

When The Leaves Had Turned To Red And Gold  
Pamelia Clark (My Cousin)

She, as the bright-hued leaves in autumn  
Hurried to and fro;  
First to one home of sorrow and distress,  
Then on to another;  
Ever with a smile, a basket of provisions,  
A bundle of much-needed clothing,  
Or one of dainty white things.

In her home reigned order and refinement.  
Like Abraham Lincoln, she, too,  
"Knew not ingratitude."  
As a friend stood beside her bed a few days ago,  
The words she spoke--as to everyone--were  
"I appreciate your coming,  
Not alone today, but each time,  
And all you have done for me."

Her dancing feet loved so much to trip along  
To the time of old-fashioned music.  
And in the dance as elsewhere:  
The life and inspiration of the party,  
No one being friendless or alone  
When Pamelia arrived.

How fitting her passing came when the dancing leaves  
Made sweet music. So typical of the things  
In life she loved best to do.  
And the colors which suited her so well:  
Red for love, and Gold for true worth.

--Enez Thornton Hoff,  
via Owen E. Clark, 1964.