



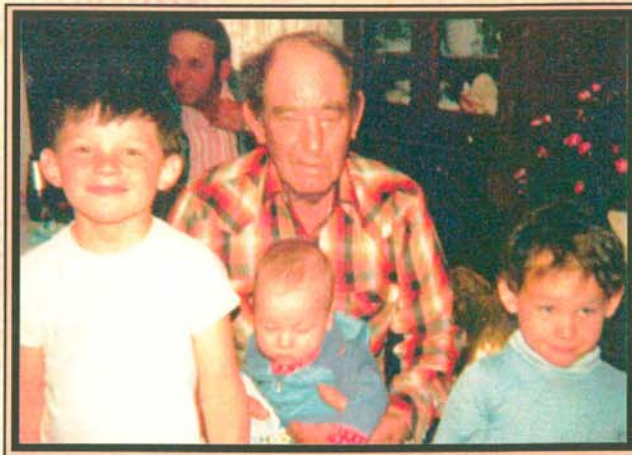
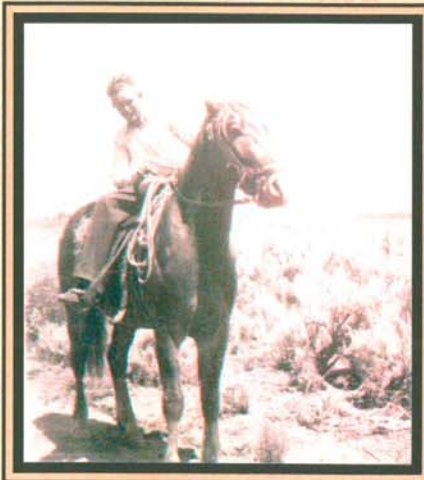
Final Harvest

*He was bound to the land from the day of his birth
His roots anchored deep in the fertile earth
Nurtured, sustained, by the soil he grew
And his life, like his furrows, ran straight and true.*

*In faith, each spring, he planted the seeds
In hope, to reap his family's needs
With patience, he waited for the harvest to come
To gather the fruits of his labor home.*

*Ever turning seasons, the years sped past
Til the final harvest came at last
Then claimed anew by
beloved sod
He was gathered home to
be with God.*

-Barbara W. Weber



Halloween

*There is a time of the year
called Halloween,
It is a time to scare people
and make them scream!*

*When the old witch on the
broomstick flies across the
sky,
she'll be out of sight in the blink
of an eye.*

*It is the time when the ghosts all romp and play —
always at night and never in the day.*

*And there is the pumpkin all nice and yellow
made into a jack-o-lantern — a funny looking little
fellow*

*with a nose and mouth and two big eyes,
there are big ones, little ones, and 'most every size.*

*Little goblins and ghosts knock on your door and say
"Trick or Treat!",
they have come to your house for a gift of something
sweet.*

*They go to the houses of the young and the old,
wearing their scary costumes and always so bold.*

*It is a joy for the little ones with laughter and gleam,
and this is what happens on the day called Halloween.*

Thomas H. Gilliland

