

Sonnet for Margaret
November, 1958

O Margaret, in such a joy as this,
In such a time, when labor is complete,
Complete, yet not, when joy and pain can meet
With both forgot, could now a touch or kiss
Speak out, speak thanks, speak for a grateful bliss
For ever-growing, ever-wid'ning joys,
For one, then two, then three, bright eager boys,
Now capped with this - a winsome little miss?

And yet they are not here for our delight
Though joy they be, but for our growth in skills
Of wisdom, patience, God-entrusted wills,
Of lives enshrining Love and Truth and Right.

Please return !