

DIXIE COLLEGE SOUTHERN QUILL 1980

***Seasons in
The Sun***

To President Kerr,
Compliments of Southern Grill Staff.
-Laura Graf, editor

SEASONS IN THE SUN

Editor-	Laura Graf
Co Editor-	Les M. Johnson
Assistants-	Chuck Burtis Ron Godwin Ruby Olsen
Art Illustrators-	Eric Clegg Laura Graf Susan Hammond Les M. Johnson Melanie Madsen Natalie Richards Rozann Scottorn
Typists-	Ruth Ence Beulah S. Graf Eva Dawn Larsen
Advisor-	Pansy L. Hardy
Art Advisor-	Roland Lee
Printing Advisors-	Ben Brown Jay Slade

-Printed by Heritage Press-

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James Graf, Editor.
The Herndon Press.

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ODE TO MORNING

An ode to morning I will sing; grateful
for new dawns, fresh beginnings, and life.
Let thoughts of summer linger silently,
with cherry snow-cones, summer thunderstorms,
cool green grass, cotton candy, and hot dogs.
Remember walks along the crystal lakes
and brooklets, shimmering, murmuring, clear.

Feel Autumn now, its crispness is so real.
The trees in majestic glory, crowned
with hues of rusty-red, pumpkin-orange
and sunburst-gold. The pomegranates burst
in crimsoned splendor, spilling kernels sweet
upon the frost-painted November ground.

The children's cheeks bloom rosily at the kiss
from winter's lips of ice and snow. Smoke curls
and rises lazily in puffy white
billows. Snowmen stand solidly behind
black iron fences greeting passersby,
seeming to say "How do you do?" or "Stop,
and stay a while." Inside, hot apple cake
and freshly roasted pinenuts haunt the air,
and tease the senses with the aroma
of seasons joyous. Flames wildly crackle
and dance in old-fashioned fire places.
A happiness fills hearts and souls, 'Tis love.

The spring seems far and distant. After death
of winter's cold, rebirth shall once again
prevail. Puddle jumping, umbrellas
and raincoats greet the spring. Blossom buds bloom,
and stretch and reach for sunlight's warming rays.
Birds sing their melodious tunes again.
And time begins nature's cycle once more.

By
Valeri Hughes

What fool art thou, O Man, to think that clay
Is all thou art! Oh, an abode of dust,
Is the end this, when thou do'st rot away?
Did'st thou arise from naught, save earth's dry crust?
Or rather, in thy being is there part
That life has always known, that 'ere thou were
Did yet exist? 'Tis found within thine heart,
That endless spirit Death cannot secure.
Eternal light that gives thine temple life,
'Tis thee that character of man would make
If Man with thee would cease his foolish strife,
And grew from what thou hast him given to take.
So art thou as thou weep, and yet much more;
Refining thyself lays eternal store.

By
Jonathan Gibson

MOOD MUSIC

On earth so beautiful and fine,
My heart rejoices thou art mine,
And love and hope doth swell my breast;
I feel that God hath loved me best.

In quiet reverie I pause
As one with claims a lover draws
And draw to me from memory's store
That subtle tenderness of yore.

Nights of dancing in the street
Mid rhythms wild and stamping feet
Yet oft entwined with tenderness
I surely ne'er will love thee less.

Our life together builds and grows,
And broad horizons no one knows
Loom before our widening gaze
And promise joy throughout our days.

But always with a note forlorn
Will we look back on memory's morn
And lose ourselves in that sweet bliss,
Yet grateful that it led to this.

By
Sussette Sullivan

CARING ENOUGH

As dewy as the long green grass
at break of dawning's sky
A mother's eyes were moist with tears
to see her loved child cry.

She loved her child so very much
yet lessons not to spare
So hard for each to understand
this way that she must care.

The child had asked to venture forth
with mother much alarmed.
"Oh, please don't go! No, not that way!"
"But I shall not be harmed!"

Then off towards another style
of life through fantasies
Her independence now her own
for now she was quite pleased.

She laughed her way into the games
that life would offer up,
And sure of this monopoly
the chances she'd accept.

She found her joys, her wants, her thrills,
her temporary fun.
But soon it got monotonous
she wished this fun were done.

Like days before her wants increased
but now for mom's advice
Remembered well, with broken heart
if only she'd been wise

So she decided to go back
but on the way she fell
Her life now changed with tears of pain
and scars of her rebel.

Her mother knew, and hurt inside
to see her child in pain.
Her child did lie there unaware.
Her lesson, loss or gain?

With hours of waiting she came back
with so much love for Mom
She'd fought her battle well enough
now she was wanting home.

A mother's eyes were moist with tears
to see her dear child cry.
But she had loved and freely given
her care would never die.

By
Laura Graf

THE WORK ETHIC (of the Blest)

My mirror has thus sternly me accused
As my reflection gives to me a stare:
Thy blessings given on high thou has abused;
To magnify them, thou shouldst give more care.
O, pit'eous man, why am I such a fake
While praise I get and not one bit merit?
If truth were known, then surely me they'd hate
For my acceptances. Could I dare it?
To humble men the faithful seem so true,
But, 'las, those faithful are not so always;
For if they would, they could so much more do,
But yet they take the low road all their days.
Judge not as good enough the good in men
That comes from "work" that's worthless in the end.

By
Steve Swapp

While strolling through the Park the other day
I met a man once healthy - paralyzed.
He was depressed at what he had to say.
He'd been a football player, Idolized.
His face so sad it couldn't be disguised,
For not the Sun had set on his career.
The good it brought he hadn't realized
He said his life was gone; he shed a tear.
I told him to cheer up and not to fear
It's obstacles that give us agency
To overcome and grow, to God Revere.
I empathized but showed no sympathy
So then he realized that life's a test,
Then he resolved that day to do his best.

By
Jace Hardy

The Trunk

by

Norma B. Empey

My father's trunk always had a magical aura about it. It was black metal, dome-shaped with wood straps going over the lid and down the sides. The metal had a pretty flower design in it.

No one dared open the trunk or look into it. We were all told we must not get into Dad's trunk. In an era of no room or privacy, that was Dad's domain, along with a wooden box on which he had put a lid with a hasp and a little cheap padlock.

Dad always said, "Locks were made to keep honest people honest. You couldn't keep a crook out if he wanted to get in." Mother always told us we weren't to open Dad's trunk. I will swear on a stack of bibles if she so much as lifted the lid and closed it, Dad would say, "Who's been in my trunk?" I guess in the back of my mind it became a challenge or a mystery.

We raised garden produce and fruit, took it to Cedar in our Model T Ford, and sold or traded it for other produce. When Dad went with molasses around Thanksgiving and Christmas time, (I sure would like to buy some of that good molasses for seventy-five cents a gallon now), he would bring home some hardtack and give us some.

One day I noticed that when he came out of the bedroom he was chewing something. Over a week or so I saw him a time or two more. I would watch and see him put something in his mouth. I knew it had to be candy and that it had to be in his trunk. After a while I asked him for some. He gave me a piece; it was chocolate and the most wonderful thing I thought I had ever tasted. I asked for some more, but Dad said it was gone.

After Dad came home from Cedar the next trip I decided to see what was in his trunk. I waited 'till everyone was gone so I would have time to explore. I raised the lid carefully and put it down. Nothing moved, so I raised it again. There wasn't much I could see to worry about. I couldn't figure out why Dad could tell when Mother had opened the trunk. I decided not to do anything else that day to see if he knew I had opened it. After a few days and I knew he had been to the trunk and hadn't said anything about anyone being in it, I decided to see where that candy was. It wasn't in the tray. I lifted that tray out and sure enough, there were two white sacks with the most beautiful candy I had ever seen. My heart was beating so hard I could hardly breathe. I opened the sacks carefully, took a piece of candy out of each one, folded the sacks back just as they were before, put the lid back on the trunk and ran as fast as I could out of the house to the outhouse up in the lot and fastened the door. I couldn't even remember what was in the bottom of Dad's trunk except that candy. I ate that candy where no one could see me and that stolen candy didn't even choke me! After a few days and Dad hadn't said anything about anyone's being in his trunk, the temptation became greater. I could hardly wait for another opportunity to get some more. I stole candy several times over a period of time. There wasn't much candy; I had gotten into it a couple of times between Dad's trips because he never could tell I'd been in only by the amount of candy gone.

The Trunk by Norma B. Empey, cont

One day, after dinner, Dad went into the bedroom, came back and said, "Who has been into my trunk?" Of course no one had been into his trunk. Mother thought that was the most ridiculous accusation she had ever heard. No one would dare get into Dad's trunk. I wasn't too smart or the temptation was too much. I took another piece. Then Dad said that someone had been in his trunk again. He took us children one by one and asked if we had been in his trunk. We all said, "No," even I. It was the only time in my life that I can remember of lying to my parents.

The next time I went to get candy there wasn't any. It took a while to figure out where it was. It was in the grainery, locked up in that tool box. It was the next summer before the urge got to be too much. I wanted to see in that tool box pretty badly.

One Sunday Dad had been watering in the field and came home at noon. The baby was asleep; Dad was going to stay home from church with her, but I said I would stay home with the baby. It was the only way I could figure out to get the key to the tool box out of Dad's overall pocket, and have enough time to look in the tool chest. Sure enough, there was candy; it was hardtack.

Somehow, getting into that tool box lost its fascination for me. I never tried to get candy any more. There was no more mystery. I never did confess to this episode until after I was married. Dad never did say he thought it was I. I think he must have thought I took the candy because he wouldn't have thought the younger children could have pulled it off.

Memories of music
bring family to mind.
The examples set,
the influences made -
but those whom I look up to
have molded my world of music.
Seems silly,
Simple notes
can create such joy and happiness.

Oh, my grandfather,
remembered by me
only through a photograph.
There he sits
upon a tall horse of black,
sombbrero on head,
guitar in hand.
Never known by me,
yet the image of him
left music in my mind.

His son, my father
kept quiet of his talents.
Though in his youth
a Hawaiian guitar
became my father's friend.
I often hear my father's voice
in country-western music
for this, his love,
such music to my ears.

And then,
there is my mother.
For she, above all,
established a love for music in me
that I cannot forget.
Music was her life,
her livelihood for many years.
Without her guidance,
the language of music
I would not have known.
So young I was
when she began
to spoon-feed me,
bit by bit,
with music.

As I look back,
I realize
that it was my family
who brought music
to my life.

By
Deanna Dorman

'Twas not so very long ago, when I
Was still at home, that friendships special did
I make with children pure and sweet. My love
To them have oft I rendered, expecting no
Return, when to my joy a thousand fold
My love was me regiv'n. The sparkle in
Their eyes mine eyes did spark; the joy within
Their hearts my heart did melt. Their needs I felt,
Their fears I shared; I calmed their troubled souls.
If child shy and lonely seemed, his friend
I'd ever be. A bully-bitter did
I find, and through his anger saw, that through
That day he hit me sure, my friend belonged
To be, for soon another one did come
To fight me as did he, but to my aid
He quickly sped, my safety to defend.
How oft a child would I take, and hold
Him in my arms, to sooth the pain within
His heart, and share my love with him.

The darkness of my own world thickened, deep
Depression 'round me pressed, suppressing strength
To fight. For three years long I battled; proud
And 'lone I fought the pressure keen. At length
My strength in self was nearly gone, the pain
I could not longer bear. But still too proud
Was I to ask a friend for help, too proud
My cross to share: What energy did yet
Remain, was spend in self controlling, so
That none might know my plight. Silent and proud,
I was, in truth, just begging for someone
To care enough to see the burden I
Had hid, and share their love with me. The pain
Intense, my strength was gone, the spirit soon
Would break.

Love's labour well spent, a friend happens by,
A child that well I had loved; and though she
Was young my grief she felt and anguish she
Understood. Her eyes sparkling bright: a long
Lost light was kindled in my own. Her heart
So full of joy; my frozen heart did melt.
She felt my needs and shared my fears, and sped,
My safety to defend. Holding me in
Her tiny arms, she soothed the pain within;
And calming my troubled soul, shared her love
With me.

By
Jonathan Gibson

The majestic pines come from the ground;
 Their numbers are many
 Slowly moving, rarely changing,
 The soldiers of the mountains
 Stand waiting.
 They're at home in the heavens
 As they reach for the sky.
 Their colors of green and dried brown
 Hide images of midnight
 In the wrinkled bark
 And in shadows
 On the ground.

By
 Nona Demik



SENSE-ABILITY

There are those who have said that man should not
 Despair for hope of wondrous worlds to come,
 But then, how can I long for Heaven when
 So many glories yet await my plea-
 sure here on Earth and all around me are
 The sights and sounds my earthly senses hold
 So dear? For I have walked a sandy shore
 Beside a sea and felt the icy waves
 Come swirl and curl around my feet and seep
 Between my toes as if to coax the busy
 Grains of sand which slither out and from
 Beneath me as they dare to draw me in
 And make me part of all the blue and end-
 less vastness of their world without an end.
 And I have traveled mountain passes with
 The chilling cold of autumn winds come lick-
 ing at my face like friendly dogs who bound
 To greet their kindly master. But the cold
 Did not oppress me, for the comfort of
 The mid-day sun shone bright upon my back
 And all around me where the near fluores-
 cence of mid-Autumn hues of wooded slope
 And ever-green of never-ending pines
 All beckoned me to stay yet for a time
 As if to say, "Stay here awhile among
 Us, welcome stranger who has shared our joy.
 For winter's season soon will bring to us
 Her palest blues, her softest grays, her pur-
 est whites as you have never seen before."
 But pressing onward soon again I come
 To life and place where every day is every
 Day; where water can be on or off
 Or cold or hot and phones will ring and chil-
 dren bring a weed into the house and say,
 "Here, Mommy! Here's a pretty flow'r I picked
 For you today." And smile I must though laugh
 I would. And every day I never find
 An end to all the things that must be done
 And people smile and say, "Hello", no mat-
 ter if you want them to or not. They come
 To give you news, some good, some bad. And then
 There are those who will say that man should not
 Despair for hope of wondrous worlds to come,
 But then how can I long for Heaven when
 So many glories yet await my plea-
 sure here on Earth and all around me are
 The sights and sounds my earthly senses hold
 So dear.

By
 Sharon Gale

ISHKAYNAY

I'd been staring out the window for some time so I saw my dad come home. He carried something in his arms. "Dorla, come here," he yelled up the stairs to me.

I had been upstairs doing homework and was starting to get bored so I didn't mind being interrupted. I put my books away, turned off the radio, and ran down the stairs. Dad was standing in the living room holding a small box with rags in it. As soon as I appeared he held the box out to me. I took it and looked down into it. There lay huddled a little furry gray animal. I couldn't tell what it was. I must have had a puzzled look on my face because he immediately explained what it was and where it came from.

A six-week-old baby coyote. Some guy had come by and said he needed to give it a home since he had trapped its mother up in the hills and found the pup with it, and since my dad knew how much I like wild animals, especially baby ones, he brought it home for me. I didn't know what to do first. I needed to make him a cage and put a bed in it for him and then decide what to feed him. Dad helped me build a pen and wire a pail of water to the fence so he couldn't dump it over.

For the first few years, though, we kept him in the house feeding him warm milk and mush. He was growing fast and becoming a nuisance, so we took him out to his cage. Every day I would feed him and take him out to play. I decided to name him "Iskaynay" which means "Boy" in the Apache language. I don't really know why I named him that; I think I did so cause he was so beautiful and so wild, much like the Indians that once roamed over this same land.

Ishkaynay grew accustomed to me in those months he was growing up. He hated any man and most women, but he knew I was his friend. We had an unspoken communication between us. Was as if I could know what he was feeling, so I knew it was time to take him back where he belonged, back to the mountains he was taken away from before he came to know them.

At first I didn't know what to do. I knew that Ishkaynay should now be fed freshly-killed animals to get the taste of blood back into his system. That didn't take long. Within three weeks he had filled out and grown a thick winter coat. He was ready to go.

My mom and dad helped me get Ishkaynay into the jeep. I held him close, knowing that I'd never have him again.

We drove about fifteen miles from town and pulled up onto a hill. I carried Ishkaynay to the tree where I put some food and water to help him survive the first few days. I put him down and knelt beside him. "Goodbye Ishkaynay. I love you. You'll be happier this way. May God be with you. Goodbye", and I let him go. I

closed my eyes to hold back the tears. I looked to see where he had run but he was just standing there looking from the hill to me and back again then he looked into my eyes, as if to say goodbye, and trotted off into the sagebrush. "Goodbye, Ishkaynay, Goodbye."

By
Dorla Oertle

SHED ONE FOR YOU

One single solitary tear
trickles sadly over his cheek.
I wonder why it's scorned
of men, this salty moist
emotion.
Why caring of man oft is
seldom seen in our
world full of "do your own thing".
Unless, of course, you dare
to be true to your heart;
then do it. . . dear brother,
dare trickle that tear as
often as you feel.

For feeling is to man
as important as
breathe.

By
Sally Cooper

WAR

War is so tragic, some will live some die.
I sit waiting, worrying, will I be the one.
I can fill the pain that all around me lies.
Noises, loud noises, screams, when will they come.
The smell of death lingers all around me.
I sit in that small but safe little hole.
Thinking of all the places I might be.
I hear the men, quiet there over the noel.
My blood starts pumping, my brain is a blank.
I can hear one man crying as death nears.
The captain yells, "here they come on the flank."
"There's one," I gasp; "I see him very clear."
The men yell kill him or he will kill you."
I drew my gun and shot not one but two.

By
Steve Bown

REFLECTIONS

Young crowds.
Searching, discovering
Their corner of the world.
So much to choose -
Many decisions to be made
Why life?

Old age?
After decisions are already made
To think it was once like that.
To be young again
When no one wanted to get older
Or wiser.

By
Julie Jones

NANCY

Not often lately has there been time
To stand here at my window
Looking out through lacy curtains
At this sleepy scene of misty-morning's frost
And ponder on passing of time which,
In this moment of new-day-dawning,
Is time suspended beneath the slowly breaking light
Of sleepy sun that yawns and stretches
Lazily over hilltops.
In this quiet, all-too-brief pause
Before the daily reveille of clock on night table,
Before the whistling of kettle on stove,
Before I must dash into the chilling morning mist
And coax a cold, old, ailing automobile
To make it through another busy day of rushing here and rushing there,
Before the world awakens
I will rest my thoughts in the calm of this moment at my window
As I gaze across the yard, beyond the redwood fence
To Nancy's house.
I've been there, in that house,
When time and time again I've longed for friend,
Someone with whom to share my joys,
Or air my woes,
Or merely pass the time of day.
A time or two we've sat and talked a day away
While the world outside continued on in cold indifference.
How often has it been
That I have knocked upon that door in need of simple things?
...An egg, ...an extra cup of milk,
...A loaf of bread that I forgot to buy to make the children's lunches.
I'd like to be there with her now,
With time to spare and nothing pressing.
And set aside a moment or two for chatting with a dear friend.
But, oh, the time!
Poor timing of the chiming of the clock
That shakes me from my daydream.
No time to even call and say "Hello."
Later, perhaps,
When not so much needs doing.
I must go on about my living,
Knowing she understands. Good friends always do!

Sharon Gale

He tried to sit straight and tall in his chair behind
the desk. But as if invisible imps poked at him with tiny
pitchforks, he couldn't sit still. This six-year-old bundle
of nails, snails, and puppy dog tails looked up at me with
his chocolate-brown eyes and big toothy grin. He captured
my heart. The side of his face was all skinned up, his
shirt tail was hanging out and his fingernails on his small
hands had dirt caked beneath them. He was topped off with
bright red curly hair and each freckle was truly the kiss
of an angel.

By
Valeri Hughes

MY MOTHER

The lady in a wheel chair was
She labored day to day
To keep herself busy, useful,
Her mind nimble and gay.

Her face, grey-framed, was lined with pain
She ne'er uttered complaint,
The Lord did heal her knotted hands,
She worked without constraint.

She took wonder drug cortisone,
After years of constant pain,
She said she knew what heaven would be
Freed from unbearable pain.

She made quilts beautiful and rare,
Patterns all different and gay,
Each day she did map out her jobs,
Not time be wasted 'way.

She heard the news, the paper read,
Her mind's growth must be done,
The only time she stopped, relaxed,
She'd visit friend or son.

Learning, a driving force in life,
She taught in early days,
Each child who grew up in her town,
Blessed with her wisdom, ways.

She came to this town to teach school,
And met a Godly man,
Married in St. George Temple, soon,
Six Children born to them.

She gave up school for family,
For church, lessons of life,
Oh, all did love and respect her,
For friendship, love--no strife.

If there were party, dance about,
She was lively and gay,
The life of party she did make,
When organ she did play.

Each person met so special was,
Good she could always find,
And, if they came to visit her,
She enlightened their minds.

The lady was in a wheel chair,
Eighteen years lived that way,
But busy, useful, always was,
Her mind nimble and gay.

By
Norma Empey

Water - white - splashing
Singing songs of innocence
Sprays soft splash of mist

I walk through the stores
engraved with flowers of gray
and they stand so still
stones do.

Inside the cabin
Heart beats wake so happily
As the snow covers

Skies are waxed and sharpened well
little pine tree bows its branch

Ball bearings slither
In the sun dry swimming pool
Skate boarders "do it"

Knee pads, elbow pads, helmets
are used to the maximum

Airplane engine screams
Its heat carries winters cold
the bird is rolling.

By
Britt Reaves

WAITING

Flat on my back casing the sky
I watch, I wait
For a moment when the heavens cast out
One lonely star.
I watch, I wait
For the trail of particles left by
One lonely star.
Carefully I watch, I wait
So its loss won't go unnoticed.
I see the line of color.
I watch, I wait
Till the light is gone, leaving
One million other stars.

By
Scott Hale

PRIVATE POETS IN PUBLIC PLACES

Why is there so much poetry written
In bus stations or train depots? Airports
are filled with poets as are parks. The folks
who go to the public places are subjects,
If they consent or if they disagree.
It matters little.

An example here: The other day I sat me down to
wait upon a seat of plastic. My late bus gave me the
opportunity to hear
the muffled conversations. Indistinct,
and unimportant, trivial and, by
all standards, silly sometimes.

What they said and did:

A middle-aged woman set
A bit stuffed animal, a coyote,
upon her seat to rest while yet she stood.
She swung her eyes around, observing all
To calm her worried heart. Her prize, 'twas safe.
The younger generation is portrayed
By banjo player, travel-worn, singing
a tune so softly, multingly, which grows
To climax. Then all ears are turned to hear
Strains so melodious - They suddenly
Are gone.

It is amazing to realize
That life in all reality exists
In bus stations. The older folks are there
They're sleeping, resting, waiting as they do.
The conversations now appear on stage
As someone tips the ash-tray on the floor

The common bond of life in Wisconsin
Brings total strangers close in football talk
about the Green Bay Packers, and the snow
That plagues Milwaukee every Fall.

The tale

Is sad of San Diego's lady poor
Whose Venus Flytrap dies because its sun
Is blocked by condominiums built by men
Who progress see; but hist'ry they deplore.
To me, in all the world, man is the same
In that he is so different from the rest
of man. Perhaps if one to depots goes
To watch and to observe the people there,
He shall observe his inner self as well.

By
Steve Swapp

I thought I saw the fallen leaves
Returning to their branches,
Alas, butterflies were they.

By
Bob Nisson



Slowly
steps
summer
to background of time
autumn
creeps
forth
to dance
perilously
with fate

Green and gray
carpeted earth
Bruised too soon by
cold
dry
air
silent color of
stillness

Crisp morning breeze
welcomed
Goodbye hot summer sun
Roses loose perfume

autumn flowers bring
spice
and
winter

By Valeri Hughes

DESTINED

Ripping and tearing,
Sanding and covering meadows
until we wake up,
to find the grass gone:
Man has wiped out the earth

By
Ruby Olsen

Ever-present clock
Tic-tocking on the mantle
Leaves fall, days grow short.

By
Sharon Gale

FIRE

I feel the warmth--
The glow-a force felt fully
The light shining, shadowing,
Revealing, softly, gently!

By Sussette Sullivan

MY CRICKET

It is now two o'clock in the morning.
I'm still sitting alone in this cafe.
I guess I don't have anywhere else to go.
It seems like such a waste, just letting time
slip by, but I'm just wondering what I
should be doing with all the time I have.
What does it really matter what I do?
Another cup of coffee and I'll go
outside and look at all the lights and smell
the freshness of the night-chilled air.
Maybe its just the soft glow of the lights
or the tingley feel of the late air
that takes me back in time when I didn't think
of what I should do or where I should go
I do know how I really want to be
I'm not going back into the cafe
I am going to walk back home and start
learning how to care again about myself,
life, other people and my pet cricket.

By
Randy Galloway

LIFE

Dark and gloomy dreary the day
The weather wet, cold and breezy
Three poplar trees just swaying, shaking, shivering in the wind
The wind and weather changes moods by day
From moods of despair depression set by dark angry skies
To moods of sunshine, happiness and glamour set by warm
sunlight, beautiful illuminating bright with no strong wind
And so it is with life so unpredictable
Sometimes life is ugly
Full of hopelessness and despair
And other times it's beautifully bright and cheery
Full of happiness eternal
Life is what you make it
I'm the one to talk
Our good deeds bring us happiness
And our bad ones bring us despair

Jace Hardy

Today I felt the winter's cold shadow
Spreading across the cold barren plateau
Freezing; my breath hangs in the air at dawn.
The last star has not yet disappeared
Nor fullest of morning yet touch the sky.
In your sleep you leave me, I am alone.
Until awake you find that I am here
awaiting you, just to be near, content
I will sleep now, again, shall our dreams meet?
Reach out for me and let me take your hand
And we shall together wonder into eternity
forever hand in hand.

Dorla Oertle

Whenever I see your Picture
 Something hurts deep inside
 I guess I'll have to tear it down
 Though desire never shall subside

We were one once a while ago
 I hurt you, You hurt me
 I was too proud, You were too young
 Still I dream of you loving me

Never again will I you hurt
 Cause I know now true love
 Your beauty makes me very calm
 Let me hold you softly, my dove

Randy Galloway



THE SHORT TERM LOAN

Cold and stiff
 they laid her by
 my mourning body.

The damp film that
 once shielded her
 small structure
 now only helps
 to hide the
 lifeless color.

Her black silky
 hair would have been like
 her father's-
 naturally curly.

There is no
 practicing of new
 muscles as I
 wait for a miracle
 to cause herto
 angel-like hand to
 squeeze my finger.

The warmer is
 turned off and
 the "baby admittance
 packet" is once
 again tucked away.

On the delivery papers,
 marked in red,
 is the word "expired."

"Nurse, please
 tell my husband
 that she has
 gone 'home'."

Carol Joy Christian

He rose from the dead
 Like a new rose being born,
 Giving of newlife.
 If we do not live worthily
 to receive of all the gifts.

Millie McClenahan

DARKNESS

Darkness gathers now
 Quickly showing day away
 Like almighty King
 Ruling over succumbed light
 Light that once was very bright

Joel Pulsipher

Forgotten places
 Empty no longer of use
 They die without care
 But remain in the minds of
 Those who were there long ago

Nona deMik

"The Gift of Rain"

I feel the splashing drops of falling rain
I see the sky all sad and drooping low
It may seem like the heavens are alone.
"My child, feel glad for this lod earth's reborn
To yield her fruult for her inhabitants.
Just take or look and see the drops that fall
Be glad! Rejoice! It will be over soon."
I hear a symphony of music clear
It shouts with praise, adoring our dear Lord
For He, it was, who lent a helping hand
To carve the beauties we fully enjoy.
Remember my dear child it is a song.
And soon the sun will flex its rays of light.
The grass will grow the trees will stand up tall-
And all because God shed His rain on earth.

Joel Pulsipher

A child watches the storm through her window
New night's snowflakes glisten falling downward
like shooting stars earthbound through the dark sky
beckoning "Dear Child do come out and play."
So cold and shivering now, the little babe
climbs into bed. Beginning slumbers show
her dreams beckon again, "My Dearest Child
come in and play, and dream of your tomorrow's
adventure of white."

Marcia Rogers

As I was young and growing up
My father once told me
"Someday you'll be like me " he said
"A man is what you'll be."

So as I grew I learned from him
To work hard every day
But one day come, and dad was gone
For him each night I pray.

Remembering the times we had
The joy he brought to me
I know one day I'll be with him
Together we will be.

Craig Hammer

Though I consider all the many tears
We've wept, o'er struggle nurtured by our pain
And contemplate the countless sorrowing years
That haunt my heart with bitter-sweet disdain,
Yet, Love, I could not give away one part
Of all the endless mem'ries of our past
For, filled with your dear love my wearied heart
Found comfort and a strength enough to last
And if the choice were given, mine to make
To have the world and all I would possess
Perhaps would be a chance too great to take
If gain of wealth bring loss of love. Confess
Oh, sweet the pain of struggle on our part
Compared to sorrow of an empty heart.

Sharon Gale

Lilting melodies
Play in the branches of trees;
Accompany them
Voices echoing the strain
Of their sincere thanksgiving.

Steve Swapp

As the flower dies
None mourn the loss fashioned
While the sun rises
Beginning a new day for
People to live and forget.

Ruby Olsen

Static strikes spearing
sky piercing the mind, ears, eyes
white bolts of lightning
glowing up the black darkness
electrifying silence

Laura Graf

Cold new winter snow
freezing the soul into ice,
Takes of all our lives
Unless we watch our step,
and not walk on thin ice.

Millie McClenahan

Frosty-white silence
Broken by warm, gray billows
From stony chimneys,
Evidence of life and hope
Beyond the grasp of winter

Sharon Gale

Forgotten places
Empty no longer of use
They die without care
But remain in the minds of
Those who were there long ago.

Nona deMik

BIG-CITY LIGHTS

You don't entice me
Bustling, busy city street
With your endless, double-dazzle-row
Of beaming beacons beckoning,
Blinking and flahing about
Like proud peacocks, some of you!
While you others staying still just stare,
Glaring down
Against a cold, black background of night sky.
I'll not do your bidding.
Not tonight.
Maybe that cold, old dreary-looking soul
Shuffling along, alone behind me
Has the time to ENTER HERE, EAT DRINK,
Partake of your worldly wares.
Not I.
I am but passing through and headed homeward
Where house and hearth await,
...And soup I saved from yesterday.
I'll warm it when I get there,
(It's always best the second day!)
And sip it by the fire before I slip into my bed
I always rest so well
It must be good,
That uncomplicated country air!

Sharon Gale

Pine Log

The severed trunk
Of the long-fallen tree
Found its place
Its destiny
Upon a bed
Of kindling branches.
Its soul-
Consumed by flames.
Tongues of yellow
Orange, blue, red, now
Black coals and
Milky soft ashes.

Julie Jones

SKIING

No one is there who doesn't like to ski
So fast across a gleaming glassy lake
The beauty it displays of human skill
Oh leaning low so low while turning bends
Like racing cyclist do while turning
Thus sending water spraying shooting up
A wall it seems of liquid spray so far
With skier leaning lower still to side
Then quickly straightening up and slowing down
The rope with slack then tightening up again
Then suddenly he darts nearing the wake
And with momentum hits the wake so hard
He lifts aloft his ski and goes airborne
with expertise he lands on otherside
You see its lots like flying gliding free
So beautiful and graceful human being
To me you see a form of Poetry
Oh how I love to recreate this way.

Jace Hardy

LOVE CRUEL

Why dost thou so toy with my heart? Oh fool
That I am wanting to believe in you.
Arising moments separate those who
Will love so deeply. Tearing them with cruel
And thrashing fingers once again to rule
An empty lonesome life. As I once knew
The ecstasy you gave, I know not two
Whose passions could match ours, Like burning fuel.
To hold you in my arms again, I must
Remember moments shared by you and me.
For memories are all I have of you,
Until the day I find someone to trust
And love as we did then. Then maybe we
Will realize our love was never true.

Valeri Hughes

Solitary Sandman

I ride through an endless desert,
Sandstorms stopping reality.
Society cares little for the
State of the solitary sandman.

I journey through suburban streets
Shouting aloud my anguish
Doors slam and bolts drop into place.
No one cares to listen to my cry.

My life wanders aimlessly in circles
Hands and arms outstretched
Others fall away and carry their happiness,
Keeping me prisoner in my desert.

People do strange things when lonely.
All I wanted was love
Everyone cared for the solitary sandman
When I closed my eyes into a sandy-eyed sleep.

Ruby Olsen



Life had lost all meaning
hurting had healed
to a bitter cold
never to be thawed
never rekindled
but it was for the better,
never to be hurt again...
just living.

Laura Graf

We had shared
we had loved
then you had to go
all was gone,
only a memory
a hope
something better
to be found
someday...
someday, soon?

Laura Graf

TREASURES

Though I consider all the many tears
We've wept, Our struggles nurtured by our pain,
And contemplate the countless sorrowing years
That haunt my heart with bitter-sweet disdain,
Yet, Love, I could not give away one part
Of all the endless mem'ries of our past
For filled with your daer love,,my wearied heart
Found comfort and strength enough to last.
And, if the choice were given, mine to make
To have the world and all I would possess,
Perhaps, would be a chance too great to take
If gain of wealth bring loss of love. confess,
Oh, sweet the pain of struggle on our part
Compared to sorrow of an empty heart.

Sharon Gale

A tree,
thick and wise.
maturing slower than
a well-preserved wine.

with arms
reaching, stretching, lifting
it grasps, every ounce of
life it possibly can.

stature strong,
existence inevitable
until...

fire,
wild and free,
carelessly illuminates...
life.

Holly Barton

Today

If I live in yesterday, the sorrow will
be like a wolf who lost its mate and
progression as a snail at a brick gate.

But if I live in tomorrow, my load
will be like a leaf under an ocean wave,
as I blindly pass over the beauty of today.

Today is where I am. I will handle
today with the strength of a lion, the
beauty of a butterfly and the wisdom of God

Millie S. McClenahan

SILVER LINING

Oh, foolish, wishful, hopeful heart! Oh, blind,
Self-centered hope of such conceit which longs
For one to cherish this poor soul and find
Within my worthless self the simple songs,
The meager compositions of a heart
Who needs the comfort of assuring love
To mend this shattered spirit, make it whole,
That I may look aloft and rise above
This lowly lot life's casting makes mine. Oh,
But what could be within this fragile shell
Of unimportant offering, where no
Partaker ever found delight so well
As you, Dear One, who sees the promise of
The things I shall become if touched by love.

Sharon Gale



Spring

What a comfortable, peaceful place,
this grassy slope on which I rest
beneath this friendly tree
which shades me like a lace coverlet

And the movement,
All around me, the movement...
the welcome, cooling breeze
pressing gently against the front of me...
the branches with their small graceful feathery leaves
whispering and swaying to and fro
as if they hear some distant, secret symphony
meant for them alone...
the water, with beckoning, entrancing, pulsating rhythms
rippling blue to white to silver...
even the very blades of grass
seem to tremble and vibrate with ecstasy and wonder
in celebration of life

The buildings,
the concrete,
the lamp posts,
the dusty automobiles sitting lifeless and empty,
they are here, too,
these devices of man,
still and motionless.
And, so, I prefer to turn my attentions to the movement,
to the trees,
the water,
the grass...
the butterfly who, like me,
dashes and flits about,
not quite sure of what she is looking for
and even less sure of what she will find.

Sharon Gale

Beautiful children,
Growing buds to blossom soon,
Flowers of my heart

Magnificent dawn,
Sun's golden rays striking earth,
Heralding the day.

Mountains standing high,
Nature's grandeur to behold,
Inspiring Man's awe,
Defiantly triumphant
They tower above the earth

Jonathan Gibson

Paint brush dipped
in Sunkist gold,
Timidly peeking through
the greenery.

Petals soft and delicate,
frail. . .
yet powerful.
Nature's offspring.
Life.

Laura Graf

Spring is honey bees
flying to pretty flowers
gathering nectar

A grasshopper hides
Like a small jack in the box
A child's sweet surprise

Swift running water
Bubbling over rocks of time
Every land's blood stream

Marcia Rogers



MUSIC IMAGES

Oh Love!
So rich
So full
I see it in clouds
Heavenly!
Misty sweet.
I see through to eternity
With love.
Riding high on a cloud.
Walking on air
Teardrops:
God weeping,
golden rays of sunshine sparkling
through soft, dewy clouds-
love's shimmering seams and threads.
what love-
shining through
upside-down-rainbows
Riding on rainbows
seen the world over
Love!

Connie Anderson

When spring does come and bares its new day scent,
A sign to all that lives a fresh new day
The crisp, young buds amid the winter's gray
Reflect a past of many springs I've wrent.

The days as a child, innocent and free
When climbing trees and skipping rocks could make
Hours seem like seconds. All real, nothing fake.
Growing quickly brough big changes in me.

The world so bright went quickly dim and hope
For life and love could ne'er be mine untouched.
These thick cell walls and cold thick bars I've clutched
Have marred my simple carefree thoughts to cope.

The day will come and spring will bring to me,
Message of climbing trees and being free.

Holly Barton

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS

Brisk, blustering gusts
Bring an end to some things dear
And chill tired old hearts
While the children laugh and play
Bare-armed in wait of springtime.

Sharon Gale

A SONG OF LIFE

A simple memory
A timid embrace
A quiet moment
A distant face.

A song of life
A caress of time
Two hearts that love
Two spirits sublime.

We kneel at the altar
both dressed in white
My hand in yours.
Our love burns bright.

Soft eyes that say
as they rest on me,
"We'll be as one
for eternity."

Valeri Hughes

DAYDREAMS

Come be with me tonight by fire's light
As we have been so many times, and gaze
Into the amber flames which cast their danc-
ing shadows on the silent, sentried walls
That keep a worried world from spilling in.
And we shall sit again beside the hearth
Aface the flickering light and know the warmth
Of one another's caring, daring now
And then to let the other share a se-
cret look inside. Or we may sit here, side
By side without a word and listen to
The music that I've wanted so for you
To hear.

Along a quiet beach, we've walked,
And laughed at swirling water 'round our feet
And smiled at moonlight mirrored far across
The vast and glassy midnight blue of sea
While paused in silent reverie, our thoughts
Adrift upon the quiet swelling of
The waves that rise and break upon the black
And jagged rocks of cliff and shore and beat
Their misty music out upon the still
Of starry sky.

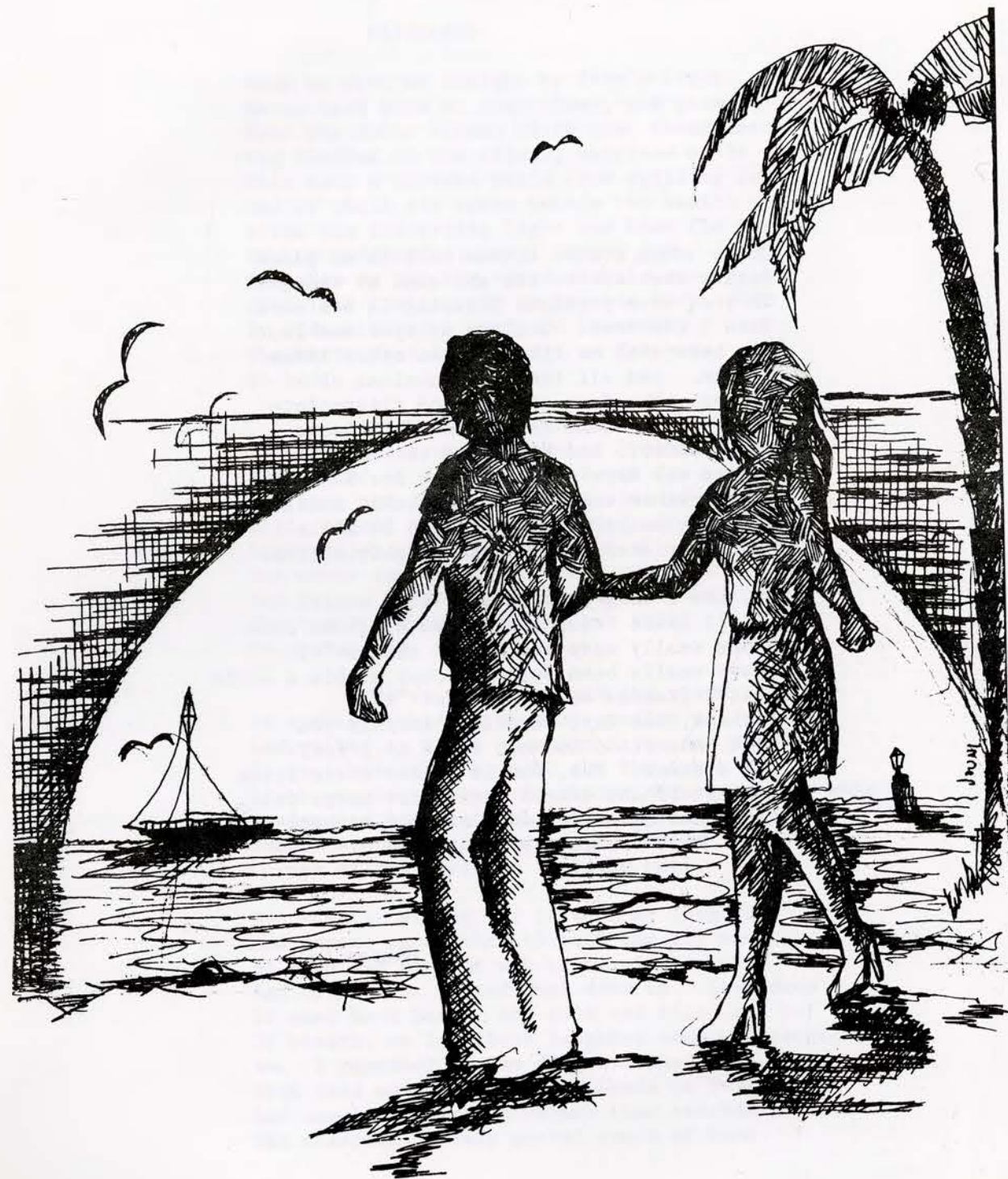
We've stood beneath the stars
Of summer nights in perfect evening air
And walked in woods on sunny days, and stopped
To rest beneath a tree to see the sun-
light seeping through in shapes and streams to make
Design and lacy patterns on the grassy
Ground around us in that magic little
Corner of the world we loved so well.

But best of all by far is when we laughed
And chased each other through the icy snow,
So hard and slow it was to hurry through
And crunch our booted feet down in. Knee deep
It must have been. And cold and tired and out
Of breath, we lay there laughing once you caught
me. I remember how my fingers ached
With cold until you held my hands in yours
And somehow shared a warmth that reached beyond
The clasping, merely mortal touch of hand.

Quite often, now, I come here to my place
Beside the fire to sit and rest my thoughts
In you, when problems pressing in are more
Than I can hear. I close my eyes and you
Are here with me like all the other times
Before. And all the apprehensions of
My soul, the fear of wars and disappoint-
ment in the human race, itself, I leave
To Presidents and Kings and to Philos-
ophers who dare to reason why for I
Would rather seek the comfort that awaits
My empty heart when once again it fills
With cherished images and thoughts of you.

Oh, how I long to tell you of my wealth
Of all these treasured dreams of times that
Never really were and places that we've
Never really been before except within a world
That I created out of need of "us."
Perhaps, one day, when I am certain you
Will understand and not think me a fool-
ish dreamer. Yet, who is to say where truth
Leaves off and dreams begin, for maybe you
Have been here all along without my know-
ing. What a lovely possibility!

Sharon Gale



I REMEMBER.....

I saw him by the wide seaside, as sun was setting low.
There was a love between us then, though him I did not know.

His hair was golden like the sun; his eyes were like the sea.
His body was so big and strong, was formed so perfectly.

So as the summer did begin, a love did start to grow.
A precious love of hope and peace, where happiness did flow.

Beneath the oak tree we would sit, until the night would cease
And sheltered in each other's arms, I felt our warmth increase.

The love we shared grew in the night, This love was meant to be
For now we saw the light, our love flowed joy from you to me.

But soon the summer days did cease; the nights grew very long
Time suddenly had stopped, but you were still my song.

My love's life now is taken, no longer him I see.
But God, Why? Oh why? Did you take him from me?

I remember the last embrace and moments spent with thee.
The peace and joy which I had found, to last eternally

By
Trisha Phelps

The Sun rays herald
the day. Its fingers
Like shooting stars ablaze.

The world came alive with the
Chorus of all God's creatures, life.

The clouds darkened;
They spun to and fro;
The strong wind drove them.

Lightening flashed, thunder roared,
Dropped load to crying soil.

The Golden Glow left
Silvery rays rippling
On the glassy sea.

Night fell leaving the ocean clear
In an awesome solitude.

The restless dogs growled
Let you know someone
was near. You felt safe.

The little brown seeds
Lay groaning in earth;
The energy for birth.

The hawk soared high
On wings of spun steel
Then darted for prey.

Norma B. Empey

CIRCLE OF LOVE

A little boy came out to play one day
He said he had a secret he must share
With girl. She ventured lest she know not what
He kept inside for only her to see.
He brushed her hair aside. He cupped her ear
With hands so bold. Moved closer as to whisper.
But quickly shifted-not a word she heard
But only one big smack upon her cheek.
Her face turned red; she gave a cry and ran
Inside to hide. He giggled, mouth in hand.

A little girl came out to play one day.
Said she to boy, "I have a present here-
To give to you. Won't you come play with me?"
He ventured lest he know not what it was
She had for him. She told him, "You must close
Your eyes before you get my gift." So he
Stood there with hands behind his back and eyes
Shut tight. She asked him, "Are you ready now?"
He nodded, so she hugged him right around
The neck.

His eyes flew wide, pushed her away.
She ran inside and closed the door once more.

A little boy and little girl came out
To play. This day, he said to her, "I have
A ring that never ends. Around and 'round
It goes. Won't you come share and wear this ring?
Eternity it brings to those who will."
She looked at him deep in his eyes so brave,
"I will, but preacher we will need," she cried.

Together hand in hand they went to town
To seek a minister of God. So now
They live in happiness with children of
Their own to play with friends outside one day.

Connie Beth Anderson

DECISIONS

Angie parked her blue V.W. at the side of the road and climbed out slowly. Man, was it ever a beautiful, clear, peaceful day!! She was so glad to be able to be alone out here to think.

With her books in her hands she walked slowly through the dirt and sagebush towards the red clay and rocks. The secluded area was almost like an old friend. She looked forward to coming here. It was a great place for making decisions. She'd come here so many times before, yet she'd been working on this one decision for so long and still she didn't have the answer.

She really wanted to find out where she was headed in life and what she really wanted to do in the future. She'd be a graduate from a junior college in just a few months and she felt as if she'd just gotten out of high school. She didn't want to go home and she didn't want to stay here. Her mind was filled with more ideas and more questions than ever before. Sometimes she'd actually feel as if she were cracking up and that she couldn't take the confusion any more! "Why can't a person just shut his thoughts off when he's had enough and get an emotional rest?"

Angie's blue eyes were now wet with tears, tears she couldn't even find an explanation for, but they were there anyway! "Man, what would all of my friends think? Calm, collected, cool Angie. Angie with her head on right, sitting here crying over this! This is really a joke. I should be concentrating on something constructive and doing some of this homework instead of wasting time trying to figure out this messed-up head!"

She flipped her dark hair back over her shoulder and opened her psychology book. "How funny; this space case sitting here studying psychology! What a laugh." She knew she needed to study. Not that it was really going to do her any good when she felt like this; nothing ever did much good when she got in a mood like this.

Leaning back against the rock she gazed up at the bright blue sky and felt the warmth of the sun upon her face; the springtime breeze felt so nice out here today. How on earth could anyone feel awful in this kind of an environment? Closing her eyes she just soaked in the quiet desert air and let her thoughts run free. Sure the future was uncertain but whose future wasn't? Yes, she was confused, but she'd find an answer someday soon. She had always managed to make the needed decisions in the past. Maybe it would come today, maybe tomorrow and maybe not for a month or so. But, there were always going to be decisions, one right after the other, so why waste this time on worry?

So with her mind fairly cleared for a while Angie picked up her psychology book and began to read.

Elise Elmer

Flower-fresh Springtime
Elates the sorrowful heart,
The rebirth of soul.

March winds blow and swirl
Creating turmoil of soil,
Mass migrating sands.

Showers of April,
Each year they come earlier.
Winter flees their wrath.
Springtime conquers in the dust
Of its hasty departure.

Where does Springtime go
When Summer evaporates
Dew of early May?
Mother Nature keeps it safe
In a rainbow crystal jar.

Julie Jones

GRASS

Soft and matted
the grass invited
weary bones
weary spirits

Children, romping
playing
feeling joy
in soft falls

Travelers, teenagers
found comfort
joy
and a refuge

"Gods" creation
a blessing
to all creatures
and mankind.

Norma B. Empey





Summer

MY PLACE

The cold water trickles between my toes
as I do sit upon my rock so smooth
and hang my feet into the spring so cool
to feel the mossy-velvet carpet rare,
or see the lillies grow across the stream
and speak soft words of fragrance sweet to me,
or hear the wind whisper to all the trees
as leaves carefully find their resting place,
and see the sky with softest shades of blue
under which I will soon be laid to rest,
inside the ground that grows the things I love,
beneath the place when young I used to play.
To run with tender feet so small and bare
upon the silky soft and lacy grass
that tickles legs and neck when lain upon
and hear my little laugh at mister toad
as I do see him jump from rock to rock
and fall upon his silly little nose,
or feel the joy to run and catch a leaf
as playfully the wind does take away,
or watch the sun shine radiantly for me
as I do hope to catch a beam of light
that brings the memories so near my heart,
but know that I am much too old and gray
except to use the senses given me,
and dream about the time when I can do
again as like I did when I was young.

By
Millie McClenahan

The bed on which I lie
is soft
Smelling fresh as
the morning dew
and slightly damp.
I see the breeze is here
rustling through.
I feel it though
in actuality I cannot
see it - I can
only sense its presence.
Morning rays of
golden sunlight filter
through the arms that shade me,
allowing me warmth.
Woe to those who wander
about in discontentment
for a greater peace
I have yet to find.

By
Dorla Oertle

A SIMPLE LIFE

by

Claudia Castleton

The sun beat down hard on my back, so I carefully turned over trying to get as little sand on my towel as possible. The front of me was moist with sweat, and the hot California air actually felt cool against my skin. Sitting up, I looked out upon the ocean water which looked so cool and inviting. A squeal turned my attention to a little girl being chased by a boy her own size. My eyes followed them down the beach a way, but my attention once again shifted and I forgot the running children. A small sailboat was launched upon the beach; it was old and looked almost as if it couldn't hold up, even under the small waves crashing against it. An interesting old man leaned against this boat watching every bit of life around him. He had a grey beard, and what hair he had on his head was topped with an old captain's hat. He smiled at people as they passed by and tipped his hat to the ladies. I watched, fascinated at his style, then pulled a book from my bag and tried to read. I had completed only a few lines when my attention returned to the funny character down by the water. I watched as he stooped to pet a little dog, but, before he could, the dog ran off. He only smiled and once again leaned against his shabby-looking boat.

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As I continued to watch him, I felt a bit of pity come over me, almost hurting because he appeared so lonely. This beach was full of people, laughing, running, enjoying the summer fun together. But there he sat, so alone, yet he kept right on smiling, a fact which made me curious to know more about his life. I finally stood up, put on my T-shirt and headed in the direction of the old sailboat, not really sure of what I'd do when I got there.

"Hello, little lady." He tipped his hat and smiled, exposing his mouth holding only half his teeth.

"Hi. How are you?"

"Ah, on such a beautiful day, how could I be but happy?"

He had an accent; I supposed it was Irish. We stood looking at each other, and I was just ready to turn and leave because of the uncomfortable silence.

"What brings ye here today?"

"Oh, the ocean, the beach, the sunshine! What about you?"

"The people."

"Why's that? I've been watching you. You never really talk to anyone. Do you have any friends?"

"Little lady, everyone's my friend. People are fascinating; each is so different. You can see through one's eyes and know what's inside." He climbed into his boat and pulled an old wicker basket from the front of the boat. "Would you like something to eat?"

"No--thank you, anyway."

Pulling some bread from the box, he took a large bite, then poured something from a bottle to wash it down.

"Do you ever get lonely?"

A twinkle filled his eyes and, throwing his head back, he let out a hearty laugh. "Darlin', you only get lonely when you can't be your own friend. As long as you got yourself on your side, you can do anything."

"Do you have a family?"

"I do at that. I have my boat, and the water, the sand and the sky. . . all the things you came to be close to today." I looked at him, puzzled, yet he continued to smile and slipped me a wink.

"I hope you don't mind me asking, but what makes you so happy?"

"Ah, darlin'. . . look around. Look at the happiness, the smiles-- I think of myself as part of it all. This is my life."

The old man seemed to drift into a world all of his own. With a calm smile still on his face, he leaned back, taking in the world around him. I stood up, and brushing the sand from me I thanked him for the chance to talk. I rambled on for awhile about maybe seeing him again, before I noticed that my voice was only blending in with the other sounds of the beach. He probably didn't hear me, but I said good-bye and then went and gathered my sand-covered towel and other things.

While driving home, my mind was filled, making plans for when I reached home. Let's see. . . take a shower... Oh, I wonder what I

should wear tonight? Maybe I better iron my white pants. What time did they say they'd pick me up? I wonder if Sue's going...

My mind went blank, then I pictured the old man. So simple, so happy. The road before me blurred as my eyes filled with tears. No more did I pity him. I was amazed at his wonderful and simple wisdom.



REFLECTIONS

Young crowds.
Searching, discovering
Their corner of the world.
So much to choose -
Many decisions to be made
Why life?

Old age?
After decisions are already made
To think it was once like that.
To be young again
When no one wanted to get older
Or wiser.

By Julie Jones

Tip of a chin,
Quirk of a smile,
A cheerful wink of eye.

My tears are dried
without touch
By the Sunshine
in your smile.

By Julie Jones

A seagull soars within the cloudy,
gray sky. Flying higher and higher,
absorbing (and feeling) the heat of
the sun as it passes by. So
beautiful and pure.

The blue and gray waves beneath
the gull, playing, fighting like children,
rolling underneath each other, hitting
the rocks. The fluorescent colors of
a luminous rainbow above the rushing
cool waters. The seagull still soars,
his white feathers clinging to his
warm body.

HAPPY BOX

Rising
Falling, softly
Swirling
Music scented air and
Bitterness of tears

Sour
Sweet
Salt.

By Julie Jones

The raging waters, giving a
heavenly, peaceful feeling. The
sound of it laughing at me,
the sand slowly moving from
underneath me. The waves endlessly
serene, sparkling, shiny, calm.
The ocean

By Trisha Phelps

Upon waking this morning
finding the clouds scattered
wandering
no pattern or
pathway---
soaring
floating
scarcely apart
gaining strength
when joining together again.

by Claudia Castleton

TANKA

Yawning, stretching, spring
flowers seem to love sunshine.
Its bright beams slowly descend.
with one vital spark of light,
though dark, we can see the way.

by Sally Cooper

Tanka

The sun's golden rays
stream down on flowers budding
bud and bloom, then die
the same to man does happen
Do not sit and wonder why

By West McCallie

IMAGERY

I fly
through the wind,
on a
painted pony
seeing
The green gray of the hillside
blending
With the many hues of blazen-blue
washed--
Across the silent sky,
And, here and there, a butterfly
flits
from flower to flower
proclaiming
Its monarchy amid the meadow.
So--
Content
I
watch nature passing by
feeling the cool breeze
brush my face,
And, feeling, also--
a sense
of being,
belonging.

by Melanie Madsen

SNOW'S CANYON

The multi colored walls of the canyon
So tall the crags touched the azure-blue sky
The breath-taking beauty defied description
The eagle and hawk took joy in great heights
The call of the coyote resounded clear
The wind whistled through its valleys and crags
Sand dunes were a joy to all girls and boys
As they rolled, wrote and slid on its smooth waves
The autumn sun slid behind the red hills
Its rays of light a halo against the sky
The whippoorwill giving its lonesome cry
The quail and her brood answered afar off
A chorus of insects began their serenade
As night crept over the hills, God was nigh.

by Norma Empey

Sensory Impressions . . .

. . . College - with a capital "C" -
Is a world of such "wonder-full" things
Which drift 'til your mind cannot see
The death march that the laden man sings.
For we

are
free!

Long live adjectives:
strange! new! loveable! trying! marvelous!
May the voices not confuse, but just amuse,
For the various aspects grow into the whole,
But sounds live not in solitude
nor in utter loneliness;
They are accompanied by the others, in name:
sights, smells, and feelings
from within as well as from without.
The voices all have died, and now are appreciated
the tit-tat of the typewriter,
the music on the intercom,
the rising, rolling mountains
teaching visions of eternity.
An eternity of what? Cards for adding
and then dropping all?

Smiles radiate from beaming faces
who care to see us win.
Change exposes frailties;
the smiles cover such.
So to help our friends,
we smile,
meaning it.

By
Steven E. Swapp

CAREER DAY

Swing sets, braces, Junior prom, college.
What do you want to be when you grow up?
Questions, choices, decisions.
How do they expect me to know what I want to do for the rest of my life
when I can't even decide what to do tomorrow?
Attempts, efforts,
All I can do is try.
Accomplishments!

by
Sally Cooper

THE BEST

A kind, laughing father who loves to dance
calls Alice Louise,
"Here's a quarter;
get a sack of candy, sweets to savor.
Run now, quickly,
time's a wastin'
Get the best, child, get the best."

Alice Louise
looks in the counter,
slick clear glass protecting all that good--
red and white peppermint
long black licorice
sugar-covered horehound
rainbows of sours
so many choices, a
serious matter.
Papa expects the very best.

Brown paper sack twisted at the top
bulging with its secret.
Put it on the table
waiting for supper.
The clock in the corner ticks away the seconds.
Alice Louise thinks,
The best, Papa, the best.

Years of happy times
Dancing and singing
A tall good husband
Two girls and a son
A little red brick house
Spring time for watercress
Hard times and better times
Wintertime for snow
Everything has been the best
So far. It's been the best.

Looking out the window an old woman
a golden-haired granddaughter calls.
"Granma--I'm here."
Turning, she smiles,
"Here's a quarter.
Get a sack of candy, sweets to savor.
Run now, quickly,
times a wastin'
Get the best, child,
Get the best."

by
Rozanne Paxman

MOM GAVE ME ANOTHER BATH TODAY

I'm shoved in less than warm water;
Mom said it would have been warmer
If I had cooperated.

I slid as she soaped my tiny body;
Mom told me I wouldn't bang my head
If I cooperated.

I screamed when the thick biting shampoo
entered my eyes;
Mom covered my mouth and said,
"Cooperate!"

But I can't, and I won't, so
I shan't!

by
Ruby Olsen

A child bends down
on hands and knees,
and watches the
steady laboring ants.
He runs his finger
across their trail,
waits,
watches momentarily,
then walks on to find
out other curiosities.

by
Ruby Olsen



HIS WAY

It is said

that a babe

While in the womb

is filled with the spirit of God,

That he knows and understands

everything.

He is heaving, unbound,

full of the spirit.

And yet, when he is born

the knowledge

and understanding

is taken away

So that he can find his way back--

Back to the presence of God.

Because he wants to--

Because he is driven to know

and understand

Again.

by
Laura Quinney

I HOPE IT RAINS

I hope it rains
I'll walk in it and get soaked

The day is filled with exquisite beauty
Surging in from all directions

I see with new eyes
Hear with childlike and ears
My heart is filled with joy and wonder.
My only sadness comes
From knowing what has been lost
The precious time
Which passed while I was asleep

But even this is washed away
by the richness of now
and the promise of tomorrow. . .

I hope it rains!

RADIO WAVES

Radio waves
Floating through the air
and across broadcast stations
Down ear canals
Like
Fog along the beach
and the heavy scent of cologne
Pleasing
only those who'll enjoy it.

by
Diane Barney

by
Shelly Wood

I heard the knock on my front door in June
I heard the ring above in early May
I got the letter, but I couldn't go
So many thoughts were in my head, and oh,
places to be, faces I long to see.
But standing here in front of me tonight
The lights will take me where I want to be,
Just like a thousand nights before, I know.
Someone said to me, "Why do this to you?
Go to the Islands and forget it all,
Just slow it down you're moving far too fast.
You see the parade but it will not last,
My friend, take my advice-go straight, settle."
Thank you, my friend for caring but tonight
The lights will take me where I want to be
I can't explain but it gives me something
Give me the Lights, these precious lights,
Give me my hope, give me my energy.

By
Bob Nisson

It was his world to laugh and play at day,
To strum guitar strings sweet and soft, to rest
His feet in grass so green, and birds would sing
For him to dance.

"How do you rest your soul
While in sun's reign of light when you know well
That night brings in your own black grip of hell?
I see you hide in silent fear as past
Will bring its tear. I know you do not know
The past, but it does know you well".

She went
To him; they were together for a while
But when she left and darkness came his words
Were these.

"Who does bring this gift from where
The fire burns like ocean's waves in storm.
This load of unknown trickery straps to
My back like packer's sack."

A man with hair
Of silver came, with silver on his chin.
He told the child who was full-grown where he
Could find this burden strong that he might fight
It well; there were now two things he did want.

"I want to go to place unknown, in caves
On top of mountain high or where with sand
In eyes, the desert does not end, to find
This thing that haunts me so, that tears my sleep
To shreds and rags. but this I know I can
Not do if I will have her by my side,
To run my fingers through her hair and we
together love and laugh."

And then again
She came; He met her there.

"I laughed a tear
You gave my eye; you heard the hell that I
Did taste." "I love you still," she said, "you need
Not look on mountain top but in your heart."

by
Brett Kearney

THE GLASS MANAGERIE

Decorative pieces of crystal
rocks; motionless.
Collecting dusty thoughts
over the years.
Pieces of glass . . . blown out of proportion
Transparent structures reflecting one's
life from day to day.

By
Shelly Wood

THE EAGLE OF MY SOUL

The eagle of my soul
flies high above the earth
Where skies are blue,
And air is crisp and clean.
Over the expanse of wilderness
unmolested by human hands
Free to soar,
to wander with wonder,
wishing for nothing more.
Carefully caressing millions of molecules,
maintaining flight.
At times
the urge to leap to the earth
with talons of death
destroying, devouring, life as prey
is suppressed by the will to remain aloft,
free,
content.
For the earth is not home
to the Eagle of my soul.

by
Vance Bowler

FINDING

My time has come, I'm finding me
I'm finding truth, I'm finding free
My sail does soar in fresh new air,
But anchored flesh won't leave me there.

Cemented by my friendly foes,
Who say they love . . . but hearts are those
Who envy newfound light.

Their rotting world, a stagnant sphere
They know not how, or why they're here
So others they deceive.

I must escape this worldly state.
His paths are straight with narrowed gate.

These chains I feel around my feet
Cut deeper. . . As I reach to meet
My new-found love of me.

My time has come. I live to learn,
My hunger thirsts, my insides burn
My quest has now begun.

My time has come, I'm finding me
I'm finding truth, I'm finding free.

By
Christian Ward Forsyth



HAIKU

Orange, crisp, crunchy
Eyesight improved underground
Carrots nudge brown earth.

by
Connie Anderson

Fear Not

How could it chance
that this moment,
This brief, fleeting moment in time
Could be my time, my only time
To Be
For deep within and from beyond me
Whispers the small, silent,
Perfect Part of me
Who knows the truth of this My Moment
which I call Now
It has been before
and will be again
for neither was my beginning
nor shall be my end
And so then, surely,
Now must be eternal
As must I

By
Sharon Gale

I met a man, one prayerful night
His name was all I knew.
With searching heart, I carried on
Until my prayer was through.

I asked for strength; he gave me pain,
That stronger I would be.
He told of lessons I would learn
In searching to be free.

For once I lived as you do now,
Each painful path I walked.
Upon my knees, as you are now,
My Father and I talked.

"The bitter cup of which I drank, was
Sweat through bloody pores
And all of this I did for you,
To make my kingdom yours."

I felt my heart, my mind, my soul
thrust onward for his love.
To understand his loving power,
To know from up above.

This inward burn embraced my Heart,
My seed . . . A Tree became,
"I'll try once more, My Lord, My God
And live and love Your Name."

By
Christian Ward Forsyth

TANKA

Gay, bright summer sun
Makes my heart burn like fire
Burns my soul from lie
Pure cleansing of grace's love
Leaves only serenity.

By
Connie Anderson

Often I note that when I least expect,
I feel the doubt that comes when I'm unsure.
Some folks I know seem clear of paths, and yet
Compared to daring minds, my soul seems poor.
Outside myself I think I look so brave;
So staunch and sure. I tell myself, "They'll find
Out who I am and leave." I try and save
My faults to put away. But in my mind
I fear that some day all will show. I think,
I must have lots of good to share, but still
My fears of weakness make my spirit sink.
These thoughts of doubts persist and last until
That quiet voice inside me whispers true,
"You'll be all right. The Lord has faith in you."

By
Rozanne Paxman

PEOPLE

People are weird creatures! That may sound like a blunt and somewhat derogatory statement, but it is the truth.

Having had a number of years' experience working with the public, I have come to the conclusion that the creations that God Almighty put upon this earth and called his off-spring are totally impossible to understand, figure out, or relate to. The only thing predictable about them is that they are completely unpredictable. I will prove this point with some examples of what we call "human nature."

Man, from the beginning of time, has always been absent-minded. Man has grown up saying "yes," when he really means "no," and "no," when he really means "yes." Take for example the case of Adam and the apple; "no, Lord, I will not partake;" and then, presto! . . . apple pie! And it hasn't stopped there. People are weird creatures, spending Friday nights with the gang, drinking beer, throwing up, doing all kinds of abnormal things they would never be caught dead doing at a sober moment, and then consuming more of the alcoholic beverage. Saturday mornings are spent in bed with a severe headache while they tell about the fabulous time they had the night before, although they cannot remember anything about it.

Women are wierd creatures, spending three hours and forty-five minutes in a bathroom pouring all kinds of gobbelty-goop on themselves, trying to impress some guy they hardly know.

People are weird creatures, spending a lifetime trying to build a reputation they can lose in two minutes. Yes, people are weird creatures; one cannot live with them, but life would be awfully boring without them.

By
Steve Jolley

Oh, once there was a homely girl
A girl named Ethel Pump
Whom all the folks would tease and taunt
And call an ugly lump.

Well Ethel grew to be eighteen
An tortured well was she
For all the folks had closed their eyes
To change they wouldn't see.

A wandering prince came into town
As handsome as could be
A singing, loving, fighting man
Each girl cried, "Please choose me."

A ball was ordered for the prince
A grand and glorious night
So each girl could be seen by him
To avoid a terrible fight.

The girls all danced with him one by one
And smiled up in his eyes
Each hoping she'd be chosen by him
To be his one true bride.

The prince yawned to his servant Seth
"Oh, won't you help me please
These girls are boring me to death
They're dull as they can be."

The Servant Seth ran to the man
Who'd planned this ball with care
"You've got to find some better girls
Or he'll leave, to find more fair."

The man in charge cried out so loud
"Whatever will we do,
The only girl that's left in town
Is homely as you."

"Well, get her anyway," Seth said,
"We've got to try this quick,"
They rushed to bring poor Ethel there
Hoped she'd not make him sick.

Ethel was brought before the prince
She curtsied and he bowed
He was so glad to see her there
That he shouted out loud.

"Ah, what a girl, a charming thing
Where's she been all my life?
Go tell father, king of this land,
I've found my lovely wife."

The people mused and oft wondered
What happened to that girl -
To make the prince to love her so
And drape her neck with pearl.

But Ethel knew the secret well
The secret prince did find
You've all heard that old saying told
That often Love is Blind!

By
Rozanne Paxman

I am
on a
top
Spinning, Whirling, Twirling
My feet are implanted
on the outer core
I lean forward
to keep
my balance
My arms
spread wide
TWISTING WHIZZING
Objects fly past me
I am a blur as I whirl
I feel the rush of air on my face.
It pleases me . . . The top wobbles
I throw out my arms to catch my balance
and grabbing the top, I hang on
tightly...My fingers turn
red, then white
I clasp...gripping, clinging
The top slows. My fingers
relax as my body hugs
the top...My hands
let go...my arms
and feet hang
limply.
They
DRAG
on the ground
Then I lie at rest
still curled about my top
My head is still spinning about inside
Slowly
Slower
Slightly
Steady
Shifting
Stopping... I sleep.

By
Connie Beth Anderson

MUSIC

So soothing to the soul
Feelings of being free,
floating effortlessly through clouds
I ease back into reality.
Though my mood is changed
My circumstances are the same
Music is soothing
But only temporarily
So superficial
But healthy.

By
Jace Hardy

Classical Guitar

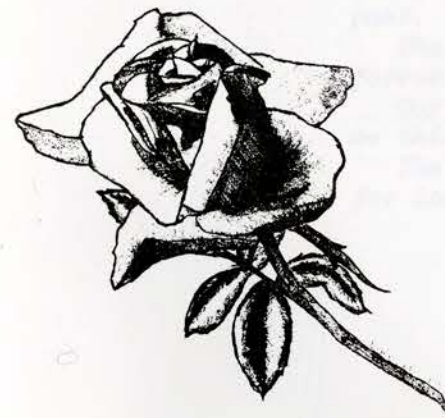
Listening I hear the sound of softness
fluid swirls of happiness
entwined in saddened sorrow
reaching inward for an answer

In love your eyes hold my gaze
your soft touch settles on my shoulder
as warmth passes between

Tripping lightly touching softly
our feet flutter to and fro
the path is paved with posies

Determination strong and sure
eludes to caring but for that that's right
from start to finish building block foundations
control and balance
the circle well-rounded
called myself
repeats and reassures
before resuming progress

By
West McCallie



WRITING TO MUSIC

I almost envy you
though not knowing you
to express your thoughts and announce
your love so freely.
Soft, gently-spoken words lie deep
within myself.
Your sharing with me has lightened my thoughts
still unspoken.
Your song enchants me.
I sit, fascinated at your talent,
wanting to share myself
in song. . .

by
Claudia Castleton

Valeri Hughes

A Time for Love

Seasons come and Seasons
go.
Beautiful memories from Seasons
ago,
Fill our hearts with song and
rhyme,
With time for love, we love for
time.

Seasons were and Seasons
are.
Love will carry the Seasons
far,
Through childhood days and grownup
years,
Our love has survived through
laughter and tears.

Seasons then and Seasons
now.
Thoughts of Seasons our minds
will allow,
A fraction of time we hold in
our hand,
To let our hearts swell and our
memories expand.

Seasons present, Seasons
past.
The love that we cherish will
forever last.
Our thoughts bind together as
we think of
The Seasons that provide a time
for love.

by Valeri Hughes

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HISTORY OF SOUTHERN QUILL

<u>ACADEMIC YEAR</u>	<u>STUDENT EDITOR</u>	<u>FACULTY ADVISOR(S)</u>
1951-52	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1953-54	Rose Workman	Ross Esplin
1954-55	(Note: No literary magazine publication	
1955-56	due to lack of funds)	
1956-57		
1957-58	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks & Betty J. Allen
1958-59	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks
1959-60	Barbara Larkin	Juanita Brooks
	(Note: Although materials were gathered no	
	literary magazine was published due	
	to lack of funds)	
1960-61	Titine Spillsbury	Reed Blake, Jr.
1961-62	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1962-63	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1963-64	Ilene Harmon	Pansy L. Hardy
1964-65	Emily Cottam	Pansy L. Hardy
1965-66	Kay Lichtenwalter	Pansy L. Hardy
1966-67	James Force	Robert O. Dalton
	(Note: A second volume was published	
	during 1966-67)	
1967-68	James Force	Pansy L. Hardy
	(Note: Although materials were gathered no	
	literary magazine was published due	
	to lack of funds)	
1968-69	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1969-70	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1970-71	Roxanne Schmidt	Pansy L. Hardy
1971-72	Michelle Thomas	Pansy L. Hardy
1972-73	Gordon J. Peterson	Pansy L. Hardy
1973-74	Connie Gifford	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1974-75	Cathy Pam Heaton	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1975-76	Cathy Pam Heaton	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1976-77	Michael Perry	Janice F. DeMille
1977-78	Marilee Camp	James Force
1978-79	Bill Batzli	Pansy L. Hardy
1979-80	Laura Lee Graf	Pansy L. Hardy

HISTORY OF SOUTHERN QUILL

<u>ACADEMIC YEAR</u>	<u>STUDENT EDITOR</u>	<u>FACULTY ADVISOR(S)</u>
1951-52	Lorraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Lorraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1953-54	Rose Workman	Ross Esplin
1954-55	(Note: No literary magazine publication	
1955-56	due to lack of funds)	
1956-57		
1957-58	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks & Betty J. Allen
1958-59	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks
1959-60	Barbara Larkin	Juanita Brooks
	(Note: Although materials were gathered no	
	literary magazine was published due	
	to lack of funds)	
1960-61	Titine Spillsbury	Reed Blake, Jr.
1961-62	Joan Esplin	Robert G. Dalton
1962-63	Joan Esplin	Robert G. Dalton
1963-64	Ilene Harmon	Pansy L. Hardy
1964-65	Billy Cotton	Pansy L. Hardy
1965-66	Ray Lichtenwalter	Pansy L. Hardy
1966-67	James Force	Robert G. Dalton
	(Note: A second volume was published	
	during 1966-67)	
1967-68	James Force	Pansy L. Hardy
	(Note: Although materials were gathered no	
	literary magazine was published due	
	to lack of funds)	
1968-69	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1969-70	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1970-71	Roxanne Schmidt	Pansy L. Hardy
1971-72	Michelle Thomas	Pansy L. Hardy
1972-73	Gordon J. Peterson	Pansy L. Hardy
1973-74	Cornie Clifford	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1974-75	Cathy Ann Heaton	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1975-76	Cathy Ann Heaton	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1976-77	Michael Berry	Janice F. DeHille
1977-78	Marilee Kemp	James Force
1978-79	Bill Estell	Pansy L. Hardy
1979-80	Laura Lee Graf	Pansy L. Hardy

