

By the Way

Pearl Anderson

Come Walk With Me**By Pearl Anderson**

Come walk with me in the Winter world
As the clouds hurry by in a rolling whirl
Hear the soft waves sound, as they hiss on shore,
Come walk with me, there's still much more.

The beauty of snowflakes as they drift slowly down
To join diamond starred millions that cover the ground
The whispering sound of the wind in the trees
Still full of beauty though absent their leaves,
I could sing for joy as I stand and gaze
At a leafless birch with its soft misty haze.

May I knock on your door and ask you to come
We'll wander the byways, the pathways we'll roam
When the warm spring rains begin to fall
With the sound of birds as they sing and call;
Moss covered ground, 'neath the budding trees
Giving forth beauty of flowers, with bees
Soft humming, as they go on their way
A world full of joy on a lovely Spring Day.

There's beauty out there past your four closed walls,
Let's walk a while and enjoy it all
When the summer comes, and the grass grows tall,
The air so sweet with the scent that falls.
From the heavy flowers, as the earth pours forth
All the richness that is stored in the dark black earth,
The wind singing sweetly in leaf laden boughs,
This is our world, the here and the now.

Come walk with me when the Fall winds blow
Through the glory of Autumn its warmth and flow
All the beauty and colour that time can
bring

The lush golden grain, and the Harvest
that sings
Of the glory around, as the year grows
old.

Clear black nights, and starry heights
Come, walk about in the soft moon-
light.

There is so much here that we haven't
seen

Walk the lanes with me, and stop, and
dream.

THE WIARTON ECHO
OCT. 6, 1999

The Wiarnton Echo, Wednesday, December 8, 1999

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I was looking through my tapes for Christmas music this morning and found one that makes me feel good. Guitars, banjo, mouth organ and a deep bass toned instrument. All the old Christmas pieces, but with a happy lilt to them. Come and join me?

Around Christmas time it seems we have so many dinners. W.I. at Oliphant Wednesday night and I think I will join there. I can get a ride so it makes it better. Thursday night Sauble Beach W.I. ladies and their husbands met for a Christmas dinner at the Centennial restaurant Doreen Wrightson brought her husband Douglas and he brought his very special chord organ. It really brings music alive with all the different sounds. We joined in the Christmas choruses after a huge dinner. Doreen is our president and asked that three of our members present Mary Ruth, Mayble Trask and Vi Chambers with gifts including a poinsettia for each of them. Each lady so different, but they have worked hard to make our Women's Institute a very special part of our country's worthwhile projects.



Page 8 - The Wiarnton Echo, Wednesday, May 12, 1999

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A breezy, warm day, and we did get a little bit of rain. Now we will wait for some more, and hope it soaks into the ground a bit. On Thursday as we came home from W.I. at Zion Church, the sand and dust was blowing off the fields just like a mist. I have decided that my dusting can wait for another day. Everything took on a grey tinge overnight.

We had a very interesting time at Women's Institute yesterday. We are so happy to have some of the Hepworth ladies coming as their W.I. was disbanded. I was glad to see Mary Ruth again. It has been quite a while and I have always enjoyed her joyous outlook on life. We had a great time at lunch sitting at the same table with her daughter-in-law and Esther Hutchison. Happiness surrounded us as we ate a lovely Spring luncheon. Doreen Wrightson had the meeting well organized, and the meetings for the next year ready for planning, nicely typed out as to what we should do. It is wonderful to be so well organized. We are to take a trip to Blythe in June to enjoy a play, several special meetings planned, visiting different places in the area, and learning a few more things to put in our memory book. This will be our last meeting at our dear old Zion Church and Mayble Trask took us on a trip down Memory Lane, and brought our minds back in time to the beginning of our Women's institute in this area. Over the years the work of the ladies has been amazing and I am always wishing the newer residents of the area could be aware of their accomplishments. So much talent that it makes me envious. The work at the Cemetery Flower Beds was originally done by Hepworth and Zion Institutes and now we are joined with Hepworth we will have help from them again. Some of the children of original members will be our helpers. We will be leaving many memories behind us when we go to the new Church, but will have lots of things to think about that are new.

Page 8 - The Wiarnton Echo, Wednesday, July 14, 1999

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On Thursday of this week the Zion Amabel Women's Institute met for the first time in the new Zion United Church. Changes mean adjustments, and our comfortable old Church meeting place will take a while to forget. Time changes things. The meeting was opened by the Ode and the Mary Stewart Collect. A bible reading was given by our President Doreen Wrightson. The business was discussed and we were glad to have seen the picture of Joel Mizen and others in the Wiarnton Echo, Joel received the award for General Efficiency that we give each year. It is good to see the young people receiving credit

for good educational ability. We give an award each year to Zion Amabel Community School and the Hepworth school. Our group had a nice trip to Blythe recently where they enjoyed the play, "That Summer", after which they stopped at the "Fireside Cafe" near Wingham. Sixteen ladies enjoyed lunch together. It is nice to do something different once in a while. What is that old saying "A change is as good as a rest. I got off the track, so will get back to the program part of our meeting. My granddaughter Taia who loves to help, came and sang a duet with me, and also after a bit of persuasion sang us a little song she had learned at her Church. A voice as sweet as a bird made me glad to hear as I am sure the other ladies enjoyed it also. My topics for the meeting was International Affairs, which had my son Leslie getting some bits of wisdom from the Internet for me. I was sleepless the night before and went over things very thoroughly. I tried to find something a little different. Vi Chambers just brought me an Apple fritter nice and hot. She said the meeting was fine. That just made my day. I read one of my poems which I wrote 40 years ago. Come walk with me.

A Breath of Spring

By Pearl Anderson with love
In shaded glen the violets grow
Midst moss and fern their colour
glows
The mayflower shows its dainty
head
Among dead leaves, its winter
bed.
With sound of water, singing
birds,
Woodland flowers, Spring have
heard.
Stretching upward in filtered
Sun,
To bring us joy, when Spring has
come.

THE WIARTON ECHO MAY 5
1999