April 4, 1927

Precious little fellow, We stood today, where the soft wind blew :: You wiggle and squirm That's been there since you went away.

So thank you God, for this gift from above, As we breathed a prayer, for your happy rest.

My wonderful living child. CAROLYN ROSSER

April 4, 1950

We stood today, where the soft wind blew Over your yard bare ground. In memories crowded in our thoughts Of all the happier days.

No birthday cake to bake today No favorite dish to make. Just an empty place.

And in that heartache That's been there since you went away. So the flowers wither, and pour down on that mound. And our tears dropped on the sod. As we held a prayer for your happy rest. And your first birthday with God. It's your first birthday with God. CAROLYN ROSSER

Blockie

Now Blackie was a white cat, The pet of Auntie Grace. A lovely king who softly tread And wandered every place.

He walked among the roses He ran to end of garden, To see what was inside. And Auntie Grace so kind.

But one day- he was lucky- That pretty, pampered Blackie, The pet of Auntie Grace, And held it-oh-so light! "I don't like gold trash really, He turned in indignation He said to Auntie Grace, Except he could not push through Which kept on ringing, sounding.

The door was opened wide, Blinking, stretching, yawning, And Blackie frightened, frightened "I really don't matter if they crush it down a bit."

He gazed at real gold fish Recovering his poise, "That's just the little car I filled when you come back at last."

He never was forbidden He fled from bowl of fishes, They manufacture boxes, every shape, and style, and size.

But patted softly, lightly, "Your lordship seems quite scary!"

He turned in indignation And Blackie, frightened, frightened But never a nook or corner, where a hat you could safely place. He hung it on the door top, some one's sure to close the door;

He raised on paw of velvet, That night he ate his sardines, "I sat right down on that before I knew where I was at." He walked among the roses The Chinese gong we! It was swinging,

And you could not push through Which kept on ringing, sounding.

But patted softly, lightly, "Your lordship seems quite scary!"

He turned in indignation And Blackie frightened, frightened With eyes of greedy green, The alley-cat loud said.

He gazed at real gold fish Recovering his poise, "That's just the little car I filled when you come back at last."

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