

Poetry Page



This is my mothers drawing and one of her poems.
This old bridge is now a historical landmark
near where I live now.

Ode To The Old Covered Bridge

by Blanche Bradford Harryman

Many times I've passed your way,
Never dreaming that some future day,
You would be a relic of the past.

Oh, the stories you could tell,
A young man and his gal
lingering neath your shade to rest.

People bowed with pain and care,
Seemed to find surcease while there,
The initials carved on your wall
Bring precious memories to recall.

Today we rarely see a covered bridge,
One so human like and strong,
When we do, we pause awhile
Then with sorrow say "So Long..."



This is the covered bridge in Wimer
still there today.

Poetry Page

Stepping In Daddy's Tracks

poem by Blanche Harper Bradford

Published in 1980, the book "Sparks from the Forge of Victory"

I was plodding through the new snow
Making my way to the street;
Hearing my son call, "Daddy,"
I turned around to seek
The reason he was following me.
He soberly answered back,
"Don't step so far, Daddy,
Cause I'm stepping in your tracks."

I turned and carried the youngster
Into the house again —
Then continued my journey
Down to the city's main.
I dropped in with the boys
At the gambling house in town;
After warming myself a bit,
To a table I sat down.

In merriment and glee;
When suddenly my son's words,
Came strangely home to me.
Would I choose him to loiter
Around a gambling den
Or other questionable places,
All laden with vice and sin?

I tried to console myself
That this could never be;
But the truth flashed home again,
"My son is following me."
As I was leaving the gang,
One asked, "When will you be back?"
"Never again," I shouted,
"Sonny's stepping in my tracks."

I graduated from North Seattle Community College, while holding down a full time job at State of Washington. For our graduation I wrote the following poem. This is a picture of me at age 53 was a nurse.

Some make the grade when they are young
Some have a long long climb
I scaled the ladder rung by rung
And even fallen off some times
The greatest sacrifice of my life
But one that made my life worth while
Was knowing I had done my best
To make my children smile

A womans pay is far far short-
in a world of grabbing hands-
Moon lighting seemed to be the only way
To meet the worlds demands.
So if I seem a wee bit proud
As I become an L.P.N. (nurse)
Please forgive, for I have worked hard-
And today— I PROUDLY AM.
by Freda Babcock

