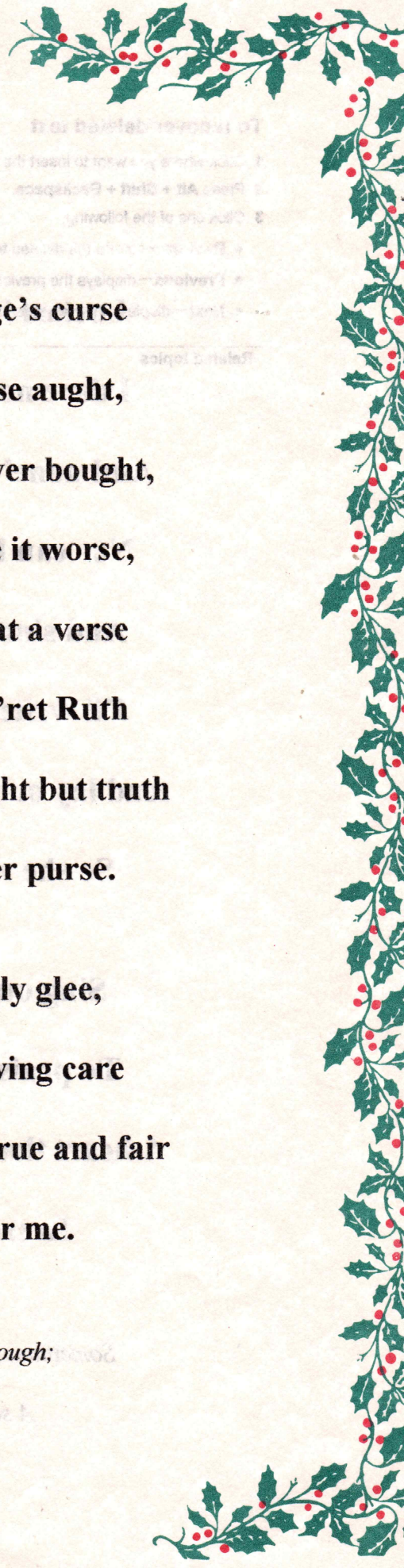
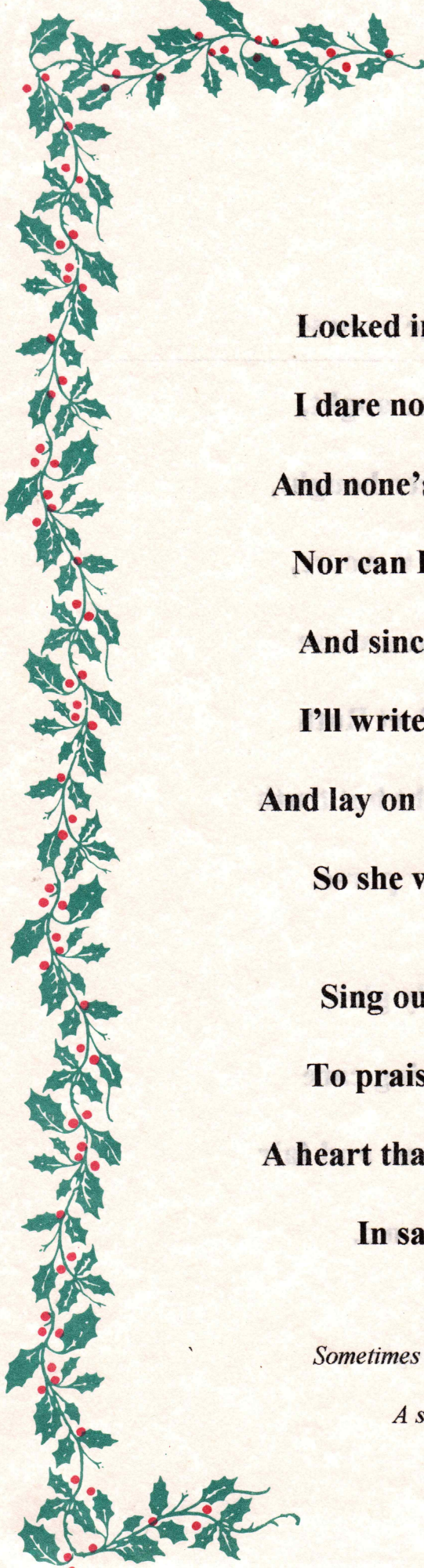




THE CARE GIVER

Locked in with age's grief and age's curse
I dare not "go on line" to purchase aught,
And none's enough to work, however bought,
Nor can I make a thing, but make it worse,
And since no bauble ring will beat a verse
I'll write a sonnet then for Marg'ret Ruth
And lay on wording lines with naught but truth
So she will have an honor for her purse.

Sing out O Muse, sing out in holy glee,
To praise her loving skill and loving care
A heart that's pure, a heart that's true and fair
In sacrificial service – just for me.

Sometimes she's soft, sometimes she's very rough;

A sergeant major TLC is tough.