

A POEM of Remembrance on your Golden Anniversary (9/13/95)

Married September of '45, post World War II, the world would survive, Flemon took Gertrude to be his bride for life, Now 50 years later we celebrate, their commitment to the vows they made, a half-century of honoring God as husband and wife.

By today's standards she was cradle-bound, at sweet sixteen she had not been around, long enough to know what she was doing His eighteen years were not much better, but when you're in love that just doesn't matter, It was a life together they both were pursuing.

He walked eight miles on Floyd county trails, in the cold of winter through the hills and vales, sometimes the ice would build up on his cap. He knew the shortcuts through the woods, which he took advantage of all he could, when you're in love your heart will draw the map.

Gertrude was number six of eleven, to Flemon she was his one glimpse of heaven, and she thought him rather sharp in his uniform On active duty in the Pacific assault, with VJ Day the war came to a halt, he returned to Southwest Virginia where peace was the norm.

He worked at the Arsenal, she at the mill, then on to RU up on the hill, their daughters were born to make them a family of four And somewhere I know along the way, he picked up the zither and began to play, and they sing that bluegrass gospel ever more.

Their grandchildren, twin boys John and James, and Erik and Kim, those are their names, wish Grandpa and Grandma a golden day and wonder, How one man and one woman for 50 years, survive the struggles, toils and tears, The answer's what God joined, let no man put asunder

Happy Anniversary Celebration from your brother and sister in Christ.

Bob and Kay Martin