



### A HOME OF YESTERYEAR

This house of logs was once a home  
Where love abode and children played around the door,  
And still is loved, by some who dwelt therein,  
But those who made it first a home, are now no more.

"A candle's but a little thing  
It starts with just a bit of string.  
Yet dipped and dipped with patient hand,  
It gathers wax upon the strand  
Until, complete and snowy white  
It gives at last a lovely light.  
Life seems so like that bit of string.  
Each deed we do, a simple thing  
Yet day by day if on life's strand  
We work with patient heart and hand  
It gathers joy, makes dark days bright,  
And gives at last a lovely light.

-Author Unknown