

MEMORIES OF MY COUNTRY HOME

I was born in the country, way back in the hills.
With eleven of us kids, there were lots of thrills.
We raised beans and taters, corn and meat.
You can bet your bottom dollar we had plenty to eat.

Mama made our clothes on a treadle machine.
She made them fine enough for a queen.
We worked all week and went to church on Sunday.
There was a wash to do and more to come on Monday.

When our chores were done and we had time to play,
We would head for the woods and spend the rest of the day.
With pine needles and moss for our beds, it was so neat,
and when Supper was ready, Mama called us to eat.

We had a big white house with lots of flowers,
So time went by fast as we worked away the hours.
We had cows to milk, pigs and chickens to feed.
And a "King Size" garden where we planted lots of seed,

Now Mom and Dad and our home are gone,
All the children have homes of their own.
There's lots of grandchildren and great grand ones,
Now when we have family reunions, its a lot of fun.

Two brothers, two nephews and a grandson now gone on,
But we know they are in a much better home.
Death is a heartache that nothing can heal.
Memories are something no one can steal.

Some day we will have a Grand Reunion in Heaven,
With our loved ones so dear, there now waiting.

By Melva, Feb 2001