

POETRY

Poem On Sunday

By Danny Smith

I'm very glad that I am here,
But I would never let THEM know.
For I am always to look sad.
(Mrs. Broklen told me so!)

Up the walk comes Mr. Parker.
I fool him just like all the rest.
His clean white coat looks nice today.
Of all the men, I like him best.

A bug is crawling on my leg.
I must not make a single sound,
Or I might make him fly away.
I'm very glad that he's around.

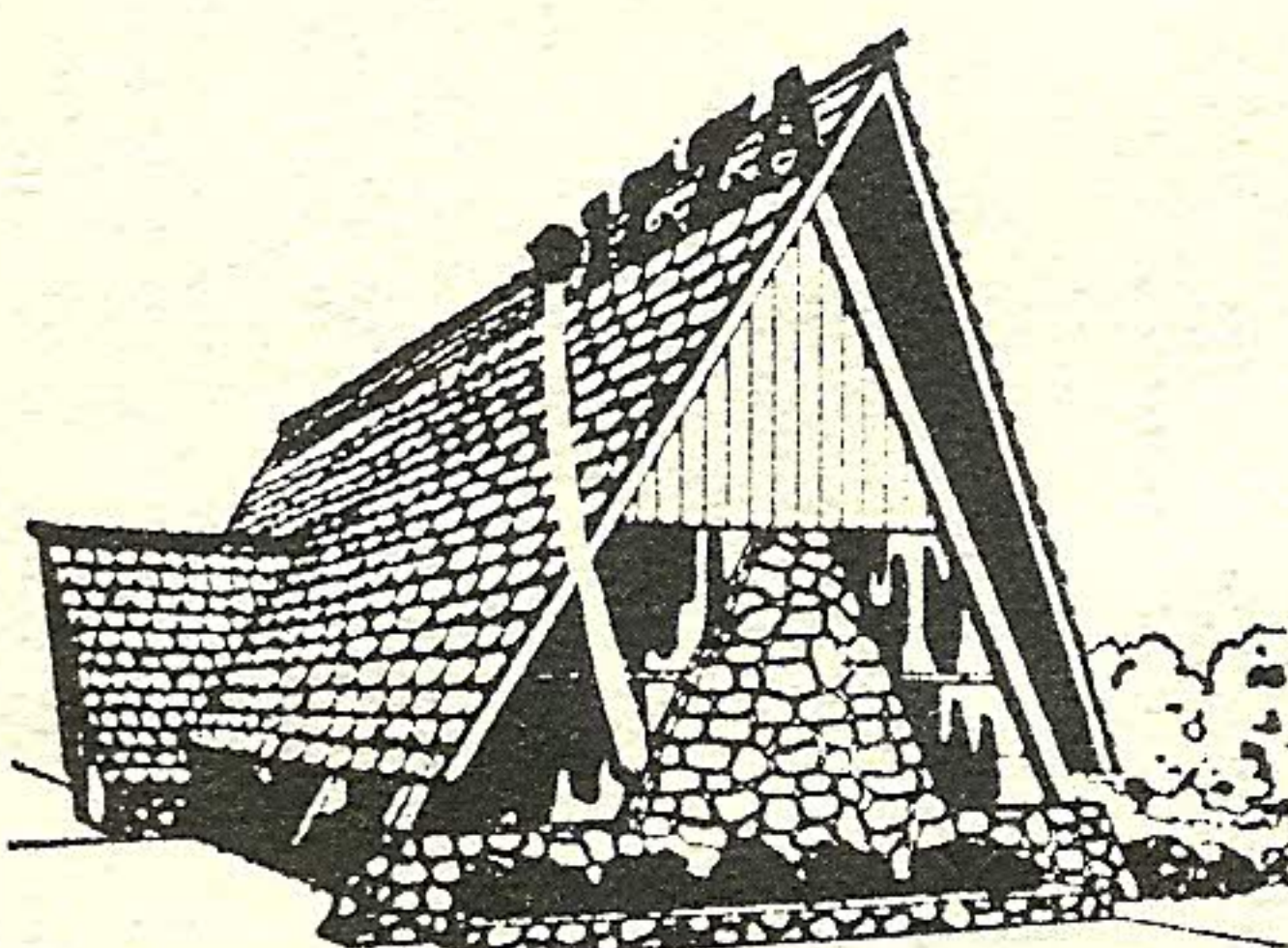
I like these bugs because they're nice.
I come and talk to them each day.
They sometimes answer if I hush.
Oh dear! The bug has flown away.

I sometimes smile when they don't see
But first I tell them not to look.
Because my gladness I must hide.
Like all the rest at Sunny brook.

The people here don't know that I
Don't belong here like they do.
I'm only visiting this place.
But still I love it here, don't you?



*"Where pizza is always
in good taste"*



VILLAGE INN
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ANGUISH UNCLEANNED

By Sunja Sikes

A man so great was once defiled
That mankind wept, for it had
Released a soul so great and mild
In love and faith that it felt its
Hand could never 'gain be clean.
He had come in friendship, and had
shown

To each person by him seen
That faith in friendship and honored
Love was the most powerful of gifts--
That to share and cherish; to make your
Life to constant, happy prayer lifts
You above the sea of hate and fear--
Thus he had taught for many a year.

And those who knew him bathed in light,
And they worshipped him, for they could
Tell that his goodness alone fought the
night

Within their confused and darkling souls.
Thus did they live--he in light and they
In the reflection of eternal peace.
He let them learn in the bright day
Of his mortal life, and they loved him
Or so they thought, though their love
Was largely bought only by his healing
And his miracles. So that finally when a
day have

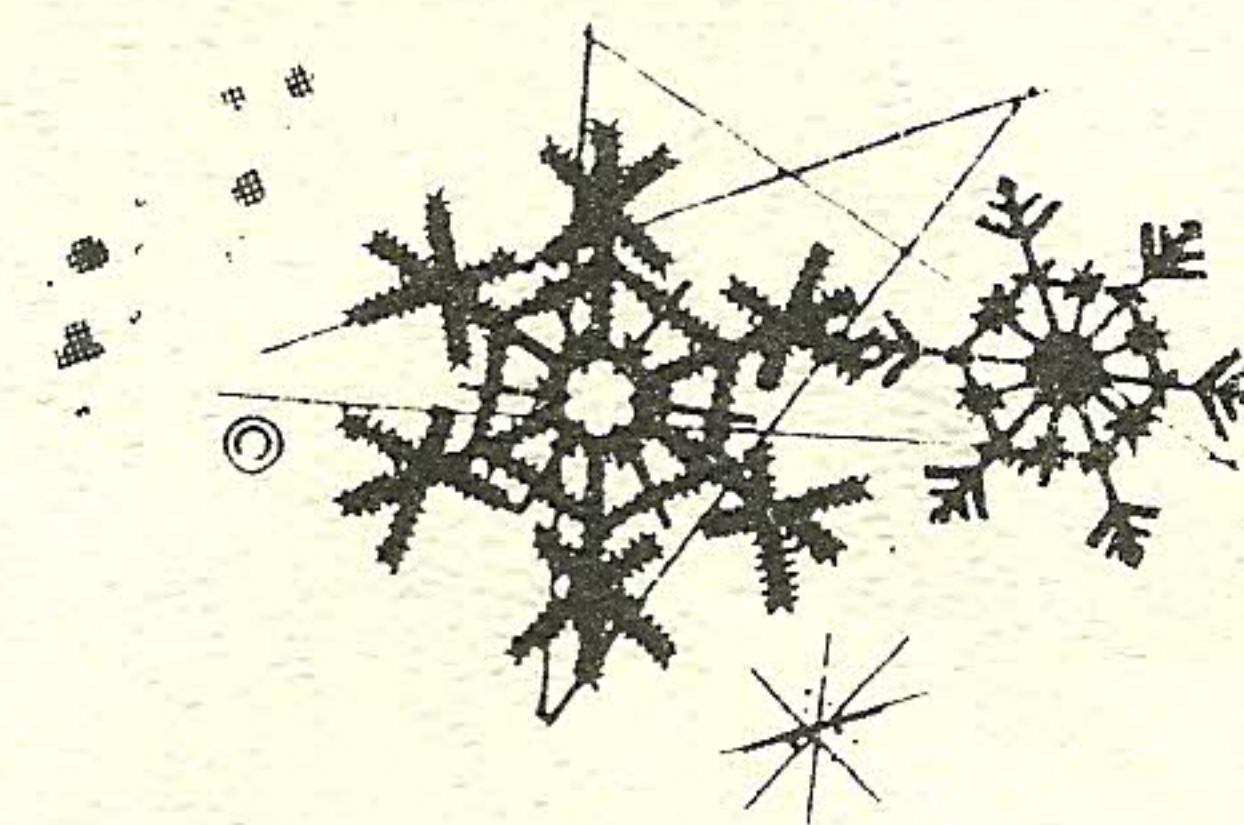
Into view when faith alone could stand,
They thoughtlessly allowed themselves
To spill his blood upon the hill-top's
sand.

But first they betrayed him. And the first
was his
Disciple, whom he knew to be a confused
Though gently man. He told them all, as
He broke bread, that tomorrow He would
be loosed

From his mortal bonds, and that Peter,
Who was to be the basic solid rock
Of his great, though mortal church.,
Would thrice betray Him before the crow
of the cock

He was taken as so He knew,
And He was sentenced twice by Herod
And again by Pilot before the dew
Was dried by the morning sun.
And again was He tried--
This time by those same mortal people
Who were to have so mournfully cried
At his passing from their world.
And so they made Him walk the way,
And bear their burden which
They neglected that accursed day.
They could feel the thorns dig deep,
And they sensed the cobbles hurt His
feet,
Some did help, and won His thanks,
For these already sensed their crime,
And they knew what they had done
And they knew that there would be a
time
When there would be no Loving Son.

The Romans nailed Him to the cross,
And as they wet the wood with blood
All could feel their coming loss.
The crowd did mournfully cry,
And as they sobbed their anguish
boundless,
There came from the the brooding sky
The tears of a world in sorrow, a world in
pain
A world as yet uncleanned
By two thousand years of rain.



PAX

By Mary Martin

Peace for which we're yearning so
The desire that is burning so-
Is not eternal silence.
Peace (on earth at least) is not
Complete denance of life and living
things.

And peace is not a quite end,
For with peace we just begin
To, live.
Peace is noisy cause its moving,
But its joyous and its soothing.

No war chants-
Peace can't
Be forced.

But evolve it must
When men learn to trust;
For Peace is in the knowing that we need
not be afraid.



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