

1.

MY DARLING

DARLING, Today I'm wondering
I'm Lovesome, sad AND Blue
MY BURDENS ARE HEAVY, MY HEART IS SORE
KNOWING I'm AWAY FROM YOU.

The DAYS ARE LONG I WALK THE FLOOR.
I CAN NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT
How I wish I were there to hold your hand
AND MAKE YOUR FUTURE BRIGHT.

Sweet heart these things I DREAM ABOUT
OF YOU AND OF HOME
The LOVING CARE TO HAVE YOU NEAR
WITH YOU SO ALL ALONE.

EACH LOVELY NIGHT I Lie AWAKE
A LITTLE VOICE IT SEEMS TO SAY
MAY God WATCH O'ER YOU WITH HIS CARE
EACH NIGHT AND EVERY DAY

3-29-62

M A W

YOUR DAY

18.

DARLING, This is YOUR DAY,
You mean The world to me.
No FLOWERS OR WARMLY GREETING,
COULD SPEAK MY Love TO Thee.

You'ER The mother OF MY DARLINGS,
MY BOY AND MY GIRLS.
WHAT MORE COULD ANYONE ASK,
IN This wide, wide world.

I'LL Love You FOREVER AND A DAY,
NO MATTER how SAD OR BLUE,
AS no human hand COULD BRAKE,
Remember I Love You.

You'ER The Flower in MY GARDEN,
MY BRIGHT AND SHINING STAR.
I'LL Love You ever DAY SWEETHEART,
NO MATER where You ARE.

H-2-62

MAW

MY DARLINGS CAME

19.

MY DARLINGS CAME TO VISIT ME,
WHICH MADE ME MORE THEN PROUD.
THEY COULDN'T STAY BUT JUST A LITTLE WHILE,
AND YOU KNOW I WAS WALKING ON A CLOUD.

THEY SEEM SO GLAD TO SEE ME,
WE HAD SOME DRINKS ON OUR WAY.
THE MORE WE TALKED THE PROUDER I FELT,
SEEING US TOGETHER THIS WAY.

AS WE WALKED AND AS WE TALKED,
MY THOUGHTS THEY SEEM TO ROAM.
WHAT I WOULD GIVE TO BE GOING WITH THEM,
ON THEIR WAY BACK HOME.

BUT AS IT WAS FOR A LITTLE WHILE,
I KNEW THEY COULDN'T STAY.
WE SAID GOOD BY FOR A LITTLE WHILE,
THEN THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY.

H-2-62

M A W

"
EVA,"

20.

EVA, TODAY IS NOT A HOLIDAY,
BUT TO ME I FEEL REAL PROUD.
YOUR GRADUATION FROM GRADE SCHOOL,
AND I KNOW YOU'RE WALKING ON A CLOUD.

EVA, TODAY IS A SPECIAL DAY,
TO ME AS WELL AS TO YOU.
YOUR DADDY LOVES YOU AS BEFORE,
DON'T EVER MAKE HIM BLUE.

EVA, TODAY YOU'RE ALMOST GROWN,
IT SEEMS BUT JUST A LITTLE WHILE.
WHEN YOU WERE A BABY, VERY CUTE,
WITH THE LONGEST, CURLY HAIR.

EVA, TODAY IS YOUR BIRTH DAY,
JUST REMEMBER THROUGH THE YEARS.
BE AS PROUD OF YOUR MOTHER AND DAD,
AS WE ARE OF YOU, DEAR.

H-2-62

M A W

My Baby Came

My Baby came to see me

It was just for a little while

But she looked so cute all dressed up
And wearing a big big smile.

A brand new coat, dress and such,
And the cutest hat of all.

She looked so lovely, as I knew she would,
And having the grandest doll.

She kissed my face and hugged my neck,
And wouldn't let me go.

Deep in my heart, I could have cried,
Knowing I loved her so.

But the time soon came, she waved goodbye
As they started back for home.

I strained my eyes until they were out of sight
Then there I was all alone.

Marshall wrote this about Mary while he
was in the hospital. You said you would like
to have a copy of some of them. Mary cries
every time she reads it.

H.

JUST ANOTHER DAY

TODAY IS JUST ANOTHER DAY
AND TOMORROW WILL BE THE SAME
FROM DAWN TO DUST, FROM DAY TO NIGHT
IT'S STILL THE SAME OLD THING.

PILLS AND MEDICINE EXRAYS AND SUCH
I'VE BEEN THROUGH EVERY THING
BUT TOMORROW MORNING WHEN THE LIGHTS COME ON
I WONDER WHAT IT WILL BRING

SO BACK TO BED I'LL REST A WHILE
AND DREAM OF THINGS BACK HOME
WITH ALL THE PATIENTS AROUND ME
AND YET I FEEL SO ALONE

I'LL CLOSE MY EYES AND SAY MY PRAYERS
THEN I'LL BE ON MY WAY
TO LISTEN TO THE SNORES, GRUNTS AND GROANS
FOR TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY

3-22-62

MAW

~~Fri.~~ MARCH 22 - 1962
THUR.

JUST ANOTHER DAY

TODAY IS JUST ANOTHER DAY
AND TOMORROW WILL BE THE SAME
FROM DAWN TO DUST, FROM DAY TO NIGHT
IT'S STILL THE SAME OLD THING

PILLS AND MEDICINE EXAMS AND SUCH
I'VE BEEN THROUGH EVERY THING
BUT TOMORROW MORNING WHEN THE LIGHTS COME ON
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BUT YET I FEEL^{SO} ALONE

I'LL CLOSE MY EYES AND SAY MY PRAYERS
THEN I'LL BE ON MY WAY
TO LISTEN TO THE SNORES, GRUNTS AND GROANS.
FOR TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY.

MAW

14.

SPRING Time in Kentucky

When ITS SPRING Time in Kentucky,
AND FLOWERS ARE in FULL Bloom,
The COUNTRY FOLKS ARE KINDER,
AND There's A FULL GROWN moon.

When ITS SPRING Time in Kentucky,
ITS Where I LONG to be,
Where BIRDS SING Sweet in the TREE TOPS,
AND FRIENDS ARE WAITING FOR me.

When ITS SPRING Time in Kentucky,
The sun IT Shines so BRIGHT,
The MORNING Dew SAYS hello,
ITS such A lovely SIGHT.

When ITS SPRING Time in Kentucky,
The STARS Shine BRIGHT AT NIGHT,
The WHIPWILLS THAT SANG A SONG,
AND Gosh how Fish they BITE.

When ITS SPRING Time in Kentucky,
This SPRING I Shall RETURN.
ITS A lovely ^{PLACE} I CANNOT DESCRIBE,
The PLACE where I WAS BORN.

H-1-67 MAW

MEAT ONCE MORE

27.

Oh Boy, oh Boy, oh me, oh my,
I'm so HAPPY I could CRY,
Today they changed my diet CARD,
And THAT'S the Reason why.

Today I might Get PORK chops,
For ANYTHING like THAT I'd BeG.
There's one THING I'm sure I WANT Get,
Will Be the's HARD Boiled EGGS.

I wonder if MY APPATITE will Deseve me,
And CALL FOR MORE OF The Kind,
OR I WILL CALL COCK-A-DA-A-DO,
And Get The Same Old Line.

Although I'm sure THAT it WAN'T
No MEAT I've had in Two weeks.
MANY The NIGHT I've LAYed AWAKE,
COUNTING EGGS in MY SLEEP.

Opal.

1

When Marshall got ready, to take a wife to be his mate, for the rest of his life. opal = if he had searched the whole world through he couldn't have found anyone, better than You.

2

You've been a true, and loving wife. You've loved "only Marshall," all of your life. and a better "mother," could not be found if you searched the whole wide world around.

3

When Marshall is sick, you're by his side to help all you can, = God knows how you're tried. and Marshall, is the very same way by you he stands by you opal, cause he loves you true.

4

Maybe you've had "little" ups and downs but "love's" what counts, when the chips are down. You love Marshall, and he loves you. Y'all love your kids, and they love you too.

5

a close family, that's what you've got so remember this always, = no = matter = what. You're lucky opal = in a lot of ways for this is something, a lot of people can't say.

6

I'm "sincere" opal, when I tell you this a better Wife(+) Mother than "you," couldn't exist. I'm glad when Marshall married, = he picked you I mean it opal = because it's true.

Magine.

Marshall A. Webb
2170 Indiana Ave
Lansing, Illinois

Wide Marginal Ruled



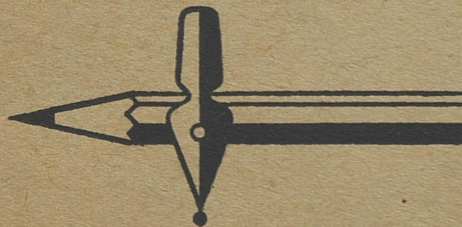
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2170 INDIANA AVE
LANSING ILL

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filler tablet**

*Excellent writing surface
for pen or pencil*

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SOMETHING I ENJOY

21.

MY TABLET IS RUNNING MIGHTY SHORT,
MY PAPER, IT'S ABOUT GONE.
SO GUESS ILL HAVE TO QUIT WAITING POEMS,
UNTIL I HEAR FROM HOME.

BUT WHEN I DO ILL RECEIVE SOME MORE,
THEN I WILL START AGAIN.
ILL WRITE AND WRITE THEN WRITE SOME MORE,
THERE'S NEVER ANY END.

IT'S SOMETHING I ENJOY VERY MUCH,
TO EXPRESS MY THOUGHTS ON PAPER.
WHICH I CAN READ AND MEMORIZE,
AND DREAM ABOUT MUCH LATER.

SO HERE I AM TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE,
AND ILL STOP AND PEN A LETTER.
REMEMBERING THAT LAST NIGHT IN DREAMS,
I COULD HAVE DONE MUCH BETTER.

W-3-62

M A W

"
LONGING,"

27.

There's A PLAC AWAY DOWN SOUTH,
ITS WHERE I'DE LOVE TO BE.

THE GRASS IS GETTING GREENER,
AND FISH ARE WAITING FOR ME.

THE DOG WOOD IS NOW IN BLOOM,
AND NIGHTINGALES THEY SING,
THE FISHING WORMS COME CRAWLING,
THEY KNOW ITS THE FIRST OF SPRING.

THE OLD COON DOG IS HUNTING FOR SHADE,
HE'S BEEN ON THE GO ALL WINTER,
HE'S RUN ALL NIGHT FROM DUST TILL DAWN,
AND NOW HE'S LOOKING THINER.

THE FISHING POLES ARE HANGIN ON THE WALL,
WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN FOR MENT A DAY,
THE OUTBOARD MOTOR NEEDS CHEAWING,
FOR NOW ITS THE FIRST OF MAY.

ITS SPRING TIME IN KENTUCKY,
OH HOW I'DE LOVE TO BE,
SETTING IN A BOAT AT WOLF CREEK DAM,
THATS THE PLACE THAT'S WAITING FOR ME.

H-3-62 MAW

A Kind word

23.

SPEAK A Kind word To me, MISTER,
AS You TRAVEL ON YOUR WAY,
DONT CURSE OR MAKE MOCKERY OF me,
I WASNT BORN TODAY.

SPEAK A Kind word To me mister,
WHATEVER You MAY DO,
You DONT Know how I GOT This WAY,
OR WHAT I've Been THROUGH.

SPEAK A Kind word To me mister,
I'M NOT ASHING FOR much.
IT WOULD HURT MY PRIDE DEEP INSIDE,
IF You EVER MADE me BLUSH.

SPEAK A Kind word To me mister,
PLEAS DONT HURT MY PRIDE.
FOR THAT WAS TOOK MENY YEARS AGO,
AND NOW I'M HURTING INSIDE.

H-2-62

maw

9.

"MOTHER DAY,"

MOTHER ON THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY
WITHIN MY HEART I WISH TO SAY
NO OTHER MOTHER COULD TAKE YOUR PLACE
WITH YOUR LOVING CARE AND SMILING FACE.

ON MOTHERS DAY, WE THINK OF YOU
WHEREVER WE ARE, OR WHATEVER WE DO
A KINDLY WORD, A HELPING HAND
WHICH ONLY MOTHERS COULD UNDERSTAND

THERE ARE MANY THINGS I WISH FOR YOU
AND HOPE AND PRAY, THEY WILL ALL COME TRUE
FOR I KNOW YOUR LOVE WILL ALWAYS BE
WITHIN MY HEART, INSIDE OF ME.

HERE ON THIS DAY WE HOPE AND PRAY
YOUR TENDER LOVE WILL ALWAYS STAY
WITH LOVING CARE, AS YOU'VE HAD SHOWN
SINCE THE DAY THAT I WAS BORN

EVERY DAY AS WE THANK OF YOU
AND WE KNOW YOU ARE THINKING TO
YOUR HELPING HAND AS IT MAY BE
IS SOMETHING THAT NO ONE COULD SEE

(OVER)

MOTHER DAY. CONT.

REMEMBERING YOU MOTHER ON THIS DAY
ISNT HARD FOR ME TO SAY
ALL MY LOVE WE HOPE AND PRAY
WITH HEALTH AND HAPPNESS, UNTIL NEXT MOTHERS DAY.

3-23-67

M A W



Justin
Harding

"
THAT RADIO,"

25,

BLAST THAT BLAMED Radio,
ITS ABOUT TO DRIVE ME NUTS.
IF THEY DONT SOON TURN IT DOWN,
IM GETTING ABOUT READY TO COSS.

I DONT KNOW WHAT IS PLAYING.
AND I DONT THINK THEY DO EITHER,
BUT ANYWAY SOMETHINGS GOING TO POP,
SO I CAN HAVE A BREATHER.

IT'S BEEN BLASTING SINCE SIX O'CLOCK,
AND IM GETTING PRETTY MAD.
IF I SHOULD THROW MY SHOE AT IT,
MOST OF THE GUYS WOULD BE GLAD.

BUT GUESS ILL LET THEM HAVE THEIR WAY,
THERES A BLACK CLOUD EVERY WHERE YOU LOOK
BUT I CANT EXPRESS THE THINGS I WANT TO SAY
OR WRITE THEM IN THIS BOOK

H-3-62

M A W

The GUYS AT STATE Line

24.

I never thought in my time,
That I would long for old STATE Line.
But it goes to show ANYTHING can be,
When you FEEL so MISERY.

How I'd long just to be BACK.
To listen to the fellows and their wise CRACKS.
PLAY some CARDS have my FUN,
TAKING IT EASY under the SUN.

WORK A little then REST A while,
TAKE MY WORRIES with MY SMILES.
SAY A Good word to A fellow OR TWO,
FORGET THAT I ever WAS BLUE.

The Time will come under the SUN,
When I'll be WORKING AND HAVING FUN.
UNTIL it comes AND the Time,
I STILL miss The GUYS AT STATE Line.

H-3-62

MKW

2.

FRIENDSHIP,

The BRIDGE THAT FORMS FRIENDSHIP
IS ONE OF THE SPECIAL KIND
IT'S A HANDSHAKE, A FRIENDLY WELCOME
WITH EVERYONE COMBINED.

A FRIENDLY SMILE A HELPING HAND
AND WONDERING IF THEY COULD GUESS
HOW MANY TIMES YOU THINK OF THEM
AND WISH THEM HAPPINESS.

TO HAVE FAITH IN EACH OTHER
AND HE, TO YOU, THE SAME
WITH LOVING CARE TO EVERYONE
WHAT MEMORIES IT WOULD BRING.

YES, THE BRIDGE THAT FORMS FRIENDSHIP
WHICH STARTED WHEN YOU WERE A GIRL OR BOY
WITH LOVING CARE AND HAPPINESS
THAT CAN NOT BE DESTROYED.

3-29-62

MAW

5.

Wandering Thoughts

DAY BY DAY AND NIGHT BY NIGHT
MY THOUGHTS WANDEr BACK home
OF MY love ones, who I miss so much
Who ARE WAITING There ALONE.

AND I KNOW They ARE LONGING TO
When ILL RETURN BACK home
with LOVING CARE EVERY where
The PLACE where I BELONG.

I HOPE AND PRAY IT WON'T Be LONG
When ILL Be ON MY WAY
To Live MY DAYS with ones I Love
AND FOREVER MORE ILL STAY.

So DAY BY DAY MY THOUGHTS FLY THEIR WAY
AND This is WRoTE To Show IT
I HOPE THAT ILL Be WELL AGAIN
Almost BEFORE I Know IT.

3-29-61

M A W

When The Lights Go Out

b.

AS I LAY ON MY PILLOW
AND DREAM SWEET DREAMS OF HOME
I WONDER HOW LONG ILL BE LAYING HERE
FOR I FEEL SO ALL ALONE.

I OPEN MY EYES, THEN CLOSE THEM AGAIN
IT DOESN'T CHANGE A THING
FOR IN MY HEART I WISH I WERE HOME
WHAT MEMORIES IT NOW BRINGS.

THERE'LL COME A DAY AND SOON I HOPE
WHEN ILL RETURN BACK HOME
TO MY LOVE ONES SO DEAR SO FAR AWAY
WHO'S WAITING ALL ALONE.

When The Lights Go Out This evening
ILL CLOSE MY EYES ONCE MORE
AND WAIT FOR THE COMING MORNING
AS I LISTEN TO THE FELLOWS SNORE

3-22-62

M A W

SPRING is coming

7.

SPRING IS COMING, WINTER IS GONE
AS I LOOK THROUGH MY WINDOW PANE
AS I LAY IN BED AND THINK OF HOME
AND BIRDS THEY BEGIN TO SING

THE SNOW IS LEAVING CHICAGO
I CAN SEE ON THE GROUND BELOW
I DREAM OF THE SUNNY DAYS AHEAD
AND THINK OF THE ONES THAT WERE COLD.

THERE'S A ROBIN IN THE TREE TOP
I CAN HEAR HIM SINGING HIS SONG
WINTER IS GONE SPRING IS HERE
AND SUMMER CAN'T BE LONG

HOW I WISH I WERE ON THE OUTSIDE
TO BREATHE IN THE FRESH SPRING AIR
BUT IT WON'T BE LONG I'M SURE OF THAT
WHEN I'LL ALSO BE OUT THERE

3-22-67

MAW

8.

JUST AT 12 ⁰¹/_{AM}

TODAY The PAPERS HEADLINES
BROUGHT SADNESS TO MY EYES
FOR EARLY TOMORROW MORNING
THIS YOUNG MAN MUST DIE.

The JUDGE SAID he WAS GUILTY
The GOVERNOR SAID The SAME
His MOTHER ASKED FOR MERCY
BUT WHAT GOOD did IT BRING?

he Dies TOMORROW MORNING
JUST ABOUT 12 ⁰¹/_{AM}
TO PAY FOR THE CRIME he COMMITTED
WHEN he PULLED THAT EVIL FATED GUN

he CLAIMS he's NOT GUILTY
FOR EVER THING they SAID
BUT TOMORROW MORNING WILL BE TO LATE
FOR THEN he'll BE DEAD

3-22-62

MAW

10.

LASTING Love

LAST NIGHT I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER
IT CHEERED ME A LITTLE BIT MORE
I KNOW IT WAS SENT WITH KINDNESS
AND BLESSINGS BY THE SCORE.

I KNOW YOUR LOVE IS TRUE, DEAR
YOU'VE SHOWN IT EVERY DAY
BUT MINE IS ALSO TRUE DEAR
TO GOD IN HEAVEN I'LL SAY.

JUST LOVE ME EVERY DAY, SWEETHEART,
AND I WILL DO THE SAME.
WITH LOVE LIKE THIS, EMBRACE AND KISS
NO SAD HEARTS WILL IT BRING.

SO I'LL SAY GOOD NIGHT, DARLING
AND WHEN THE MAIL COMES MY WAY
I'LL BE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER CARD
TO CARRY ME THROUGH THE DAY

3-30-62

M A W

12.

Chin UP

I'M NOT ONE TO TAKE IT
LAYING DOWN FOR LONG
FOR ITS FOR SURE I'LL SOON BE
SETTING PAWTY AND GOING STRONG.

I WILL KEEP MY CHIN UP
AND THINK OF THE DAYS AHEAD
FORGET MY DAYS AT THE HOSPITAL
WHEN I HAD TO LAY IN BED.

I'LL THINK OF THE FUN AND TIMES I'VE HAD,
AND THE ONES WHO'S WAITING BACK HOME.
FOR I KNOW THEIR PRAYERS ARE WITH ME,
EVERY DAY I'M ALL ALONE.

SO I'LL LIFT MY EYES TO HEAVEN,
THANK GOD FOR EVER DAY.
MAY THE BLESSINGS OF HEALTH TRAVEL,
AND QUICKLY COME MY WAY.

3-30-62

M A W

Hello,,

17.

HELLO WALLS, WELL I'M STILL HERE,
EITHER LAYING DOWN OR SETTING IN MY CHAIR.
HELLO LIGHTS, YES YOU'RE STILL UP THERE,
THROUGH EACH LONG DAY I SET HERE AND STARE.

HELLO ~~WALLS~~ ^{BED} MY FAITHFUL FRIEND,
YES YOU'LL BE HERE TO THE VERY END.
HELLO CHAIR WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
HOW I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU SETTING IN THE SUN.

HELLO CEILING I KEEP STARING AT YOU,
AND YOU KNOW YOU'RE STARING TO.
HELLO PILLS WELL IT'S TIME AGAIN,
I'VE ALREADY TOOK EIGHT NOW THIS IS TEN.

HELLO TABLE ARE YOU STILL THERE,
YES I GUESS YOU ARE AND NOT BARE.
HELLO NURSE MORE PILLS TODAY,
SORRY YOU HAVE, THERE ON THE TRAY.

GOOD MORNING DOC ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME,
NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ROLLING UP MY SLEEVE,
HELLO DARKNESS THERE GOES THE LIGHTS,
SO LONG EVERY BODY AND A VERY GOOD NIGHT.

3-31-67 MAW

"Our Family Tree."

Page
1

I

My Daddy was a farmer most all his life
it took all he made, to feed his family and wife.
but he didn't mind it, he never complained
even when he was sick and suffered pain.
He believed in God, and wasn't ashamed to pray
He taught all his children, to feel the same way.
God let him live to be 81

then one Sunday morning, April 16th, God called my Daddy home,
now he's at rest, and suffers no more
but I know he'll be waiting inside Heavens door
for each of his children, when their lives are gone
I can almost hear him saying, thank God you're all home.

II

Mother was a country girl, old fashioned in her ways
but she never beat around the bush, when she had something to say,
mom never had many fancy things
not even a car or a watch and ring.

If neighbors got sick and needed care
they didn't have to ask, cause mom was there.

She never took, she always gave
every-one that knew her, gave her praise.

she'd take us to church, and when the quire would sing
above all the others, mom's voice would ring.

mom grew old, but her hair was never grey
it was so black it seemed to shine, until her dying day.

on March 16th, one cold snowy day
God reached down, and called mother away.

and now my and Dad are together I know,
they're both waiting together, for us kids to come home.

1/3/ There were 10 children in all, but the first two died
so I'll start with Alton, he's the third in line.
He's big and tall, with dark curly hair,
he favors mom, cause Dad was fair.
He has 7 kids, and most of them are grown
mostly married with families of their own.
He lived in Andorra, a place called Morocco
I only get to see him once a year or so.

1/4/ next comes Golden, his nick-name is "Boss".
Cause in his younger days, he o'possum hunted quite a lot.
He's married too, and has 5 kids
of all of us, he alone has twins.
He took after Dad, cause he's a farmer too
he says that's the only thing he wants to do.
He went through a war, but got back o.k.
Maybe one reason is, Dad prayed every day,
I don't get to see "Boss", as much as the rest.
he comes home every 3 or 4 years at best.
But he's good as gold, just like his name
and time can't change him, he's always the same,

5

Then comes Cecil, he's not very tall
looks a lot like mother, dark hair and all.
he's as good a boy, as you'll ever meet
his news too busy to stop and speak.
He has Dads ways too, in so many ways
and that's quite a lot, for Dad was more than O.K.
He also fought in war, and came back home
He's married now, has 3 daughters and a son.
Illinois, is the state he chose
in a town called Lansing, he built his home.
He's been there quite a while, but maybe someday
he'll move back to Ky, where he was born and raised.

6

Next comes Marshall "Country boy" is his middle name.
it makes no difference how far he goes, Ky is his favorite state.
He's fair like dad, but big and tall
and real good looking, but that ain't all,
he's got a good heart, and would do anything
to lend a helping hand, to his loved ones and friends.
He also fought a war, and came back alright
now his fighting ~~is~~ another one, "its also for his life".
this time its not with bullets, cancer is the disease.
in his case only God could stop, then only if he'd believe.
but now he has faith, he's changed his life
he goes to church, and tries to live right.
He's still with us today, through the grace of God
maybe for many years to come, I guess that's up to God.

next comes Ruby, she favors my Dad,
 but she's short like mom and sort of fat.
 she's got a good turn, that every-one likes
 if I was hungry, she'd share her last bite.
 She's had a hard time raising her 3 kids
 being a mother and father, like a lot of women is.
 Her marriage didn't work out, like a lot of them do
 now her and the kids, do the best they can do.
 she does her best to raise them right
 because to her, they're her whole life.

now comes Justeen, she's exactly like mom,
 never sees a stranger, she talks to every-one.
 she's also divorced, but still single it's true,
 she has 5 kids, and she's a grandmother too.
 she works at a factory, where they make clothes
 and after 12 long years, it seems like her home,
 she lives in Campbellsville, where we were all raised
 I guess she'll be there, the rest of her days,
 maybe someday she will marry again
 but I guess it's really, up to her and him.
 but if she does, I hope that he
 will be as good to her, as she is to me.

and here comes Roy, he's the youngest son.
 he's a guitar player, and a "heck" of a good one,
 he can play anything that has a set of strings
 he also dances, and sometimes sings.
 His 7 kids keep the place a buzzing.
 he kids by saying, they're cheaper by the dozen.
 He stayed in Campbellville, like some of the rest
 I guess he feels his home town is best.
 Well, I don't know much more to write about
 Cause if I keep writing, my paper will run out.

To

But wait, there's one more left to go
 and that's little old me, "I'm the baby you know,"
 I'm tall and skinny, and look a lot like Dad
 and in some ways, that makes me glad,
 I also play the guitar and sing
 I write my own songs, poems and every-thing,
 I have one little girl, and she sings too
 and maybe someday, she'll write things like I do.
 I play with a band, we go every-where
 we play for the Veterans, crippled children, and things,
 I enjoy doing this, and I'd like to say
 it's a wonderful feeling, knowing you're helped in some way.
 Well, I'll stop writing, and it's about time
 this poem has 5 pages, and it's all in rhyme.
 it's about our whole family, not only me.
 so I think I'll call it, "Our Family Tree."

WRITTEN BY ENNA LYONS

I believe

Poem

I believe in God, I know he's real
tho my eyes can't see him, his presence I can feel.
If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't be here today
He alone can give life, and also take it away.
In times of trouble or when I'm scared
I whisper "God help me" and I know he's there.
For he loves you and me, enough he gave his Son
to die on the cross for the sins we've all done.
I know God is real, and I'll tell you why
stop and look all around, then up at the sky.
The moon and stars that shine so bright
the light of day and darkness of night.
flowers and trees, and birds that sing
a beautiful rainbow, just after a rain.
the tiny cry, of a new born child
shows God has looked down from Heaven and smiled.
so how can anyone say, they don't believe
there's none so blind as them that won't see.
I can't prove God is real, and all I can do is try
to live for him as best I can, and meet him when I die.

I

two little children, aged six and five
will not reach their teens, for they're both doomed to die,
for they both have an illness, that will take them away
and all we can do is have faith and pray.

2 their sweet young mother, is heart broken I know,
but God give her comfort, when her children must go,
and each day that passes, she lives in fear
for with each passing day, their times drawing near.

3 today life is over, for the youngest one Jeff.
for God took him home, but his sister he left.
we know Jeff is happy, and suffers no more
soon his sister will join him, inside Heavens door.

Chorus

inside Heavens door we all know is their home,
they'll wait for their mother, and Dad to come home,
then they'll all live together in their home up above,
and there will be no more sickness, only God's love.

Thanks-giving Day,

(Emma)

Thanksgiving Day, is a special day
if we would all just stop and think
its a day when each of us, should count our blessings,
then bow our heads, and to God give thanks,
for God is everywhere, and in everything
he ^{made} the sunshine and the rain
the moon, and stars, and the sky above.
but most of all, he gave us love.
when we see a tree, or a flower so grand
we know it was made by, God's own hand.
each time we see, a new born child
we know that God, has looked down and smiled.
like the shepard, watches over his sheep
our Heavenly Father, watches while we sleep,
and even if we go astray, God will forgive
if we kneel and pray.
he gave us ears to hear, and legs to stand,
and eyes to see, all of God's great plans.
so on this day, ~~stop~~ pause ~~on~~ a moment or two
and look at yourself, and others around you.
then I think that you will find
that you've been blessed, many, many, times
in this poem I've tried to say,
the real true meaning of Thanksgiving Day,

Page 1

"My Brother, and his Faith"

He was a Country boy, raised on a farm,
He never had things easy, farm work was hard.
Then one day, in the mail there came,
an important letter, which bore his name.
It was from Uncle Sam, they needed him you see,
to help fight a war, so he went over seas.
For three or four years, he lived in Hell,
he saw the blood where his buddies fell.
He was wounded too, and suffered pain,
but I guess the bullet, didn't carry his name.
Then thank God, the war came to an end,
and he came back home, to his loved-ones and friends.
Then he met a girl, Opal was her name,
and before too long, he bought her a ring.
Soon they were married, and everything was grand,
they built them a home, with their own two hands.
Then they raised a family, two girls and one boy,
and they're his whole life, his pride and joy.
Then without warning, a dark shadow fell over him,
and in a lonely Hospital Room, the Dr. spoke to him.
He said Son, you have Cancer, there's not much we can do.
You're in God's hands now, it's up to him and you.
He didn't know what to do, he thought it was the end,
so he fell on his knees, and then a miracle began.
and there on his knees, he poured out his heart,
and asked God to save him, let him make a new start.

Page 2
///

He promised God, if he'd see him through,
He'd do the things, God wanted him to do.
and God had mercy, and stretched out his hand,
and today that boy, is a different man.
He goes to church now, and does God's will,
for only through him, he is living still.
So you see, Christ is still the same today
as when he walked here on earth, long ago.
If we will only ask, "we shall receive."
"The Good Book, tells us so."

This poem I've written, is about one man,
I couldn't be written, for any other.
and every word is true, that I've written down,
you see, "this man is my Brother."

MEMO

From _____

To _____

God made little boys out of string

He had a little left over so he made a little thing

God made little girls out of lace

He didnt have enough so he left a little space,

Thank God.

Ma 19

I know a young mother, who lives in sorrow,
she dreads to face each new tomorrow,
she's the mother of two one six one five
Dr's have told her they can not survive,
a dreadful disease will take their life
they'll never be a husband or even a wife
we know not why, this has to be,
but God knows better than you or me,
now there's only one child, for the youngest one died
and God help the mother who now sits and cries,
~~the~~ one was taken and soon the other
will leave this life to join her brother.
When that day comes, the mother will feel
that her life is over, her pain is so real,
with time the hurt won't be so strong
she'll pick up her life and then carry on
fate dealt her a blow, that she must bear,
may God bless and keep her in his care.

SPECIAL THOUGHTS

I hope that I'm improving
And it won't be long,
Before I'm in good health again,
And feeling well and strong.

And I know that special thoughts
Are being sent my way,
From ones I love so dear to me
To cheer me up today.

And I hope it's soon, very soon,
That I'll be on my way to
Headed for home, where I belong,
Feeling fine and new.

Until this day I'll sit and wait
And try to **pen** a letter
And put my trust in God above
Then I will feel much better.

MY WISH

I'm lying in bed,
And I'm feeling sick.
How I wish there were some way,
I'd get well quick.

If wishing could help,
I'd wish and wish more.
Then soon I'd feel better,
Than I ever did before.

So I'm hoping real soon,
I'll be well and then
I'll wish once more,
Never to be sick again.

I may not deserve,
The very best,
But hope and pray
That I'll be blessed.

--Marshall A. Webb

TRUSTING THOUGHTS

My God in all His mercy,
Shine on me today.
And send me faith and courage,
'Till dark clouds have passed away.

And hope that will sustain me,
In everything I do.
Remember me in His glory,
And make my life anew.

Remembering me, and wondering too,
If I could ever guess,
How many times He sends His love,
And brings me happiness.

The bright and shining light above,
Will guide me through each day.
For with Him everything is possible,
To carry me on my way.

TAKING MY ILLNESS AWAY

I pray to God in Heaven
That my illness will go away,
That I'll be happy in knowing
He watches me every day.

And here's the prayers of those around
That my faith in Him I believe,
Though I may walk the straight and narrow path
And my blessings I shall receive.

The courage to have His nearness,
His power to heal and bless.
As I look to Him and say my prayers,
He brings me happiness.

My faith in knowing He is near,
And watches me every day.
And hears my many earnest prayers
To take my illness away.

--Marshall A. Webb

Fri. MARCH 23 - 1962

MOTHERS DAY

MAW

MOther on this beautiful DAY,
WITHIN MY HEART I WISH TO SAY.
NO OTHER MOTHER, COULD TAKE YOUR PLACE
WITH YOUR LOVING CARE, AND SMILING FACE.

ON MOTHERS DAY, WE THINK OF YOU.
WHEREVER WE ARE OR WHATEVER WE DO,
A KINDLY WORD, A HELPING HAND,
WHICH ONLY MOTHERS COULD UNDERSTAND.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS I WISH FOR YOU,
AND HOPE AND PRAY, THEY WILL ALL COME TRUE,
FOR I KNOW YOUR LOVE WILL ALWAYS BE
WITHIN MY HEART, INSIDE OF ME. M

HERE ON THIS DAY WE HOPE AND PRAY
YOUR TENDER LOVE, WILL ALWAYS STAY.
WITH LOVING CARE, AS YOU'VE HAD SHOWN,
SINCE THE DAY, THAT I WAS BORN.

OVER →

EVERY DAY AS WE THINK OF YOU
AND WE KNOW YOU ARE THINKING TOO
YOUR HELPING HAND AS IT MAY BE
IS SOMETHING THAT NO ONE COULD SEE.

REMEMBERING YOU MOTHER. ON THIS DAY
ISN'T HARD FOR ME TO SAY,
ALL MY LOVE WE HOPE AND PRAY,
HEALTH AND HAPPINESS, UNTIL NEXT MOTHERS DAY

BY, MARSHALL WEBB

3-30-67
MAN

(SPECIAL THOUGHTS)

I HOPE THAT I'M IMPROVING,
AND IT WANT BE LONG,
BEFORE I'M IN GOOD HEALTH AGAIN,
AND FEELING WELL AND STRONG.

AND I KNOW THAT SPECIAL THOUGHTS,
ARE BEING SENT MY WAY,
FROM ONES I LOVE SO DEAR TO ME,
TO CHEER ME UP TODAY.

AND I HOPE ITS SOON, ^{VERY SOON,} ~~THAT I WILL TO~~
~~BE~~ THAT I'LL BE ON MY WAY TO.
HEADED FOR HOME, WHERE I BELONG,
FEELING FINE AND NEW,

UNTIL THIS DAY ^{ILL SET AND WAIT,} ~~ILL SET AND PIN A~~
AND TRY TO PIN A LETTER,
AND PUT MY TRUST IN GOD ABOVE,
THEN I WILL FEEL MUCH BETTER,

THUR. MARCH 22-1962

(When The LIGHTS GO OUT)

AS I LAY ON MY PILLOW
AND DREAM SWEET DREAMS OF HOME
I WONDER HOW LONG I'LL BE LAYING HERE
FOR I FEEL SO ALL ALONE

I OPEN MY EYES, THEN CLOSE THEM AGAIN
IT DOESN'T CHANGE A THING
FOR IN MY HEART I WISH I WERE HOME.
WHAT MEMORIES IT NOW BRINGS

THERE'LL COME A DAY AND SOON I HOPE
WHEN I'LL RETURN BACK HOME
TO MY LOVED ONES SO DEAR, SO FAR AWAY
WHO'S WAITING ALL ALONE

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT THIS EVENING
I'LL CLOSE MY EYES ONCE MORE
AND WAIT FOR THE ^{COMING}~~COMING~~ MORNING
AS I LISTEN TO THE FELLOWS SWARE

MAW

SUN. MARCH 29-1967

M4W

Wandering Thoughts

DAY BY DAY AND NIGHT BY NIGHT,
MY THOUGHTS WANDER BACK HOME,
OF MY LOVED ONES, WHO I MISS SO MUCH,
WHO ARE WAITING THERE ALONE,

AND I KNOW THEY ARE LONGING TO,
WHEN I'LL RETURN BACK HOME,
WITH LOVING CARE ^{everywhere,} ~~everywhere~~ ~~eye~~.
THE PLACE WHERE I BELONG.

I HOPE AND PRAY IT WON'T BE LONG,
WHEN I'LL BE ON MY WAY,
TO LIVE MY ^{days} ~~days~~ WITH ONES I LOVE,
AND FOREVER MORE I'LL STAY,

SO DAY BY DAY MY THOUGHTS FLY THEIR WAY,
AND THIS IS WRITTEN TO SHOW IT.
I HOPE THAT I'LL BE WELL AGAIN,
ALMOST BEFORE I KNOW IT.

H-H-67
MAN

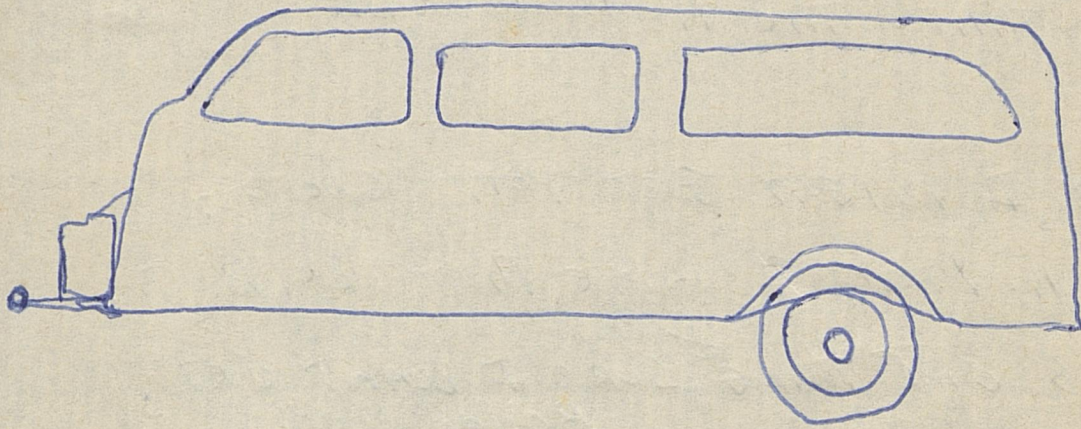
MEAT ONCE MORE

Oh Boy, oh Boy, oh me, oh my,
I'm so HAPPY I COULD CRY,
TODAY They CHANGED MY ^{diet} ~~DIE~~ CARD,
AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY.

TODAY I MIGHT GET PORK CHOPS,
FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT I'DO BEG.
THERE'S ONE THING ^I SURE I WANT GET,
WILL BE THESE HARD ^{Boiled} ~~BOILED~~ EGGS.

I WONDER IF MY ^{appatite} ~~APPATITE~~ WILL DESERVE ME,
AND CALL FOR MORE OF THE KIND,
OR I WILL CALL COCK-A-DO-REDO,
AND GET THE SAME OLD LINE.

ALTHOUGH I'M SURE THAT IT WON'T,
NO MEAT I'VE HAD IN TWO WEEKS.
MANY THE NIGHT I'VE LAYED AWAKE,
COUNTING EGGS IN MY SLEEP.



3-30-62
MAN

(Chin UP)

I'M NOT ONE TO TAKE IT,
LAYING DOWN FOR LONG,
FOR ITS FOR SURE I'LL SOON BE,
SETTING PRYTY AND GOING STRONG,

I WILL KEEP MY ^{Chin} ~~cheek~~ UP,
AND THINK OF THE DAYS AHEAD,
FORGET MY DAYS AT THE HOSPITAL,
WHEN I HAD TO LAY IN BED,

I'LL THINK OF THE FUN AND TIMES I'VE HAD,
AND THE ONES WHO'S WAITING BACK HOME,
FOR I KNOW THEIR PRAYERS ARE WITH ME,
EVER DAY I'M ALL ALONE.

Heaven
SO I'LL LIFT MY EYES TO ~~Heaven~~,
THANK GOD FOR EVER DAY,
MAY THE BLESSINGS OF ^{health} ~~Health~~ TRAVEL,
AND QUICKLY COME MY WAY,

3-30-62
MAW

LASTING LOVE

LAST NIGHT I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER,
IT CHEERED ME A LITTLE BIT MORE,
I KNOW IT WAS SENT WITH ~~BLESSINGS~~ ^{KINDNESS}
AND BLESSINGS BY THE SCORE,
M

I KNOW YOUR LOVE IS TRUE, DEAR,
YOU'VE SHOWN IT EVERY DAY,
BUT MINE IS ALSO TRUE, DEAR,
TO GOD IN HEAVEN I'LL SAY,

JUST LOVE ME EVERYDAY, SWEETHEART,
AND I WILL DO THE SAME.
WITH LOVE LIKE THIS, EMBRACE AND KISS,
NO SAD HEARTS WILL IT BRING.

SO I'LL SAY GOOD NIGHT, DARLING,
AND WHEN THE MAIL COMES MY WAY,
ALL BE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER CARD,
TO CARRY ME THROUGH THE DAY.

THUR MARCH 22-1962

(JUST AT 12:01)

TODAY THE PAPERS HEADLINES
BROUGHT SADNESS TO MY EYES
FOR EARLY TOMORROW MORNING
THIS YOUNG MAN MUST DIE.

THE JUDGE SAID HE WAS GUILTY
THE GOVERNOR SAID THE SAME
HIS MOTHER ASKED FOR MERCY
BUT WHAT GOOD DID IT BRING?

HE DIES TOMORROW MORNING
JUST ABOUT 12:01

TO PAY FOR THE CRIME HE COMMITTED
WHEN HE PULLED THAT ~~EVIL~~ ^{EVIL} FATED GUN

HE CLAIMS HE'S NOT GUILTY
FOR EVERY THING THEY SAID
BUT TOMORROW MORNING WILL BE TOO LATE
FOR THEM HE'LL BE DEAD

MAN

TRUR: MARCH 22 - 1962

(SPRING IS COMMING)

SPRING IS COMMING, WINTER IS GONE,
AS I LOOK THROUGH MY WINDOW PANE.
AS I LAY IN BED AND THINK OF HOME
AND BIRDS THEY BEGAN TO SING.

THE SNOW IS LEAVING CHICAGO
I CAN SEE ON THE GROUND BELOW
I DREAM OF THE SUNNY DAYS AHEAD
AND THINK OF THE ONES THAT WERE COLD

THERES A ROBIN IN THE TREE TOP
I CAN HEAR HIM SINGING HIS SONG
WINTER IS GONE SPRING IS HERE
AND SUMMER CAN'T BE LONG

HOW I WISH I WERE ON THE OUTSIDE
TO BREATHE IN THE FRESH SPRING AIR
BUT IT WON'T BE LONG I'M SURE OF THAT
WHEN I'LL ALSO BE OUT THERE

MAN

H-4-62
MAC

HARD BOILED EGGS

SOME DAY WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER,
AND I'M WELL ~~AGAIN~~ WITHIN.
I'M GOING TO EAT ~~STEAK~~^{steak} AND PORK CHOPS,
AND NOT EAT EGGS AGAIN.

THIS MORNING IT WAS EGGS FOR BREAKFAST,
AT NOON THE SAME OLD THING,
AND WHEN SUPPER FINALLY ROLLED AROUND,
HARD ~~BOILED~~^{Boiled} EGGS AGAIN.

BEFORE I LOOK LIKE A CHICKEN,
MAYBE THEY'LL QUIT IN TIME.

EGGS MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT,
IT'S DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND.

MY GUTS ARE GROWLING, MY ^{tongue} ~~FOUR~~ IS SORE,
I GO TO THE TOILET ONCE A WEEK.
IF THEY DON'T QUIT FEEDING ME EGGS,
I'LL BE EATING THEM IN MY SLEEP.

~~I never dreamed in my life~~
~~that i'd be ever miss strike line~~

STATE LINER, STATE LINER
WE'VE GOT THE BLUES
OUR MORALE IS DRIPPING
BECAUSE WE HAVE NO NEWS

IT'S THE XAADS DIVISION
WE SPEAK ABOUT
SINCE JOHNNY GOME
WE LIVE IN DOUBT

WE DON'T KNOW NOTHING
OF THE OTHER GUY
THAT WE WORK AND TOIL WITH
SIDE BY SIDE

IN OUR COMMING STATE LINER
MAKE IT A SURPRISE
ANY THING ABOUT THE XAADS
IT WILL SATISFY

WANT SOMEONE HEAR
OUR LOVELY PLEAD
AND BUILD OUR MORALE
WITH THE QUICKEST SPEED

WINTER HAS COME TO LANSING
ITS CHRISTMAS TIME AGAIN
SANTS CHAUSE WILL SOON BE HERE
PEACE ON EARTH, GOD WILL TO MEN

THE CHRISTMAS TREE IS GLOWING
THERES PRESENTS THERE TO SEE
THE YOUNSTERS ARE ALL EXCITED
AND BEHOLD, SO ARE WE

THE TABLE IS GLOWING NEAT WIT WEIGHT
OF FOOL STUFF PILED ON SILVER PLATES
AND NOW WE BOW OUR HEADS TO PRAY
AND THANK OUR GOD, ON THIS BRIGHT

Dec. 19, 1961

MAN

CHRISTMAS DAY

STATE LINE STATION
YARD DIVISION DAILY REPORT
TO GENERATING STATION OFFICE

DATE

FOREIGNS OUT

<u>CAR NUMBERS</u>	<u>SEAL NUMBERS</u>	<u>TIME</u>
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MISCELLANEOUS

GRANULATED SLAG: WASTE CARS
STORED CARS

NOTES:

.....

.....

.....

.....

This morning I awoke with happiness
I could hear Christmas Bell Ring
And as I arose from my warm soft bed
The angels they seem to sing

As I crept to the window, and open the shade
And gazed on the snow white ground
Far in the distance it seem to me
Santa was coming to town

Bells were ringing, children were singing
There was joy through the land
And in my heart a tiny voice
Keer repeating my name

Down on my knees, at the side of my bed
I prayed to Christ above
Who gave us this day, Christmas Day
And with it his wonderful love

Dec. 19 1961

MAW

TRVA, MARCH 29-1962

MAW

MY DARLING

DARLING, TODAY I'M WONDERING
I'M LONESOME, SAD AND BLUE
MY BURDENS ARE HEAVY, MY HEART IS SORE
KNOWING I'M AWAY FROM YOU.

THE DAYS ARE LONG; I WALK THE FLOOR
I CAN NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT
HOW I WISH I WERE THERE TO HOLD YOUR HAND
AND MAKE YOUR ^{FUTURE} ~~FUTURE~~ BRIGHT

SWEET HEART THESE THINGS I DREAM ABOUT
OF YOU AND OF HOME

THE LOVING CARE TO HAVE YOU WEAR
WITH YOU SO ALL ALONE

EACH ONLY NIGHT I LIE AWAKE

A LITTLE VOICE IT SEEMS TO SAY
MAY GOD WATCH OVE YOU ^{WITH HIS CARE} ~~WHILE I'M AWAY~~
EACH NIGHT AND EVERY DAY.

marshall webb

TRUA. MARCH 29 - 1962

MAW

Friendship

The BRIDGE THAT FORMS FRIENDSHIP
IS ONE OF THE ^{SPECIAL} ~~SPECIAL~~ KIND
ITS A HAND SHAKE A ^{FRIENDLY} ~~FRIENDLY~~ WELCOME
WITH EVERYONE COMBINED.

A FRIENDLY SMILE A HELPING HAND
AND WONDERING IF THEY COULD GUESS
HOW MANY TIMES YOU THINK OF THEM
AND WISH THEM HAPPINESS.

TO HAVE FAITH IN EACH OTHER
AND HE, TO YOU, THE SAME
WITH LOVING CARE TO EVERYONE
WHAT MEMORIES IT WOULD BRING

YES, THE BRIDGE THAT FORMS FRIENDSHIP
WHICH STARTED WHEN YOU WERE A GIRL OR BOY
WITH LOVING CARE AND HAPPINESS
THAT CAN NOT BE DESTROYED

Marshall Webb

THUR. MARCH 29-19-62

MAL

TAKING MY ILLNESS AWAY

I PRAY TO GOD IN HEAVEN,
THAT MY ILLNESS WILL GO AWAY.
THAT I'LL BE HAPPY IN KNOWING,
HE WATCHES ME EVERY DAY.

AND HERE'S THE PRAYERS OF THOSE AROUND,
THAT MY FAITH IN HIM I ~~DO NOT~~ BELIEVE.
THOUGH I MAY WALK THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH,
AND MY BLESSINGS I SHALL RECEIVE.

M

THE COURAGE TO HAVE HIS NEARNESS,
HIS POWER TO HEAL AND BLESS,
AS I LOOK TO HIM AND SAY MY PRAYERS,
HE BRINGS ME HAPPINESS.

MY FAITH IN KNOWING HE IS NEAR,
AND WATCHES ME EVERY DAY,
AND HEARS MY MANY EARNEST PRAYERS,
TO TAKE MY ILLNESS AWAY.

Marshall Webb

Remembrance

Darling, tonight I'm wondering
Thinking of only you
How is it possible to love anyone
As much as I love you.

I've often sat and wondered
Just how I could live my life
To know that you were away from me
And not my loving wife.

And, Darling, I'll always love you
No matter what comes or goes
I'll take you gently in my arms
And hold you, oh, so close.

I'll love you every day sweetheart
All through the coming years
We'll share our love; just you and I.
And smile all through our tears.

And now sweetheart I'll bring to a close
This little message to you
So always remember through the years
I'll never stop loving you.

INCLUDING MOTHER'S DAY POEM BY MARSHALL WEBB.

DEVOTIONAL NO. 70.

To The Grant Park First Reg. Baptist Church, And other friends.
James H. Stewart, Pastor.

These Bulletins are printed almost weekly, and mailed to many families in several different states. We have nothing to offer but Jesus Christ and Him Crucified,

We believe that Jesus Christ is the only hope of the world; The only source of help in times of greatest need, and if then, He is the only source of help in times of greatest need, He deserves our love and greatest recognition when we can enjoy ourselves the most. So to day, we recommend Jesus Christ to you, Not the many things that have confused the world, But Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.

It is with pleasure that we present the following Mother's day poem by permission, written by Marshall Webb, Written in Hines Veteran's Hospital, Hines, Ill Room 319.

Mother, on this beautiful day
Within my heart I wish to say,
No other Mother could take your place
With your loving care, and smiling face.

On Mothers Day we think of you,
Where ever we are, or what ever we do
A kindly word, a helping hand
Which only Mother could understand.

There are many things, I wish for you
And hope and pray they will all come true;
For I know your love will always be
Within my heart, inside of me.

Here on this day, we hope and pray
Your tender love will always stay,
With loving care as you have shown,
Since the day that I was born.

Every day as we think of you,
And we know you are thinking too,
Your helping hand as it may be
Is something that no one could see.

Remembering you Mother, on this day
Is'nt hard for me to say,
All my love we hope and pray,
Health and happiness, until next Mother's day.

By Marshall Webb.

" Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: But a Woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

SPECIAL THOUGHTS

I hope that I'm improving
And it won't be long,
Before I'm in good health again,
And feeling well and strong.

And I know that special thoughts
Are being sent my way,
From ones I love so dear to me
To cheer me up today.

And I hope it's soon, very soon,
That I'll be on my way to
Headed for home, where I belong,
Feeling fine and new.

Until this day I'll sit and wait
And try to pen a letter
And put my trust in God above
Then I will feel much better.

MY WISH

I'm lying in bed,
And I'm feeling sick.
How I wish there were some way,
I'd get well quick.

If wishing could help,
I'd wish and wish more.
Then soon I'd feel better,
Than I ever did before.

So I'm hoping real soon,
I'll be well and then
I'll wish once more,
Never to be sick again.

I may not deserve,
The very best,
But hope and pray
That I'll be blessed.

--Marshall A. Webb

