

We're going to show you...

The following poem, written by Ena Skene former FWIO board director, was presented at her area convention last fall. Home & Country readers may enjoy using it at one of their meetings.

We're going to show you
As well as we can
How the world sees the Women
Who make up our clan
Women's Institute members
Are normal, you know,
But the way the world sees us
Is not always so.

We think of ourselves
As plain Mary or Jane
And we don't think our actions
Are hard to explain
But I'm really surprised
And I'm sure you are too
At the way people see
All the things that we do.

To many fine people
The Housewife's our role
With a mop in one hand
And no hope in our soul
They see us as noble
Dependable creatures
With red dishpan hands
And nondescript features.

There are some folk who think
Doing crafts is our thing
That we knit and we knot
And we crochet with string
That we quilt and we sew
And we hook, rugs we mean
And we garden and plant
To keep Canada green.

Some people think gossip's
The thing that we do
And at meetings the air turns
A fine shade of blue
But we have to remind them
The men tell us more
When they come from the mail
Or the General Store.

And then there's the people
Who want a good meal
For a wedding, a banquet,
A Fair or Bonspiel
They don't have much money
'Cause somebody blew it
But they know that
The Institute women will do it.

There's a terrible image
We must put to rest
That we're all nearing ninety
And way past our best
We're seen as the grandmas
Who drink lots of tea
And talk of the way
That the world used to be.

The husbands left holding
The baby at home
When to meetings, conventions
And Minis we roam
They look at our Motto
And say with a groan
I'd mind the country
If she'd mind the home.

Some organizations see
Us as the goose
That lays golden eggs
That their projects could use
Their needs are so great
And their problems are worse
They'd love to dip into
The Institute purse.

They're never at home
They're all over the earth
At meetings in Kenya
And Hamburg and Perth
A Passport in one hand
A map in the other
You'd wonder their husbands
Don't go home to mother.

And then some folk think
Women's Lib is our cause
The radical fringe
Out there changing the laws
They ask us "Why haven't you
Burned your bra yet"
Well most of us need all
The help we can get.

So there's some of the ways
That the world seems to view us
Some candid appraisals
What harm can it do us
The view of the masses
Don't let it trouble
Nothing can hurt
A. C. W. W.