

Where was the inspiration to poetry,
In 1960 ... when our journey began?
Mae was my lovely, lovely bride,
Me...? ... Her skinny, be-spectacled man!

If Church mice were poor
We were poorer still;
Living in the Stone's apartment,
At \$65 per month, seems a good deal!

Mae's job as registrar typist ...
Was convenient ... but pay "meager"
I took my class notes to the factory,
To get my degree ... I was eager!

Our black n'white TV ...
T'was all anyone had,
Paid for ours at \$5 per month,
Establishing credit ... not so bad.

Our car was a "shared" one,
For Mother, a kindergarten car was alright;
I drove it to the Aladdin factory,
then brought it home ... about mid-night.

Made it to Valdosta during Christmas,
A twelve hour trip in those days.
A cold snap had the wood stoves burning.
Enjoying the "pioneering" or "country" ways.

Cindy n'Jenny gave up the middle bedroom
... for their sister and her new "spouse";
I just ducked the bedroom clothes line,
And tried to find a warm spot in that house.

Mae's dad and brother were friendly,
Took me out for a "duck shoot";
I had no experience with such sporting,
So appreciated the loan of warm boots.

"Suggie" ... as she would later be called,
Could make that wood stove really work;
Cooked some great gourmet meals and
We visited Momma Mae's for a "Christmas perk".

Back home our little tree was tiny
Sat on a table to be seen,
But we were joyful none-the-less
Cause we were started on "life's dreams"

So our 1960 year ended,
Should have written this much at the start,
Did not know the tradition would catch on;
Or some would enjoy ... rhymes from the heart.

