

# Reminiscing

Romayne A. Phipps

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This evening the job of baby sitting,  
just happened to fall on me,  
as I cuddled and rocked this young one,  
it brought pleasant memories to me.

Memories of my childhood,  
things most forgotten with time,  
this warm and cuddly grandchild,  
brings them back fresh in my mind.

I recall a wee small cradle,  
not my dolly's, no, guess again,  
it belonged to a sweet little sister,  
and each day about noon I recall,  
mother's voice interrupted my play time,  
and into her bedroom I'd go.

Seemed like hours I'd spend rocking her cradle,  
and as I tip toed to the door,  
up popped a little blond head,  
and back to her cradle I'd go.

Gently I'd rock a while longer,  
my mind on the kids at play,  
I'd hum a soft tune so quietly,  
and hope I could soon go and play.

Most of the memories were pleasant,  
a cool creek ran close to our house,  
we spent hours and days on the creek bank,  
or pushing a hoop round the yard.

We made hay stacks and barns out of match sticks,  
filled with grass clippings for hay,  
and wrapped them securely with twine string,  
we played for hours this way.

There were guns made of clothes pins and rubbers,  
and stilts as high as the house,  
we had no TV to amuse us,  
we seldom played in the house.

Some days when the dark clouds would gather,  
didn't dampen our spirits one bit,  
we lined up on the porch wrapped in blankets,  
and watched lightning flash in the west,  
and rain drops dancing in puddles,  
those days I remember best.

Now I was quite a tom boy,  
outside I chose to play,  
while my sister dutifully practiced,  
on the piano every day.

As time went on and we grew up,

each went our own separate ways,  
I missed sitting beside her at practice,  
and the melodies she would play.

"Just a Wearying For You",  
"The End Of A Perfect Day",  
"Danny Boy", or "Eventide",  
she never refused to play.

I think of her with tenderness,  
when I hear those songs again,  
or when I hear the organ,  
or church hymns being played.

I learned to appreciate music,  
at a very early age,  
sitting next to my sister,  
just waiting to turn the page.

As we grew older,  
and tired of kid's childish games  
for real fun and special amusement,  
the corn patch and ice box we'd raid.

A corn roast? My kids never heard of,  
sounds rather dull they would say,  
and what about transportation,  
did they have cars in your day?

Cars I recall were for grown-ups,  
a ride was a rare treat I recall,  
but I've lived to be a grandmother,  
and didn't mind it at all.

Now all this talk is upsetting,  
"over population", "small families" they preach,  
what's to become of today's children,  
how will they learn to share,  
and who will share their tree house,  
and the secrets whispered there.

Who will hold sister's tiny hand,  
and help her across the street,  
big brothers are much comfort,  
little sisters tiny and sweet.

Should we listen to our leaders  
who govern and lead this land?  
or should we continue to heed God's rule?  
to love and replenish the land.

There were two loving brothers and a sister,  
who shared childhood pleasures with me,  
and a dear father there waiting in heaven,  
to talk over good times with me.

## **My Sister**

by Ruby Anderson Segmiller  
April 14, 1984

She was gentle and loving,  
and persuasive too.  
open, happy and giving,  
yes, even to someone new.

She loved their home, the hills surrounding,  
and all those small-town folks,  
took to her heart their love abounding,  
to leave them she could not be coaxed.

Even after all these years,  
I miss her tender smiles.  
to think of our loss still brings the tears,  
as I try to remember her trials.

The love of her husband could never be questioned,  
it was the brightest thing in her life.  
and often it was mentioned,  
even at the height of her strife.

Shared with that first love  
was the birth of her children.  
she knew they were gifts from above,  
her fears for them she kept well hidden.

When she left us it seemed it couldn't be so,  
we didn't want to believe  
that she really had to go  
and leave us all to grieve.

After all these years I want you to know  
her short life was well worth living,  
because of the love she let show,  
in all her loving and giving.

Let the light of her life thru the eyes of another  
give you a sense of love and peace,  
and may beautiful memories of our Lorna  
ever your love for her increase.

## **In Her Image**

by Ruby Anderson Segmiller

March 7, 1987

A woman crowned with raven hair,  
of manner gentle and mild,  
filled with joy beyond compare  
gives birth to an image child.

She nurtures her child through all her whims  
and every adolescent trial,  
watches her as love begins  
and a young man is conquered by her smile.

The raven haired woman consents to share  
her love for her image child;  
gives into this man's loving care  
what her lifetime has compiled.

Ere long mother and daughter share  
the secrets of motherhood;  
momentous feelings and urges to compare  
of a consuming love now understood.

Then without warning the dark hand of death  
orphaned the infant child,  
left the aged mother and husband bereft  
of happiness tender and mild.

Now in eternity, each with the other  
the once raven haired mother tells her child,  
"Our circle of heaven one day will harbor  
your own true image, pure and undefiled."