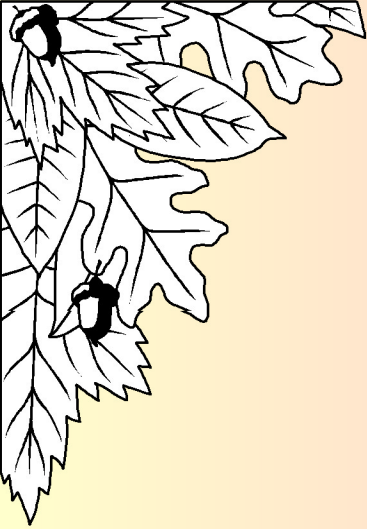


## *Memories- To My Sister Kay On Her 75th Birthday*



*They say we are old, could it possibly be?  
Or are we still kids running barefoot and free?  
Were the first early apples as good as we thought?  
Was the echo so clear from our own wrestling spot?*

*The hay to be spread that Dad had just mowed  
The corn and the beans to be weeded and hoed  
And "10 minutes work" was half of the day  
But Dad's wonderful stories turned work into play.*

*Was the light in the window so cheerful and bright  
Coming home in the sleigh on a clear winter night?  
There was Nellie and Jill and the crows and the mice  
And the little dead birds in their coffins so nice.*

*We were Digger and Funny and Okie- we three  
And Mom and Dad always to help us, you see.*

*Then time marched along and we all went our ways  
With kids and with houses and such busy days  
But still we've been sharing all through the years  
With working and playing with laughter and tears.*

*The Grand Canyon and Fairbanks and the Outward Bound test  
Canoeing and hiking and all of the rest.  
The Sanbornton "Alps" when the skiing was good  
And the crust held us up in the big old hardwood.*

*Climbing up from the river, the snow was so deep  
Sliding down from the ledges, the trail was too steep  
Mountain Pond cookouts-wine, crackers and cheese  
And O and K carved on big old beech trees.*

*Sometimes our hands and our feet were so cold  
Keep moving, keep moving we had been told.  
Was the doing and sharing as dear as it seems?  
Was the "pecking order" there and all that it means?*

*We're sagged and we've wrinkled and slowed as you can see  
But we couldn't be old, couldn't possibly be.  
A line from our long ago "Indian days"  
Seems right and proper for today and always.*

*"Chieftain, Chieftain, let us be, friends forever  
'Til the sea, gathers waters, floods the land"  
Sister, sister take my hand.*

*Love ,Okie*

