

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

(By Dixie Shakespear)

As I listen to the wind
Sighing through the pines,
The sounds bring back the memories
Of other precious times.
When as children in the canyon's
Near the old Homestead we played,
As we listened to the wind,
In the pines of hill and glade.
These memories are most forgotten,
As time goes swiftly by,
The clouds that formed many a picture
As we watched them floating high.
Cattle lowing in the pasture,
Where they grazed from morn till night.
The rain as it fell from the heavens,
Leaving everything so bright.
The creek flowing down from the mountains,
Were fed from snow capped peaks,
Autumn turning the trees to gold
As frost painted their cheeks.
We gathered the wild flowers
From the hills that surround the farm;
Watched for lillies to blossom
In the cove behind the barn.
Filling mother's vases
With all that they can hold,
Seeing the love she had for us
Was more precious than silver and gold.
My thoughts wander back to days gone by,
As the wind blows through the pines;
Bringing back the memories
Of happy childhood times.
When we lived with mother and dad
In the cottage on the farm,
And learned to love all nature
And the place where we were born.