER
WHEREVER I WENT, HE STAYED AT MY SIDE,
MAKING ME HAPPY WHEN INSIDE I CRIED.

ON HIM I ALWAYS COULD DEPEND
HE WAS HAPPY JUST BEING MY FRIEND.
ON MANY HUNTING AND FISHING TRIPS,
HE AND I BOTH TOOK A DIP.

THROUGH FIELDS OF CLOVER WE ROAMED AND PLAYED,
WE GREW UP TOGETHER - FROM DAY TO DAY.
IF TO ONLY ONE FRIEND I COULD PRESENT A LOVING CUP -
I WOULD GIVE IT TO HIM - PRINCE - MY PUP.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

GOD'S CHILDREN

The little girl that cannot see
Must depend on us.
The young boy that cannot hear
Must give us his trust.

The child that cannot walk
Must make us his crutch
They look to us for guidance
And need love so much.

They always try to do their best
And do it joyfully.
May God bless these children
And someday set them free.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

A GRANDFATHER'S LOVE

THE LITTLE GIRL RAN UP THE HOSPITAL STEPS AND CRIED -
I HAVE TO GET IN, MY GRANDFATHER IS HERE, SOMEWHERE INSIDE.
THE NURSES ALL STOPPED HER, SAID NO VISITORS ALLOWED.
SHE EVEN TRIED TO SNEAK IN THROUGH THE LARGE CROWD.

SHE HEARD HER MOMMY SAY HE WAS VERY SICK,
SHE KNEW SHE HAD TO SEE HIM AND GET THERE QUICK.
BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET HER IN, EVEN THOUGH SHE PLEADED.
THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW SHE LOVED HIM AND HOW HE WAS NEEDED.

SHE SAT IN THE HOSPITAL LOBBY IN A BIG CHAIR.
THEN SHE SAW HER GRANDFATHER COMING AS HE WALKED DOWN THE STAIRS.
SHE DROPPED HER PURSE AS SHE RAN TO MEET HIM,
WITH A BIG HUG AND KISS SHE DID GREET HIM.

THEY SAT AND CHATTED FOR A LONG SPELL,
THEN HE HAD TO GO BACK, HE WASN'T FEELING WELL.
THE LITTLE GIRL JUST BLINKED BACK HER TEARS,
AND WHEN SHE OPENED HER EYES, HE HAD DISAPPEARED.

IN THE CORNER SHE SAW HER MOTHER AND DAD.
THEY HUNG THEIR HEADS AND LOOKED VERY SAD.
AFTER THEY TALKED TO HER, SHE CRIED AND CRIED,
FOR TWO HOURS AGO, HER GRANDFATHER HAD DIED.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

MY MOTHER

NEVER COULD THERE EVER BE,
A PERSON SUCH AS YOU.
YOU MAKE LIKE SEEM WORTHWHILE,
BY ALL THE THINGS YOU DO.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG,
YOU'RE ALWAYS THERE -
ASSURING ME SO NATURALLY,
BY THE GENTLENESS OF YOUR SMILE,
BY THE TOUCHING OF MY HAIR.

I COULD SEARCH THE WORLD OVER
FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER,
NO WHERE COULD I EVER FIND,
ONE TO COMPARE TO MY OWN MOTHER.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN

THE WHISTLE BLEW ON THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN
THE PEOPLE WERE WAITING IN THE RAIN.
SOME OF THEM WERE JUST ON THE ROAM,
OTHERS WERE WAITING FOR LOVED-ONES COMING HOME.

THE LIGHT FROM THE TRAIN COULD NOW BE SEEN
AS IT ROUNDS THE BEND, YOU CAN SEE THE STEAM.
THE SMALL FIGURED WOMAN CROSSED OVER THE TRACKS,
THIS MIDNIGHT TRAIN WAS BRINGING HER SONS BACK.

IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY THEY HAD GONE AWAY.
SHE RECALLS NOW HOW SHE HAD BEGGED THEM TO STAY.
SUCH AN UNPLEASANT TASK DID SURELY COME FORTH
WHEN THE SOUTH STARTED FIGHTING WITH THE NORTH.

ONE OF HER BOYS WAS JUST SIXTEEN,
MUCH TOO YOUNG TO BE CAUGHT IN THIS STREAM.
HE HAD KISSED HER GOODBYE AND HALF-GRINNED,
SO MANY TIMES SINCE, SHE HAS PRAYED FOR HIM.

HER OLDER SON HAD ALSO GONE -
IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS -IT'S BEEN SO LONG.
BUT NOW IT WAS OVER AND THEY WERE BACK.
THEY WERE BOTH ON THE TRAIN COMING DOWN THE TRACK.

THE CONDUCTOR YELLED "PLEASE STEP BACK" -
AS THE BOYS IN BLUE FLOCK THE TRACK.
HER OLDEST SON RAN TO HER ARMS -
HIS MOTHER THANKED GOD HE HAD COME TO NO HARM.

SHE HUGGED HIM SO HARD SHE NEARLY SMOTHERED,
THEN SHE TURNED AND LOOKED FOR HIS BROTHER.
"HE'S NOT UP HERE" HER BOY THEN SAID,
AS SLOWLY TO THE BACK OF THE TRAIN SHE WAS LED.

THE PEOPLE THERE WERE ALL IN TEARS
AND SUDDENLY THERE WAS A MOUNTING FEAR.
HER HEART SANK WHEN THEY CALLED HIS NAME.
THEY CARRIED OUT HIS COFFIN IN THE MISTY RAIN.

EACH STEP THEY TOOK WAS AN ENDLESS DRAG
THEN SHE SAW ON THE COFFIN, THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.
SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHEN THEY LEFT THAT DAY,
THAT ONE WOULD WEAR BLUE AND ONE WEAR GRAY.

THE MORNING SUN BROKE THROUGH THE CLOUDS
THE SOUND OF "TAPS" WAS VERY LOUD.
THEN ON THE CROWD FELL A LOW HUSH.
THIS YOUNG BOY WOULD BE MISSED VERY MUCH.

THE CRY OF HIS MOTHER COULD NOW BE HEARD
AND HIS OLDER BROTHER SPOKE NOT A WORD.
HE STOOD SILENTLY WITH HEAD HELD HIGH,
IN HIS BROTHER'S "GRAY" SUIT, HE WAS SAYING GOODBY.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE LITTLE SOUL
OF "WEE WILLIE"

He was just a wee little fellow
His hands were so small and tiny.
When he spoke, his voice was mellow,
His eyes were bright blue and very big and shiny.

He walked as if he had springs on his feet,
He could move so very quick and fast.
His boyish grin was so very sweet,
But his short life soon came to pass.

From the very first day he arrived,
He was cheerful and made many friends.
St. Peter's gates opened wide
When "Wee Willie" reached destiny's end.

Right from the start though -
Willie got into trouble after trouble -
So, his Guardian Angel took him in tow.
It seemed wherever he went, he started a rumble.

The first task they gave him was in itself simple,
To join the Celestial Choir and to learn how to sing.
But his voice came out in only a wimple.
What a sad thing for one who is earning their wings.

Then he was given another small task,
To attend the "Holy Guardian Angel" school.
But, alas! poor Willie was always late for class.
Such a sad thing - not obeying their rules.

Then they placed him and made him sit
At the door that opened to Earth
But he, poor lad, still didn't fit.
He let people in - whatever their worth.

Thus it came that he was before the High Court.
His own Guardian Angel could only sigh.
"Willie just can't make it" - was his report.
Then a tear did fall from Wee Willie's eye.

The courtroom resounded with a great thunder,
As the Master was speaking - "Willie, come here".
The Little Soul moved forward in wonder,
And stood before God - he was trembling with fear.

THE LITTLE SOUL

OF "WEE WILLIE"

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His halo was tilted and he still had no wings,
His voice was shaky as he tried to speak
But his mind was cluttered with all silly things.
So instead he just fell to his knees, starting to weep.

His tears now fell on the Master's shoes.
"Oh, poor Willie" -- they all did repeat.
They all hung their heads, feeling so blue,
For this little lost soul - in his time of defeat.

But when Willie had seen what he'd done,
He took his scarf and the shoes he did shine,
Until they sparkled and shone like the Sun.
The Angel's just shook their heads and whined.

Then the Judge on High, while hiding His smile,
Patted Willie's head and put him on His knee -
"Wee Willie - Will you wait outside awhile?"
"I know now the perfect job to suit a boy like thee."

That night before he went to sleep -
Willie climbed out of the window of heaven.
God's stars he must shine, so his wings to keep.
He even had helpers, they numbered eleven.

So, if some night a star you see
That sparkles extra special bright,
You'll know it's the work of "Wee Willie"
For now he always does his heavenly chores right.

by

MIRIAM BREWER

THE GIANT AND I

IT ROSE TRIUMPHANTLY UP TO THE HEAVENS,
LIKE A TALL GIANT WAITING TO BE CONQUERED.
THE LOFTY PEAKS, ALL LADEN WITH GLISTENING SNOW,
SEEMED TO CALL OUT TO US -- STANDING BELOW.

THE GOLDEN RAYS OF THE SUN DANCED OFF ITS SLEEK SIDES
AS THE SOFT MELTING SNOW IS CAPPING ITS CROWN.
THIS FINE "STROKE OF GENIUS" BY THE "GREAT MAKER"
SILENTLY BECKONS TO SOMEONE TO TAKE HER.

THROUGH THE HAZE OF THE PILLOWS OF CLOUDS,
STANDS THIS MAGNIFICENT MARVEL OF NATURE.
HOW LONG HAS IT STOOD IN SPACELESS TIME -
OVER-LOOKING CREATION AND ALL OF MANKIND?

STRAIGHT AND STURDY, IT BILLOWS UPWARD AND
NO ONE DARE CHALLENGE THIS WONDER OF WONDERS.
IT STANDS ALONE -WITH NO ONE IN ITS WAY.
IT TOUCHES THE SKY AND WITH THE STARS DOES PLAY.

THE GREAT GIANT BECKONED FROM DAWN TIL DUSK
IT REACHED OUT ITS HAND DEFIANTLY TO US.
ANOTHER ADVENTURE AWAITS IN THE SKY -
SO IT MUST BE - FOR MY FRIEND AND I.

HE WAS MY PARTNER IN ALL OF MY TRAVELS;
WE HAD BEEN EVERYWHERE AND DONE EVERYTHING.
SO, IT SEEMED ONLY RIGHT THAT WE DO THIS, TOO.
WE MUST CAPTURE THIS GIANT THAT ROSE IN THE BLUE.

OUR EYES MET IN SILENT AGREEMENT
AS WE STARTED UPWARD ON THE STONY EDGE.
ONWARD WE TRUDGED WITH GREAT DETERMINATION,
TO REACH ITS TOP WITHOUT CONSTERNATION.

EVERY DAY BROUGHT MANY TRIALS ANEW,
AS WE REACHED OUT AND TOOK LEDGE AFTER LEDGE.
NIGHT TIME WOULD FIND US - TWO WEARY MEN,
TAKING OUR REST - AT EACH DAY'S END.

- continued -

THE GIANT AND I

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WE HELPED EACH OTHER - AS SURELY WE MUST,
FOR WITHOUT ITS HELP, WE WOULD FALL TO THE DUST.
IT PROVIDED FOOTHOLDS AND SOMETIMES GAVE WAY
TO A VIEW THAT WOULD LEAVE US WITH NOTHING TO SAY.

FROM THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN, I QUIETLY STOOD,
WITH GREAT SATISFACTION IN THE DEPTH OF MY SOUL.
I KNOW THAT I TRESPASSED ON FORBIDDEN LAND
WHEN I CONQUERED THIS MOUNTAIN - SO MIGHTY - SO GRAND.

THE MOON NOW EDGES ITS WAY THROUGH THE CLOUDS,
AS I, GOD'S SERVANT, STAND WITH HEAD HUMBLY BOWED,
AND PRAY FOR MY FRIEND WHO NEVER MADE IT WITH ME,
THAT GOD MAY KEEP HIM - LIKE HIS MOUNTAINS AND SEAS.

THE TEARS ON MY CHEEKS ARE FROZEN FROM THE COLD,
AS I SLOWLY CREEP DOWN FROM THIS WONDER OF NATURE.
I KNOW IN THE FUTURE - I'LL OFT' WONDER WHY -
FOR WHO WAS THE VICTOR - THE MOUNTAIN OR I ?

by

MIRIAM BREWER