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Volume 6

JUNE, 1970

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## ORIGINAL POE

THE CRADLE OF BABYHOO

There's a wee little cradle when slept

Back in my dear infant days And gently "twas rocked by the I loved,

With the voice that was get Like the wings of an angel her hands

In my wee baby fingers no Though she's gone many years remember her still, A beautiful, beautiful girl.

When the end of my long, with journey is reached, The song of the cradle I'll k Once more it will rise, a breath

A voice from the dear long Dear ocean ship that is waiting Driving all sadness away, Soon you shall cradle and hush Like the cradle of babyhood

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Don I. Frankel, 6251 N. Washing Chicago, Illinois 60645

MY MOTHER'S HAND

Her hands were beautiful but for

They rocked the cradle, babies the They had in They had been at work for many And helped us thru a world of

Each time we bumped our head And skinned our knees they case They gently soothed each ache And brought And brought us back to health

When we were snugly tucked in The day were The day was done, our prayers

She tip-toed from the room Her hand Her hands resumed our tasks

She washed our clothes with by

Each piece with toil-worn

Two buckets at a time she'd She carried water from the st

The fuel for the stove was work The heating process was not be but patient But patiently she'd toil away Content to challenge each

And love and faith and the Tho' years Tho' years ago God called become the come of the come "Come."
Mrs. Arletta Oland, 106 W.
Attica, Indiana

