

Poems written by Mother's friends at time of her birthday.

P, for Paralee, our dear sweet pal, your Pal, My pal, everybody's pal.
Whatever's to be, whatever's indited, wherever it is Aunt Pal is invited.
If a dance, Pal is there on the fling, If a funeral, Pal is there to sing.
If a wedding with Ciond in season, Now what is the reason?
I've tried to solve it, Yes, even resolved it, the problem was mixed,
But I've got it fixed. Pal is so fine in manners and face, they won't pass
her up, not any place, She comes with her pails full of sunshine and joy,
Tis her part, I think she carries it all in her heart,
She chatters and scatters her sunshine here and there,
There and here and every where, she sings like a lark,
And prays like a preacher, preaches, like a Priest and advises like a teacher
She is good all thru', Our dear Gal, She never speaks lightly of any one but Pal.

(Every one who knew mother in her home town called her Aunt Pal)

(This poem was written by Rene Rancher, one of Mother's many friends.)

Another poem written is as follows:

I want to speak of Paralee in words of Praise
Just as we found her in by-gone days
She labored for years with our children so dear
In her Primary work she tried to make clear
To their dear little minds the Gospel Plan
And exercised patience as few women can
Her life has been one of sacrifice, never forgetting those in distress
Cheering them up in their darkest hours and giving them her best.