

Poetry Page

SPRING

By M. Jeannette Middlebrook, SFO

The winter snow gradually yields
To the peeping, creeping grass so appealing

In its green garb
Covering the ground
As the trees and gardens yawn and awaken
To the sweetness and singing of spring shaking

With its coaxing rain
And caressing sun, without pain!

All mankind, in gratitude give thanks, we find
To their God, most loving and kind.

As the days grow longer and longer
I grow more and more fond

Of the great out-of-doors
Where I can't ever be bored

In the great excitement
Of spring's resurrection!

The Trail

By Celia Roberts, SFO

I love the mysteries the sun reveals
early in the morning hiking virgin trails.

I love dew glistening on grass
and pines that bend and play wind's tune.
Oaks that seem to stand unmoved
the columbine and primrose opening to the
warmth and rays the sun displays.
I love frail-winged birds that brave the gusts
that always stand between themselves
and destination.

Scampering little furry squirrels
tho afraid, watch
simply can't resist temptation.

I love His majestic peaks that reach and reach,
I'm thankful for thoughts that flash, songs that
dance within my head, feelings locked
tightly
within the heart slowly released like a warm
caress.

I love the mysteries the sun reveals
early in the morning hiking virgin trails.



Art by Betty Misuraca



Once I Loved Only God

By Betty Lou Sonderman, SFO

Once I loved only God,
to all that love did bend.
And yet I say
I loved him not at all,
until that love did blend
with love of every creature
and every man who stirs
and every babe
that in his cradle lies
and softly
murmurs.

Jesus' Eyes

By Pearl E. Flynn, SFO

How can I be so in love
with eyes I've never seen
I don't even know if they are blue,
or brown, or even green.
I only know they glow with love,
intense beyond all telling,
and that this self-same glow of love
inflames my very being.

The Friar

By JoAnn Mackrain, SFO

In the grass fields,
where dancing petals palette a rainbow hue;
Father Friar treads bare-footed.
Praising in Canticle-lullaby to the Creation-
Maker's ears;
simulating Gospels perfect joy.
This teacher chalks a lesson
for life's steadfastness in spiritual storms.

His name: Father Francis of Assisi

Butterflies

By Louise Coco, SFO

My precious flower garden,
Is filled with so much love,
Tiny white-winged butterflies,
Pure as angels from above,
Tease each petal gently,
With a kiss and fly away.
Do I see a butterfly?
Or angel wings at play?