

WHEN I SEE HER AGAIN

(To Verna – From Beverly)

I walked out of the house and sat down on the step;
the jacks were in one hand, the ball in the other.
I tumbled the jacks, then I bounced the ball,
and after a while I had finished the game.

Next I wandered to the barn and climbed up to the loft;
I burrowed in the hay and sneezed a time or two.
My dress got dusty, my hands got dirty,
and spikes of alfalfa were stuck in my hair.

Then I went to the tree in whose lap I spent many hours.
I set my hands and feet into familiar, smooth-worn spots,
and sitting midst those branches alone and quiet and still
I could hear my sister's voice telling tale after tale to me.

I know I'm too old to be sitting in a tree,
but where else can I go to be near to her now?
It's only in these places we shared as little girls
that I find any comfort to ease my grieving heart.

We were so steadfast in our love for each other
and down through the years we never grew apart.
She was always my best friend, and even at times,
she was father and mother to this little sister.

I don't know how I'll live the rest of my life
knowing I can't call her with my latest big news.
But there's one thing I know, and it helps me a little.
I was her best friend just like she was mine.

And if one of us goes ahead into the mystery of death
I guess it's only right that she be the one.
For all through our lives she was one step ahead
breaking new paths and leading the way.

So she's done it again, and I know as in the past
when I get where she is she'll be waiting for me
with words of encouragement, interest in my journey
and tales to tell that will brighten my day.

Well, now I guess it's time to come down from this tree,
for though my heart is aching, I'm strangely at peace.
You see, today's the beginning of a tale she hasn't heard;
a tale I'm going to tell her when I see her again.





We're weeping down here, she's living up there.
Light as a feather, she's walking on air.
The chains that were heavy are fallen behind.
She's talking and laughing, there's peace on her mind.

Picture a place full of light from His face
Picture her safe in our Father's embrace.
Her past is forgotten, her days have no tears.
She's living up there, stop weeping down here.

TO JOHN AT GRADUATION
(1960)
(From Mom)

You are graduating from the eighth grade.
Thirteen is the age I believe you are.
You can hardly wait until you can be called
"A Freshie" in Manteca Union High.
But did you know you are graduating
in other ways too -
You are molding a character of a boy
into a man.
You are developing physically - your shoulders
are broadening.
Your voice soon will be changing
from high to low.
Your manners will be that of a
gentleman.
Your days will be spent in work
in place of play.
Your energy will be used in
good deeds and kindness.
You will grow to be a person that people
will be glad to know.
And you will not forget the Lord who gives you
the air you breathe.
You will set a goal before you (so) that you
can't miss the way to happiness
in this life and the one
hereafter.
Study to show thyself approved.



Chrissie

*What does Chrissie mean to me?
Well, it's easy to say because she is so
rare.*

*To hear "Hey Beb, I sure lub you"
makes sweet pain all through me.
The great big smile in all the pictures
gives me such pleasure.*

*Her little hopping when she is happy
is Chrissie all over.
And when she says "I forget" or "I don't
know"*

*at the end of a long series of
questions -
all answered "Yes, I do,"
I can't help but feel happy
clear down to my toes.*

*Conversations with "Bunny Rabbit,"
all serious, of course,
reduce me to giggles that I can't hide.*

*Fat little hands and feet,
a sweet and trusting smile,
eyes that speak only of happiness,
Beautiful, beautiful
Chrissie*

Melissa

*She walks with future grace and beauty
hidden behind her childish ways,
but I know as she grows older it will all
appear.*

*Shimmering sheets of brownest hair
hiding eyes of warmest hues,
skin like Indian Summer days,
and a smile that lights the night.*

*She looks like her Morn
though she may not know that,
but those beautiful, beautiful colors
come only from her Dad.*

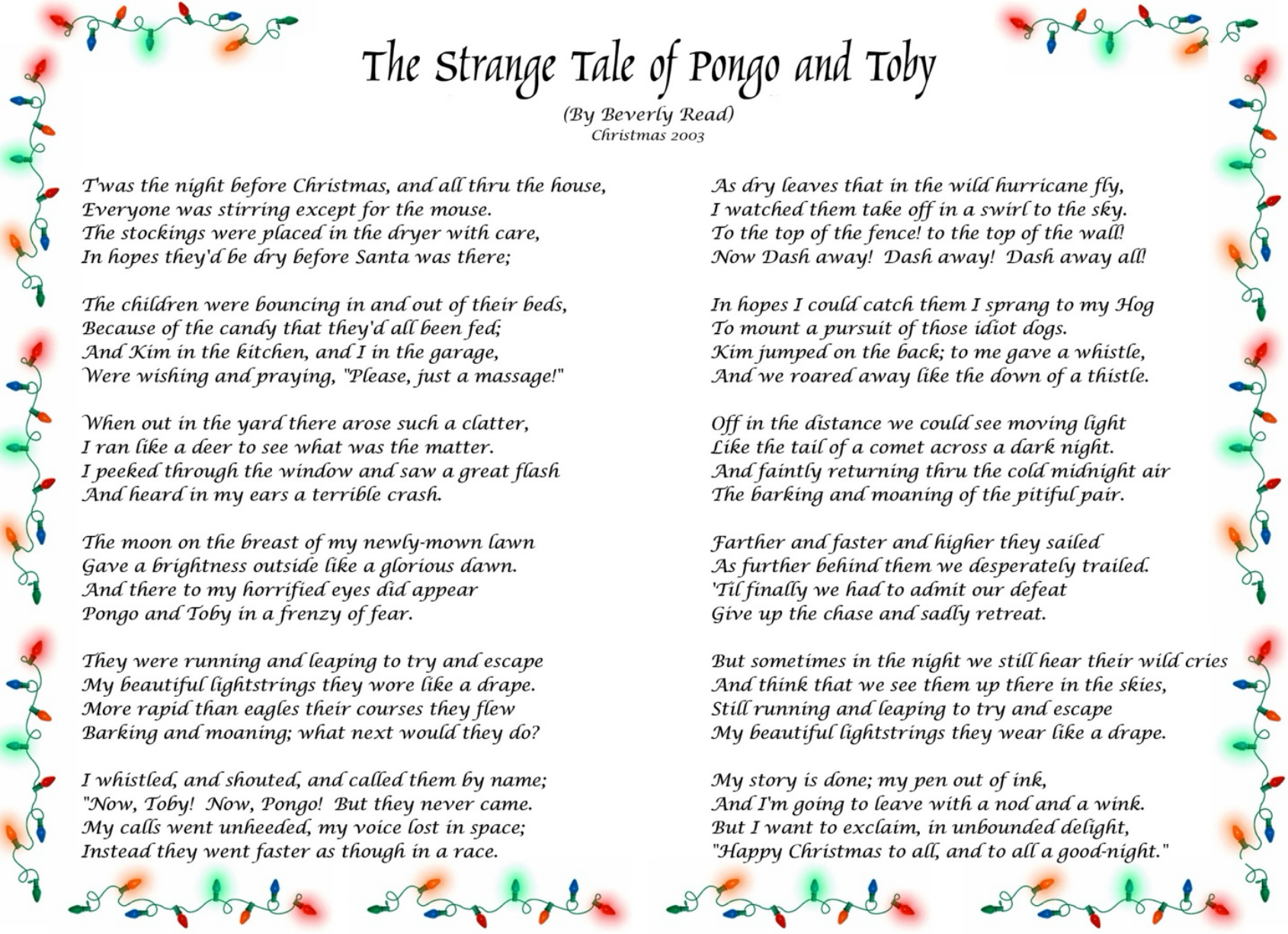
*She has a passion for hoops and balls
and she's built long enough to be good.
But she's quiet and shy and smart as a
whip*

*and you are never quite sure you know her.
I've kept the treasures she offered
and put her faces in all my books
(I've taken many pictures of Melissa;
every one turned out good).*

*I expect she'll be successful
beyond all that I think she will be,
and I'm glad to be "Auntie Beb"
to beautiful mysterious Melissa.*

*Beverly A Read
4-16-93*





The Strange Tale of Pongo and Toby

(By Beverly Read)
Christmas 2003

*T'was the night before Christmas, and all thru the house,
Everyone was stirring except for the mouse.
The stockings were placed in the dryer with care,
In hopes they'd be dry before Santa was there;*

*The children were bouncing in and out of their beds,
Because of the candy that they'd all been fed;
And Kim in the kitchen, and I in the garage,
Were wishing and praying, "Please, just a massage!"*

*When out in the yard there arose such a clatter,
I ran like a deer to see what was the matter.
I peeked through the window and saw a great flash
And heard in my ears a terrible crash.*

*The moon on the breast of my newly-mown lawn
Gave a brightness outside like a glorious dawn.
And there to my horrified eyes did appear
Pongo and Toby in a frenzy of fear.*

*They were running and leaping to try and escape
My beautiful lightstrings they wore like a drape.
More rapid than eagles their courses they flew
Barking and moaning; what next would they do?*

*I whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Toby! Now, Pongo! But they never came.
My calls went unheeded, my voice lost in space;
Instead they went faster as though in a race.*

*As dry leaves that in the wild hurricane fly,
I watched them take off in a swirl to the sky.
To the top of the fence! to the top of the wall!
Now Dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!*

*In hopes I could catch them I sprang to my Hog
To mount a pursuit of those idiot dogs.
Kim jumped on the back; to me gave a whistle,
And we roared away like the down of a thistle.*

*Off in the distance we could see moving light
Like the tail of a comet across a dark night.
And faintly returning thru the cold midnight air
The barking and moaning of the pitiful pair.*

*Farther and faster and higher they sailed
As further behind them we desperately trailed.
'Til finally we had to admit our defeat
Give up the chase and sadly retreat.*

*But sometimes in the night we still hear their wild cries
And think that we see them up there in the skies,
Still running and leaping to try and escape
My beautiful lightstrings they wear like a drape.*

*My story is done; my pen out of ink,
And I'm going to leave with a nod and a wink.
But I want to exclaim, in unbounded delight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."*