

## INTRODUCTION

The poems in this booklet were written, unless otherwise designated, by Forrest Ray Steininger. They reflect a Christian, moral philosophy and home spun humor of rural America in his day. He was born in 1890 and died in 1959. Concepts in these poems, profound and otherwise, reflect, in part, the background of the lives of six sons and one daughter, who cherish the memory of their Dad.

These poems were put in this permanent form by a daughter-in-law, Evangeline, who spent much time in order to preserve this heritage.

Those who knew Dad as father, grandfather, friend or relative will feel they have sat with him by reading these poems.

Leo Steininger, 1972

## FORWARD

Perhaps if it had not been for the confidence that a certain person, whom I hold in high esteem, had in my ability to write poetry and his willingness to cooperate with me in face of the fact that to all others it seemed that my poems were nothing more than a bunch of meaningless jumbled words, I could not make this presentation.

But, thanks to his weary years of patience and stick-to-it-iveness, my dreams are materializing and my poems which have escaped the waste paper basket and mouse nests, are being gathered up from here and there, on shelves, in drawers and under things in forgotten places and are being compiled into a scrapbook which I hope will be as interesting and entertaining to you who read these poems (which isn't likely) as to me who wrote them.

Again I wish to express my appreciation to the one whom I hold in such high esteem, which person is none other than-----

-----yours truly,

Forest Steininger

## HIGH POINTS OF THE ACTS

In Acts One our Lord ascended  
 In a cloud and then went higher.  
 In Chapter Two the Holy Ghost came  
 And appeared as tongues of fire.  
 The lame man was healed in Chapter Three.

Three.  
 As Peter and John went to pray  
 Before the Sanhedren in Chapter Four,  
 They were brought the very next day.  
 In Chapter Five Ananias and wife  
 Met their tragic end.

Deacons were chosen in Chapter Six  
 The needy to attend.  
 Stephen preached in Chapter Seven.  
 He was stoned to death that day.  
 Philip preached to the Eunuch  
 Who was saved on the Gaza way.  
 Saul was saved in Chapter Nine.  
 He became the Apostle Paul.  
 Cornelius and kin in Chapter Ten  
 The Holy Ghost fell on them all.

Preaching and teaching at Antioch  
 Are told in Chapter Eleven.  
 Peter imprisoned in Chapter Twelve  
 Is delivered by an angel from Heaven.  
 Parnabas and Paul from Antioch  
 To Iconium in Thirteen we learn.  
 In Fourteen back to Antioch.  
 They preach on their return.  
 Question of circumcision discussed  
 In fifteen pro and con.

In Sixteen Paul and Silas  
 To Philippi have gone.  
 Paul's sermon at Athens on Mars hill  
 In Chapter Seventeen.  
 In Eighteen from Cornith to Antioch  
 And all points between.  
 In Nineteen Paul with the Ephesians  
 The Holy Ghost they found  
 In Twenty he tours Asia Minor.  
 He's now Jerusalem bound.

Paul's missionary journey ended  
 In Chapter Twenty-one.  
 In Twenty-two he faces the mob  
 That notable trial begun.  
 In Twenty-three Paul is delivered

From a mob of forty or more.  
 Felix trembles at his preaching  
 In Chapter Twenty-four.  
 Paul's appeal to Caesar  
 In twenty-five is related.

In Twenty-six King Agrippa  
 Is almost persuaded.  
 The voyage to Rome, the shipwreck and all  
 Are told in Twenty-seven.  
 In Twenty-eight Paul is in Rome.  
 His next journey will be Heaven.

#### HOW MUCH LIETH IN YOU?

"Live peaceably with all men  
 As much as lieth in you"  
 The Good Old Book commands you  
 To let peace and love continue.  
 But if to keep the peace  
 You do not strain each nerve and sinew  
 You show to the world how very little  
 Really lieth in you.

#### WHAT EASTER MEANS TO ME

That Jesus suffered upon the tree,  
 Bearing all the sins of you and me,  
 Died in disgrace, reproach and shame,  
 Bearing in my place a sinner's name.  
 But arose again, from death set free,  
 That's what Easter means to me.

No power could hold Him in the grave.  
 He must come forth, mankind to save.  
 The powers of death were there defeated.  
 Redemption plan was there completed.  
 That I from sin might be set free.  
 That's what Easter means to me.

From there He went to prepare a place  
 For all the redeemed of Adam's race.  
 And now He sits at the Father's side  
 Interceding for saints that here abide,  
 Where some day from earth shall flee,  
 That's what Easter means to me.

## THE PRODIGAL SON

A young man said to his father one day  
 Give me the goods that are mine.  
 Give me the portion that falls to me,  
 The camels, the sheep and the kine.  
 His father divided the living with him,  
 All the goods he possessed.  
 Not many days after he left his father,  
 After they embraced and caressed.

He took his journey to a far-off land,  
 Far away from his father's care,  
 Far out in the world of sin and shame,  
 Where the lights of sinfulness glare.  
 And in that land so far away  
 He spent all the living he had.  
 He then found himself without money or  
 friends.  
 The famine out there was bad.

The hunger, the pain, the remorse that  
 he felt,  
 Then drove him to feeding swine,  
 Which he shared of the husks which they  
 He then began to repine. [did eat  
 This boy who had gone so deep in sin  
 Came to himself out there.  
 He thought of his father's house far away  
 The servants had plenty to spare.

He said, "I'll arise and go home again  
 To my father who loved me one day.  
 To my father whose heart was broken with  
 with pain  
 When I left him and went away.  
 He arose in his dirt in his filth, in  
 his rags  
 And started for father and home.  
 He said, "If father will take me back,  
 Never again will I roam"

But the father never ceased to watch  
 The road where his boy went away.  
 He placed himself at the eastern gate  
 And watched day after day.

## I.

There's a savings bank in Heaven,  
 Where I'm laying up in store  
 All the treasures I can gather  
 To be mine forevermore.  
 Every time I do a kindness  
 Or say a word of love,  
 I am making a deposit  
 In that saving bank above.

## Chorus

Then I'll send them up,  
 Yes, I'll send my treasures up,  
 Each day I gain new treasures  
 And each day I'll send them up.

## II.

There's no thieves nor moth nor  
 rust  
 Can mar our treasures there you  
 know.  
 They are safely in God's keeping  
 For the Bible tells us so.  
 Nothing there can bring cor-  
 ruption,  
 There's no stealing to be done,  
 For the President is my Father  
 And the teller is his Son.

## III.

O, the glory over yonder  
 When I draw from that account,  
 When I've been there many centuries  
 There will be no less amount  
 For I know up there forever  
 There will be a grand supply  
 If I lay up treasures daily  
 In that bank beyond the sky.

## I DON'T BELIEVE IT AND NEITHER DO YOU

Back before the earth and its formation,  
Millions of years before the Creation.  
Back before days and years begun,  
Back before life was even known,  
Something that neither could swim nor creep,  
No fungi, no algid spore, no germ.  
No bug, no beetle, no insect, nor worm.  
Just something that drifted upon the shore,  
And lay there, just lay there for ages and more.

Then something else came floating o'er  
And joined the first something upon the shore,  
And there the two somethings really became  
A germ or something that had no name.  
Then and there life began to brew,  
I don't believe that and neither do you!  
And then from that life other lives begun,  
More lives were hatched out in the sun  
Some hopped on the land, some swam in the deep.  
Some learned to fly and some to creep.

Then in another million years  
Some developed eyes and nose and ears  
Tadpoles, pollywags, worms and fleas.  
Then turned into frogs, mosquitoes and bees.  
From them came fishes, snakes and bats,  
These turned into birds, monkeys and cats.  
And then at this point our knowledge fails  
How some of the monkeys lost their tails.  
Then at each other they began to glance  
The she ones donned dresses, the he ones donned pants.

'Twas then they lived in the garden fair.  
They became human beings then and there.  
They began now to marry and multiply,  
You don't believe and neither do I.

But in the beginning God created  
B.C. four thousand the time was dated,  
All things that swim and climb and creep,  
The cows of the field, the fish of the deep,  
The beasts of the forest, all things that fly  
You believe that and so do I.

Then God made man which had no birth.  
He formed this man from the dust of the earth  
And breathed the breath of life in his nose.  
He became a living creature from his head to his toes.  
When all this was done six days were through.  
I believe that and so do you.

## BURIED TALENTS

Did you ever think what you might  
have done?  
Some soul is lost that you might  
have won,  
Some one is sad that you might  
have cheered,  
You knew you should, but oh,  
you feared.  
You're burying your talents  
when you could earn  
More talents for the Master  
on his return.

Did you ever hear the Master  
say,  
"Why stnad ye here idle all the  
day?  
Go work in my vineyard from  
morn till night.  
I'll pay you then whatsoever  
is right".

You've felt the pull of the  
thousands to reach,  
But oh you couldn't, you just  
couldn't preach.  
You have only the one talent  
when you might have ten,  
To give to the Master  
when He comes again.

Let's dig up our talents so  
long stored away  
E're the Master shall come  
on that reckoning day.  
And demand his servants with  
a fearful shout,  
"Take the talent from him and  
cast him out".

But rather let's hear the  
Master say,  
"Thou hast been a faithful  
servant today,  
Revive these talents and thy  
great reward,  
Enter thou in the joys of thy  
Lord."

On a quiet shady street  
In a town in Indiana,  
Well up State in Indiana  
Stands the church that I delight in,  
Stands the church of my own choosing  
With its spire pointing upward,  
Spire pointing towards the Heavens  
Close beside it stands the parsonage,  
Abode of pastor and his family.  
Stands the quiet humble parsonage.

On a peaceful Sunday morning  
'Ere the town folks have assembled  
Comes a peal from out the belfrey  
As it were the voice of angels  
Saying "This another Lord's Day  
Is a Lallowed day of worship.  
Come and join the saints in worship,  
Come and worship with your neighbors.

Then 'ere long the groups are coming  
'Tis a sight that puts a thrill  
Within your heart as you behold them.  
Babies bundled in their snuggery,  
Boys and girls with shining faces,  
Young folks, happy jolly young folks.  
Middle aged and older people.  
Then the aged, feeble aged.  
They come tattering up the pathway.  
Many years they've trod this pathway,  
Leading to the open church door.  
Reverently the people enter.

## HE IS RISEN

Sing not of Gethsemane  
Nor of Pilate's judgement hall  
Nor of the road to Golgatha's hill  
Nor of the cup of bitter gall.  
Sing not of the cruel cross  
Save those 'til another day.

But today let's sing of the empty tomb  
And one who rolled the stone away.  
Let's sing of the angel who sat on the tomb  
And told the women "He is risen"  
Let's sing of Jesus who left his tomb  
And preached to souls who were in prison.

Let's sing of the victory our Savior won  
Over death and his foes  
Let's sing 'til the anthem fill the earth  
Hallelulah. "Christ arose."

## JUST STEP BY STEP

I heard the Savior say to me  
 You need not know the way that I  
 have planned for you, my Son  
 To take from day to day.

You need not know the reason why  
 That I have planned things so,  
 You needn't see what the path may  
 bring nor where the road may go.  
 But you promised you would follow  
 me no matter how or where.

Remember the unknown bundle, Son?  
 That you laid on the altar there?  
 Yes, Lord, I remember it well,  
 That promise I made to you.  
 I repeat that promise now and here  
 My covenant I renew.  
 If I may keep my hand in yours  
 I will not ask to see what's in  
 the path where the road may lead.  
 I'll leave that up to Thee,  
 I'll ever follow you step by step  
 Though I know not where nor why  
 But I'm sure that if I'm in your  
 will it's toward my home on high.

## JESUS DID

A statement like this we often hear  
 My grief is more than I can bear.  
 Remorse rolls o'er me like a flood  
 But did you ever sweat drops of  
 blood?  
 My friends have all fled, my foes  
 have increased, my kin have  
 deserted, their love had ceased.  
 I can't endure under this disgrace.  
 But did they ever spit in your face?

The pain I bear falsely I cannot  
 stand. I suffer untold at my  
 enemy's hand.  
 I cannot endure these buffets and  
 scorn. But did you ever  
 Wear a crown of thorns?

The things that I've been asked to  
 bear that others may peace and  
 glory share  
 I cannot drink the awful dross. but  
 Were you ever asked to die on the  
 cross?

For the sins of others I take the blame  
 They're being charged against my name.  
 I've almost said, "It's enough, I'm  
 through. But were the sins of the  
 World ever laid on you?

"Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease  
 While others fought to win the prize  
 And sail through stormy seas?"

(last verse taken from song)

## TRY TO SMILE

If you're down in the dumps,  
 Try to smile.  
 And your path's full of stumps,  
 Try to smile.  
 If your lower lip is hung,  
 And your head is downward slung,  
 And your nerve is all unstrung,  
 Try to smile.

If those you have confided in  
 All the while have turned you down  
 Or mad have been,  
 Try to smile.  
 It may seem 'most like a sin, but your  
 Friends you're sure to win,  
 If you cannot smile, just grin, but,  
 Try to smile.

Maybe you have never tried it;  
 Try to smile. You knew you should  
 But you've denied it, try to smile.  
 It may seem awkward at the first,  
 But out in laughter you may burst.  
 A big HA HA would be the worst.  
 Try to smile.

If you've tried with all your heart,  
 Tried to smile.  
 And you couldn't even start,  
 To try to smile,  
 Pray that God smiles to give you  
 That which puts the smile within you.  
 And you'll ever more continue  
 With a smile.



## THE HORNET SONG

8.

TUNE: "This is Like Heaven to Me"

-1-

When the Canaanites hardened their heart against God  
And grieved Him because of their sins,  
God sent along hornets to bring them to time  
And to help his people to win,  
The hornets persuaded them that it was best  
To go quickly and not to go slow.  
God did not compel them to go against their will  
But He just made them willing to go.

Chorus:

He does not compel us to go,  
He does not compel us to go,  
He does not compel us to go 'gainst our will  
But He just makes us willing to go.

-2-

If a nest of live hornets were brought to this room  
And the creatures allowed to go free,  
You would not need urging to make yourself scarce,  
You'd want to get out, don't you see?  
They would not lay hold and by force of their strength  
Throw you out of the window, oh no!  
They would not compel you to go 'gainst your will,  
But they'd just make you willing to go.

-3-

When Jonah was sent to the work of the Lord  
The outlook was not very bright,  
He never had done such a hard thing before  
So he backed and ran off from the fight.  
But God sent a big fish to swallow him up,  
The story I'm sure you all know.  
He did not compel him to go 'gainst his will  
But He just made him willing to go.

-4-

When Moses was sent to lead Israel out  
Into Canaan's rich fruit-bearing land,  
They rebelled 'gainst His spirit and worshipped a calf,  
And refused to obey God's command,  
God did not compel him to go to the land  
Which with wine, milk and honey did flow,  
But fed them on manna for forty long years,  
'Til He got them all ready to go.

-5-

When Balaam was sent with the price of Moab  
He wanted things run his own way,  
But his mule ever faithful spoke at the right time,  
Made him willing God's voice to obey.  
God can use any man since He used Balaam's mule,  
For He is almighty you know.  
He does not compel us to go 'gainst our will,  
But He just makes us willing to go.

## MY PRETTY BLACK KITTY

I once had a pretty black kitty  
His hair fairly glistened so black  
Except for some white on his head  
And a white streak down his back.

I found him way out in the woods lot.  
Just a little kitten, you see.  
H took him home, oh so gently  
He belonged to no one but me.

I called my kitty Mohamid because  
Of the posture he used.  
He'd set himself up like a statute  
Whenever he thought him abused.

After while he was no more a kitten.  
He grew up to be a big cat.  
He never once caught a mouse.  
And he never once caught a rat.

He parked on the parlor divan.  
He just lay around and got fat.  
Never mewed like another kitty.  
Never purred like another cat.

One day some folks came to see me.  
Distinguished company at that.  
I led the way to the parlor  
Where lay my pretty black cat.

I needed the couch to seat them  
Get down, Mohamid, said I.  
But Mohamid just lay there and slept  
And never once opened an eye.

Mohamid, I repeated, Get down.  
But he lay there and slept as before  
So I grabbed my pretty black cat,  
And I jerked him out on the floor.

And then like an awful explosion,  
Like a gas main had let out its fume,  
Like all the sewers in the land,  
Were emptying into that room.

When my consciousness I regained  
Realizinf I had gambled with death,  
I found myself prostrated  
In the yard a'gasping for breath.

My friends were no where around.  
I've never since seen their face  
I never went back in the house.  
I've moved to a different place.

## (the moral)

It isn't always gold that glitters  
Nor yet always silver that gleams.  
Though they sparkle they may not be  
diamonds.  
It isn't always the thing that it seems.

Don't take just anyones shoes  
And pack 'em way down in your trunk.  
It may be your pretty black kitty  
Will turn out to be an old skunk!

---

We've got some friends that are hard  
to beat.  
We joke a lot whene're we meet.  
They enjoy our company and we enjoy  
their's  
They take us places and we return fares.  
We exchange gifts at Christmas time.  
The same is true with a valentine.  
They do their part and so do we  
To keep on being friends, you see.  
Our friendship is mutual, it works  
both ways  
But aren't there lots of such friends  
these days?

But there came a time when I needed  
a friend  
A neighbor on whom I then could depend.  
Neighbors all around me by the score.  
Those that are neighborly hundreds  
and more.  
We exchange, we lend we borrow,  
we give.  
We've got good neighbors over where  
we live.  
They're in and out most every day.  
Their children and ours romp and play.  
If going the same way down the street  
We walk and we talk when we chance  
to meet.  
Oh yes they're neighbors, I do declare  
But aren't they so most every where?  
They all stood by when I had a need,  
Then my neighbors were real neighbors  
And my friends were friends indeed.

## THE BACK SEAT

The roar down front I cannot bear  
The accoustics are bad, I do declare,  
It seems much better in the rear.  
That's why I'm sitting way back here.

When strangers come in from afar,  
I like to see who they are without  
Turning around like a swivel gear.  
That's why I'm sitting way back here.

Down front is no place for my kind.  
I've got a child I can't make mind.  
He's out of my control, I fear.  
That's why I'm sitting way back here.

The folks down front we should evade.  
That put themselves on parade  
The more renowned should seek the  
rear.  
That's why I'm sitting way back here.

I don't want to be with that odd few  
Who demand the first or the second  
pew.  
They seem to me to be quite queer.  
That's why I'm sitting way back here.

I take a back seat because here of  
late when I have to go I can't wait.  
So I want the door very near.  
That's why I sit way back here.

Perhaps someone we've chanced to  
reach  
May drop in to hear our pastor preach.  
He'll not come again, I fear,  
If we all keep sitting way back here.

## ON MOTHER'S DAY

There's a saying that goes like this:  
I've heard this old say since a lad,  
That it takes an angel for a mother,  
But any old stick will do for a Dad.

I don't like that old saying just  
one bit.  
It seems to me that if they had a  
Little knowledge of what it takes  
They'd never suggest a stick for  
a dad.

Now when we have another Mother's Day  
As in the past many times we've had,  
When buying a basket of roses for Mother  
Just get some kind of a posy for Dad.

Maybe Dad's about what you make him,  
Maybe things wouldn't seem so bad,  
If while pouring oceans of love on  
Mother,  
You'd sprinkle a little bit on Dad.

Let's give 'em all the credit due them,  
Making both of 'em happy and glad,  
Not taking any away from Mother,  
But giving a little bit to Dad.

## DON'T BE A QUITTER

I once knew a girl, Miss Golda Mae Britter  
A cousin I think to Leviticus Ditter  
So sweet she would seem,  
And most like a dream,  
Till she would lose; then oh how bitter.

I once had a mare, a beautiful critter,  
Just rub her a little, and how she  
would glitter,  
She'd work like sin, till the pull begin,  
Then stuff was off 'cause she was a  
quitter.

There once was a young Scotchman named  
McNitter. Would date up his  
Girl, then go get her.  
His love was "divine." His attention  
Sublime, until long about Christmas,  
Then he'd forget her.

I one had a dog, I'll never forget 'er.  
I called her a pooch, some called her  
a setter. She'd hunt most intact,  
'Til she heard the gun crack.  
Then home she'd go, 'cause she was a  
quitter.

## HORSE SENSE

I once owned a team of horses  
 Their names were Charley and Nig.  
 The heavier the load,  
 The muddier the road,  
 The more they'd get down and dig.  
 If one would walk, then both.  
 If one would trot, then two.  
 They pulled together  
 No matter the weather  
 The hours were many or few.  
 They seemed to like each other,  
 It seemed they understood.  
 Something they had  
 And it's really too bad  
 Some people can't have as good--  
 Horse Sense.

Another horse I owned,  
 No horse was ever more true.  
 Anywhere I'd hitch him,  
 No need to switch him,  
 He'd go where I told him to.  
 If I'd hitch an outlaw beside him,  
 One of these kind that you dread.  
 If it run or walked,  
 Rare up or balked,  
 Old Dan would go straight ahead.  
 He lost his coltish ways when he  
 became full grown. He seemed to  
 Possess, I must confess  
 That which to some is unknown--  
 Horse Sense.

I once owned a beautiful mare,  
 She weighed three-fourths of a ton  
 Everyone was amazed at the colts  
 That she raised. They were  
 Beauties in more ways than one.  
 I often watched in the pasture lot  
 How she'd guard that colt from danger.  
 She'd chase off the dogs,  
 And drive away the hogs,  
 And stand between it and a stranger.  
 I've wondered and wondered  
 Quite a bit, if things would be  
 better or not  
 If people would use instead of  
 Abuse what little they've  
 already got---  
 Horse Sense.

## THE ALMOSTER

It's too common a thing for some  
 folks to say,  
 I almost did this or that today,  
 Came very near taking the other path,  
 I almost passed in English and Math.  
 Big fish that got off, I almost caught,  
 That car that I rode in, I almost  
 bought.  
 I almost finished the job I'd begun,  
 The girl of my dreams I almost won.  
 If you are one of these come so near,  
 Then you're the almoster I'm  
 paging here.

The race that you ran you came so  
 nigh, but the laurels were placed  
 on the other guy.  
 The girl of your dreams that you  
 almost won.  
 Went for the guy whom the job had done.  
 The fish that you almost caught  
 withall  
 Makes the fish in your bag look awful  
 small.  
 You seem so content at so near the  
 prize taken but you let your  
 Opponent go home with the bacon.

I wonder if when you leave this vale  
 To dwell forever with those who fail,  
 Will you then be content to relate  
 How you almost made the pearly gate?

No, you should win at any cost  
 The race that so many others have lost  
 And instead of saying you almost  
 won,  
 You'll rejoice when the Master  
 Says, "Well done".

## WRONG AUTHORS

"Things I once loved now I hate"  
 The Blessed Book does not relate.  
 "Let John do it." That adage old  
 Was not written by John, I'm told.  
 The poem "Work with all your might"  
 That poem Yours truly did not write.  
 "Don't get around much anymore"  
 Was not written by Eleanor.

## TABLE ETIQUETTE

When I set down to the table to eat  
And tell 'em to pass me the beans and  
meat  
I'm generally starved or nearly so,  
I like to sling in the hash and the  
dough.

Table etiquette I know little about  
Some things I'd rather do without  
Than mess around with etiquette stuff  
And get only about half enough.

I never could see the reason why  
To use your fork to cut your pie.  
Or why they expect a hungry chap  
To keep his left hand in his lap.

Sometimes I say, "Pass the spuds."  
But Jim, he's one of those etiquette  
duds  
Instead of handing it to me polite  
He passes everything to his right.

By the time the dish gets around to me  
The spuds are everyone gone, don't you  
see?  
It takes a man with an education  
To use his spoons in regulation.

On each side of me I need lots of  
range  
I'm getting most too old to change.

## REMEMBER THE GOOD, FORGET THE BAD

There are things we must remember  
And some things we must forget  
On this last day of December.  
Soon the old year will exit.

We have made mistakes and blunders  
In this year that's past and gone.  
We've had worries, frets and wonders.  
Leave them back where they belong.

Many times did Satan tempt us  
With his sly and subtle tricks.  
Let's don't take his temptings further.  
Leave them back in "thirty six".

With each mistake we've learned a  
lesson,  
With each temptation, strength and  
love.  
When we ditched our frets and worries  
--Then a blessing from above.

Blessing, Strength, Love and Lesson,  
These the Father sent from Heaven.  
We must take them in succession,  
With us into 'thirty-seven.

## STEININGER GENEALOGY

Donna, Billy, and Connie  
A happy trio I'd say  
They live in the town of Garrett  
They're the kiddies of Dwight and May.

Carmen, Marilyn, Jean, and Jim  
Are a quartet that you should know  
They live with Wilma and Dee  
In their big bungalow.

Judy, Roberta, and Donnie  
A trio of great renown  
They live with Peg and Emmett  
Up in the north end of town.

Because of mistake in address  
Or change in location, or what,  
Or could it be, Paul and Wanda  
The stork so bluntly forgot?

Then there is Evangeline and Leo too.  
But oh! my sakes alive,  
Don't crowd the issue, for it's only  
January 'forty-five.

Now Hubert, our boy in the service,  
Is traveling o'er sea and sand,  
For he has joined forces to protect us,  
Far off in a distant land.

Last, but not least, is Bill,  
No family in sight as yet.  
Girls are sure aplenty,  
But ~~was~~ is hard to get.

(Editing privileges taken by the typist.)



## FAMILY REUNION

Come, take the day off, you won't go wrong.  
 Hang your hoe on the fence and come go along.  
 Turn the mules in the pasture, put the  
     tractor away.  
 We're going to Uncle Milo's to spend the day.  
 One day each year on July the fourth  
 From east and west and south and north  
 The Steiningers come a driving in;  
 This Dutch brigade with all their kin.

There'll be Grandpas and Grandmas, Fathers and  
     Mothers,  
 Uncles and Aunts, Sisters and Brothers,  
 And Cousins and Neices and Nephews and They  
 Who expect to be Neices and Nephews some day.

They'll have baskets of cake and chicken and  
     noodles  
 And pie and dressing and pickles and oodles  
 Of hamburger sandwiches stacked up high,  
 Lemonade and ice cream, my oh my!!

So, wash your face and powder your nose,  
 Don your bib and tucker and some other  
     clothes.  
 Shine your shoes and comb your hair,  
 And come to the reunion I'll be seeing you  
     there.

## DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

I know a man with graying hair. His name  
     is Forest Steininger.  
 Of woes he tells an awful tale,  
 It makes me tired to hear him wail.

He scolds his wife and jaws the kids and makes  
     them do just as he bids. He wants cold  
     Cloth s put on his head and also  
 Hot bricks in his bed.

He tells his wife he thinks it best  
 To rub hot salve upon his chest  
 To soak his feet in a hot tub  
 And give his back an alcho rub.

He wants each one to please be still.  
 He thinks he'll have another chill.  
 When friend's wife asks, "What ails you?"  
 He says, "I think I've got the flu".

If you ask me I'll tell you  
     what I think just as likely  
     as not.  
 The only thing he ever had  
 Is ju t spring fever-----  
     awful bad.  
     An ungrateful friend

## BETSY

Billy, my boy has a habit to  
 send somebody after his  
 favorite friend, his Betsy.

Anything for Billy so ready to  
 do, a perfect friend so loyal  
 and true, -- was Betsy.

At evening when Billy got  
 ready for bed, he never failed,  
 he always said, "Bring Betsy."

He never sleeps nor lays down  
 his head until she is under,  
 is under the bed, --his Betsy.

You may wonder who Betsy is,  
 But you'll have to ask Billy  
 For she is his,--his Betsy.  
     Emmet Steininger

KEEP YOUR TEETH WASHED NICE and  
 clean and never let them get  
 dirty, or you'll be sending  
 To Spiegle's for teeth  
 Before you get to be thirty.

Chorus:  
 Wash your teeth and keep it up  
 Keep your tooth brush handy  
 Blow your nose and wash your toes  
 And keep your hair combed dandy.

Take your bath two times each week  
 And don't be 'fraid of rubbing  
 Or Maw will have to take you  
 down, and give you one good  
     scrubbing.

tune: Yankey Doodle

## HIS MUSTACHE

Dedicated to my Son Emmet

In a prominent place beneath his nose,  
Right where the sugar water flows,  
A few on each side, not in rows,  
Like cotton or thistle-down  
generally grows,  
Where it contacts with soup and hash,  
Is a strong resemblance of a coming  
mustache.

They're few and scattering, like a  
worn out broom,  
Like a stunted flower trying to bloom,  
There's six or maybe ten, I presume,  
If any more would grow there's  
plenty of room.  
Like a breaking out of heat or rash,  
But just the same, he thinks it's  
mustache.

He wrote about what a surprise  
t'would be,  
When he came to town his girl to see.  
He could hardly wait to show her.  
But she said "Don't let that fuzz  
touch me.  
It all ended in an awful clash,  
Then Emmet rubbed off his little  
mustache.

## GRATITUDE

Dedicated to my former pastor,  
Rev. George Brannon

God looked down upon a scene  
Some three and a half years ago,  
He saw Satan working hard  
A church to overthrow.  
Some were sinking in the mire,  
Some were going under,  
He looked for a man to hold intact  
What Satan would tear asunder.  
He found His man after careful search,  
The whole country side through,  
And intrusted him with the task.  
That man, Brother Brannon, was you.

You've been no disappointment.  
To the call you've been most true.  
Undaunted you've preached the gospel  
With love you've led us through.  
Your good companion Eva,  
Has stood right by your side.  
To us she's been a blessing  
Her memory will always abide.

Your children we have held  
In very high esteem.  
May the Lord bless them both,  
Wilbur and Betty Jane.  
Your stay here with us longer  
Would be most welcome indeed.  
But if the Lord is calling you hence,  
Then we're bidding you God-speed.

Go out and preach to sinners,  
Praying many through,  
Get them ready for Heaven  
And our blessing go with you.

## TO MY OCTOGENARIAN FRIEND

I here extend my congratulations  
To you this eventful day.  
Because of the four score miles  
you've come,  
In traveling life's rugged way.

I'll grant you the road was not always  
smooth, many hills you've had to climb,  
Your life has been to those a blessing,  
Whom you've passed from time to time.

As you pass this eightieth mile stone,  
You're still going strong,  
You're still ensuing right,  
And you're still eschewing wrong.

Here's wishing you many more,  
As you travel toward your goal,  
Toward that City in the Heavens,  
The resting place of the soul.

So may your life from here on,  
Be the best ones you have trod,  
Blessing those whom you may meet,  
Reflecting Jesus, the Son of God.

## OUR HONOR ROLL

There will be no sad memorials,  
There will be no tolling bell,  
For a brave that's not returning,  
Or a soldier boy that fell,

For our honor roll is spangled  
With some forty stars so bold,  
Standing out in blue and silver,  
And not one of them is gold.

We have heard in invocation,  
And quite oft in passing prayer,  
Or perhaps in the benediction,  
"Spare our boys, who are over there."

But the prayers that went to heaven,  
Like a rocket through the sky,  
Was that fervent agonizing,  
And the intercessary cry!

When the mothers, wives, and sweet-  
hearts,  
Brothers, sisters, dads and all,  
Knelt around the chancel rail,  
And on God began to call.

Then me thinks I see dispatched,  
'Ere long those prayers had  
reached their goal,  
A guardian angel to each lad,  
Whose name was on our honor roll.

Hence the stars of blue and silver,  
Hence none lie neath sod or foam,  
For our God has answered prayer  
And our boys are coming home.

## WELCOME HOME

Some four or five years back,  
Our Nation was in distress,  
An enemy threatened our land, our  
homes,  
Our peace and happiness.

A call went out throughout the land,  
For soldiers brave and true.  
For American lads with American  
blood,  
They called for boys like you.

You valiantly offered like millions more,  
Your life, if that need be,  
You answered the call like the prophet  
of old,  
Here am I, send me.

You said goodbye like a hero,  
Undaunted and without fear.  
You left your home, your friends and kin,  
And all that to you were dear.

So courageously you met the foe,  
So valiantly you fought,  
With blood you helped preserve the peace,  
That with blood our fathers bought.

And now with heartfelt gratitude,  
That we fain can express with pen.  
We extend a hand in greeting you,  
Since you are home again.

The church, the home, business, and  
farm.  
Say the least that they can do,  
Is foin in this feeble applause, my lad,  
Welcome home, we're proud of you.

THOUGHTS ABOUT A PASTOR'S MOVE  
(Pastor George Brannon)

Why move away off to Richmond  
When Auburn is just as good.  
And in many ways much better,  
That's generally understood.  
How come you've got to go to Richmond?  
Pray tell me if you can,  
You've often said this is your crowd  
And you loved us to the man.

What's Richmond got that Auburn hasn't?  
That makes you pick up and go?  
Except there's no State Hospital  
Anywhere near Auburn, you know.  
Richmond has schools and churches  
I'll grant you that is true.  
But bear in mind, dear brother,  
Auburn has 'em too.

Why pitch your tent toward Richmond?  
Why gaze so wistfully hence?  
It's only illusions that makes  
the pasture  
Look better over the fence.



Why pack up your goods for the journey?  
 Why bank 'em and scratch 'em so?  
 Why not stay here at Auburn,  
 And save that trudging dough?

Now take it from me foolish brother,  
 Wandering calves never get fat.  
 Down there is the home of the foolish,  
 Better stay here where you're at.

#### NINETY-FIRST MILE STONE

Written for my friend Leonard Bowling  
 on his ninety-first birthday.

Today as you're passing this mile  
 stone of time,  
 And you're one mile nearer your  
 goal,  
 Me thinks there's transmitted from  
 your heart to mine  
 Some of the joy in your soul.

Some folks may jest and some may muse  
 That your work on earth is done  
 But, I believe, that God can use  
 A man at ninety-one.

With your laugh and shouts to the  
 world  
 You give blessings far and near.  
 This world is a far better place to  
 live  
 Because of your being here.

And if it pleases the Father above  
 To leave you stay with us  
 For more happy years of joy and love,  
 And keep on shouting thus.

More folks will have spanned the space  
 Than otherwise would be true,  
 And the pearly gates a brighter place  
 When we all come marching through.

#### PAMPY GOES A FISHIN'

Dedicated to my friend, Joe Wyatt  
 whose grandchildren call him Pampy

He catches some crickets and gets  
 him some worms,  
 Some bugs and some hoppers, some  
 beetles and squirms,

Some hooks and some line,  
 and the paper to read it,  
 A sack and a stringer in case he might  
 need it.  
 He hustles around and shoulders his pole  
 And off down the creek to Abbington's  
 hole.  
 He looks all around just where to  
 begin it,  
 He finds him some shade and sits himself  
 in it.  
 He baits up his hook in fisherman style,  
 He throws it out far and then waits  
 awhile.  
 He lingers and watches and waits for a  
 bite  
 That will take the ol' bobber clean  
 out of sight.  
 He watches and waits with a yawn and  
 a gap.  
 He thinks to himself, he's in need of  
 a nap.  
 When all of a sudden like a flash  
 of light  
 His bobber starts bobbin',  
 it's gone out of sight.  
 He jerks and he pulls,  
 he gives and he takes.  
 He tightens and slackens,  
 and the landing he makes.  
 And there on the bank by the hole  
 in the shade,  
 Lay the biggest ol' fish that ever  
 was made.  
 Says ol' Pamp to himself, sure as Beck  
 is a pup,  
 It's the one that ate Jonah, and then  
 heaved him up.  
 And then, should I tell it?  
 This horrid old topen,  
 Just made for old Pamp with his mouth  
 wide open.  
 Old Pampy then kicked with an almighty  
 kick,  
 And he heaved and he hove, and he  
 rolled in the creek.  
 And the ducking he got as he fell  
 in the stream,  
 Waked up the old fisher from that  
 horrible dream.  
 He looked this way and that way,  
 no one could he spy,  
 Out of Abbington's hole he crawled  
 with a sigh.  
 He pulled in his line with a he! ho! he!

And out from the creek  
came the limb of a tree.  
So off toward home with a trip and  
a tramp,  
A perfect day ended for fisherman Pamp.

#### FRITS'S DISCOVERY

De nexcht day would be Christmas,  
Not a noise in der house,  
For fear dat Kris Kringle  
Would nix coom arouse.  
Already vent Hans und der Gretchen  
oop schtairs,  
Und chumped by der bet in  
Ven dey say der prayers.  
In Muddr's night gown,  
She sat close by der pap,  
By der schtove in der kitchen,  
Dey schleeps dem a nap.  
Dare I lay in my bet,  
Vile awake in mine schleep.  
Ven at once, such a racket!  
En der key hole I peep.  
My schmile was so happy  
Dat I schpringed oop mit joys,  
Ven I see by der Pappy  
Dat bag full mit toys.  
Den I opens der door,  
Und schlips ccp so near.  
"Why Frits", cried my mudder,  
"Vot you do here?"  
Ven I sees by der vay,  
Dat der schtockings dey fill,  
Und der vay dat my mudder  
Hushes me be schtill.  
Den I know dat for sure,  
By chingoes, you bet,  
Dat der ain't no Kris Kringle  
Already yet.  
So dat seettles me  
Vay back in my headt.  
Now schpring, says my pappy,  
"Vy you not schtay in bet?"  
"Good naucht," said my mudder,  
"Schleep tight, like VanWinkle."  
"Merry Christmas," said I,  
"Pap and Mammy Kris Krinkle."

The German was the best that the  
author remembered from his grand-  
parents as a child.

#### SHE REMINDS ME SO MUCH OF MY MOTHER

Dedicated to Mrs. Minnie Kagey.

I see her each Sunday morning  
Going to the house of God,  
Tottering down the side walk,  
That many a year she's trod.  
Each time there's a throb in my chest,  
And I scarce refrain a tear.  
She reminds me so much of my mother  
When mother was living here.

I've watched her as she sits in her pew,  
So attentive she nods her head,  
To sanction the words of the song  
Or what the preacher has said.  
There's a lump comes up in my throat  
As I watch this old lady dear.  
She reminds me so much of my mother  
When mother was living here.

Very little she has to say,  
But occasionally testifies  
To a definite experience in Christ,  
How He saves and sanctifies.  
I'm carried away in memory,  
As that quivering voice I hear.  
She reminds me so much of my mother  
When mother was living here.

Because of this sainted old Lady,  
Heaven seems a little nearer.  
I'm sure when we reach those portals,  
Heaven will be a little dearer.  
For we'll see them in all their splendor--  
My mother and this Lady dear,  
Who reminds me so much of my mother  
When Mother was living here.

#### HEALTH HINTS

Tune of Yankey Doodle

Keep your teeth washed nice and clean,  
And never let them get dirty,  
Or you'll be sending to Spiegle's for teeth  
Before you get to be thirty.

Take your bath two times each week.  
Don't be afraid of rubbing,  
Or Maw will have to take you down  
And give you one good scrubbing.

Chorus:  
 Wash your teeth and keep it up.  
 Keep your tooth brush handy  
 Blow your nose and wash your toes,  
 And keep your hair combed dandy.

NOTHING TO WRITE  
 BY Dwight Steininger

Here I've been sitting for a long,  
 long time.  
 Trying to think what to write  
 as I should,  
 But my brain won't work worth a  
 wooden dime,  
 And there's nothing to write if it  
 would.

There's nothing to write,  
 not even a line,  
 Not a thing worth writing at all  
 That comes to this weary brain of mine.  
 Not a thing that I can recall.

I've scratched my head,  
 and I've pulled my hair.  
 I've chewed my nails to the bone.  
 I've squirmed around on this  
 squeaky chair,  
 But my thoughts have all left me  
 sitting alone.

Now here it is way late in the night.  
 Everyone else is in bed.  
 I guess I'll quit and turn out the  
 light,  
 And rest my weary head.

And now I'm rested with pen in my  
 hand.  
 Surely now I can think what to write.  
 Surely something has happened  
 somewhere in the land.  
 I'll think once again with all of my  
 might.

Now, nobody died or even got well,  
 For there's nobody sick around here.  
 Nobody's come to ring my door bell.  
 Not a soul has even come near.

Nobody's called up, nobody for days.  
 Our ten party line has been still.  
 I wonder if this phone of mine really  
 pays,  
 When nobody talks of their ills.

The newspaper quit for the want of  
 some news.  
 The editor starved long ago.  
 The people quit reading his personal  
 views,  
 For they found not a word of it so.

Now time is still passing with a terrible  
 grid.  
 And here I'm still thinking and thinking  
 away.  
 Still nothing comes to my weary mind.  
 I guess I'll just quit and call it  
 a day.

Oh, what a relief!!

Editor's note: how many of us can  
 identify with this sort of attempt!

THE DIET BUG

There's a bug that's been bitin'  
 the people of late.  
 If you've not ben bit yet,  
 you will sure as fate.  
 To escape it or shake it,  
 you needn't try it.  
 When once you've been bit you start  
 on a diet,  
 Whether thin as a match or fat as a goose,  
 You've got to quit eatin';  
 you've got to reduce.  
 A pickle a day and a lettuce leaf,  
 No beans or potatoes, no pork or beef,  
 Just one thousand calories,  
 your instructions insist,  
 Ice cream and plum pudding is off  
 of your list,  
 No chicken and noodles, no mutton leg,  
 Your egg-nog you take without any egg.  
 Often I thought to invite you to dinner  
 But I'd feel condemned like a miserable  
 sinner  
 To set you down to onions and greens,  
 And garlic and spinach, and broth off  
 beans.

No cream for the coffee,  
 just water to thin it,  
 Blue john for milk, with no john  
 in it.  
 Anything good we shun it and shy it,  
 Better not come till we're off of  
 this diet.

#### THE MARKETER'S COMPLAINT

or

#### DON'T STICK YOUR NOSE IN MY BUTTER

I don't mind you shucking my  
 roasting ears,  
 Or bruising a peach with your thumb.  
 I don't mind you bruising a cantalope,  
 Or ruining a pear or a plum.  
 But there's just one thing  
 that gets my goat,  
 And almost makes me sputter.  
 And that's to have some passer by,  
 To stick his nose in my butter.

It's all right that you take  
 a bite from my pie,  
 Or lick my cottage cheese spoon,  
 It's all right to stick your tongue  
 in the cream,  
 'Cause I'll skim it off pretty soon.  
 It's perfectly sane to squash  
 a tomato,  
 Till I throw it out in the gutter.  
 It's all right to take an apple or  
 two,  
 But don't stick your nose in my butter.

I like to see you break my eggs,  
 To see if they're bad or good.  
 I'm pleased when you take a bite of  
 my mince,  
 It's perfectly right that you should.  
 I like to see you jump up and down  
 On a melon to hear it putter.  
 I'm please to see you sip my cider,  
 But don't stick your nose in my butter.

I laugh till I cry when you open my  
 crate,  
 And my chickens come fluttering out,  
 I'm tickled pink to see the way,  
 That you shake my berries about.

I bear it all with a great big smile,  
 And narry a word do I utter,  
 Until you or someone else  
 Comes and sticks his nose in my butter.

#### THE FLU

What makes this terrible feeling of mine?  
 The chills play up and down my spine.  
 My nose is just a constant flow,  
 Keeps my hanky all wet you know.  
 Is it a cold I've got from you?  
 Or can it be I've got the flu?

To ward it off I've tried my best,  
 I've worn my flannel upon my chest.  
 I wore my goloshes and buckled them high.  
 To keep my feet warm and dry.  
 I've stayed away from sick folks too,  
 But just the same I've got the flu.

With grease I'll have to rub and rub.  
 I'll have to set with my feet in a tub.  
 Apply skunk oil and bathe my head.  
 Take a pill and go to bed,  
 The hot water bottle, an iron or two.  
 Because I know I'm getting the flu.

I can count on just three nights and days  
 Of aches and pains in a dozen ways;  
 Lumbago across the small of my back,  
 Rhumatic pains that never slack,  
 Headache and earache a time or two,  
 Because you see I've got the flu.

My eyes are swollen, my lips are blue,  
 My fever about a hundred and two.  
 My throat is all red, my tonsils are gray.  
 They make me gargle six times a day.  
 I'm constantly going kerchoo, kerchoo,  
 I've simply got a bad case of the flu.

I still have some aches; my knees  
 are still sore.  
 I'm crabby and cross, and oh such a  
 sight,  
 And nothing seems to go just right.  
 Someone then asks, "What's the matter  
 with you?"  
 All I can say is "I've been having  
 the flu."

There's someone coming down the road,  
Seems he's under an awful load.  
He walks so burdened and has no cane.  
He turned right into our front lane.  
Another peddler, what do you know?  
It's only been three days ago  
That one stopped in and strange indeed,  
He sold me things I'll never need.  
And here now another, I do declare,  
"I won't buy a thing, I'll give him the air."  
But here he is, almost to the stoop,  
And Shep doesn't seem to care a whoop.  
He sees them so often, the likes of his kind.  
He thinks ther're a part of the daily grind.

Now he pauses a moment to adjust his lapel,  
He twists his mustache, then he rings the bell.  
You open a little to tell him ska-doo,  
But that's little enough for the peddler's shoe.  
And before you can tell him, he says with a grin,  
"Good afternoon madam, may I come in?  
I show you my goods most lovely to see.  
I bring them across the water with me.  
I buy them in Egypt, in Greece, and Japan.  
Even some I bring from Afghanistan."

Then you give in, but buy I don't.  
That is, of course, you think you won't.  
He opens his grip in the middle of the floor,  
And it's just what you saw three days before.  
Oil cloths, and doilies, and rick-rack, and laces,  
And powder and paints to put on your faces.  
Breast pins and bracelets, and hairpins galore.  
Safety pins, watches, and rings by the score.  
Soap and perfumes, everything for the toilet.  
Whiz and cold cream and some what-you-may-call-it.  
Liniments and salves, extracts and pills,  
Medicine for gout, lumbago, and chills.

Rattlers and teethers, and pencils and pens,  
Anything you'd find in the five and ten.  
This pure diamond from Egypt's mine  
I'll sell to you for sixty-nine.  
This pure gold watch ticks every time.  
If you want it I'll sell for dollar and nine.  
It was made in Switzerland, ain't she a honey?  
If it ever wears out, I'll give back your money.  
Ninety cents for this scarf, ain't it nice?  
I lose on each one, I sell at that price.  
Three cakes of soap, a quarter to you.  
From anyone else I get thirty-two.



After you've seen everything he's got,  
You've heard his history and then a lot.  
You take some of this and some of that,  
An apron apiece for Mandy and Mat.  
You buy a teether for little Paul,  
You've forgotten he'll be three this coming fall.  
A knife apiece for Pap and Charlie,  
Bandannas for Sam and Bill and Harley,  
Abottle of dope to remove calves horns,  
Some salve that's good for dandruff and corns,  
Then all at once, on second thought,  
You realize what a stack of stuff you've bought.

You stop the old Hebrew from blabbing away,  
"I guess that will be enough for today."  
Then he with a jester, that don't come amiss,  
Says, "Lady I wish you would buy some of this,  
My wife and six babies, at home don't you see.  
I fetch them over next time with me.  
So you see I must make lots of nickles and dimes  
So I can fetch them over with me sometime."  
But you know that already you've bought lots more  
Than ever you've bought from a peddler before.  
You know what pop will say, oh my!  
When he comes home and sees your buy.

He figures your bill, and my sakes alive,  
It comes to exactly six, forty-five.  
So you check his figures, and check them again.  
And find out they come to five dollars and ten.  
And change although you may have a plenty,  
Reach down in you stocking and get him a twenty.  
To see what he'll do, or how he'll arrange it.  
But you bet your boots, the ol' boy will change it.  
And so your friend leaves with a great big smile,  
And he knows his time has been worth the while.  
You watch as he leaves, almost in a trot.  
Then you turn and look at the junk you've bought.

"TIS THE NIGHT OF CHRISTMAS and all  
 through the shack  
 Is a scene of disorder from the front to  
 the back  
 Trinkets and toys strewn every where,  
 Candy and taffy on the upholstered chair.  
 On the rug are nutshells and half popped  
 corn,  
 And the tree in the corner stands quite  
 forlorn.

On the dresser a pile of no-fits at all.  
 They're either too big or else they're too  
 small.  
 The yule log that for warmth and cheer  
 showed its worth  
 Now lays there a heap of char on the hearth.  
 The dainties that graced the festive board,  
 The turkey that once was the barnyard lord  
 Is reduced to bones and grease spots galore  
 With stains on the linen and pie on the floor.

And now we'll spend a week or more from  
 town to town and from store to store  
 Trying to exchange for things that will fit.  
 We'll try it a week and then we will quit.  
 We'll take 'em back home and lay 'em away  
 Give to some one else next Christmas Day.

#### WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

We're entitled to a little rest  
 We've all worked hard as  
 The hay is in the loft, the wheat is in  
 the bin,  
 The fallow ground is seeded  
 No one thinks to shirk or stall  
 'Cause we're going to take a vacation  
 When the work's all done this fall.

The sorghum's in the barrel  
 The taters are in a heap  
 The buckwheat's gone to mill  
 The apples are buried deep  
 We've had a frost or two  
 But we don't mind that at all  
 Since we're going to take a vacation  
 When the work's all done this fall.

The nuts have all been hulled  
 And laid on the roof to dry  
 The robins have disappeared,  
 The geese are passing by.  
 The pumpkins lay round the corn  
 shocks.  
 We've had a November squall.  
 As yet there's no vacation  
 'Cause the work's not done this  
 fall.

The corn must all be gathered  
 'Ere Thanksgiving time is here.  
 The winter's wood must be cut  
 And the YULE log lying near  
 As I look back upon the years  
 Many others I recall  
 When we never got that vacation  
 'Cause the work's never done  
 in the fall.

#### I FEEL A POEM COMING ON

There's a strange peculiar  
 feeling  
 Slipping up on me again  
 At times before I've felt its  
 dealings  
 So I grab my ink and pen.

I't a feeling recognized  
 An inspiration pro and con.  
 It's a hunch that never lies.  
 I feel a poem coming on.

If you see me sorta groggy  
 With a look that's far away  
 And my eyes look sorta soggy  
 And my gaze seems to stray,

Don't be alarmed, it's really  
 nothing  
 This awful look will soon be gone.  
 The bug has bit me once again.  
 I feel a poem coming on.

## GOD'S CARE FOR THE POOR

If from the poor you take it,  
To the poor it must return;  
For God will hold you to it  
In that great judgement morn!

So many have the millions,  
And millions are so poor;  
Some even have a billion,  
But they want millions more.

Does this not cause all trouble,  
All greed and hatred, too?  
Wealth can be just a bubble,  
If held by just a few.

But it can be a blessing  
As God intended it,  
If the rich will but start giving,  
As they freely have received.

When God gives wealth to any man  
He makes him but a steward,  
God asks him then to give again  
As God has given to him.

If we hug money to our bosom  
And keep it all for self,  
When we could use it for a ransom,  
Instead of turning it to pelf.

Money is the cheapest thing  
When compared to character,  
Love and joy that makes one sing,  
And peace with God and neighbor.

Usually the rich are made,  
At the poor man's loss,  
They live in ease and pleasure,  
While the poor man bears the cross.

Christ said to the rich man,  
Go sell all that thou hast,  
Give to the poor and follow me  
And wear a crown at last.  
Otto F. Hinz, March 2, 1962