

The Family of Elijah & Candace (Grimes) Lewman



The Lewman Family. c. 1917.

L to R. Seated: Charles Lewman (brother to Elijah), Elijah Lewman.

Standing: (children of Elijah and Candace Lewman): Louisa Faye, John Fern, Charles Brinton, and Russ Abram Parke Lewman.

Elijah and Candace's daughter, Mary Elma, died at age 14 as a result of a play ground accident. Daughter, Josephine Roviene, died at the age of 22 having been struck by lightening.

Candace died in 1905 at the age of 46. At that time there was some talk of possibly splitting up the family. Faye indicated that she would help her father raise the remaining members of the family. She was 15 at the time.

Elijah Lewman
b. 1855 d. 1932

Candace Alora Grimes
b. 1859 m. 1880 d. 1905

Mary Elma Lewman
b. 1882 d. 1896

John Fern Lewman

Louisa Faye Lewman

Josephine Roviene Lewman

Charles Brinton Lewman

Russ Abram Parke Lewman

Two Infant Sons & Two Infant Daughters



Buried in Ephlin Cemetery in Parke County, Indiana



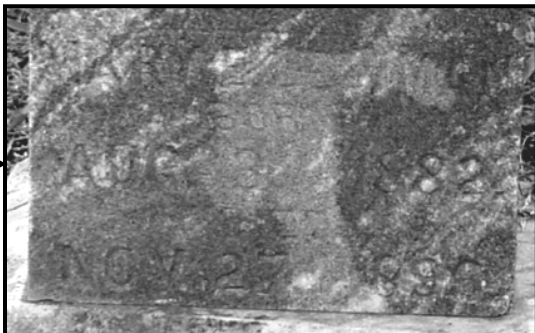
Buried in Ephlin Cemetery Parke County, Indiana.

Mary Elma Lewman

Mary Lewman died at the age of 14. While playing on a school playground, she was sat on by one or more children. The next day she died, presumably from undiagnosed internal injuries. She was remembered for her riding ability and riding bareback while standing.



Buried in Ephlin Cemetery in Parke County, Indiana



Mary Elma Lewman
Born
Aug. 3, 1882
Died
Nov. 27, 1896

Elijah Lewman
b. 1855 d. 1932

Candace Alora Grimes
b. 1859 m. 1880 d. 1905

Mary Elma Lewman

John Fern Lewman
b. 1887 d. 1952

Grace Elizabeth Ray
m. 1917



Grace (Ray), Jane and Fern Lewman

Louisa Faye Lewman

Josephine Roviene Lewman

Charles Brinton Lewman

Russ Abram Parke Lewman

Note: Grace Elizabeth Ray was a sister to Earl Ray who married Faye Lewman, Fern's sister. This interesting circumstance made them so called "double cousins".

Lora Jane Lewman
b. 1922

Jack Manwaring
m. 1947

Elijah Lewman
b. 1855 d. 1932

Candace Alora Grimes
b. 1859 m. 1880 d. 1905



Earl, Betty & Faye
(Lewman) Ray

Mary Elma Lewman

John Fern Lewman

Louisa Faye Lewman
b. 1890 d. 1982

Earl Samuel Ray
b. 1892 m. 1917 d. 1974

Josephine Roviene Lewman

Josephine Elizabeth Ray b./d. 1915

Charles Brinton Lewman

(Male) Ray b./d. 1917

Russ Abram Parke Lewman

Betty Louise Ray
b. 1923

Chester Schulz Vanada
m. 1954

Robert Lee Ray b./d. 1925

James Ray Vanada
b. 1947

Andrew Paul Vanada b. 1972

Martha Ruth Yenner
b. 1950 m. 1970

Jacob Scott Vanada b. 1974

Lisa Marie Vanada b. 1975

John David Vanada
b. 1949

Mathew David Vanada b. 1975

Mary Louise McIlrath
b. 1950 m. 1971

Rachel Elaine Vanada b. 1976

Katherine Vanada b. 1982

Ruth Ann Vanada
b. 1951

Michael Whitfield Stevenson b. 1978

Barney Whitfield Stevenson
b. 1952 m. 1975

Kevin Ray Stevenson b. 1980

David Joel Stevenson b. 1982

Daniel Earl Vanada
b. 1953

Kelsi Dawn Vanada b. 1987

Delane Cecile Ingalls
b. 1959 m. 1982

Aaron Dale Vanada b. 1989

Kirstin Elise Vanada b. 1991

Nancy Helen Vanada
b. 1954

Daniel Erin Hasting b. 1987

Michael Erinl Hasting
b. 1953 m. 1979

Diane Elizabeth Hasting b. 1993

Elijah Lewman
b. 1855 d. 1932

Candace Alora Grimes
b. 1859 m. 1880 d. 1905

Mary Elma Lewman

John Fern Lewman

Louisa Faye Lewman

Josephine Roviene Lewman
b. 1893 d. 1916

Charles Brinton Lewman

Russ Abram Parke Lewman



Josephine Roviene Lewman

Josephine (or "Jo" as her family called her) was killed tragically at the age of 23. On a hot night she was sleeping on a metal cot. During a thunder storm lightening apparently traveled via the telephone line and jumped to the cot where she slept.

In Brinton Lewman's poem "Yesterdays" (included in this document), he alludes to a broken romance having led to great sadness in Jo's life.



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Elijah Lewman
b. 1855 d. 1932

Candace Alora Grimes
b. 1859 m. 1880 d. 1905

Mary Elma Lewman

John Fern Lewman

Louisa Faye Lewman

Josephine Roviene Lewman

Charles Brinton Lewman
b. 1897 d. 1970

Russ Abram Parke Lewman



Brinton, Janet & Thelma
(McDowell) Lewman

Doris Bug (2nd wife)
b. 1905 m. 1958

Thelma McDowell
b. 1899 m. 1925 d. 1953

Janet Nadine Lewman
b. 1928

John Robert Baldwin
m. 1946

Candiss Baldwin
b. 1948

Randall Joe Perrill
b. 1953 m. 1976

Kathy Baldwin
b. 1949

John Gilbert Auten
b. 1946 m. 1969

John Robert Baldwin
b. 1951

Billie Christine Winkle
b. 1950 m. 1976

Mark Samuel Baldwin
b. 1953

Patricia Claudia Gabriele
Menzer b. 1960 m. 1981

**Chauncey Darragh
Baldwin**
b. 1955

Pamela Ann Murray
b. 1954 m. 1981

Joelle Belinda Doyle b. 1969

Nicole Christine Perrill b. 1977

Ryan Gilbert Auten b. 1972

Allyson Kristine Auten b. 1974

William Michael Baldwin b. 1971

Melissa Ann Baldwin b. 1978

Tobias Samuel Baldwin b. 1983

Jennifer Jean Baldwin b. 1976

Jessica Lynn Baldwin b. 1980

Mathew Brinton Baldwin b. 1980

Elizabeth Mary Baldwin b. 1982

Thomas Stuart Baldwin b. 1982

James Robert Baldwin b. 1982

Elijah Lewman
b. 1855 d. 1932

Candace Alora Grimes
b. 1859 m. 1880 d. 1905



Madonna (Cook), Lary, Mikel & Parke Lewman

Mary Elma Lewman

John Fern Lewman

Louisa Faye Lewman

Josephine Roviene Lewman

Charles Brinton Lewman

Russ Abram Parke Lewman
b. 1910 d. 1959

Madonna Opal Cook
b. 1909 m. 1933 d. 1993

Lary Cook Lewman
b. 1936

Nancy Gail Posey
b. 2937 m. 1954

Mikel Bert Lewman
b. 1944

Gwendolyn Kaye Sargent
b. 1943 m. 1968

Lance Bradley Lewman
b. 1960

Kristin Jessica King
b. 1959 m. 1986

Lori Kae Lewman
b. 1963

Mark Glaid
b. 1970 m. 1995

Erin Elizabeth Lewman
b. 1970

Lyndsay Dane Lewman
b. 1991

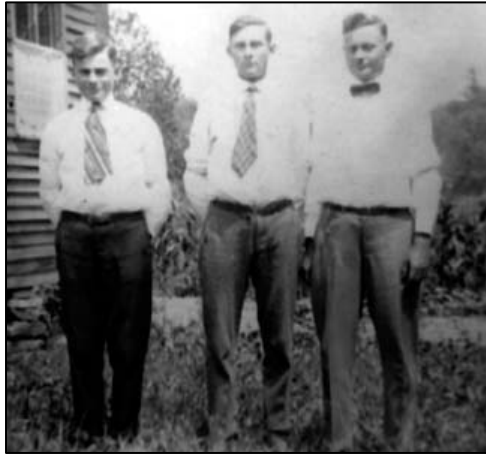
Sarah Louise Lewman
b. 1976

Leah Nichole Lewman
b. 1991

Natalie May Glaid
b. 2000

Gabriel Kane Lewman
b. 1996

Ethan Mikel Glaid
b. 2003



The Lewman Brothers. L to R:
Parke, Brinton and Fern. c. 1917



Josephine Roviene Lewman,
daughter of Elijah and
Candace (Grimes) Lewman.
Josephine was born in 1893
and died in 1916. Her death
was the result of lightening
coming in on the telephone line
and striking her while she was
asleep on a cot in a doorway
on a hot night. c. 1913



Fern and Grace (Ray) Lewman.
c. 1918

Grace Ray was a sister to
Earl Ray. Earl Ray married
Faye Lewman, resulting in so
called "double cousins".



Faye (Lewman) and Earl Ray.
c. 1915



Brinton, Janet and Thelma
(McDowell) Lewman. c. 1930



Grace (Ray), Jane and Fern
Lewman. c. 1925.



Madonna (Cook), Lary, Mikel and Parke
Lewman. c. 1949



Earl, Betty and Faye
(Lewman) Ray. c. 1940



The Lewmans and their families. L to R: Parke, Lary, Madonna (Cook) Lewman, Faye (Lewman)
Ray, Janet Lewman, Fern Lewman, Thelma (McDowell) Lewman, Earl Ray, Brinton Lewman,
Betty Ray and Jane Lewman (knealing). c. 1941



Brinton (left) and Parke Lewman.
c. 1918



Brinton Lewman.
c. 1920



Parke (left) and Brinton
Lewman. c. 1918



Group baseball picture probably taken in Newport, Indiana. Parke Lewman (standing 2nd from left) and Brinton Lewman (standing 4th from left.) Brinton and Parke played in many “independent” baseball leagues as young men. Brinton often pitched and Parke was the catcher. Parke often said that Brinton thought he (Parke) threw the ball back too hard.
c. 1920.



Top to bottom.

Jane Lewman, daughter of Fern and Grace (Ray) Lewman.

Betty Ray, daughter of Earl and Faye (Lewman) Ray.

Janet Lewman, daughter of Brinton and Thelma (McDowell) Lewman. c. 1938



Thelma (McDowell) Lewman. c. 1925



Brinton Lewman, a dashing young man "on the town". c. 1935



Thelma (McDowell) Lewman. c. 1940



Thelma, Janet (Lewman) Baldwin and Brinton Lewman. Thelma is holding Janet and Bob Baldwin's first daughter, Candiss. c. 1949



Brinton and Thelma (McDowell) Lewman – proud grandparents. Thelma is holding granddaughters, Candiss (left) and Kathy. c. 1952



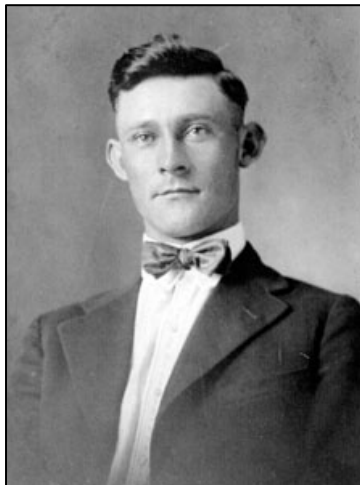
Brinton and Thelma in their later years.



Faye (Lewman) and Earl Ray c. 1970



Wedding of Chester Vanada and Betty Ray. Chester's parents left and Faye and Earl on the right. c. 1944



Brinton Lewman. c. 1920



Brinton Lewman. c. 1925



Brinton Lewman. c. 1930



L to R: Lary, Mike and Parke Lewman in front of Hillsboro High School where Parke was principal. c. 1952



Grace (Ray) and Fern Lewman probably at a holiday gathering. c. 1950



Earl and Faye (Lewman) Ray.
c. 1950



Parke Lewman c. 1950



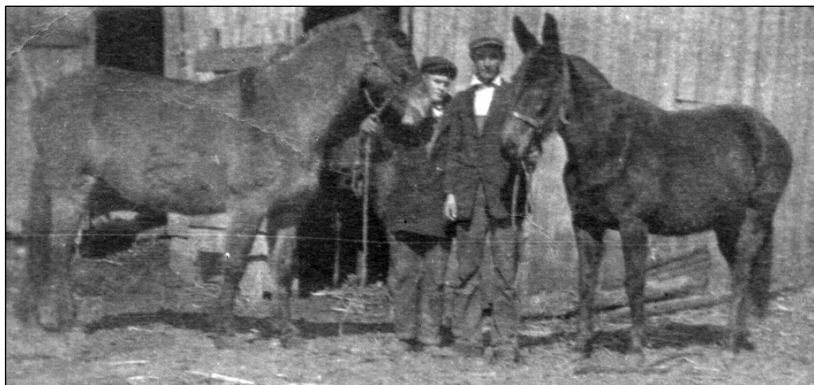
Parke Lewman c. 1918



Brinton (left), Parke and Faye Lewman. c. 1918.
(Note at bottom of photo reads "Lewman's 'Kids'".)



Betty Ray and friend.
c. 1937



Parke (left) and Brinton Lewman and "friends".
c. 1918



Parke & Madonna (Cook)
Lewman. c. 1959

In the early 1920's Parke Lewman worked in the south on a construction crew erecting high voltage power lines and towers. These snapshots capture some of how Parke and his colleagues worked and played. Parke's best friend (shown in front of Hoosier Engineering Truck with Parke) was killed while working on this crew. His friend's death was a devastating event to Parke, a young man in his early 20's. Note the "Hoosier Engineering Co." sign on the truck door.



Parke Lewman (right) and his best friend.



The start or end of a long work day.



Dangerous work with some serious high voltage.



Goofin' off.



Not work for the faint hearted.



Don't know if Parke wrecked the truck or not.



The crew worked hard and likely played hard.

Poems
by
Charles Brinton Lewman

“Mother’s Leaving”

A Poem by Brinton Lewman

Brinton wrote this poem in 1959 on the 54th anniversary of the death of his mother, Candace. At the time of her death Candace was 46. There was some discussion of splitting up the family, sending Parke (then 3 years old) to be raised by his aunt and uncle. Faye Lewman (later to marry Earl Ray) said she would help her father, Elijah, with the raising of the children. Faye was 15 at the time. As a result, the family of Elijah and Candace (Alora Grimes) Lewman remained together. Brinton was 7 years old when his mother died. Despite his young age, he clearly carried the trauma of her death as described in these passages.

Mikel B. Lewman, Son of Parke and Madonna (Cook) Lewman, nephew of Brinton Lewman.
July 2006

I still recall that tragic day.
Parke and I, in the barn at play.
One sister found us there and said”
Mother is worse “come to her bed”.

As we stepped up into her room
The shades were down All there in gloom.
At once I knew She must be dying
All, around her bed were crying.

Our younger sister, in there too
Said; “what will I do! What will I do!”
Parke got on Dad’s knee near Her head.
Roviegne and I, at foot of bed.

I can’t remember Fern that day.
And we, I think were called by Fay.
I’m sure they were close by somewhere;
In my mind’s picture they’re not there.

Can’t remember the church, where She
Was lying there for friends to see.
So strange all this would disappear,
When lying there was one so dear.

At the grave yard, was but one face.
It seems that time will not erase.
Just as if in happier times,
Singing there was Nellie Grimes.

Of all friends there, and family too,
Just that one face in memory’s view.
For forty years we haven’t bet.
She’s sixty-two if living yet.

I must have looked on Mother’s face,
Yet in my mind there’s not a trace,
Of how She looked in death’s stern grace.
Her looks alive, I still embrace.

“Boyhood Reminiscence”

A Poem by Brinton Lewman

Brinton wrote this poem to his younger brother Parke sometime in the mid to late 1950's. Brinton's recollections give us a brief glimpse into some of the joyful times they had growing up. As we all age we seem to want to reflect on our childhood and the fond memories we have "growing up". While Brinton never actually says "I love you" to his younger brother, it's clear in these passages that their relationship was very special and certainly important to both of them. This poem is most poignant since Parke took his own life in 1959. We can only hope that he remembered these heartfelt reminiscences from his older brother.

Mikel B. Lewman, Son of Parke and Madonna (Cook) Lewman, nephew of Brinton Lewman.
July 2006

Remember the time oh Brother mine
When smiling down was youth's sunshine?
More years have passed that four times ten
Our hair has turned to gray since then.

Up and down those hills not more
Can run and play quite as before.
Would likely walk, then rest a bit,
And camp are those old times to it.

A sort of sadness come to me
When I recall what used to be,
In carefree youth with work all through
And time to play, just me and you.

A well apiece one time was made
Out in the orchard in the shade.
A bucket in a hole placed where
When poured in, it held water there.

A can key fastened on a pole
The crosspiece made above the hole.
A string run through the can key's eye
On end did a bottle tie.

The length of string was made just so
One up one down the bottles go.
Up from the well some water brought
Playing at this while cares were naught.

Remember horse races that we had?
No one is watching especially Dad.
No halter, rope or any straps
In guiding them their necks we'd slap.

Back in the pasture that was where
We'd take them, then would race them there.
May and Nell we usually rode.
To get more speed with heels we'd goad

You got your horse steered out around
An apple tree both large and sound.
A big limb straight out on one side
Out to the fence yet room to ride.

Near seven feet about the ground
This limb stuck out, one foot around.
Along the fence my horse ran on
The time to jump I saw was gone.

Dropping my head along her side
With leg and arm hung on to ride.
Under the limb it seemed we flew,
Was some surprised it cleared me too.

Many's the hunt together we had
In weather good or weather bad.
One time hunted 'till noon from morn
To Lodi from home to help shuck corn.

Most of the times the rabbit we'd chase.
Our Bull Dog usually started the race.
He'd chase as long as he could see
The rabbit running, where e'er it be.

This Bull Dog sure did love to hunt!
He ran the brush but scent was blunt
He couldn't follow the rabbit's track
But enthusiasm did not lack.

When the river covered the bottom ground
By boat we traveled all around.
Sometimes it islands we would go,
Other times just the boat to row.

The circular pond and Brockway too
Are well known marks to me and you.
We skated mostly there at night.
The moon and bon-fires gave us light.

I wasn't as good on skates as you.
But played in games and had fun too.
Twenty-one feet you jumped, they said,
Stayed on your feet the crowd you led.

We farmed some ground too far away
To travel there and back each day.
In a tent we lived until through
With plowing just then had to do.

We camped along the river side,
Right near the field where work was plied.
Most times Dad, me and you,
Sometimes our older brother too.

Our sisters both at times came there
To see we had the proper fare.
They never came to longer stay
Then just a while in mid of day.

While the teams at noon ate their feed
We'd take a swim and both be freed
From sweat and grime, a good time had.
The back to work on call from Dad.

I've often wondered thinking back,
So hot, the weathered ground would crack.
After the swim you have no sign
The Sun made your head ache like mine.

One Xmas you, Mother and me
Gathered at home around our tree.
To the Church all the rest were gone,
Where the town tree stood with presents on.

You a toy horse, a gun I got,
Same others too, can't remember what.
At that time you were not quite three,
Six must have been the age of me.

The church was always nearly full
No need the bell-rope then to pull.
Most came early so they could beat
Some others there and get a seat.

When some years older we had grown
Were in some program to be shown.
In looking o'er that sea of faces
I felt my poise was lacking graces.

Oh, Brother this is sad to say,
What changes since that yesterday!
Of all that family left is three,
Our older sister, you and me.

Seven in all that family grew.
One sister more, we never knew.
While at school in joyful play,
Was hurt and died I've heard them say.

The last night mother was alive
Was April thirteenth nineteen five.
Our Aunt and Uncle came next day,
Suggested taking you away.

I learned of this in later years.
It caused me then feel near tears,
To think we might have grown apart
Through all those years from early start.

They lived one hundred miles away.
Proposed they take you there to stay.
I hate to think what might have been
Had you been taken out there then.

How things turned out there's no regret.
What makes me feel good even yet,
Is Dad made up his mind that way
Did not agree but had you stay.

Forever gone, time never stays.
What changes since these yesterdays!
Of all the family left is three.
One older sister, you and me.

The paths are gone we used to tread.
Most of the trees we knew are dead.
No plum or pear trees in the yard.
Don't know the cedars still stand guard.

We won't forget, no matter what,
The shade tree in the old barn lot.
When last was there this tree was gone.
But memories of it still live on.

Remember how things used to be,
Now so changed, but it seemed to me,
The worst catastrophe of all,
Was the old barn was about to fall.

The orchard, where when young, we played,
There, in the spring, playhouses made!
Apples to eat most all year on.
All the trees that were there are gone.

I'd like for us to go back home
Just o'er that place again to roam.
See if anything either finds
Compares with pictures in our minds.

As farther down life's lane we drive
The more fond memories will revive.
Some things we gladly would forget
But they still cling to memory yet.

I've mentioned some and skipped the rest
For these I still remember best.
I finish this with thoughts of you.
So now I bid you fond adieu

“Yesterdays” A Poem by Brinton Lewman

Brinton wrote this poem to his older sister Faye sometime after Parke's death in 1959. In essence, Faye raised Brinton and Parke after their mother died when they were very young. At the time he wrote the poem, Brinton and Faye were the only two members of the Elijah and Candace (Grimes) Lewman family still living. Clearly Brinton wanted Faye to know how much he appreciated all that she had done for him and their family. His love for Faye and his other siblings comes through clearly.

Mikel B. Lewman, Son of Parke and Madonna (Cook) Lewman, nephew of Brinton Lewman.
July 2006

If I have your permission
I will write to you a line,
Of things you may remember
From back at home, Sister mine.

So many things were pleasant
In that home with all us there.
Songs we've heard Mother singing
I have seldom heard elsewhere.

I heard one sang at Mecca
Though the name no longer stays,
I know she used to sing it
In those long gone Yesterdays'.

One time Mother told me
Of some job that I must do.
When she got through explaining
There was one thing sure I knew.

I said I wouldn't do it.
Then with meaning plain to see,
Said in words much emphasized,
“Don't say ever that to me.”

I saw Mother baptized,
Or at least was there that day.
I don't know where the site was.
Along Mill Creek, I would say.

Dad and I were watching
From the hillside where we sat.
I looked away at Mothers' turn.
Did not want to witness that.

With camera set up ready,
They were taking pictures too,
Before they took it, Dad said,
If you move it may shoot you.

One evening I was barefoot
And I began getting cold.
By Mother, in the smoke house,
Put your shoes on, I was told.

I said my feet were warm enough
It was all the rest of me.
“If you do as I have said,
Warm all over you will be.”

Parke used to call you Ertie.
This one time you told me.
To talk he was beginning.
Not quite, three years old was he.

Five and fifty years have passed
Since this was said to me,
That Dad would go “A Walk Foot”.
Said it confidentially.

I didn't stop to figure
That the meaning might be dim.
Saying one would go on foot
Must have sounded queer to him.

Of this I often wondered
If Parke could call to mind
Some memory left of Mother,
Or was all that left behind?

I have never heard him mention
Something Mother said or did.
Always hoped he could remember,
That not all the memories hid.

Never seemed to think of it
When together we would be.
Now I've waited 'Till too late
Unless you enlighten me.

To school you both were going.
All studies to her were new.
After Roviene with a switch
In mind still see you two.

Up the road near the elm bush
Was as far as I watched you.
She tried so hard to pass you by.
But never quite got through.

Just the night before Christmas
With the moon shining bright.
For both our Aunt and our Uncle
The moon lessened their plight.

Aunt Julia came that Christmas
Accompanied Uncle Abe.
With the river in the bottoms,
They walked the railroad grade.

Was two miles from Cayuga
Where the river they would cross.
They walked the railroad river bridge.
But still were at a loss.

Was four miles yet to our house.
They, no transportation had.
After night and Christmas eve.
Things were looking pretty bad.

Some one with horse and buggy
Agreed to take them down.
The Christmas program was over
When they drove into town.

I had given up that Christmas
That them I would get to see.
When we met them, going home
I was tickled as could be.

I thought not any Christmas
Was as nice as it might be,
Unless they both were present
So they brought much joy to me.

Life flows on, long years have passed
Since their traveling days were done.
Some fall out, while some go on,
And for some life's just begun.

Caroms, at Danny Marshall's
Many gathered there and played.
Just four at once could play it.
The losers were relayed.

Parke and I got together.
All competition beat.
Played all Sunday afternoon
And did not give up our seat.

Dan had lived with his Mother.
For house work, on her relied.
The bunch did not there gather
Until poor Aunt Betty died.

You remember this remark
When borrowed anything?
Each time it was "half she had"
This up, she would always bring.

One year you canned Blackberries.
Full was each half gallon can.
Those hundred cans were empty
When the berries came again.

Remember eating walnuts?
We ate many apples too.
A bread pan full of cracked nuts.
There would be left but a few.

One time down on the basin
Two wild ducks I chanced to kill.
While the boat I was untying
You came running down the hill.

You said you would go with me,
Last for you this chance might be
To pick ducks off the water
And it was for you with me.

A ham you once were cutting
As I stood there watching you.
I said I didn't want that,
But you hadn't yet cut through.

The first slice you were taking
All I saw outside was fat.
You turned the slice toward me
And said "you don't?" just like that.

Remember those old Pound Pippins?
In the orchard there they grew.
About the time of Christmas
Were the best I ever knew.

Though grass would take our melons
When it almost turned to sod.
The rows they were the longest.
They were almost forty rod.

The five of us worked in them
With plow, and all had hoes.
From roots we shook the dirt off.
Worked all morning on five rows.

When we had reached the far end,
Five rows we had all done.
Dad said had he been by himself,
He would have had but one.

Roviene gave me some money,
Was to catch the mail one day,
Get her a money order,
Send the order on its way.

I got there somewhat early.
On the show-case in the store,
There the money I left lying
Was seen by me no more.

No one said I was careless,
But I felt much like a cur.
So for my Summers wages,
I paid it all back to her.

One time This you asked me,
None at table could me beat,
If I ate from being hungry?
Or because I liked to eat?

Strawberries we were picking.
Here's why I remember that,
Parke found a soft strawberry,
Threw and smeared my old straw hat.

I took it all as funny,
Not a bit offended got.
He sort of lost his temper
After I returned the shot.

Was surprised he didn't like it,
Since he was who started it.
Most times he thought it only fair
If I caught up a bit.

You and Roviene both were there.
You may not have seen the play.
But we hit no hat again
As we picked along our way.

Five gallons of peach butter
Sat outside the house a bit.
A little rain fell that night,
Soured and ruined all of it.

Dad seemed to think it your fault.
Don't know how he figured that.
It was mentioned in the cellar.
Fern and he had quite a spat.

Little memories stay with us,
Though we travel many ways.
Some return from long ago.
From those pleasant Yesterdays.

Parke and I one time told you
To John Wann's would like to go.
The time was never mentioned
For just then we did not know.

A few days later we went.
No mention of it to you.
I guessed you had been worried
When with a switch, you got through.

We all planned to the Brockway,
On a fishing trip would go.
By noon I had sick headache.
But still would not say no.

Parke caught a fish and turtle.
This next day you told me.
I never left the wagon
Was so sick could hardly see.

When you and Earl got married
And you left the old home place.
I felt we'd lost our leader.
This, we all would have to face.

Though we all were older then
Than you were when Mother died.
You shouldered all her duties.
Seemed to do them with much pride.

I see your trials much clearer
Than did I a way back then.
If we suffered many hardships
I do not remember them.

We went along together
In harmony most the way.
No hard times are regretted,
Not by me unto this day.

Fern always tried to soften
Things up for us a bit.
Got things we mostly needed.
Seems he got much joy from it.

Too much strawberry short cake
We tried to eat one day.
Fern wished for a cow's stomach.
That was all he had to say.

When Parke began to wander
Not much at home you know.
He seemed little satisfied
Mattered not where he would go.

I think that's why remembered
Was the card he sent to me.
While wandering all around
Little word from him you see.

This I should have told to him
But did not occur to me.
So I'll put it in with yours
So at least that you may see.

In Florida he was working,
Helping build a new High Line.
That year sent me a greeting
First from him at Christmas time.

The verse I still remember.
Must have hit me pretty hard.
Made me feel like I was seeing
Born anew, an old time pard.

Quote:
"Remember the toys, the racket and noise,
The smiles and kisses of Mother?
That's why Christmas time
Always brings thoughts of my brother."

That was what he had sent to me
And it made me feel real glad.
Because now I could be sure
He was still the pal I had.

Memory of that card each Christmas
Comes back to fall amid
Other fond remembrances,
Of nice little things he did.

Now all of them have left us.
Just we two remaining yet.
Would hate to think I ever
Will those times back home forget.

Some are so clear in memory.
Maybe good overshadows bad.
When we were all together
Mostly good times seems we had.

Let's not worry of the future.
Think more of other days.
Call back good times that we had
In those golden Yesterdays.

(A SECRET)

With forty-three years of keeping
A secret of one who's gone.
Would it be fair to share it?
Or should I carry it on?

Till now I never mentioned
To a soul of what I did.
In this I found a secret
Until now had kept it hid.

Near forty-five years ago
On top of the folding bed
A letter Roviene had written
Like a sneak I saw and read.

Her boy friend, an old school mate,
From this letter this I got,
She wished him much happiness,
Although happy she was not.

In bidding him this farewell,
I know pain she suffered some,
For she said with this goodbye
She hoped soon the end would come.

I thought that just a message,
Was all this letter contained.
Had I guessed it held a secret
Up there it would have remained.

My heart bled for her sorrow.
Seems an unkind thrust of fate.
That hurt is long enduring
The only cure is to wait.

Early Spring, I think it was
When this farewell did occur.
A year from the next September
That end did come to her.

I think she got over it.
No mention of him she made.
I always thought that school mate
Was the one who should have paid.

(JUST A THOUGHT)

Praise to the living, should be said.
Not just honor for them when dead.
Flowers to the living, better shown,
Then those receiving will have known.

