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Leona Finch George

IT'S HISTORY

Where have they gone, those feet so long since still;
In what fair vales have lingered,
Or climbed what rocky hill
To gaze with awe on splendors spread beneath?

What beauties have their tired eyes refreshed,
Or sorrows caused those eyes to brim with tears?
What glad light flamed within their liquid depth
As loved ones' lives unfolded o'er the years?

Those tired hands what gentleness have shown;
What toil to carve a nation from the raw
Unmolded wilderness they found on each frontier
As on they journeyed in life's great unknown.

Leona Finch George

August 1960



HISTORY OF MARY JENNETT DAVIS

(as related by her)

My mother, Amy Annie Sawyer, was born in London, England, 3 March 1854, of a family of 2 girls and 5 boys. Her family was wealthy in England; but when they came to "Zion", for some reason I do not know, a lawsuit arose over property. They paid a lawyer, all of the family contributing, but finally lost the suit due to lack of funds.

My father's name was Davis Thomas Davis. He was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, 4 March 1894. He was the son of David Woodwell Davis of Wales and Mary Deer of Lancuke, Wales. The only difference in my parents' age was the difference in England and America's time.

I was born 25 June 1884 at Malad City, Idaho. I had 3 brothers and 4 sisters.

My father ran freight wagons from Malad down into Utah. He wore a buckskin suit and was known as "Buckskin Tom." He was working for Ben Waldren at this time. He also farmed and worked in saw mills at various times. We did not own our own home, so moved around frequently, living sometimes in log or sometimes frame houses under very primitive conditions. My mother never lived in a house with water in it, or any modern facilities. The family being very poor my mother knitted mittens, wool cuffs, sox and "fascinator" which she sold to augment the family income.

My mother's mother was Annie Cohen Sawyer of England. She held a degree from an English university and was a doctor by profession. She was a very fine, sweet woman. Everyone loved her. She cared for the sick for miles around. She raised besides her own 7 children, a family of six for her son whose wife died.

She was a little, short, broad-faced lady with a smile on her face and kindness in her heart for everyone. She served as Relief Society President in Malad for twenty years.

My father's mother (Mary Deer Davis of Wales) was a milliner and seamstress and also ran the post-office in Samaria for many years. She was kind but very thrifty, almost to the point of stinginess.

My first memories are of attending a private Presbyterian school and LDS Sunday School in the morning and Presbyterian in the afternoon. Although we were all born under the covenant, my father at this time was of a divided mind.

We attended the LDS dances but had to keep it from the Presbyterian teachers as they did not believe in dancing.

To observe 4 July we always had a big celebration at the "Bowery" behind the LDS Church. Patriotic speeches and reading aloud of the Declaration of Independence was the program. For amusement we had tugs of war and ran foot races. The prize in the race was a paper bag of candy and paper fans which could be opened and changed into many shapes and colors. We always rode to the celebration in a wagon, all dressed in ruffled calico or voile dresses with big hats turned up in back or front with streamers of ribbon on them, our hair combed "pompadour." At Christmas time we had a community program and tree where all the children received gifts from "Santa." (Speaking of this reminds me of the time when I was 4 years old and my mother-- Mary Jennett Davis Finch--was Santa at one of these community trees at Fish Creek. She was to make her entrance from outside. While she was waiting for her cue, the dogs got after her and she had to make a hurried entrance. As she did so, she grasped the stage curtain with her left hand and, sitting in the audience, I recognized her wedding ring. It was difficult to explain to a child of four why Santa wore mother's wedding ring. From that time on doubt dwelt in my heart. Remarks by L. F. George). To continue my mother's story "In the afternoon we always had a children's dance."

"My Father was a drama teacher and organized a sort of 'community players.' They gave plays in all the towns around Samaria. Mother and father and my elder sister, Louise, always took part in them. Two of the plays were "East Lynn" and "Lost in London."

Some of my dearest childhood playmates were

Pheobe Williams, Bessie Davis, and Stella Bowen, sister of the late apostle Albert Bowen. He used to ride by our house looking very tall and handsome on his horse.

One New Year's Day when he and a friend were riding through our field, I called, "Happy New Year, Bert and Lew." They lifted their hats and replied, "Happy New Year to you, Ma'am."

After attending private school four or five years, I went to public school. I always ran away from school to miss spelling. When Father found out, he made me go and ask forgiveness of the teacher.

I was 'chief cook and bottle washer' for mother. I scrubbed floors, cooked meals, washed dishes, baked bread, washed diapers and cared for the younger children, and ran errands for her.

In the summer of 1897 I was baptized in the old grist mill pond as was my brother Eynon.

Our family did not attend church due to my father's strong antagonism, although we did attend Primary regularly.

As we grew older, when living at Bannock, we would take turns meeting at the homes of various young people after Sunday School to have dinner and play games.

When I was 19 years of age, a widow named Mary Ann Finch, who had two sons, Irah and Dennis, moved into a small frame house about two fields from us.

One day Louise and I decided to call on Mrs. Finch. The two boys were there and they escorted us home. I remember we came to a ditch, and Irah, who was escorting Louise, very gallantly helped her across and then turned around in time to see me jump the ditch. He laughed and said, "Yump, Emily!"

After a few months Louise and Irah were married and moved to Louistone to live.

In the meantime I went to Pocatello to 'work for my keep.' I was working for Mrs. Burton when Dennis and I decided to marry.

Taking a lunch with us, we drove from Pocatello to Bannock--a full day's trip--in a one-horse buggy

with a balky horse. We crossed the Bannock Indian Reservation, stopping to eat by a farm house. We ate and fed the horse beside a little stream.

We had supper with my parents that night, and next morning, 3 May 1904, my father, who was a justice of the peace, married us.

Eynon, my elder brother, and Dennis pitched pennies to see if we would stay there that night and Eynon would get up a chivarri for us or we should go back to Pocatello. Dennis won.

He had a job driving a milk wagon for Hawfine Dairy. They gave him 3 days off, and Dennis' brother Will and his wife Mary came in and took us to their ranch on the Portneuf River near McCammon Junction to spend our honeymoon.

We lived with Dennis' mother in a little four room shanty dug in the side of the mountain for a while at Pocatello. Then we moved to Lewisville and lived near Louise and Irah for one summer.

An amusing incident occurred when we lived at Lewisville. One evening a neighbor, Mr. Baker, came to call on Louise and Irah. Dennis was there at the time. I went to open the door for him and in the dusk mistook Mr. Baker for my husband. I put my elbow on his shoulder and said, "Don't you think it's about time we were going home?" Of course, they all laughed, and I was so embarrassed I ran away laughing and then crying!

My first child, Annie Leona Finch, was born shortly after we moved back to Pocatello--Tuesday, 24 January 1905 at 10:00 a.m., in a small frame house belonging to Mrs. M. A. Finch, Dennie's mother. She took care of me. The doctor was Dr. Castle. About five or six months before her birth, I had fallen backwards from a horse and was unconscious or irrational for three or four days. This may have accounted for the fact that I had a very hard delivery.

Shortly after Leona's birth, we went to Bannock and lived in my dad's granary while Dennis farmed Dad's place.

The next summer, June 1905, we packed our worldly goods in a covered wagon and started for Carey, Idaho. Irah and Louise had preceded us there.

The first night we camped at American Falls, 'a little side water' place then. My baby cried and screamed for two hours. A lady came over to help me, and we finally quieted her.

We crossed the Snake River in a flat-bottomed ferry at Minidoka. When we went to pull up out of the sand dunes along the river, our wagon stuck in the sand. We worked for two hours putting sage under the wheels to corduroy the road, shoveling and pushing. We still had the old balky mare, so finally we had to take her out of the traces and hook up Bessie, a young colt Dennis had given me for a wedding present, and she pulled us out.

We cooked on camp fires and carried our water in barrels on the wagon. However, we tried to camp where there was water.

We camped at Morley Bridge just southeast of where Richfield is now located one night. We travelled about fifteen or twenty miles a day.

Irah was working for Martin Lawson at Carey, so we went there and lived and Dennis worked in the hay.

We lived in a tent on the Alf Billingsley place for awhile; then took up homestead on the East Fork of Fish Creek.

When I was expecting my second child and Louise her third, we moved into Carey to live with Louise and Irah.

When Net (Nancy Jennett Finch Gunter) was born, 10 October 1906, at Carey, Idaho, we took up another homestead on Fish Creek about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of my parents' claim on East Fish Creek.

Here we lived in a two-room log cabin. My sister Vivian lived with us for awhile; then married George Sparks and moved to a large two-story frame house about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles east across the meadow from us. Dennis drove the mail while we lived here.

Ben Ralls was the postmaster and the office was at his home. Louise and Irah homesteaded near us and 'Grandma Finch', the boys' mother (Mrs. M. A. Finch) lived on their place in a small house the boys built for her.

One incident of my girlhood has humor and what might have been tragedy in it. My father owned a grocery store on Bannock and the Indians from the Reservation came there to trade.

Wild Bill, one of the Bannock chiefs, offered Dad twenty buckskin horses for Louise. After she married, he offered the same for me, and when he was refused, he rode round the store shooting.

When I was ten years old, our family had typhoid. My sisters, Vivian and Georgia, and I contracted it. Georgia contracted meningitis and died. (Georgia Davis b. 5 December 1888 d. 18 December 1895.)

While I was ill, I dreamed I took Georgia and Vivian in the lake to swim. They began to drown. I was able to save Vivian, but when I went to get Georgia, she was gone. Grandmother Davis said it was an omen.

When I was fifteen years old I rode from Malad to Arbon with my father on the running gears of a wagon and took my little brother Dave (David Thomas Davis b. 25 May 1896; killed in France, First World War, 28 July 1918). I made 'guineas' to amuse him --a stick sharpened on each end which was laid across another stick and struck tossing it into the air, the owner trying to guess how many 'jumps' it would make before landing. He called them 'goo goos.'

In 1911 we sold our homestead and took up a desert claim where West Fork ran into Fish Creek. The site is now covered by the waters of Fish Creek Dam. It was a beautiful home site lying in a small canyon with West Fork running close to the frame house we built.

That summer I did a lot of fishing. Once I got a large trout on and in my excitement threw him

over my head. He came off the hoos and sailed into the watercress spring close by. I made a dive and landed flat on my stomach, the fish beneath me in the watercress, mud and water. How the children laughed (three children now as Arvie Dennis Finch had been born while we were living in Carey 30 October 1908.)

The blue grouse were thick that summer. I killed thirteen of them with rocks; one I killed by throwing my slipper at him.

December 1912 we bought a sheep wagon and packing our belongings moved to Jerome, Idaho.

We lived in the wagon the rest of that winter, then the next two years rented farms. One of them was the John Hartshorn place four miles north and one east of Jerome.

In 1914 we bought 40 acres which now forms the southwest corner of the Jett Ward ranch.

Here we were living when my mother passed away (Amy Annie Sawyer Davis b. 3 Mar 1854; d. 14 Jan 1918).

After her death we sold our forty acres and bought Dad's small acreage which had a better house and Dennis worked for wages.

September 1922 we again sold this time we loaded our effects into a Model T Ford and with the Petzold family moved to Hood River, Oregon.

Work and wages were much better there. I packed all kinds of fruit thus increasing the family income.

For the first five years we rented, then Den got a job with the highway department and we bought the Andrus place, a large old-fashioned house on the east slopes of Hood River Valley. It had a majestic view of all the valley with Mt. Hood guarding it at one end and Mt. Adams at the other.

I made the grounds beautiful with flowers and shrubs. The house stood above the road, and I made rock gardens on the banks. People used to drive up from the valley to see them.

The house burned, and we built a lovely modern home on its site.

In 1939 Den lost his job on the highway, so we sold our home and moved to Parkdale where we bought a dairy ranch in partnership with Arvle. Then in 1943 we moved to Hobart, Washington, where we bought a place close to Arvle.

In 1944 we again went in partnership with him, this time buying a large herd and modern barn at Carnation, Washington. Here we prospered, but Arvle was not content, so in late December 1945 we sold, shipped our dairy cattle, and loading our household goods in trucks were on our way again. My daughter Nettie and her husband Orlin Gunter moved with us as did Arvle and his wife Jane.

We arrived in Jerome, Idaho, 1 January 1946. Arvle bought the old McGee place three miles south and six miles west of Jerome, and Orlin and Den each bought acreages from him and built on them.

In 1950 I began attending church. The missionaries, Golden Barlow and his wife Myra, gave us the lessons. My daughter Nancy Jennett Gunter was baptized. Dennis was baptized 3 June 1953, and 16 June 1954 we went to the Temple and were married for time and eternity.

My parents are living on this acreage at the time of this writing, 27 September 1960, and we own the place originally bought by Arvle who passed away 14 January 1960.

Leona Finch George

Her husband passed away 27 October 1960, so she was left alone but was just as cheerful, witty and courageous as ever.

On 1 January 1962 her house caught fire from defective wiring. I had been having nightmares for three months in which I would hear her calling me. Twice during that period I jumped up and ran over to see how she was.

On this night I again heard her call and going out saw her silhouetted against the flames. Just as I got over she turned and went into the dark and smoke-filled house. I followed calling, but she did not answer. The fumes were getting hotter.

finally my hand touched her arm and I drew her outside.

The loss of her house and all the things was a terrible blow to her but she faced it bravely and with a spirit and independence which made us proud of her.

She rented a small house from Deleia and Bob Hellewell and it soon looked like 'home' under her magic touch. She continued to crochet, knit and embroider, always cheerful and with a ready wit and sympathy for everyone still held her place in our lives and hearts.

She passed away 15 July 1965 after a three-day illness in the St. Benedicts Hospital which she had only entered for a check-up.

Dennis, my son whom she had kept for me from ages six to fourteen hurried home from Texas, but arrived too late to see her.

One thing happened while they were home which I know would have made their dear grandmother very happy--they went to the Idaho Falls Temple and were married for all eternity taking their 5 children to be sealed to them.

We miss her so much but would not be so selfish as to wish her back to this 'vale of tears' for we know that she is with her other loved ones who must have missed her all these years as we are missing her now--the beloved little sister Georgia who passed away while mother was so ill, her mother whom she was so close to and for whom she did so many kind and thoughtful things, the beloved brother whom she practically raised who lies in honor on the poppy-strewn battlefields in France who made the great and final sacrifice for mankind, her father, and brother Ted, Louise the sister she lived with during their married lives so much that we children were more like brothers and sisters than cousins. With all these to welcome her, I am sure her 'home-coming' was a most wonderful and joyous one and that is the way I like to think of her.

Adu. Leona Finch George

JOHN WARD, LOUISE WARD

Historical note: This was her second husband whom she loved dearly. They lived in a large, white ranch house on West Fork. The graveyard there is where her husband, John; son, Leo; and daughter, Thelma, are buried. John died of a ruptured appendix. Leo was accidentally shot by a friend on the porch at home and died under the Falls on south side of Blue Lakes Canyon road on way to hospital. Thelma died of pneumonia.



John Ward and Louise Ward

Historical note: This picture was taken July 4 about 1911. We lived in the log cabin on Fish Creek. The community held a picnic. Arvle, dressed as a soldier, sang "We're Going Down to Cuba." He could not talk plain as yet. We were playing along a stream this day and I lost a string of milky white beads in the water. The aspen grove where we had the picnic was cool and lovely; is no longer there, only stunted trees.



Vivian Davis, Loise Finch, Amy Davis, Jennett Finch
Thomas Davis, Amy Davis

Historical Note: Grandpa Davis took his two boys down and had their picture taken when Dave enlisted in the army, 1916.



David Thomas Davis, Frederick William Davis
David Thomas Davis

Historical note: Amy Annie Cohen b. 1 Aug 1835, Bethelgreen, London, England. m. William Sawyer, Jr. Was graduate of University of England with a doctor's degree; practiced medicine in Malad, Samaria, Arbon, to raise her family after her husband died 7 Mar 1876. She died 28 Dec 1915, at Malad, Idaho.



Annie Cohen Sawyer & her son Joseph Sawyer

Historical note: This picture was taken on or near 1 July 1933, at the celebration of 25th anniversary (wedding) of Eynon Leon Davis and Rachel Jones Davis. Family and friends came from everywhere. They had a good program. Mother (Jennett Finch) and Aunt Louise (Louise Davis Ward Shawver) dressed as a man and a maid and enacted "Tiptoe Through the Tulips". They had a big mock wedding. Mother and Dad were living at Hood River, Oregon, at the time and they drove up for the affair. This is all of the family and their wives and husbands except George Sparks, husband of Vivian Sparks, who was not present.



Mock Wedding - 25th
Eynon & Rachel Davis

GRANVILL DENNIS FINCH

My father, Granvill Dennis Finch, was born at Brady Island, Nebraska, 26 April 1875. He is the son of Mary Ann Robbins Finch of Ohio and Thomas Jethero Finch of Ohio. The house in which he was born was built by his father of prairie sod with sod roof. It stood on the banks of Pawnee Creek, a small stream running down out of the sand hills. The banks of the creek were timbered with willows and some cottonwood trees. As a boy he used to catch chub and sunfish from its clear waters. His father, two sisters, and one brother died of typhoid fever when he was only 1 year 9 months old. The father's death left his wife, Mary Ann, with six children and a grandson, Joseph Seymore, one year nine months old --Dennis and Joseph were born the same day.

They lived for seven or eight years in the same cabin with the mother taking in washings and working out by the day to keep the family together. The boys worked out in the hay fields, hoed corn, or anything they could find to do. They made 25 to 50 cents a day by working from dawn to dark.

Father started to school at the age of seven years. They walked a mile and a half to the one-room school house. Anny Snyder was the name of his first school teacher.

When Dennis was about six or seven, the Pawnee Indians made a raid and stole all of the family's work and saddle horses. They had to do some 'trading around' to replace them.

In his fifteenth year they sold the homestead and moved into Brady Island. They bought a little three-room frame house and their mother opened a restaurant. Here again the boys helped washing the dishes, etc., to lighten their mother's heavy load. Here they made a living until they moved west.

While in Brady Island Dennis attended school up to the eighth grade. He had trouble with the boy behind him in class, and the teacher took the other boy's part, and Dennis quit school.

While they were living on Pawnee Creek, John, the eldest son, married May Kelly. Ephrian, another brother, married Nina Cannon and Nancy, the sister, married Walter James. This left four boys at home--William, Irah, Dennis and the nephew Joe Seymour.

After quitting school, Dennis worked for his brother, John, and an uncle riding horses on the race track. One was Jim Cocher and John Snider another. One of the great horses he often mentioned was Bill Heizer, one of the first racing strains that came to Nebraska. He was a light sorrel. They went to Lincoln to race, and Dennis won the $\frac{1}{2}$ repeat handicap on him. He was the best race horse in his class in the country.

While they lived on Pawnee Creek, Buffalo Bill used to come to their ranch. Dad says he would shoot the heads off their turkeys and then give them tickets to his show and money to pay for them. He goes on: "He dressed in a cavalry uniform--that was in the days before his hair was white. It was a dark brown, he wore it long and it fell in waves on his shoulders. He also wore a goatee and mustache."

In 1886 they had a terrible winter. Dad says, "One night when Mother and the older children had gone to a literary society the wind blew the door open and the children were afraid to get up and close it as there was a terrible blizzard raging outside. When Mother got home, the house was full of cattle that had taken refuge from the storm. When we'd go out to the barn or go skating, the cattle were so hungry and desperate they would chase us onto the ice. We would go out to drive them in and find them leaning against the fence, starved and frozen in their tracks."

"Mother stored all the food she could raise in our garden--cabbage, beans, carrots, turnips and spuds. We kids would go up into the canyon of the Platte River to gather wild plums, currants, choke cherries and buffalo berries. Mother preserved these berries by putting a layer of berries and a layer of sugar in a crock. The plums made delicious jam. We

took our corn and wheat to the miller to be ground and would pay for the grinding with a part of it. For meat we raised our own cattle and hogs and we boys hunted in the sand hills for elk, deer, and antelope." Dad said, "I have seen flocks of geese and swan so thick they blotted out the moon. The men from Carney, Plum Creek, Willow Island, and Omaha used to come up and go out in boats on a moonlit night and use swivel guns and slaughter them by the thousands, picking the feathers and selling them and letting the birds lie there to rot.

"The spring after the terrible winter of 1886, when the snow melted, we could walk from our cabin one and a half miles to Brady and never step off the carcass of a dead critter. The Platte River flooded over its banks and carried the carcasses away.

"We went to the Methodist Church and Sunday School in Brady Island. My mother taught us to be honest and self reliant. If we would go away in the morning and forget to cut wood for her, when we got home in the evening we would find only the axe on the table."

In 1895 Dennis decided to seek his fortune in the West, so he went to Pocatello, Idaho. In 1898 he freighted from Dillon, Montana, to Bannock, Idaho, hauling cord wood to a gold dredge. They ran 23 days and one day when he came along they were cleaning the dredge and took out \$2,300 in gold dust. While in Montana he also rode the range on the Crow Reservation. He worked at firing in the refinery in Anaconda, Montana, then came back to Pocatello for a year.

Will and Mary joined him in Pocatello two or three years after he came West. His mother came West a year or so after Will. Nancy, their sister, and her husband lived at McCammon Junction and she made her home with them for a year or two. Then she came to Pocatello. They rented a house, and she made a home with Iran, another son, and Dad who were the only single ones left. They were living at Pocatello and Dad was working at the railroad round house, firing stationary engines at the turn of the century.

I have often heard him tell of blowing the whistle-- he opened it wide open and tied it that way, as did all the whistle blowers in Pocatello that night.

They moved to Bannock in 1901. After they were nicely settled, two young ladies called on Mrs. Finch--Mary Jennett Davis and Annie Louise Davis. Dad and Uncle Irah 'just happened' to be there, so they escorted the girls home. Louise and Irah were married in 1902; Jennett and Dennis 3 May 1904 by Mother's father, David Thomas Davis, who was a justice of the peace. Their first child, Annie Leona Finch, was born 24 January 1905.

In June of 1905 they loaded all their possessions into a covered wagon and leading Bessie, a young mare Dad had given Mother for a wedding present, started for Carey, Idaho, across the Minidoka desert. They drove from Bannock to American Falls the first day. They arrived at Minidoka on the second day. Here they had to cross the Snake River by ferry. When leaving the Minidoka Ferry, they got stuck in the sand. One of their horses was balky, so they finally had to take her out of the harness and put Bessie in to get out of the sand. They camped at Morley that night, and the next day pulled into Carey, Idaho, to the Martin Lawson ranch where Dad went to work.

That summer (1906) they moved out on the East Fork of Fish Creek and built a small one-room log cabin. Later a lean-to was added for a kitchen and they had a cellar out by the house, dug in the ground with a pole and sod roof.

Two more children were born to them there, a daughter Nancy Jennett Finch 10 October 1906, and a son Arvle Dennis Finch 30 October 1908. They were born on the old Cherry place at Carey. While living at Fish Creek, Dad carried the mail. I remember he used a sleigh in the wintertime and when he came home the icicles would be frozen on his mustache. We used to watch eagerly for him, and he would bring us old-fashioned chocolate drops.

In 1912 they took up a desert claim on West Fork just above where it flows into Fish Creek. The site is covered by water from Fish Creek Dam today. I have many happy childhood memories of this place--of fishing with Mother, of the time she caught a large trout and became so excited she threw it over her head and it landed in a watercress spring not far away. She ran for it and landed right on her stomach in the watercress on top of the fish.

But all lovely things must end, so in December 1912 they again loaded their possessions into a sheep camp this time, and in the dead of winter with snow up to the wagon tongue, set out for Jerome, Idaho. They spent the winter of their arrival living in the sheep camp. The next summer they farmed a place three-fourths mile north of the old Grandview school. I remember the next winter well. The rabbits were so thick in those days they would eat under the haystacks until the stacks would tilt to one side. We used to go out and shoot them on moonlight nights and see them run out from under the stacks--countless numbers of them, so many that the snow would be black and packed hard as though a band of sheep had trampled it. Dad used to let us hide out in the remnants of the hay stacks; then when the rabbits came up, Dad would shoot them. He used to skin them and dry their hides and sell them for ten cents a hide.

In 1914 Dad farmed the old Hartshorn place, four miles north and one mile east of Jerome, Idaho. That fall he bought forty acres, two south and one quarter east of the Grandview school. We lived there till the fall of 1922 when we again moved.

This time in a Model T touring car with the Petzold family we went to Hood River, Oregon. Here he worked in the fruit one fall, then got a job driving truck for the Highway Department. He helped build the first Mt. Hood Loop Highway and worked on the maintenance crew until 1937. In 1938 they moved to Parkdale, Oregon, then in 1943 to Maple Valley, Washington; and a year later to Carnation where they bought a large dairy ranch in partnership with Arvie.

In January 1946 they moved back to Jerome, Idaho. In 1953 the Stake Missionaries contacted him--Alice and Lee Hendrickson first with not much success; then Myra and Golden Barlow became his missionaries and 13 June 1953 he was ready for baptism, having stopped using tobacco after using it for 69 years. He was ordained an Elder. He and mother went to the Temple with Arvle and Jane and were married for eternity 16 June 1954.

He lived an honest hard-working life, had a dry sense of humor, and after he was baptized was faithful to the end.

Granville Dennis Finch passed away at his home in Jerome, Idaho, 27 October 1960.



Granville Dennis Finch

ARVLE DENNIS FINCH

30 October in 1908 Heavenly Father
Sent to earth a spirit choice--
One whose heart was full of cheer
While music filled his voice,

For music was his first love.
All instruments he played--
The soft call of the violin
In his soft hands music made.

Early in his young life
His earthly tests began.
Because of his heart, they said,
"He'll not grow to be a man."

But he still had a mission
In this life to fulfill.
Our Heavenly Father saved him
By His great love and will.

He grew, and onward went in life,
Ever making friends,
Until in Hood River, Oregon,
We thought his life must end.

Again the reaping angel
Narrowly passed him by.
He went on to marry,
But, alas, only for time.

One of his missions was fulfilled.
A daughter came to earth.
Again he journeyed on alone
To find someone of worth.

Then one night he met her,
And knew her with a look.
They were wed in Coeur d'Alene;
Together life's path they took.

The Gospel truth began to shine;
Its beauty they perceived.
His dear wife was converted;
They married for Eternity.

They wished and prayed to have a son
To carry on the line.
As time passed and none came,
They adopted a boy so fine.

Though troubles beset their path
Always faith stood the test.
Happiness was in their home;
They were truly blessed.

Again the destroyer stretched his hand--
Serious injuries while at work--
But faith and prayer preserved him;
Then East he went to work.

This was why he had been spared,
A mission to fulfill,
To have him as Branch President
Was our Heavenly Father's will.

Then at last his work was done,
His tasks on earth complete;
So his 'Father' called him back
To worship at His feet.

L. F. George 1960

(Historical note: Arvle Dennis Finch, son of Granvill Dennis Finch of Nebraska, and Mary Jennett Davis of Idaho was born 10 October 1908. Married Bertha Jeanette Wolf b. 11 Apr 1917 m. 27 Aug 1941 at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Endowed and sealed for time and eternity, Idaho Falls Temple 27 May 1963. He passed away due to an embolism caused by a ruptured blood vessel in the arm he had injured in a well drilling accident on Sandy Laidlaw Ranch. The arm had a steel shaft in the bone which was too long and kept it from healing. Date 14 January 1960. It is to this beloved brother



born 25 Feb 1940

Bonnie Jean Finch
Farther Arvle Finch
Mother Mildred Keaton



Bertha Jennett Wolf born 11 April 1917



Arvle on Prince his favorite horse
While he owned and farmed the
ranch 1945-1948



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1960

1961

1962

1963

1964

1965

1966

1967

1968

1969

1970

that I owe my testimony of the Gospel and activity
in the Church.

FRAIL BARK

To Arvle

*His ship is anchored safe at last
In a harbor of love and peace
That peace which he so loved
And struggled to increase.*

*It was his shining light
To guide his faltering feet
Through valleys often dark
His faith knew no defeat.*

*If trials bring faith and strength
Then surely, he was strong
For the "ill winds of despair"
Have blown his bark along.*

*But through the clouds of black
Has shown his brave bright smile,
His love for home and friends
And strength to meet each trial.*

*So now his flight is done
He has laid his burden down
And gained the wondrous peace
He'll wear it like a crown.*

*Leona Finch George
16 January 1960*

Written in memory of my beloved brother, Arvle
Dennis Finch - 30 October 1908 - 14 January 1960.

MARY DEER DAVIS PRICE

My grandmother, Mary Deer, was born to David and Margaret Jones Deer on 18 March 1831 in Lancuke, Wales. She was the eldest of nine children, having three sisters and five brothers.

She joined the Church as a young girl and was the only one of her family to join at that time. Her family and friends were very bitter toward her as they were very unfriendly toward the Mormons.

Following her conversion she went to work in a printing shop for a Mr. Davis. There she helped him translate the Book of Mormon into the Welsh language. With the money she earned she paid her transportation to America coming with Mr. Davis and his family.

While on the ship she met a young man by the name of David Woodwall Davis. He had been on a mission and was returning home. They fell in love and were married in the fall of 1852 at Kansas City, Missouri, where they lived for a year before coming to Utah in 1853. They were married in the Endowment House in the spring of 1854, before their first child was born.

The Saints had only been in the Salt Lake Valley seven years when they arrived, so they experienced hardships along with the others. My Grandmother states she had eaten sego roots and soup made from the hides of animals. She made strands of silk from a beautiful black shawl with long fringe which she had brought from Wales and sold them for 5¢ each.

She and Mr. Davis had a family of six boys (one pair of twins). Mr. Davis died in Salt Lake City a few months before her last son was born. After her husband died, she did sewing to feed and clothe her family.

She later married George McLaughlin, and to them two children were born--a girl Mary Ellen and a boy George. The girl Mary Ellen died while small. Mr. McLaughlin also died at approximately the same time. This again left my Grandmother alone with a family of boys to support.

At one time she became very ill and was told by

the doctor that she couldn't live. A family by the name of Walker wanted to adopt her small son, George. She consented because she felt like she couldn't leave him alone. However, she recovered from her illness and pleaded with the Walkers to let her have her little boy back, but they would not consent to return him. When George was twenty-one years old he was killed by a train.

In 1870 my Grandfather, John Evan Price, came to Salt Lake City. He and my grandmother met and were married that year. She was thirty-nine at that time. He had a wife and family at that time, and was in fairly good circumstances, but grandmother had six boys and it was very hard to support them. She went with him to Malad Valley where he made a good home for her--plenty in those days. There they took up land and made a home. He gave the little town of Samaria in the south part of Malad Valley its name.

My grandmother had two more children, both girls. They were my Aunt Margaret and my mother Elizabeth Jane.

She was always active in the Church. She served as president of the YWMA and was president of the Relief Society for seventeen years. Emmeline B. Wells and Eliza R. Snow stayed at her place while attending conference in Samaria. She was the first post-mistress at Samaria. Her sister Catherine later came to America and became a plural wife of my Grandfather Jonah Evans.

My grandfather dies when he and grandmother had been married eight and one half years in 1878. He left her quite a bit of land which she was able to sell as more people came to Samaria to live.

Grandmother lived to raise her eight children and see them all in their own homes. She was always ready and willing to help those in need, in sickness or trouble. She died at my parents' home after a short illness in Samaria, Idaho, on November 12, 1897, at the age of sixty-six.

Her father, David Deer, is buried at Alton,

Illinois. He died there on 21 July 1868.
History compliments of
Isaac Worth Evans,
Logan, Utah



Mary Deer Davis Price

HISTORY OF JOHN FINCH

John Finch, my great Grandfather, was born 10 April 1802 in Virginia according to Cedar County, Iowa, 1850 census.

In 1823 He was living in Congress Township, Richland County, Ohio, for I have photo-static copies of records where he and others of the family bought and sold land. The following is a copy of the transactors, dates and book and page where they may be found in the Richland County Land Records Office.

- #1. Henry Hoover deed to Elijah Foster
Recorded 23 Apr 1818. Vol 1 p. 467
- #2. Elijah Foster to Jehue Foster
Rec'd 26 Jan 1822. Vol 3 p. 76
- #3. Elijah Foster to Christian Foster
Rec'd 26 Jan 1822. Vol. 3. p. 75
- #4. Elijah Foster to Jehue Foster
Rec'd 15 Apr 1822 - Vol p 130
- #5. John Singrey to John Finch
Rec'd 21 July 1823 Vol 3 p 368

I do not know the names of his parents. He married Comfort Foster who was born 23 October 1802, District of Canton, Baltimore County, Maryland, the daughter of Elijah Foster and Anna Singrey Foster. To this union was born 8 children--the first six while they lived at Congress Township, Richland County, Ohio; the last two at Cedar County, Iowa.

The children: (1) Ruth Ann 1824-1897; (2) Jacob 1826-?; (3) Elizabeth 5 Oct 1828-1910; (4) David Foster 9 Feb 1831-1909; (5) Thomas Jethro (my G father) 2 Jan 1833-1876; (6) Ephriam Swain 25 Mar 1836-1905; (7) Joanna Lawrence 1837-1883; (8) Margaret Culbertson 21 Apr 1842-

In 1837 they decided to seek their fortune on the frontier in Missouri Territory. In the obituary

of Comfort Finch it states that they travelled by ox team crossing the Mississippi in a flat boat and oars four miles below where the city of Rockingham is now located.

I quote from S. D. Butler's Pioneer History of Custer Co Neb. p 30 "Old Settler's Story." to give a glimpse of the family.

"Let the Reader turn back to 1837 to a farm house in Richland Co., Ohio, where all is bustle and confusion.

"A covered wagon drawn by oxen stands at the door of the cabin which John Finch, who as a carpenter by trade, had built for his bride. "I like to think of him as a young groom planning and building the home he is building for his beloved."

No doubt there was fear and sorrow in the heart of Comfort Finch as she packed for this journey. To travel with six children through the wild country separating Richland Co., Ohio, and Iowa, or the Missouri Territory as it was then called, was a daring adventure."

Comfort's father and mother, some of her brothers and sisters as well as some of her mother's people the Singreys lived in Richland Co. She had come to Richland from Baltimore, Maryland, when she was a child. In the years 1822-23 the Singreys, Fosters and Finches did a lot of buying and selling land to each other as the records show, so no doubt they were a closely knit family. She must have wondered if she would ever see any of them again.

To continue quoting: "The five older children were busy gathering cherished toys and keepsakes, and storing them away. Many a superstitious tear was shed as the adults as well as the children said farewell to favorite spots and to friends and loved ones whom they might never see again."

They had been married fifteen years by now and six of their eight children had been born. Ephraim, the youngest, was 18 months old at the time and was subject to stomach ache or was very spoiled as when he "went into a crying spell all five of the other

children would try to divert his attention. Jacob, David and Thomas would pound with sticks on the dishpan or clothes boiler while Elizabeth and Ruth clapped their hands, danced and sang "Bye Baby Bunting" to him. Mother made him cathip tea and watched father, who was walking back and forth with him to see that he held him right side up!"

So the slow hours ground into weeks on the trail--walking, riding in the wagon or horseback. John Finch was a lover of horses (In his will he makes mention of his two work horses, making sure they will be cared for). They journeyed on.

There may have been other families with them but they are not mentioned in the book. It was customary for people to travel in caravans for protection from the Indians; especially since this journey led them across and beyond the mighty Mississippi.

When at last they came to it, they had to cross it in a flat boat with oars about four miles above where Rockingham is located now.

Finally they arrived at Sugar Creek about 30 miles west of the present city of Tipton is now. To quote again:

"This was in the heart of a howling wilderness."

They chose the site for their future home, and there they camped.

The primary concern was to build a shelter so the father and boys began clearing the ground--felling trees and saving the logs to build the cabin.

Each family was allowed a section of land; so their closest neighbors, even if they had travelled together to Iowa, were miles away.

Weeks went by without the Finches seeing a human face outside their family or occasionally a roving Indian who came to beg what he could and steal what he was not given."

The mother indeed lived up to her name of Comfort, proving a blessing and Comfort indeed to her husband and children. She was hard-working, brave, cheerful and resourceful, always ready with a cheery smile of love and welcome for her husband and to encourage him when he became tired and discouraged."

When the cabin was finished, all snug and warm with its open fireplace for cooking at one end, its barred doors and oiled deer skin windows, John heard of a man about a day's journey away who was going to build a store and had high hopes of his "settlement" becoming a county seat some day.

After serious discussion with Comfort, John set forth to try for a job as carpenter.

There was much rejoicing in the home when he returned with the news that he would go to work.

So the family was left with the boys to help their mother while John hammered and sawed happily away, thinking of the food and comforts that the money would buy his dear loved ones. They had arrived too late to plant crops, so their supply of vegetables and corn for meal was by now almost exhausted.

He probably worked two or three months, as the book states he had \$90.00 on the books when he drove the last nail one night and decided, since the owner was not there, to collect his wages the next morning before he started home. He reflected that the boys must take the wagon and oxen to neighbor Flint's who was the only one who had a surplus crop that year, and get corn to grind in the primitive way the Indians used--by taking a deer hide from which the hair had been removed, then punching holes in it to sift the corn which was ground in burned and hollowed-out stumps.

Early next morning when he arrived at the store, he found it boarded up and someone told him the owner had gone broke and left the country.

John started home with a heavy heart--knowing that the scant supply of food they had would be exhausted by now. The fact that a heavy snowstorm had set in that morning only made his heart heavier. He dreaded to tell his family of this new misfortune.

There was gloom in the little frontier home that night. The father, with pity in his heart, saw his wife taking the food from her own plate to put it on those of the younger children. That night a

terrible blizzard raged covering the crude trails which had been made in the deep woods and drifting snow over all the felled trees making it hard to get wood to keep a fire in the huge old-fashioned fireplace, which was the only supply of heat for the home.

The last portion of food was eaten next morning and again the mother only pretended to eat. "John, what are you going to do if the storm continues?" she asked in a low voice, trying not to show her fear and dread. With tears on his cheeks the father replied, "Mother, I am not going to see our children starve. Old Flint will have to give me some corn, money or no."

After doing all he could to make his family comfortable in his absence and to cheer them, he set out afoot through the trackless woods. "He struggled through the deep drifts for some time. He then came to a commodious log house with neat well-built buildings around it. A harsh voice bade him enter as he knocked. He saw a middle-aged man sitting comfortably before a blazing fire.

When he had made his wants known, Flint said he would sell him a bushel or twenty bushels of corn if he wished it, but when John had told him the story of his employer leaving the country without paying him for his labors of the summer, Flint quickly changed his mind and flatly refused to give him any credit.

Controlling his anger, John said, "Mr. Flint, I have one more expedient. If it fails, I will be back and have twenty bushels of corn whether or no." So saying he hurried from the man's presence while still in control of himself. "As he strode angrily along, he came to a hickory tree and stopping, cut a large stick about three feet long and leaning it against a huge stump hurried on his way."

He went directly to a small cabin in a clearing some miles from Flint's. Though well-built, it had only one window. Mr. Bushnell, a bachelor, opened the door. He was very glad to see a neighbor saying he was tired of living alone, mending

and cooking.

He listened sympathetically to John's story: "Well, John, I have 100 bushel of potatoes in my cellar and you are welcome to them if I can have a living until spring."

"The two men worked hard the next few days transferring the potatoes to the Finch home and storing them as best they could." Probably they tried to dig a storage pit, but the ground was frozen for it says in the history that they lived on frozen potatoes that winter.

At last the eagerly awaited spring came and all hands pitched in to be sure they would never be placed in such a position again. The father was a hard worker and a good planner and he had the full help and loving cooperation of a loving family so through the years he prospered.

And as time passed, one after another of the children grew up and left to a life of their own. A list of these marriage dates, names, etc. follows.

(1) Ruth Ann married 11 Sep 1845 Pleasant William Chance b. 28 Aug 1819 at Johnson Co. N. C. To this union 11 children. Chance died 13 March 1906. The photostatic copy of John Finch's will which I have, after directing that after Comfort dies the estate shall be equally divided between his children makes this stipulation: "But I expressly direct my executors not to pay to my daughter, Ruth Ann Chance, any portion of her distributive share of my estate until ample security is given that her said share shall be preserved and on her decease be paid in equal shares to the heirs of her body." I often wonder what could have happened to make her father so bitter against her.

(2) Jacob, a teamster by trade, married 20 May 1854 Mariah Grantier b. abt 1835.

(3) Elizabeth married 26 Dec 1846 Francis Baldwin b. 18 Jan 1819 Linn Twsp - Cedar Co Iowa 15 children to this union.

(4) David m. 11 Feb 1868 Catherine E. Dale b. 12 May 1841, Whetstone Crawford Co., Ohio, d.

12 Feb 1894. Two children to this union.

(5) Thomas m. in 1856 Mary Ann Robbins dau of Jethero Robbins of Marietta Wash. Co Ohio d. 14 Nov 1914. Nine children to this union.

(6) Swain, m. 20 Aug 1863 Sarah Moore of Zanesville, Ohio, who died 6 July 1920 - adopted one child, Carrie, who died in 1876 of epilepsy.

(7) Joanna m. 3 Jan 1857 Samuel S. Doty b. 1829 Cayuhoga Co Ohio. dau of Elias Doty and June Scott Doty no record of death dates of Joanna and Samuel - 10 children - living at Deep River Poweshiek co. Iowa in 1870.

(8) Margaret m. 18 (1) Wislin Marion Gillen (2) before 1909 - M. C. Groom.

The John Finch family was one of the original settlers at Sugar Creek; they also had a farm in Hardin Co. Iowa. It was here on 23 Oct 1856, his wife's birthday, that John was working when he was struck by lightning and killed.

He is buried at Tipton Cedar Co Iowa as is Comfort who died 1 April 1885 at their home Tipton Cedar Co Iowa.

Written by Leona Finch
George, g granddaughter

Historical note: Re: Jacob Finch

I have searched for ten years and can find no trace of him after 1860 census Cedar County, Iowa, shows them with one son 10/12 months.

In a letter from my cousin, Anna Adams, she gives the following about Jacob, Ephraim, Swain and David:

Grandma Finch said, "Dave, Swain, and Jake travelled to the head of the Yellowstone (one source says to hunt gold) and later floated down to the Missouri and home, a brown bear Jake had wounded attacked him, mauling and clawing him so bad that it nearly tore his hip off. This left him crippled. I remember Dad telling this story. He said they were stranded on the headwaters of the Missouri and had to winter there. They built a barge and floated down the "Old Muddy."

This may have been in 1866 as in Sarah's diary it says A.D. 1866, 21 of April, Dave started for the mountains and then 25 April Swain and Jacob started for the mountains. The wording sounds as though this were an important trip. This all sounds reasonable as Jacob would not have been able to travel if he were injured, so they had to build a barge and float him back.

Perhaps he went back as I saw a letter Ruth Finch had among Uncle John's papers which was dated 1875 from Sterling, Madison County, Montana. An intriguing puzzle.

PERSONAL HISTORY LEONA FINCH GEORGE

At age one year moved with parents in covered wagon to Carey, Idaho. Lived in a one-room cabin on East Fork of Fish Creek. The year I was five my parents took up a desert claim on West Fork. The site is now covered by Fish Creek reservoir. Attended West Fork school. December of 1912 again moved in sheep camp to Jerome, Idaho. I had one brother, Arvle Dennis Finch, one sister, Nancy Jennett Finch. We attended old Grandview school four miles north, three miles east of Jerome. September 1920 went to Fruitland to stay with Louise Ward, my aunt, and attended freshman year at Fruitland High School.

Sophomore year Net and I rode horseback with twelve other students to Jerome High, the first year in the Jerome High School (now Junior High) building.

Summer 1922 went to Carey to stay with Aunt Amy Peterson when Dale was born. Was baptized 22 July 1922 in old Carey Hot Springs by Heber Q. Hale. Confirmed by Elder Wheatley and Elder Edward Rawson.

September 1922 moved with parents and the Petz-old family to Hood River, Oregon. Model T Ford was our mode of transportation. Camped out on trip.

Had a beautiful experience about two months after arriving in Hood River. While in Idaho I had dreamed of seeing a beautiful snow-capped mountain which was something I had never seen--with pink tinting it and flushing the clouds around it; of standing in a valley where all around me was like glass; and had awakened with the words, "Wonderful, beautiful, grand," on my lips.

One night after we had started to school we had a silver thaw which is rain that falls and freezes as it falls, coating each bough and branch, each leaf and blade of grass with ice.

Next morning when we went to catch our school bus the rising sun was tinting Mt. Hood and all the valley a delicate pink. The mountain wore a crown of softest pink clouds, and there, before I knew it, my dream came true and I found myself uttering the same words I had uttered when awakening from my dream--

"Beautiful, wonderful, grand."

Attended and graduated from Hood River High School. I studied botany and reveled in the grandeur and beauty of Hood River Valley and the Cascade Mountains which was like paradise to a girl who had been raised in the desert country of southern Idaho.

In September 1924 I entered Good Samaritan Hospital Training School for Nurses at Portland, Oregon, which was another dream come true as I had always wanted to be a nurse.

Training school days were interesting and happy ones as I loved my work and did well in classes and floor work. Became head nurse of Ward #50, the childrens' ward. Was 'scrub' nurse for Dr. Otis F. Atkin who at that time was one of the leading "bone specialists" of the northwest. It was considered an honor to be asked to be his surgical nurse.

As surgical training we either had head nurse duty in surgery or night duty. I had night duty. It was quite a responsibility as one had to handle all emergencies that came in; also, at times it was frightening to be all alone in eight dark and eerie surgeries in the darkest hours of night.

In my last year of training I met and loved David Henry Dyck. He proposed to me under the blooming magnolia trees in the hospital gardens.

In June 1927 our class held its graduation at Trinity Episcopal Church. We marched two by two in uniform to the church from the hospital. The officers and staff going first with their blue and red capes thrown back over their left shoulder, graduating class next with right shoulder exposed under capes.

In November 1927 I finished my training and on 22 July 1928 Dyck and I were married on the lawn at home in Hood River.

We lived in Portland, Oregon, and Dyck worked in a lumber yard until March 1929 when we went to Ely, Nevada, in a Model A Ford coupe.

At first we lived in Ely. Dyck was working as dump foreman for Nevada Consolidated Copper Co. which was located at Ruth, Nevada; so we moved there

to live in a company house.

Two June 1930 at the Steptoe Valley Hospital a son, David Dennis Dyck, was born to us. My labor was very difficult and both the baby and I nearly lost our lives. Thanks to the faithfulness of a conscientious nurse who could not resist trying one more time with mouth to mouth resuscitation, my fine son lived and again a dream came true as the dearest wish of my heart was to have a son.

During the dark days of the depression we moved to Hood River, Oregon (1931).

Nineteen thirty-three went to hear President Franklin D. Roosevelt dedicate Bonneville Dam.

Nineteen thirty-three to nineteen thirty-six lived in and around dam while Dyck worked on dam. Began to have marital troubles.

Nineteen thirty-six separated, mother caring for Dennie, I went to work general duty at Good Samaritan for \$55 a month and \$60 if I lived out. Went home to be with Dennie whenever I could get time off.

December 1936 had a chance to work at Peralta Hospital in Oakland, California, for the unheard-of sum of \$100 a month and two meals a day furnished. January 1, 1937, alone in Oakland, first time away from Dennie, friendless and very lonely in a strange hospital. Stayed till August 1937; then went back to Hood River.

September 1937 went on general duty at Long Bell Memorial Hospital, Long View, Washington. Worked here till fall of 1941.

Nineteen forty-one general duty Swedish Hospital, Seattle, Washington. Worked here until my feet gave out.

Fall 1942 went to work at Medical Security Clinic. That same fall was put in charge of their first-aid station at Lake Washington Shipyards. Here I served as head nurse during World War II and saw the station grow from a shack on the ways to a large modern station which I organized and planned and ordered supplies for with three shifts and a force of sixteen girls.

In 1943 Mother and Dad moved to Maple Valley, Washington, and Dennie came to live with me in Kirkland, Washington.

He was not interested in school, and when his principal called me at work to tell me he had been out of school a week, I was truly concerned. I found that he had been merely staying at home. Realizing that he needed more discipline and companionship than I could give him and work, too, with his full consent I sent him to Marymount Military Academy at Tacoma, Washington. He did very well, and as I was having his teeth straightened, he came home every two weeks. He graduated from ninth grade here.

In 1945 we had labor troubles at Lake Washington. I went to work as an electrician trainee at Associated Ship Yard, Seattle, Washington. Just when I was ready to receive my journeyman's rating, they discontinued the program.

In 1945 I also worked in the office of the E. L. Kidd Endocrinologist in University District, Seattle. The same year, while Dennie and I were at an old-time dance at Bert Lingren's Pavilion, Bothwellway, I met Charles E. George.

November 1945 when coming home from work one dark, rainy evening I was struck by a yellow cab as I crossed the street in front of my apartment causing a severe concussion, and spent thirteen days in the hospital. Until New Year's Eve I could not leave the house excepting for trips to the doctor's for tests and more tests.

Right after Christmas Mother and Dad, Net and Arlin, Arvle and Jane and Dennis left to go back to Idaho to live. This left me completely alone excepting for Ed (Charles E. George) whom I had met early in November at a dance. He was wonderful to me taking me to the doctor's and hospitals for my tests and later, when I could go out, we began dating.

But it seemed that he was bitter from a former marriage, so when I saw I was wasting my time, I, too, moved to Idaho where I lived with Mother and Dad.

I met many old friends and appeared to have a good time, but now I know that I made some serious mistakes.

In November 1947 I flew to Portland to settle my case against the Yellow Cab Company, which was the taxi that struck me. Ed met me at the airport, and we both realized that we had made a mistake in saying goodbye.

I came back to Jerome to settle my affairs, and then moved back to Seattle. Charlotte was living in Port Angeles, so we drove up there and were married 4 February 1948, by a minister.

In the spring of that same year we moved to Idaho. Here I should like to relate something that we both think shows our decision to move was guided by our Heavenly Father: Ed had been very ill with an acute attack of duodenal ulcer, vomiting until I had to give him I. V.s at home.

When he finally recovered, he was not working, but at this time they were just beginning to build McNary Dam, and he heard through a friend that there was a contract open to haul men back and forth by boat. For this he would need to get a captain's license to operate a motor boat in any inland waters of the U.S.A. He studied hard and took his exam and passed, so we began to wait. When six weeks or two months had gone and we heard nothing, a letter came from my brother Arvle who had bought a plumbing and heating and appliance business in Jerome, offering Ed a commission to sell for him. We decided to accept. We had all our belongings packed on the truck and were ready to leave when a letter came from the contractor offering Ed a very good contract. He turned to me and said, "Well, Hon, what shall we do?" My answer: "That is your decision." He thought for awhile and then said, "We will go."

We lived in Arvle's house, the old McGee place, three miles south, six west, of Jerome, for two years and Ed did well selling. Then we decided to buy a place two miles south and four west, a small house which we modernized and improved. We lived here a-

bout three and a half or four years.

In 1951, through Arvle's influence, I began attending Church and soon realized how wonderful the Gospel was, what true joy and happiness meant. I realized that all my life I had mistaken pleasure and shallow happiness for joy, believing that it was something for which most mortals searched but rarely if ever found. Now through study and prayer my eyes were opened, and I knew that true joy comes only when we forget our selfish pursuits and "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."

I was baptized at Carey, Idaho, in the Carey, Blaine County, Blaine Stake hot springs by Elder Edward Rawson, but we moved to Hood River, Oregon, that fall and I was never again in active touch with the Church until 1951.

Then I began attending all my meetings and activities alone at first and then Ed began to go to Church dances, socials, and finally through Arvle and Jane Dale and Peterson (my cousin Dale) became interested in the Church dance program and we began to practice for original dances for floor shows. We danced the first time in a floor show at Jerome High School auditorium in the 1950 Gold and Green Ball, then in the District Festival 26 May 1951, and that same year we went to Salt Lake with Arvle and Jane, Dale and Frenchie Peterson, Lou and Irene Pratt, Thelma and Dwight Thompson, and others to dance in the MIA Dance Festival at the University of Utah Stadium. We stayed in adjoining cabins at the Mission Lodge and used a common kitchen. This was an entirely new concept of life for Ed to look around and see 25,000 spectators above us in the dark and not a single glow of a cigarette or flare of a match started him to thinking and although we did not go to any sessions of Conference, the sermon of the example of clean living and fun, of pure hearts and thoughts, sank deep into his heart and began smouldering of that fire which was to burst into flame and cause that 'burning of the heart' that accompanies a testimony

of the truth of the Gospel. This is why we believe we were inspired to come to Idaho.

In 1956 we bought Arvle's place (the old McGee place) three miles south, six west, of Jerome. Here I gloried in re-landscaping the huge old yard which was surrounded by ancient poplars. I built rock retaining walls on the banks of the irrigation ditch which ran back of the house, using unusual and beautiful colored rocks from Idaho and Contact, Nevada, built round rock flower beds at the foot of the old trees, a terraced rose garden, on the northeast corner by the road a corner rock garden and by the orchard a cactus garden, had beautiful iris and oriental poppies.

Lived here at the time Dennis married Alice Marie Hollibaugh. They were married in our living room by Bishop Lou S. Pratt.

Another dream came true as Alice was a stake missionary and Dennis was baptized 26 March 1955. They were married 3 September 1955. Dennis was in the Navy; distinguished himself by taking many medals in Hawaii, at Camp Perry, etc. Transferred to Air Force and again on rifle team and small arms instructor. They were stationed at San Antonio, Texas. We made many wonderful trips there. I stayed with the children when Tracey Allen, third son, was born and again when Michelle Dianne was born 11 October 1965. They also lived at Kirkland AFB and we spent some lovely hours together. I loved the desert country, especially Albuquerque, New Mexico. A list of the children born to this union:

Denise Lynn, 23 May 1956, Twin Falls, Idaho
David Dennis, Jr., 22 June 1957, Twin Falls
Michael Gerard, 14 October 1958, Oahu, Honolulu

Tracy Allen, 8 April 1961, San Antonio, Texas

Terry Arvle, 5 January 1964, Eglin, Florida
Michelle Dianne, 11 October 1965, San Antonio, Texas.

In 1965 we sold our home and moved to Jerome. Ed developed diabetes and went out of well drilling

business because of danger of working with heavy equipment. Began wholesaling and worked for Charles Marshall; then went on his own until 1968 when we both retired and he only works during winter as do I. Summers we go trailering. In 1967 we went with Bill and his family up into Canada, Bouchee and Williams Lakes, Quinalt, Clacier and Waterton Parks.

When I worked at Lake Washington I met and became friends with Sylvia Mortensen (this is her married name; I can't remember the other). She was divorced and later married Walter Gatton, lived at Woodinville, Washington, and then moved to Greenbanks, Washington. Here we visited them and talked of the Gospel. At a Missionary Conference I put their name on a contact card. When the missionaries called, Walt said, "no," and Sylvia said, "Come in." They were baptized, and a year later she wrote asking us to join them at the Cardston Temple.

We received the card just a week before we were to go with Bill to Canada 1967, so we decided to go and surprise Sylvia and Walt. We drove to the Church by the Temple Sunday morning and located their car. They were in Sunday School. So we parked by it and waited. When Sylvia came out she looked right at us and did not notice us. As she went to unlock her car, I stepped out beside her and said, "Aren't you a long way from home?" She turned, startled and looking as though someone were getting fresh, and then said, "Lee, oh you! And I told Walt she did not answer my letter!" and grabbed me, and we hugged each other.

Monday we went to the Temple. Sixteen people had come from their Ward with them. It was truly a spiritual feast--every eye was wet. That evening we went to Sacrament at Watertown Park where they were all camped and Elder Nathan Tanner and wife and daughter, who used to live there, were the featured speakers and with a marvelous choir we enjoyed another spiritual hour.

Fifteen March 1969 we sold our home at 312 Eighth Avenue East, Jerome, and bought a lovely small 10 by 42½ ft. home in pleasant surroundings.

Mothers' Day 1969 Dennie called from Hawaii where they had been since February 1968 and have been doing a lot of Temple work, to say they will be at Fairchild AFB 26 May where he will take survival training for three months and 24 August 1969 will go to Viet Nam as load master. We are meeting their plane 26 May. My hopes and prayers are with them.

Before I close this history I would like to thank my Heavenly Father for the choice blessings that have been mine since I became active in 1950.

My Stake Mission was one of the choice periods of my life, although I sometimes despaired and my faith was weak. I did not realize how closely Ed was watching all this. Although he was dancing in floor shows and going to dances, he was not, or appeared not to be, interested.

Elder Barlow and his wife Myra began giving Dad and My sister Jennett Gunter lessons. Jennett was baptized by Dale Peterson (our cousin) in Gooding 29 May 1953. Dad, who wanted Arvel to baptize him, was baptized 13 June 1953.

Charlotte Ann Reeves (Ed's daughter) and her husband who were living in Alaska checked a Book of Mormon out of the library and began studying. There was no Branch there, so Char wrote to the General Authorities, contacted all the members living there then, hired a hall, and made all the arrangements. Elder LeGrande Richards flew to Fairbanks to organize the Branch there. Before he arrived, Cliff had his orders to ship out. He was in the Coast Guard. As she was flying out Char met Elder Richards and he said to her, "I will baptize you yet, young lady." When she was baptized in 1953, it was Elder Richard's son who baptized her.

Sister Bertah Newman, who was my second mission companion, and I had 12 baptisms, yet today there are many people whom we contacted who have joined and are active now, so one's blessings build and continue building o'er the years in seeing the good lives of those whom their mission has touched.

On 4 February 1954 Ed was baptized by Dale P., but due to lack of faith and understanding of the eternal laws of families we did not go to the temple until 30 June 1961.

It seems as though all--and more--of the blessings and joys I dreamed have been mine in truth; "My cup runneth over."

I am so grateful to the wonderful brothers and sisters who have helped our family know these joys: Brother and Sister Golden and Myra Barlow and Lee and Alice Hendrickson who taught Net and Orlin, Mother and Dad the Gospel so that I might be sealed to my parents; Bishop Leo and Thelma Olsen, who searched for my records for so long because I had not been active since baptism; President Gail Hendrickson, my first Bishop under whom I served as Social Science teacher; Aunt Amy who was Relief Society President at this time and persuaded me to teach; Alice Hollibaugh whom I met while teaching her father the Gospel (he was baptized later and took his family to the Temple and Alice who was a sweet and lovely LDS girl worthy to fill a Stake Mission just as I finished mine and who met Dennis because of that Mission and taught him the Gospel to help our dreams come true. All of these choice and lovely spirits with whom I am sure I mingled in that forgotten pre-existent time--friends, family and wonderful brothers and sisters in the Church whom space will not permit me to name--I love them every one and could not have built a testimony without their encouragement, example and love.

On 30 June 1961 we went to Idaho Falls and were married for time and all eternity. Mother went with us but Dad's health was failing and he could not go. Someone stood proxy for him while I was sealed to my parents. My joy was beyond anything I had ever dreamed and we still love to go to the Temple and to know that through us others are experiencing that same joy.

BEST OF LIFE

Come, let us walk together, dear,
The autumn of our days
We could not walk together in their spring;
As strangers then we walked our separate ways.

You walked beside another
Who shared your home and hearth;
And yet no shade of envy
Mars the joy within my heart.

For our paths ne'er had mingled
In that half forgotten past
When I walked beside another
In a dream that did not last.

Yet those years were fruitful
And they hold mem'ries sweet;
For they brought to earth choice spirits
To make autumn's joys complete.

So through our golden autumn
Let us wander hand in hand
To share our joys and sorrows
In this choice and promised land.

And when the veil is lifted
When we cross that shinning sea
We are sure we'll be together
Throughout all eternity.

To my husband
Leona Finch George 1961

Now my hopes and dreams are that someday, somewhere we may have Anne and Ed's work done, that his children will see the gospel truth and his dreams of having his dear ones sealed to him may come true.

That somewhere, sometime I may have my beloved son also. We must have faith, be humble and prayerful for our Heavenly Father is kind and just.

Leona Finch George

October 10, 1969

Name: Annie Leona Finch
 Father: Granvill Dennis Finch
 Mother: Mary Jennett Davis
 Born: 24 January 1905 at Pocatella, Bannock, Idaho
 Blessed: 30 May 1905 by Elder D. J. Bowen
 Baptized: 22 July 1922 at Carey, Blaine (Co.), Idaho
 by Elder Heber Q. Hale
 Confirmed: July 1922 by Elder Edward Rawson and
 Elder Wheatley
 Patriarchal Blessing: 4 Apr 1951 by Elder William B.
 Butler
 Stake Mission: 26 July 1953 to 29 January 1955
 Sealed to Parents: 30 June 1961
 Endowed Idaho Falls Temple: 30 June 1961
 Sealed to Charles E. George 30 June 1961
 1951: .Social Science teacher Relief Society; Acti-
 vity counselor YWMIA. Alice Hendrickson, Presi-
 dent Lyle Van Orman Sup. went to June Conference
 with Alice and 3 other girls. My first Confer-
 ence where I attended meetings.
 26 January 1953 to 29 January 1955 served as Stake
 Missionary. Sister Venetta Buttars first com-
 panion; rest of time with Sister Bertha Neuman.
 Spring 1953 called as age group councilor, Gooding
 Stake YWMIA, Velma Willard President. (Monroe
 Seagörs (Sågörs) Sup. Served her a year but
 most of my duties were with the M-Men and Glean-
 er department which had never been fully organ-
 ized, so since in the M-Men and Gleaner depart-
 ment they had no leaders I became interested in
 this work as I had done it for two years in the
 Ward before being called on my Stake Mission.
 Finally asked me to serve in this capacity.
 During the time I was in Ward presidency Alice and
 I had taken the girls to Easley on camping trips two
 times. Had wonderful time now as Stake worker and
 as Ward I went to our new camp Smoky Lodge at Al-
 turas with girls. Learned to love them and had won-
 derful testimony meetings outside around campfire.
 1958 forced to take six months' leave from Church
 work because of my feet; ordered not to teach.

classes any more; released from Stake Board
1963-4 Home Teacher genealogy with Fern Brown.
19 Dance director, New Jerome First Ward

EYNON DAVIS HISTORY
son of David Thomas Davis
Born 25 August 1886

Written by Amy Davis Peterson, Sister

My first distinct memory of my brother Eynon was when we were living in the log cabin at Arbon, Idaho, shortly after moving from Samaria, Idaho. He was about 13 or 14 years old. He and our cousin had gone some place and had been late coming home and our Dad gave him a flogging for it. We lived on this farm several years, Eynon helping Dad farm. I remember a trip up Mine Canyon with our sisters Jennett, Vivian, Eynon and myself for wood. As we were leaving the canyon, Jennett and Eynon said they would leave me in the woods, Vivian raised Cain and they were teasing her to see if she would let them leave me. Dad built us a better house and our old cabin was taken for a granary. I remember Eynon making us younger ones--Vivian, Dave and I--shock grain after the binder had cut it. Dad was the mail carrier from Arbon to Malad. Eynon also ran a threshing machine using horses to pull the machine and to get the power. He used six or eight horses.

By this time more people came into the valley. Brother John L. Jones, his wife and family, Rachel, Victoria and Karl. Eynon was not long in getting acquainted with Rachel, and their courtship began. I was fortunate to be allowed to go with him to visit Rachel, riding horseback double, so I could visit with Victoria. We had many good times together going to Church choir practice and to ball games, Victoria and I tagging along. Eynon was not a religious young man, but he knew if he was to have Rachel he had to be worthy to go to the Temple. Finally he was able to get a recommend and they were happily married 1 July 1908 in the Logan Temple.

Our parents had sold the farm by then. Eynon filed on a homestead in Arbon Valley. They built a two-room house there and began their married life.



Birth place of Eynon Leon Davis at Malad, Idaho



The rest of us had gone to Carey to live. Their first child was born 16 April 1909. Eynon had sent for me to come and keep house while their baby was born, going by team to American Falls to get me from the train. When we arrived home, Eynon was to learn he already had a son, Earl, born while he was meeting me. Our good neighbors had taken care of Rachel, the Evans family, where she had gone to stay. They were able to come home. Eynon had the farm to care for. Earl was a delicate baby, Rachel and I spent many bad times getting something he could keep down, having no doctor but a good midwife.

Earl was about a year or two when their next child was due. Eynon sent for me again and Ann was born.

The farm did very well under Eynon's supervision. Mother and Father Jones moved to Malad, Idaho, and Eynon moved to the Jones' farm. Their next son, Thomas John, was born there. Then Harvey and Lynn came along. Lynn was six months old when our Mother took pneumonia. We were all called home to Jerome where our parents had moved by then. Soon after our Mother passed away, Eynon came to Jerome to manage his sister, Louise's farm since her husband's death. They moved to Jerome and lived on this farm about twenty-five years. Thelma and Edith were both born there. The farm prospered and the yard was a scene of many happy times.

The older children, with the exception of Lynn and Thelma and Edith, were married, so in 1942 Eynon and Rachel bought a home in Jerome and a farm of their own. The boys farming for themselves, Tom ran Eynon's farm, Earl his own, and Harvey was in California. When Tom went to work in the mines, Harvey came home and soon was running Eynon's place and has since purchased it from him.

Eynon and Rachel enjoyed their retired life very much spending much of their time fishing and making their home beautiful. All their family were married by this time and several grandchildren were born. Eynon became very ill and was taken to Salt

Lake for a lung operation. They removed most of one lung and he was very ill but came through fine and enjoyed a few more years, then losing his dear wife who had seldom been ill.

In 1960 he became very ill and again had a lung operation in Salt Lake City. This time it was the other lung. This operation was nearly fatal, the doctor telling him there was no medical reason why he should be alive. The doctor said either they were not ready for him or else he had something more to do before he could be taken. But the Lord was willing to spare him to us again. He was a very good husband, father and brother. Having to live alone was a lonely life, he missed his dear wife very much but found comfort in his fine family and friends, going fishing was his recreation



Funeral Services for Ted Davis, Thursday, 30 August
1956

Don R. Patterson, conducting

Duet: "In the Garden" by Vernetta and Carol
Woodbury

Invocation: Stanley Sparks

Obituary: Bishop Verl W. Simpson

Fredrick William Davis was born 25 August 1899, at Malad, Idaho. He was the son of David Thomas Davis and Amy Annie Sawyer, the youngest of ten children. During his childhood, Teddy Roosevelt was president and Fredrick's father started calling his son Teddy, a nickname which stuck to him all his life. He has been known in this valley as Ted Davis.

He came to Carey Valley in 1908 where he lived for eight years, attending school at Arbon and Fishcreek. He then moved to Jerome with his parents. After his mother's death, the family moved to Fruitland and made their home with his sister Louise. He was back and forth to Carey from Jerome while he worked for Jack Peterson in Carey. He was married to Annie Melvera Coates on 24 December 1919 by Pres. W. L. Adamson. To this union were born six children. They lived at Fruitland until after his father's death, at which time they moved back to Carey and went into partnership with his brother and sister, running cattle on the old Ward ranch in Westfork. They moved back and forth from Fishcreek to Jerome (running cattle in summer and moving to Jerome in the winter.)

He sold his cattle and filed on a homestead in Westford of Fishcreek. They lived there for five years, later trading their homestead to Ira Eldredge for their present farm. He worked as a deputy Sheriff with Sheriff Dave Howes for two years, 1934-35. He then went to work for the State Fish and Game Department, working in this position for seven years, from 1936-43. Since then he has been farming and running a threshing machine; lately he

has been doing custom cutting with a combine. He served on the School Board two years until it was consolidated with Hailey. He served about six years with PMA. He served as Precinct Committeeman several times and was recently re-elected to this position. He served two years on Wood River Reservoir Board.

He was preceded in death by two children, his mother and father, two sisters and one brother. He is survived by four children, David J. Davis of Klamath Falls, Oregon; Mrs. Reva Owsley of Hagerman, Ted Davis, Jr. and Annie Davis of Carey, four sisters Mrs. Louise Shawver, Mrs. Jeanette Finch and Mrs. Amy Petersen of Jerome; and Mrs. Vivian Sparks of Carey, and one brother Eynon Davis of Jerome. He is also survived by five grandchildren. His death occurred on his fifty-seventh birthday.

Ted was a man who was liked by all who knew him. And the crowd that is gathered here today shows the great love and esteem felt for this man. I am sure that most of us, when we think of Ted, think of him operating a threshing machine in this valley. Most all of us in this valley had work done by him, and it was here that we saw just what kind of a man he was. He possessed a great personality and could meet all people. He was a great prankster. He could take a joke and could enjoy it. I remember when I was quite small, we were threshing on the old Tom Stanford place and Ted had pulled quite a prank that day on Kenneth Eldredge. That night when we all went into supper, Keith didn't come in. While Ted was eating, they fixed the car for him and tied everything in the front seat. It was dusk when Ted came out from supper. The car wouldn't start, the wires were all gone. Ted wasn't angry. He began to laugh to think that somebody had caught up with him. I can't ever remember him being out of sorts. Even in his recent illness he was still jovial, the same Ted that he was when he enjoyed health. He was community-minded. He was concerned as to what would be the outcome for the community. He was interested in doing what he thought was best for the people of

this valley. He was very charitable. Lots of times he combined fields for families that were not able to pay him. It did not make any difference to Ted. When his neighbor was sick or hit by disaster, he was one of the first to come and offer his services. It might be fitting to read a few verses from the 25th chapter of Matthew. The Savior was telling them that were gathered around Him of what would be the reward for the righteous:

?Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I am sure that this will be Ted's reward.

And to the family, Ted has passed this state of existence. Death is one of the steps in the eternal plan of progression. It is as natural as birth. To Vera, carry out the things you had planned. You still live together. This life is not the end. Plan for the day to come when you will be together again. You will enjoy the same happiness. You will not have the uncertainties and weakness of the flesh. And then the day will come that you will all be together again. The things that you have done will be fond memories to you. May this be your lot, I ask in Jesus' name, Amen.

Solo: "Lay My Head Beneath a Rose," Allen Pyrah

Spreaker: President W. L. Adamson

We, who have gathered here and those who are responsible for these beautiful flowers, and they who have furnished the program thus far, and the spirit of this occasion, all testify of the love and the esteem in which Brother Ted is held. It seems to me that we are gathering in this capacity often in this community, and that possibly we are offering to the Almighty our share of good men and good women for some great purpose. I am sure that in our experience we are satisfied that it is not just by chance that men and women are called from this stage of action but there must be some great purpose behind it all. And as we meet on these occasions we have often wondered why we can't become a little more accustomed to these things. We see the grief and sorrow that we all feel when we are called to part with one of our loved ones and wonder if there is not some easy way out. Could not there be some plan worked out whereby in peace and love, without the pangs of regret and sorrow, we could see our loved ones laid away.

I have searched much to see if I could find some source to which we might go that there could be found a way that this experience could come without so many heartbreaks. And I have come to the conclusion, and I have found some evidence, that not yet is there any easy way out. And I would like to read this afternoon something that in my search I found, and I am sure as you hear it read and as you contemplate it you will be convinced, as I am, that there is not, in our present condition, any easy way of separation. "One day as Jesus stood beside the Ganges, busy with its work, a caravan returning from the West drew near and when approaching Jesus said, "We come to you just from your native land and bring unwelcome news. Your father is no more on earth. Your mother grieves, and no one can comfort her. She wonders whether you are still alive or not and longs to see you once again," and Jesus bowed His head in silent thought and then

He wrote. Of what He wrote, this is the sum: "My Mother, the noblest of womankind, a man just from my native land has just brought me word that Father is no more in the flesh and that you grieve and are disconsolate. My Mother, all is well for Father and is well for you. His work in this earth round is done and it is nobly done. In all the walks of life man cannot charge him with deceit, dishonesty, or wrong intent; and he has come from hence to solve the problems of the round of his soul. Our Father, God, is with him there as he is with us here. And there the Angels guard his footsteps lest he go astray. Why should you weep? Tears cannot conquer grief. There is no power in grief to mend a broken heart. The busy soul can never grieve. It has no time for grief. When grief comes trooping through the heart just lose yourself, plunge deep into the ministry of love. Yours is a ministry of love and all the world is calling out for love. Then let the past go with the past. Rise from the cares of things and give your life to those who live. And if you lose your life in serving life, you will be sure to find it. In just a little while your problems on this earth round will all be solved and when your problems are worked out it will be pleasing to you to solve the greater problems of the soul. Strive then to be content, and I will come to you some day and bring you richer gifts than gold or precious stones. I am sure that John will care for you, supplying all your needs and I am with you all the way." And by the hand of one merchant going to Jerusalem He sent this letter on its way.

The love that the mother of Jesus exhibited for Him all His life, the care that she bestowed upon Him and the anxiety that she had for Him during His life and at His death is so typical of mothers the world over. And the love that Jesus exhibited for His mother, I am sure, had there been an easy way, had there been a word of comfort He could have uttered that she did not already know, He would have

hastened to her side instantly to bestow upon her that blessing. But there was none. There is no easy way out. It is the plan of life and salvation that we are here until our round of work has been finished, and then we move on to the next. But we are promised that there will be a brighter day and a more glorious condition than we experience here on this earth. And can it be that these good men and women who seem to be hastened into the eternity in the youth and vigor of their life are needed for some great purpose?

The Good Book tells us this: "And while they looked steadfastly toward Heaven as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel;

Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven."

And yet still the disciples were curious. This was all so new to them. The teachings of the Christ were new. His death and His resurrection they had heard of but couldn't imagine seeing. And then to see Him go up into Heaven as they stood and watched Him, of course they were amazed at what happened. But He was going to come again soon, these two men in white told them. So if the time has about come and we wonder sometimes if we are not living late in the Saturday evening of time on this earth; and if maybe that time is not about at hand and perhaps the greatest preparation that has ever or will ever be made for any event in either Heaven or earth is being made over there at this time. And they who are called to assist in the preparation of the advent of the Master in the earth again must be men and women of God's own choosing.

And we are told of the signs of the times that are to take place. We are told that in that day of wars and pestilences and disturbances of every kind. Surely we have had sufficient of it, but if we have not, perhaps there will be plenty more to come. And before it is over, we will have had sufficient. And

in that day the Lord's house will be established in the tops of the mountains. And many people shall come and say, "Let us go up to the Lord's mountains; to the house of the Lord Jacob and He will teach us of His ways. In that day Judah shall be called back home from her wanderings since they were scattered when they refused to accept their King as their God and Creator. And later in that day---it seems to be such an important day that the prophets have used that phrase, "in that day," and have attached to it the signs that we might read. They have used it 104 times at least to tell us of the things that are to come. Then they tell us that "behold the Lord cometh with 10,000 of His saints to execute judgment upon all those who know Him not, but the hour and the day no man knows. No, not even the angels in Heaven. Not even the Son, but the Father." And when that day comes, when the Savior comes to rule and reign again, great changes will take place.

In that day an infant shall not die until it is old, and his life shall be as the age of a tree. And when a man dies, he shall not sleep in the earth but he shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye and there shall be no sorrow in that day because there shall be no death. Yes, there will be a change--mortality to immortality--and the sorrow and the pangs of death will all be taken away. And in that day mortal and immortal children under the direct supervision of Christ Himself shall be able to live on this earth because then it will be purified and glorified and Satan will be bound and even the animals--the lion and the ox--shall eat straw together. "And there shall be no discord nor suffering in all my holy mountain" sayeth the Lord.

So, Vera and the family, I am sure that after Ted realizes why his call came and what it means to him and what it will mean to all of you, he will be satisfied and when you know it, you would not change it under any conditions. Just a difference of a few years one way or another; but to be prepared to say, "Oh, Father, Thy will be done. I

will accept what Thou hast given me with praise and gratitude to Thy Holy name." So I am sure my brothers and sisters that all is well with Ted and I am sure that all will be well with his family. His concern now will be for them and he will be preparing as he always prepared here to meet that delightful family of his as they come across the border he will be standing there to accept their passport.

May God bless you and fill your hearts with peace and gratitude for the loving kindness of your Father and your husband and may the Lord fill your hearts with peace and remove the sorrow and the suffering. For such blessings you have lived for during your life. May He bless and be with you always, I humbly pray in Jesus' name, Amen.

Solo: "Going Home" by Kenneth Cook

Benediction: Alton Patterson

Dedication of Grave: Bishop J. M. Barton

HISTORY OF MARY ANN ROBBINS FINCH

Mary Ann Robbins (Finch) was born at Marietta, Marion County, Ohio, 22 November 1837 to Jethera Robbins, of Ireland, and his wife, also of Ireland (whose name I do not know.)

While she was still a child her parents moved to Iowa. Not much is known of her early childhood, young womanhood, or how many brothers and sisters she had. However; she often told a story which mentions one sister: she and her sister were playing in a hollow log in the woods. Mary Ann, probably being the most daring and unafraid, as lack of fear is one quality I remember in her, crawled into the log. When she did so, she felt a sharp flick on her heel and, thinking her sister had hit her with a switch, playfully kicked back and felt another flick. Whether she realized something was wrong or whether her sister warned her, we do not know, but suddenly the spine-chilling realization dawned on the children that Mary Ann had been twice bitten by a copperhead, one of the most feared and deadly snakes known to the pioneers of Iowa and surrounding areas.

Terror-stricken, the girls rushed home to their mother. There was no doctor to call nor serum to give in those days. The mother immediately applied the only remedy known to her. She killed a young chicken, skinned it rapidly, cut the still warm breast open and applied it to the bite where she left it until it began to cool, then she immediately repeated the process. Mary Ann was very ill for a long time but the treatment was successful.

When nineteen years of age (1856) she married Thomas Jethro Finch of Sugar Creek, Cedar County, Iowa. He was the son of John Finch of Virginia and Comfort Foster of Baltimore, Maryland. Seven children were born to them while living at Sugar Creek: a daughter, Ruth Ann C. Finch was born 26 December 1856; Jethero, 16 April 1858; John 6 September 1860; Ephriam David, 6 December 1862; Mahanah, 13 December 1865; Nancy Manetta, 12 April 1868; and the last, Irah Gabriel, was born 4 March 1870.

During this time Grandfather was in partnership with two of his brothers, David and Ephriam Swain, on a large stock ranch. They raised blooded horses and cattle. In 1870 they sold this property to David and Swain, as the transaction is on the file at Tipton, Cedar County, Iowa court house.

In 1871 they moved to Kansas. This must have been an arduous trip by covered wagon for a mother with six children and a young baby. Her next son, William, was born 26 December 1872 in Kansas.

In 1873 they moved again, this time to Brady Island, Nebraska, where they settled on a homestead on Pawnee Creek.

Conditions were very primitive, and building materials were very scarce and costly. Lumber was not to be had and also, since the settlements were common, it was considered a fire hazard. So the father built a two-room sod shanty for the family. It stood on the banks of Pawnee Creek, which probably was the only source of domestic water, and from this fact grew the great tragedy which was to darken their later days. One child, Granvill Dennis (26 April 1875) was born while they lived here.

Mary Finch was a very hard working woman, and from what my father, G. Dennis, remembers, very resourceful. She raised a garden and stored cabbage, beans, carrots, turnips and potatoes for her family's winter use. She and the children would gather wild plums, currants, choke cherries, and buffalo berries (a little red and yellow berry that grew on a small silver leafed tree and tasted something like currants). These she would preserve by putting a layer of fruit and then a layer of sugar to fill the container. The plums were made into jam.

She was a lover of birds and flowers and always had her flower garden and her canaries.

Her husband, too, was ambitious. He raised corn to be taken to the mill and ground into cereal. Surplus grain was used to pay the miller and buy the precious sugar for preserving, salt, and what clothing they could afford for the family. Rarely could

they afford the 200 lb. barrels of flour bought at the nearest trading center.

Wild game was plentiful, my father tells of seeing flocks of wild gees and swan so thick they blotted out the moon. From the down of these she made the soft fluffy pillows and feather ticks to keep the children warm when the winter came and the terrible blizzards howled over the prairie--sometimes burying the sod shanty in snow drifts.

One of these 'feather beds', as they were called, I well remember. And Nancy's girl, Anna, tells me it went, packed singly in a trunk, wherever Grandma went. It is in existence today. When she passed away, it was given to Nancy, who later gave it back to my father. He gave it to my sister, Nancy Jennett Gunter, who has it today.

Grandfather raised cattle and hogs to furnish meat for the family. The hills abounded in elk, deer, and antelope.

Grandfather owned a prize racing mare and one time the Pawnee Indians raided the place to get her and stole all the horses. They were caught, made to return the horses, and pay the penalty.

In 1874 and '75 grasshopper plagues struck Nebraska. The insects descended in huge black clouds settling inches deep on everything and eating as they crawled, they stripped the land of all vegetation--even devouring cloth or material that was put out to protect the gardens.

In late summer of 1876 when her youngest son was a little over a year old the threatened tragedy struck the little sod shanty in the wilderness of Nebraska.

Some of the family became ill, they must not have known the nature of the disease at first, probably thinking it was 'summer complaint.' Ruth Ann brought her six month old baby and came home to help her mother. Too late they realized that the dread scourge and killer, typhoid, had struck them. Then Ruth Ann and her father were stricken, leaving her mother and the older children to care for the

sick and later to bury the dead.

The first to pass was Mahanah Sarah, aged 11, on 10 August 1876. Exactly one month later Ruth Ann and the Father, Thomas Jethro, died 10 September 1876.

The father was convalescing--how high her hopes must have been for his recovery and how happy she must have been that her beloved husband was to be spared!

But it was not to be thus--in those days they had what was called 'a timber claim' on which they raised wild hay or grazed cattle. When he was recovering and able to be up a little someone came to tell grandfather a man was cutting hay on their claim, about one and a half miles away. He took his gun and jumped on a horse to go chase the man away, this caused a relapse (a hemorrhage from the bowels) and he died.

Jethro (aged 10) almost recovered, then started riding too early to find the scattered cattle and one month later (10 October 1876) he died of the same cause. Making four deaths in all.

This left 'the Widow Finch' with six children of her own and a grandson just over six months' (Ruth's baby) to raise. Her eldest son, John, was sixteen at the time.

Now began her struggle to raise her family alone and unaided. They lived in the same place 'seven or eight years' (my father's words) and she took in washing and worked out to support them.

The older boys also worked, hewing corn, and in the hay fields, or herding cattle, anything they could get to do, from dawn 'til dark for from 25 to 50 cents a day.

Anna James Adams (her first granddaughter) has written me some of her memories of Grandma's house in these words: "I can still remember her home. I remember her doing part of her cooking on a fireplace--potatoes and squash baking on the hearth--cornmeal mush in the kettle hung over the fire, also the good stew (boiled dinners)." Perhaps the rail-

road had come through not too far from the sod house by now as Anna goes on to say: "I would have been near four when they moved to Brady--but if the home I recall was in Brady rather than Pawnee Creek it must have been on the edge of town for I can remember her taking us on walks overland and helping her gather coal along the railroad tracks, and no homes other than hers are recalled."

In 1891 or '92 they sold the home place and moved to Brady Island where they bought a little three-room frame house. Grandmother ran a restaurant, the boys helping with the dishwashing, etc.

She taught her children to be honest, self-reliant, industrious, hard working and dependable in her own forthright and sometimes humorous way. When she was working and would come home to get their supper and find the wood box empty, she would place the axe on the table and go to the neighbors' to visit. Another amusing incident of her unique method of discipline is told in Anna's words:

"Remember she told of disciplining John, he was fastidious, wanting to make a fine appearance with the girls, but careless at home, leaving others to pick up after him. So, on returning home from Church and bringing home the girl friend with him, he found the clothes he had changed from lying on the floor where he had left them with Grandma explaining why they were there--this he remembered!"

She was of the Methodist faith, and the family attended church while living in Brady.

Her youngest son, Dennis, went west to seek his fortune in 1895, a few years later his brother and his wife, William and Mary, with their son 'Tommy' joined him at McCammon Junction, Idaho.

In 1895 Nancy and her family moved from Nebraska to Portneuf near McCammon, Idaho, and then to McCammon where Grandma came to make her home with them in 1897. They did not stay here long as Nancy's husband was a railroad man (as was also William Joe Seymore, Ruth Ann's son, Dennis and Irah). So in 1897 they moved by wagon to Montana, Irah and Dennis going with them to Dillon or Anaconda (I believe).

Here she lived first with one married child, then another. Between this time and 1899 when Nancy and family moved back to Pocatello, Idaho, she stayed with her grandson Joe and his family at Anaconda, Montana.

About 1899 Irah and Dennie built her a house at Pocatello and she came to live and keep house for them. Shortly thereafter Irah married and moved to Carey, Idaho, where Dennis, who married 3 May 1904, soon joined him in June 1905. They sent for Grandmother, and again she moved. They built her a small frame house on Irah's homestead not far from where he lived.

It is here my memories of her begin. She always wore long-sleeved blue or grey calico shirtwaist dresses, black when she 'dressed up.' Although she was not a tall woman, about five feet two inches or three inches, she always seemed tall and slender to me.

She must have loved us grandchildren very much as some of my most cherished childhood memories are of nights when I stayed with her and could hear her old carved wooden eight-day clock slowly ticking the happy hours away. She always had molasses cookies or taffy for us. Her trunk was a treasure house of delight for two little girls to marvel over--one of its most wonderful treasures was a tall slender bottle filled with old coins, sea shells, coral, and pretty sets which the soldiers returning from the Cuban war had brought her. Then there were black dresses and capes heavily embroidered with jet ornaments and beads which she would let us string to make necklaces.

When she was a young girl, she became afflicted with asthma and her doctor had her smoke to relieve it; so I remember her rocking in her chair smoking a corncob pipe. When she lived in Nebraska she smoked a small clay pipe and later a briar pipe.

Another sweet memory is of her taking my sister and I and our two cousins, Leo and Jethro (Jet), Irah's boys, fishing on Fish Creek with her. She

would help us catch grasshoppers for bait, and would sit on the bank and patiently fish for hours.

Once a calf she was raising stepped on her foot and she had a terrible sore on it for a long time.

In 1913, when we moved to Jerome, Idaho, she came there to live in a little house in town with 'hot and cold running water' which, I imagine, was like a miracle to one who washed on the board and carried water from the creek when raising her family.

Her days of rest and comfort were very few. One day when we came to see her, we found her lonely, so 'Dennie' her baby and best loved son, took her home to live with him.

Not long after this she contracted pneumonia and after only a week of illness, passed away 4 November 1914 at Jerome, Idaho.

Her granddaughter, Anna, said: "in one of her trunks was a length of heavy black satin to be used for burial clothes." Her daughter, Nancy, and my mother made her dress.

Her eldest son, John, came from Nebraska to be with her at the last and he took her 'home' with him where she was buried in Springwell Cemetery at Brady, Nebraska, beside her children and her beloved husband to whom she had remained faithful, living a hard and sometimes lonely life, for 38 years.

by Leona Finch George

Tribute to Grandma Finch by her first granddaughter, Anna April Adams, of Homestead, Oregon; "I never knew her to be sick--probably in caring for others she never had time. Her life to us appeared hard, but to her was a challenge which she met head-on with no thought of self-pity--a very selfless person."

Little Grandmother of Long Ago
Dear little grandmother of long ago,
My memories oft take flight
Across the long departed years
To bring you to my side,
Once again in the gloaming
As the evening shadows fall

I see you rocking gently
And hear your sweet voice call

Again we wander with you
Through meadows sweet with flowers
Or creep up to catch grasshoppers
While you sit and fish for hours.

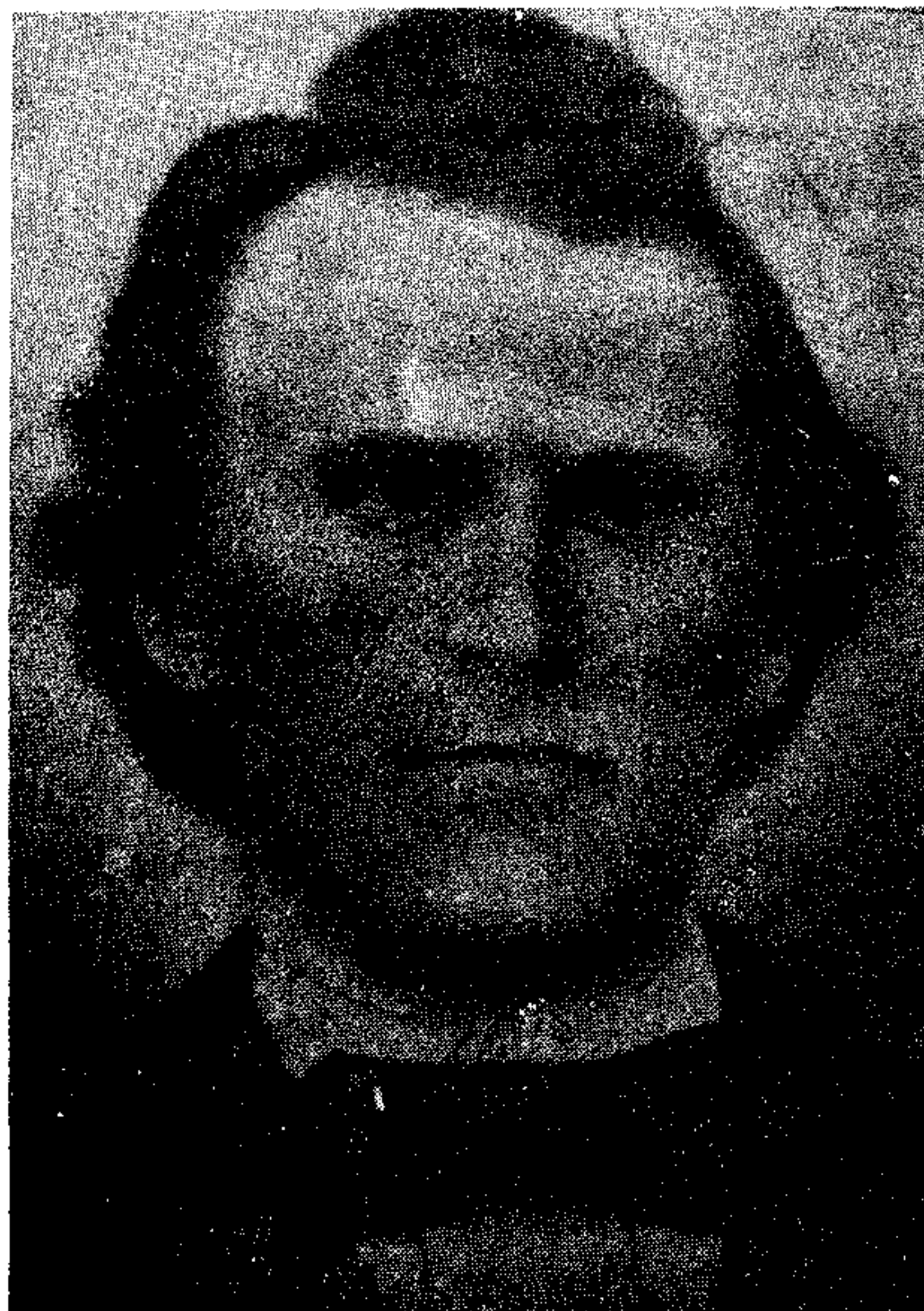
Looking back it seems you had
A life both hard and sad
Yet never did you falter
Your face was always glad.

The things we loved about you
Came through work and pain and tears,
And hardships you so bravely met
In all those lonely years.

The husband who was taken
In his manhood's fullest prime,
Those three beloved children
Following close, so close behind.

Yet, dear little Grandmother,
It's wrong to mourn your fate.
I'll remember all the good things
And appreciate the great!

by Leona Finch George



66 Thomas Jethero Finch and Mary Ann Robbins(Finch)

HISTORY OF THOMAS JETHERO FINCH

Thomas Jethero Finch, my paternal grandfather, was born 2 January 1833 according to the inscription on his headstone in Springwell Cemetery, Nebraska. Born in Ohio, probably Richland County, he was the fifth child and second son of John Finch, of Virginia, and Comfort Foster, of Baltimore, Maryland (23 October 1802 - 1 April 1885).

When he was four years old, he moved with his parents to Iowa Territory. This must have been an adventure as at this time Iowa Territory was a frontier to the people in the more settled areas and states.

Travel by wagon, usually with oxen, as was the case in this instance, and methods and conditions were very crude. There were very few roads, no bridges. When a large river was reached, it had to be crossed. They had to use their ingenuity and the materials at hand; thus, they crossed the Mississippi River in a flat boat with oars four miles above where Rockingham is now located.

They settled in a claim on Sugar Creek, six miles southeast of Tipton, Cedar County, Iowa. There, too, the same, or worse, conditions prevailed. I remember reading in the obituary of David Foster, a brother of Thomas, how they ground corn by the crude Indian method in a stump hollowed out by burning and sifted it through deer hides with holes punched in them.

Here he grew to manhood. we know nothing of the schools he attended, but I am sure he had schooling as all of his brothers of whom I have heard (History of John Finch gives names and dates) appear to have had unusually good educations for that time.

In 1856 he married at Tipton, Cedar County, Iowa, Mary Ann Robbinsof Marietta, Washington County, Ohio, daughter of Jelhera Robbins. They lived here 15 years and seven of their nine children were born (names and dates in history of Mary Anne.)

In 1871 they moved to Kansas, probably Kensington, as one of Tom's sisters lived there. Here another son was born. In 1873 they journeyed to Brady Island, Nebraska, and settled on Pawnee Creek. This ranch either bordered or was near the border of

the Platte River, as my father often talked of hunting ducks on it and skating on it in the winter. Here their last child, my father Dennis Finch, was born. From what Dad has told me, this, too, was wild frontier country where the Indians often stole their horses and they had a hard struggle to survive at first. The older boys hunted in the sand hills of the Platte for elk and deer, and shot ducks, geese and wild swan on the river.

Evidently Grandfather had come here to go in partnership with his two brothers, Ephriam and David, in the cattle business and they had begun to prosper as an old agreement I saw, which was given to Grandma after his death mentions that they were to have the increase of the herd for the care of it.

Then tragedy struck the family in the cabin on the banks of the Pawnee Creek--(in 1876) a typhoid epidemic. The pathos of that time is written on the headstones in Springwell Cemetery which shows that two of them, the father and eldest daughter, died the same day, 10 September 1876. Mahama, 13 years old, exactly one month earlier, and Jethero Aged 18 died one month later, 10 October 1876. The older children had to help care for the sick and dig graves for the others.

Grandfather had almost recovered, but one day a man came into the yard to tell him someone was cutting hay on the Finch's timber claim (evidently they could file on extra land for timber and use it for hay land). Anyway, Grandfather jumped on a horse and started to ride one and a half miles to drive the man away and had a hemorrhage and passed away 10 September 1876.

It seems as though he left a work incomplete; yet all his children lived honorable and upright lives, which is a fitting memorial for any man.

Leona Finch George

HISTORY OF DAVID THOMAS DAVIS

Born 4 March 1855 at Salt Lake City, Utah

Written by Amy Davis Peterson, Jerome, Idaho

My Father, David Thomas Davis, was born to David Woodwall and Mary Deer Davis. He was the eldest of five boys.

His mother helped his father translate the Book of Mormon into the Welsh language.

He was indeed rich in his heritage, having a mother who had left her home and family to come to America where she could worship God according to her own beliefs.

My father's parents crossed the plains, and his father died shortly after reaching Salt Lake City, Utah.

His mother married George McGlaughlin, who had a son, George, and a daughter, Mary Ellen. His stepfather, George McGlaughlin, and his stepsister, Mary Ellen McGlaughlin, died within a short time of each other. His mother was forced to let George be adopted by a family named Walker, due to illness. When my grandmother was able to take care of him, they refused to let her have him back. He lived to be twenty-one years old and was killed by a train.

His mother by then was thirty-nine years old and had six sons to support. In 1870 Grandmother became a plural wife of John Evans Price. To this marriage Margaret and Elizabeth were born. Their home was a homestead in Malad Valley, Idaho. Grandmother lived in Samaria until her death 12 November 1897.

From that time we have little to report. Father met my mother, Amy Ann Sawyer, when they were both at the age of twenty-four. His schooling was in Samaria, finishing the fifth grade. He took a course in public speaking and had many parts in the home-town plays.

Father and Mother had a short courtship and were married in 1879 and in six months were able to go to the Endowment House in Logan, Utah.

They had many disappointments. Their first baby, a boy, was stillborn. Later, a girl, Margaret,

lived three days. After her death, they were permitted to have three children who are still living at this writing (1960) two girls, Annie Louise and Mary Jennett, and a son, Eynon Leon. Then a daughter was born, Georgia, and lived only five years. After Georgia died, my sister, Vivian, was born, and I am next, Amy Elizabeth, followed by two sons, David Thomas and Frederick William.

Father left us in Samaria and went to work in the Yellow Jacket Mines. We were quite poor in those days, and there was no work around Samaria. He later moved the family to Lost River where they filed on land, but they were only there one year as the rabbits ate the crop. He also hauled freight to and from Collingston. At about the turn of the century, we moved to Arbon Valley where we had a farm, wheat being the major crop. We children had to shock the grain and herd the cows, among other chores. Father carried the mail from Arbon to Malad and had many harrowing experiences. One I remember him telling about being forced to leave his sleigh on a rocky ridge. He got on one of the horses and went down the mountain to a farm. He was so frozen by the time he reached the farm he was unable to climb off the horse. It was a blizzard he never forgot--but for the old grey mare he would have been lost in the storm.

In the year 1908 Father moved us to Carey Valley or Fish Creek as it is commonly called. He also was a mail carrier here, from Carey to Fish Creek being his route. He was also a trustee in the school district.

I don't remember Father being very active in Church activities, but he lived a good life and insisted that we children go to Church.

Father and Mother moved to Jerome, Idaho, in 1914 or 1915. They lived in a little house just across the canal from my sister Jennett on her place.

In 1918 Mother died of pneumonia. That same year my brother David, was killed on the battlefield

of France having enlisted in 1916. David was trained at Fort Lewis, Washington, prior to being sent overseas. He was buried in France.

Father never quite recovered from the loss of both his loved ones. He began to fail in health and went to live with my sister Louise, in Fruitland, Idaho, where he became very ill and passed away 19 April 1920. Since that time another son, Frederick William, and a daughter, Vivian, have gone to meet him.

Amy Annie Sawyer was born in Kent, London, England, on 3 March 1854.

One of the things I remember her telling was that her parents' property was in the part of London where 13 churches were located on it, so the family must have been well-to-do. Her father, William Sawyer, Jr., was born 10 June 1816, at Sharncliffe, England, the son of William Sawyer, Sr., and Phoebe Marsh. Her mother, Annie Cohen, was born 1 August 1835, at Bethelgreen, London, England (above data from family and temple records of Davis family).

When she was 16 or 17 years of age, she, with her parents and the rest of the family of four brothers and one sister, were contacted by the missionaries of the LDS Church and, heeding the call of the Gospel, all joined the Church. In order to live their religion more fully and to obey the "call to Zion" which the Church issued in those days that the Saints might live close to the General Headquarters, they decided to go to America.

At the age of 17 Amy embarked with her family on the journey to the "promised land;" perilous indeed was this journey in a combination sail and steam ship across the Atlantic in 1871. The ship must not have been one of the best because Grandmother often told how it leaked and of the time when they thought it was sinking. How everyone had to bail water! and then some of the passengers were laughing, some crying, the others praying that the ship would not sink. In reality the ship did sink on its return journey.

The family journeyed from the east coast by train to Ogden, Utah. While they lived there William Sawyer, Jr. passed away 7 May 1876. After his death they moved to Malad and bought twenty acres on the outskirts, a beautiful sight on the crest of a hill. I believe the house is still standing today.

Her mother, who had a physician's degree from a university in England, made fairly good living for the family.

At the age of 24 Amy Annie Sawyer met and married David Thomas Davis (born 3 March 1854, died 17 April

1920 at Salt Lake City). Seven January 1878 they were married in the Logan Temple and went to Malad, Idaho.

Most of their older children were born at Malad. Later they moved to Arbon where they owned a country store. This was close to the Bannock Indian Reservation and the Indians used it as a trading post.

In 1909 they moved to Carey, Blaine County, Idaho, on the East Fork of Fish Creek. Here they lived in a four-room frame house which grandfather built. They raised stock, hay and grain. I can well remember harvest time here and the threshing machine that was powered by teams of horses tramping around a central upright of wood or metal.

My grandmother's early childhood was spent on the family property mentioned before. I do not know what schools she attended, but she must have been sent to good ones since her mother was a college graduate. She was a very talented person, had a lovely voice, and could "step dance" as they called tap dancing in those days. She and Granddad sang beautiful duets, one of their favorites being "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

She was a very saintly person, always kind and gentle, but smiling seldom. She was a perfect lady and very meticulous about her house and personal appearance, never going out without her hat and gloves. When she walked, she held her arms quietly at her sides having been taught that "a lady never swings her arms."

It was she who taught me to crochet when I was ten years old.

In 1914 they bought three acres at Grandview, just across the canal from our farm. These were happy days for us children as it was a big adventure to be allowed to go down the canal to the bridge and back up the banks to Grandmother's house, to be greeted lovingly and be taught many bits of wisdom which only the elderly can impart.

For many years she was not well, being the victim of tuberculosis. She lived a long while with only one lung. In December of 1916 she became very ill and after being in bed about a month she passed away 17 January 1917 at her home in Jerome, Idaho, and was buried in the Jerome Cemetery.

One of my most poignant memories is of seeing her lying in her temple robes with her thin hands folded, her only flowers--although she had loved them so well--a sprig of Boston fern which someone had placed in her hand. She found her peace and happiness at last, and on her face was a faint smile of peace and rest.

written by g dau Leona Finch George

ANNIE LEONA FINCH GEORGE

My story begins in a humble abode
Where work was no stranger and
Want sometimes rode
On the banks of the Portneuf in a cabin neat
In old Pocatello, the county seat,
Dwelt a handsome young man
And a maiden fair
With olive skin and dark curling hair
'Twas here my spirit came to life
24 of January 1905.

When I was but six months of age
They loaded the wagon and rode through the sage.
To Carey, Idaho, they started that day
And had many adventures on the way.

My memory begins in a log cabin there
Where we dwelt many years in a valley fair.
I remember the road to Grandma's place
O'er the meadows green and the steep hill's face.
The clomp of horses feet in the mud
When we passed the spring and the winter's flood,
The lovely fragrance of blue flowers shy
Growing profusely on the green hillside.

The time we went to the Canyon steep
To watercress spring where the green frogs leap.
The panther's cave in the steep wild crags;
As we passed near it fear shook our legs.

And then one cold white winter day
We packed again and were on our way
My sister, brother, Mother and Dad
In a covered wagon with all we had.

Being older now I remember well
The journey where we came to Jerome to dwell.
The horses plowed through the snow drifts white,
But we curled safe and warm in our beds each night.

'Neath the sheltering canvas of the old sheep camp,
By the glowing stove and the coal oil lamps,
We arrived quite safely at old Grandview,
A place now forgotten and known to few.

Here we bought a home once again.

We walked to school in snow, heat and rain.

We joyously lived youth's golden hours
With school friends, books and flowers.

When my grade school days were past
To Fruitland I went and high school at last,
While I lived with Aunt Louise
And learned to work and try to please.

Back to our home at the end of that year
Where friends and family had grown most dear.
Since Nettie was now in high school, too,
We rode horseback to the school so new.

We lingered here just one year more
Then traveled on to Oregon's shore.
At Hood River we did land
Near the foot of Mt. Hood so grand.

So working, playing with a laugh or sigh
The ensuing years went quickly by.
Here I finished high school years
Then went to Portland with many fears,

To enter Good Samaritan Training school
To learn to live by Florence Nightingale's rule.
Learning and laboring three long years through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue.

I made some friends both false and true,
And did some things which today I rue.
'Twas here at the end of training school
I met and married by "civil rule"

For the Gospel light had not yet shown
In my earthly life or in our home
Although at Carey I'd been baptized
The Gospel message had passed me by.

Now because of a lack of this
Seven years of marriage without joy or bliss
Except to us was born a son
Fulfilling a dream; yet dearly won.

In Ely, Nevada, his birth occurred,
But we weren't content and homeward turned.
The black depression now struck the land,
Work was sought on every hand.

We lived three years at Bonneville Dam.

Here serious marital trouble began
And as when is absent the Gospel light
Our home was broken; our dreams took flight.

With mother caring for my little son,
My long, lonely years of work began.
To California I went to work;
"Twas here fate dealt another 'quirk.'

So seeking, waiting for joy to come,
I knew no peace and had no home.
Nothing to me did then impart
That joy and peace lie within the heart.

Supervising first aid in a ship yard
I spent the years of the Second World War.
Once while attending an old-time dance
I met one whome 'I knew at a glance.'

While working as an office nurse
I was struck by a taxi and seriously hurt.
Ed was my 'help in time of need.'
Caring for Dennis and assisting me.

ODE TO MT. HOOD

First poem - May 1924

Oh, snow crowned monarch, champion of the years,
Oh guardian of our thoughts, Solacer of Tears!
A crown of white is on thy stately head, as though
The cares of man had greyed thy locks.

Thy face is scarred and seamed as sorrow's tread,
Had left its touch upon thy snowbound rocks.
Thou hast darkened and frowned at races ill run;
Thou hast watched white and cold the risks we take.

Thou hast softened smiled in the setting sun;
To see brave men conquer for right's own sake.
Thou wert put there by one as a token of love,
A guide for our footsteps, a goal for our race.
We look to Thee always who tower above
We strive to be better as we gaze on thy face.

Leona Finch George

English High School Hood River , Ore. 1924

THE VALLEY

June 1924

At the foot of snow clad mountains,
An emerald valley lies,
Like a jewel in the Sunlight,
It glimmers 'neath the skies.

Between its verdant grasses,
Beneath its stately trees,
We see the flowers blooming,
We hear the hum of bees.

The spirit in our valley
Is of light and peace and love;
To fill our hearts and thrill our souls
To know God reigns above.
Leona Finch George

WILD GEESE AT NIGHT

Longview, Wash. 1939

The stormy clouds roll low
The winds blow high;
Yet through it all I hear
God's creatures in the sky.

Their plaintive cries float back
Like the voice of memory,
Recalling the features dear
Of someone we cannot see.

A part of the storm
As the roar is apart of the sea,
A part of the night
Of the winds that blow clean and free.

A part of life,
A part of God's plan for the morrow;
A touch of mystery,
A fleeting pang of sorrow.

A glimpse of beauty
A soothing feeling of peace
As eerily through the dark
Comes the cry of the southbound geese.

Long Bell Hospital 1938. Leona Finch George

EASTER DAWN

Oh Sunbeams softly 'waken
The sleeping world and say:
Arise look toward the heavens,
Today is Easter Day!

Arise, but 'ere you journey
Into the world of strife;
Kneel down and thank your maker
Who gave eternal life.

And thank The Heavenly Father,
Who gave to us His Son
To bring the plan so perfect
By which it may be won.

And pray that as you venture
Upon you'r chosen road.
You may be His helper
To lighten someones load.

To help to spread the Gospel
To each kindred, tongue, and nation
To bring the world glad tidings,
To tell of Exaltation.

And ask another blessing
As you are kneeling there;
A heart that may be humble
A mind that may be fair.

Leona Finch George 1952

AT EVENTIDE

The tea kettle faintly sings
In the hour of evening's hush;
And soft from the distant hill
Comes the last sweet song of thrush.

The cows in the meadow low
As homeward their way they wend;
The wild duck, silent in flight,
Follows the river's bend.

Each flower bends dew wet heads
And kisses the grass good night.
The trees softly sigh and nod
To birds in their homeward flight.

As night's purple curtain falls
And stars shyly peek through the folds
Man gazes into the sky.
Awed at the wonders it holds.

He thinks of the Father's plan
Of its wisdom, beauty and scope,
Its mercy justice and love;
And his soul fills with light and hope.
Leona Finch George

THE LONE PINE WEEPING

Etched black against the midnight sky
The lone pine guards the night;
Each star decked bough an anthem plays,
As silent hours take flight.

The wayward winds that branches toss

And mystic music make;
Perchance have wandered far tonight
O'er Mountain crags and rippling lakes.

Perhaps they whisper as they pass,
A weird enchanting tale
Of battles fought in other days
Along the ancient trail.

Mayhap they crossed the ocean wild
And tell of distant lands
Where mortal souls are held so cheap,
That as it listens the lone pine weeps.

Leona Finch George 1953

RIPENING WHEAT

Ripening wheat in the setting sun;
Nature's gold of sunbeams spun.
Sweet is thy fragrance, sweet and clean;
Thy heart gives nations strength to dream.

Nurtured by waters crystal cold
From Sylvan glade and Mountain bold;
Where soars the Eagle Wild and Free
Where bloom the flowers sweet to see.

Buried within each kernel deep
Freedom's love its vigil keeps;
Hope for peace for honor dear,
For family life untouched by fear.

Within thy golden heart there lies
Strength and courage to despise
Hate and conflict wrong and sin
Oppression, hunger, war, and din.

Leona Finch George

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Octobers chilling winds
Bring bright leaves spiraling down
With scarlet bronze and yellows
To cover all the ground.

Tossed by the wind and driven
Across the breast of earth
Restlessly they await decay
That they may know rebirth.

Leona Finch George 1962

OTHER WORLDS

"The Heavens declare the glory of God
And the earth His handiwork shows;"
Dark Trees in the moonlight glitter
Purple shadows on the snows.

Stars flash a million jewells,
Rainbows flaunt deep rosy shades
Heaven's galaxy aglitter
Other shadows other glades.

Other chasms yawning deeply
Over pools so still and clear,
Other peoples other sorrows,
Or hearts filled with joy or fear.

Another plan, another purpose
Other oceans rise and fall;
Yet in all that same glad promise
For one God is over all.

Leona Finch George 1953

MIDNIGHT REVERIE

I saw the sleeping trees
Dark splashed against the sky;
Like puffs of smoke that rise
When smoldering campfires die.

The sky , a vast blue dome,
Stretched o'er the slumbering world
With stars like white sea foam
In shinning beauty furled.

Framing the wondrous scene
In velved deep and soft,
The stately poplars rise
Spilling black plumes aloft.

Awe and beauty here
Beauty and splendor bold;
These sparkling glittering stars
Caught in each purple fold.

Of midnight's royal robes,
Of Heaven's splendid gown:
As silent, proud, aloof,
The spangled skies look down.

Leona Finch George 1959

FROST PICTURE

Filigreed against the sky
Willow trees and poplars high,
Each brown bud with leaves deep furled
Etched in white, with frost deep pearled.

Know ye now for one brief hour
Silent joy of beauty's power,
White and graceful standing there;
Glittering, sparkling in frosty air.

At your feet has nature laid
Snow white carpets in the glade.
Decked with priceless gems each weed
That once held blossom fair and seed;

Nature robbed each one of these,
Beauteous blossom, velvet leaves.
Repenting now, for this brief while
She gilds each one in lavish style.

Their beauty has a haunting air
Against the sky so blue and fair;
A sweet sad cadence, as music heard
Faintly from distant hidden bird.

Soon will the sun their beauty call
To make white clouds to drift o'er all;
To make the soft white falling snow
That blankets all the earth below.

But mourn not, oh ye barren tree,
Know that your branches soon will be
Swinging and tossing in Spring's warm breeze
As buds burst forth and winter flees.

Each branch each shining crest
Will hold sweet life in hidden nest.
Each one an organ then will be
As birds their praises sing from thee.

Leona Finch George 1957

TO A WEEPING WILLOW

With mystic, liquid, living green
Flowing like tresses in the breeze,
Restless, moving, never still,
Sighing, tossing on yonder hill;

Thou willow, weeping lost Niobes' tears,
Ever mourning through the countless years.
Within thy heart what lonely yearning lies,
What causes thee to weep, neath smiling skies?

Thy namesake wept through ages long gone by,
Seeking through stone to voice a living cry
For children lost through vain and foolish pride;
And changed to stone forever weeps and cries.

Thy beauty cascades in the sweet spring air
With tender green leaves sprouting everywhere.
Thy weeping locks, kissed by sun and showers
Patiently, sweetly pass the fleeting hours.

Leona Finch George 1957

Inspired by the weeping willow in the spring and
the Theban legend of Niobe a matron who incurred
the enmity of Apollo and Artemis by her pride and
boasting of her seven sons and was turned into a
stone, which always sheds tears.

FLAMINGO SKIES

The evening skies reflect the forest flame,
The silver clouds are died flamingo hues,
Gay, ghost ships sailing slowly on to fame;
Sailing azure skies in one last cruise.

Before their flame will change to dullest grey,
Before they lie forsaken by the sun,
In memr'ys' harbor where they now will stay
Folded safe and anchored one by one.

Leona Finch George

DISTANT PEAKS

The distant peaks like petals lie
Dream like in evening haze.
The fleece white clouds drift slowly by
Silvered by sun's last rays.

Each lies cradled in azure blue
Like ghost ships soft and white,
Where they'll be guarded all night through
Kissed by the moonbeams bright.

Now they are tinted by sinking sun
And blue and purple they gleam
Waiting the time when day is done
They glow in the sun's last beam.

Leona Finch George

DEEPENING SHADOWS

The purple haze so softly
The dreaming earth enshrouds.
The sun's last blaze of glory
With brilliance paints the clouds.

It softly pushes shadows
From vale to mountain grand,

And leaves a kiss in passing
On all the fruitful land.

This is the time of homeward flight
O'er all the teeming earth;
When birds seek nests and shelter
When men seek home and hearth.

Our spirits too their home doth seek
Our hearts with longing burn;
We feel within a yearning pain
A wish to homeward turn.

On golden beam Thy Spirit
Flying through time and space,
Within our bosom plants the thought,
Thanks for Thy saving grace.

Leona Finch George

RISING SUN

From a misty sea of flaming gold
The sun began to rise.
Touched to life the earth so cold
Lit the sleeping skies.

The Row of stately poplars
Growing in yonder field
Suddenly new beauty sees
On nature's golden shield.

The desert sage in morning's glow
Springs into beauteous flame.
On and on the bright waves flow
Awakening each one the same.

They stir to life each sleeping bird
With Rosy sunbeams soft,
Joyful and sweet their song is heard
Rising to heaven aloft.

Swift and fleet'ng this hour of Bliss
Fleeting as youth's bright span,
As aurora with her fickle kiss
Awakens all the land.

Leona Finch George

SUNSET ON THE COLUMBIA

We watched the sun sink swiftly
Into the flaming gorge,
Saw molten gold and silver
Too rare for men to forge.

It filled with color deep and cool
Each little hidden glade,
And left a soft bright golden mist
On every shining blade.

We saw the homing sea birds
Against the scarlet sky;
The dead black forest monarchs;
Symbol of days gone by.

Through canyon walls and towering cliffs
In colors bold and true,
The mighty rolling waters
Sweep on to the ocean blue.

The colors stream o'er rock and tree
From the sun's last dying blaze;

Our hearts are full of love and thanks
As we silently sit and gaze.

Leona Finch George

SILVER SAGE

Up to the foot of mountains high
Rolling in distant purple waves,
Covering the earth with a carpet live;
Grows soft and green the fragrant sage.

Twisted, growing in tortured shapes,
Gleaming silver as we draw nigh,
Clothing the desert with grey-green space
Blended by distance with far blue sky.

Shimmering gold in the hot dry air,
Distorted by moving shifting heat,
Tossed and blown by whirlwind there,
Burned by sun by sand storms beat..

The wild hawk soars above thy head
Thy branches cradle wild birds home;
Where grasses grow and paint brush red,
And antlered deer in freedom roam.

The desert air blows clean and free
From wind carved sand and crags so high
And gathers perfume sweet from thee
To kiss our cheeks as we pass by.

Leona Finch George 1959

AURORA BOREALIS

Last night we stood 'neath dark star jewelled skies
Saw Aurora Borealis flash on high.
With lovely glowing shades from gold to red
Reflected color gleamed in skies o'er head.

It dropped a magic curtain o'er the night
Mystic magic scene of changing light.
And touched with glory every twinkling star
Like moonbeams sparkling on a frosty spar.

In memory then my mind saw once again,
The beauty of wild flowers in the rain;
The soft and rosy light of many dawns,
The splendid flame of sunset now long gone.

With awe I watched the gauzy spectral fans,
Reflections of the sun in distant lands.
As though the earth would send a goodnight kiss
To join that land in brotherhood to this.

Leona Finch George 1959

MAGIC VALLEY

Oh Magic Valley green
With thy fields and trees between;
Once we looked across thy space
And saw naught but sand and sage.

Once thy fields were brown and sere
Desert waste was far and near.
Once the coyote ruled supreme
Music was the Eagle's scream.

Here the Red man roamed at will
Sought the wily deer to kill;
As he struggled hard to live
On the little thou couldst give.

Then the mighty rolling Snake,
Mountain streams and hidden lake,
Touched and fired the dreams of man
And he built the towering dam

Caught the crystal rain drops clear
Brought them to the desert drear;
Then thy soul began to live
Green abundant life to give.

Now thy mission is fulfilled
When thy fertile soil is tilled.
When thy yield brings strength to men
Brings them dreams to dream again.

Leona Finch George

COYOTE'S WAIL

In the eerie dark when sleep takes flight
And the scudding clouds cross the moon's pale light;
When the wailing winds toss the trees and sigh
From the desert waste comes the coyote's cry.

His sobbing song, now far, now near,
Makes the heart beats pause with a thrill of fear,
And the thoughts rush back with that banshee wail
To days gone by and the old wife's tales.

In fancy we see him stalk his prey
From sun's last light to break of day.

As his ghost grey form slinks silently by
From stark black trees comes the owl's weird cry.

Sometimes his cry, with its sharp half bark
Comes close, too close, in the unknown dark,
As he ends his song with heart broken wail
And turns to flee on that age old trail.

Leona Finch George

WINTER LOCKED

We entered a valley of silence
White mist clouds danced ahead,
Each tree stood there snow shrouded
In nature's winter bed.

Deserted, alone, forgotten,
Holding their boughs close pressed;
Each waited patient and hopeful
The Rigor of Winter's Test.

The little wild folk of the forest,
The rabbit, the squirrel, the deer
Long since have sought the lowlands
Knowing that winter was near.

The trees had shaken and shivered
In the first icy gusts of fall;
Till nature in her wisdom
Piled snow deep over all.

Fear not, oh winter bound valley,
Oh trees, look up and smile;
For One who is mighty all seeing,
Watches o'er you all the while.

Not even the fall of a sparrow,
Nor yet the cry of a soul,
Shall pass by His Angels unnoticed
Unrecorded on Heaven's scroll.

As the golden warmth of spring time
Releases your prison cold,
The light and warmth of His gospel
Will bring man joy untold.

As soft breeze, bright sun, clear water
Causes your flowers to bud and bloom;
The Father, the Son, the Spirit
Have lifted man's soul from gloom.

As you stand arrayed in your verdure,
Obeying blindly His laws
May we with our wisdom and knowledge
As faithfully serve His cause.

Leona Finch George

TO AN ANCIENT PINE

Oh stately pine so tall and straight
Standing for centuries long passed.
What wondrous tale couldst't thou relate
Of warriors bold and beauteous lass?

What drama passed before thy gaze,
What men have died for what brave cause?
And who have failed in bitter days,
Alone with none to give applause?

The lumbering wagon trains have passed,
Plodding and weary men have stayed

To rest at thy feet on the parched dry grass,
Where frightened women knelt and prayed.

The Lamanites of days long gone
Perchance have wandered in thy shade;
Fighting and pressing ever on
With arrows sharp and deadly blade.

Perhaps he wondered standing there,
So fierce and warlike, so unbowed,
How best to reach his God in prayer
But on his mind there was a cloud.

Leona Finch George 1957

HIDDEN LAKE

Oh steep is the mountain crag,
That towers o'er the rippling lake;
And silver the moon's bright beam
As it glows on the dancing wake.

Deep are its waters and green,
Hemmed in by timbered hills;
Blended in beauty rare
Far from man's troubles and ills.

In winter its waters clear
Lie prisoned in bonds of ice;
Its banks turn to crystal wonder lands
Whose beauty bear no price.

As spring comes over the hills
Breathing her message sweet;
The lake begins to stir,
Her heart begins to beat.

At last her waters, unleashed,
Begin to move and dance;
Her bosom swells and heaves
Awaiting the moon's soft glance.

Her banks burst into bloom;
Soft fragrant breezes then
Begin to kiss her smiling face
To make her laugh again.

In autumn her waters blue
Reflect the farewell blaze
Of aspen, maple and ash
Forerunner of harsh cold days,

When she again will sleep
'Neath nature's sheltering snow,
Slumber and wait for spring
When awakening again she'll know.

Leona Finch George

MOON DREAMS

Cradled in clouds of downy pink
The moon began to rise;
Gently with strokes of silver ink
It tinted evening skies.

Shyly at first, then boldly,
It peeked o'er the distant hill,
Changing to magic beauty
Each little knoll and rill.

Swiftly it stole o'er the river
Luminous gold in its wake,

Fired to white gold the willows
Deepened the shadows they make.

Its beam painted briefly the aspen
With a beauty eerie and cold
Left in darkness the valley
Yet crowned the mountain bold.

Flying aloft on silvered wings;
Revealed the breasts of wild swan,
Briefly they sway in gauzy light
Swiftly they are gone.

The moon sails the skies like galleons of old
Riding the storm tossed waves.
Keeping secret the stories told
Whispered by nobles or knaves.

Hurry for soon your hour will close
Your glory fade in the sun;
You'll be but a ghostly scuttled ship.
Sinking when night is done.

Leona Finch George 1955

HOMING TIME

Dying the sun sinks from our sight
Painting the sky with colors bright,
Crimson banners of clouds flung there
Flaunted on azure skies so fair.

With lavish hand the closing day
Tints all nature on her way.
To ocean blue whose breakers high
Gleam with beauty as she goes by.

Softly birds sing a last goodnite
Homeward bound each one takes flight.
The shadows steal on soft light feet
And perfumed air brings memories sweet,

Of days gone by, of other scenes,
Of suns that sank on other dreams,
Of childhood days and youth's bright pleasures,
Of days lived sweetly in full measure.

Leona Finch George

WINTER LAKE

Majestic, Wrapped in frozen snow,
The fir clad mountains grand,
Are white ghosts seen in depts below
Where still black waters stand.

Cold silence reigns o'er all the vale
Where vague grey shadows lie
Each tree holds diamonds and lacework frail
That vanish as the chill winds sigh.

Leona Finch George

BOOK OF MORMON

Oh wonderful book, true, divine,
Given to the world with truth to shine.
Brought by an angel from the dust,
To lead the way with hope and trust.

Borne on wings of truth and light
To raise the world to heaven's height.

To give us the better way,
And teach us how to watch and pray.

To bring our souls from dark to light
Our minds to knowledge fair and bright;
To help the world to turn from sin,
And turn our hearts and souls to Him.

Translated and written by power divine
To help and guide us for all time.
Witnessed by men of God inspired
Who never through all that transpired,

Denied that witness of the truth
Given by an angel to a youth;
Who, through all the trial and strife,
Sealed his testimony with his life.
Leona Finch George

MAGIC MOON

White Moon of Magic Valley
How bright are thy beams!
On all this land's granduer
Thy soft splendor gleams.

The willows enchanting in silhoutte stark;
Each one a silver phantom, gleams out of
the dark.
In all the bright moonlight the valley and
stream
Lie peacefully slumb'ring. dreaming sweet
dreams.

Thy soft light is stealing
O'er river and lake.

Thy beauties so fleeting
Sweet memories' wake.

Leona Finch George

AUTUMN DAWN

The rising sun tints slowly eastern skies ,
Touches to flame the waiting clouds on high,
Dawn's hush lies upon the slumb'ring land
In tribute to that morning scene so grand.

Soft breezes gently flutter dying leaves ,
And briefly rustle corn in autumn sheaves.
Awakened by the rosy morning light
A pheasant takes the air in noisy flight.

Leona Finch George

ANCIENT RIVER

Speeding on broad highway,
Relaxed, content at close of day.
I close my eyes and see on mental screen
The happenings and places long unseen.

The mighty Columbia surges there;
But gone are the scars on her banks so fair.
The scars made by man in his upward climb.
Are, erased, as backward I go in time.

Her whirling waters pure and clean
Flow now through banks unmarred and green.
Nought but the winds and the fish from the deep
Ruffle the stream in its onward sweep.

Through deep chasms in purple haze,
Swift waters wend their eager way.
Sometimes an antlered deer will drink
The pure sweet draught at river's brink;

Or lonely red man, wild and free
Will pause with awe the sight to see.
The eagle perched on towering cliff,
Takes wing to soar o'er waters swift.

From vast enchanted mountain heights,
From valleys deep and glaciers white
The eternal drops flow year by year
To form the rushing water clear.

Listening closely I hear their song,
As the many waters flow on and on,
Rushing, swirling, swift and free
Flowing unhurried to the sea.

This is herdirge, her mournful cry:
Oh; lonely and sad, though free, am I,
I long for the day when conquering men
Will use my power, I'll be happy then.
Leona Finch George

SOMBER MOOD

The land is in a somber mood;
Brooding, aloof, and still
Stand barren fields in solitude
O'er shadowed by frowning hill.

Hidden the sun's bright golden rays,
The skies o'er cast with clouds.

Nothing the burden of silence stays
And earth wears a funeral shroud.

The hills, dark purple with distance, dream;
In deep rutted gulleys holding fast
Their secret store for sparkling stream
Their age old story of the past.

Even the birds the silence keep,
The wild life breathes with bated breath;
No whisper is heard on the mountain steep
Where stand the forests still as death.

No faintest breath stirs their needled limbs,
No fragrance is wafted from hidden flowers;
Hushed and still are their sighing hymns
Solitude reigns with awe and power.

Leona Finch George

ODE TO IDAHO

Oh, beautiful Idaho,
Far famed for mountains high;
Where purple sage and cactus grow
With green fields side by side.

Thy mountain peaks their vigils keep
Where wild flowers sweet and rare,
Growing shyly in canyons steep,
With perfume fill the air.

With hidden lake and crystal stream
Thy bosom fair is laid,
The flaming clouds at sunset gleam
O'er Sylvan lake and glade.

With mighty force thy waters roll
Through rugged canyons wide and tall.
Down each sheer cliff and from each knoll
The tumbling waters fall.

On pine clad slopes wild creatures roam
Silent, proud and free,
Each has a place to call his home
Where none but God can see.

When evening glides across the range
The world enchanted lies;
The sun with magic color paints
The waiting earth and skies.

With fragrance sweet the air is filled,
From new mown hay, from growing sage,
Is all this perfume spilled
That comes at close of day.

With precious gems and minerals rare
Thy crusted earth abounds.
Thy mountain peaks store precious snow
To water thirsty ground.

When winter winds and cold fierce gales
Pile white drifts soft and deep
We tell thy history's thrilling tales
While night her long watch keeps;

Of indians fierce and trappers bold,
Of pioneers who Westward yearned,
Of men who fought and died for gold,
Of shining plough and black sod turned.

Leona Finch George

OPENING ROSE

Gently thy petals
Begin to uncurl
Thy bud opens shyly
To gaze on the world.

Dew pearled and velvet
In deep rosy shades
Sweet innocence smiling
As golden dawn fades.

Fragrant and perfect
A work of His hand
Symbol of great love
A part of His plan.

Leona Finch George 1959

MORNING CAROL

The distant cock crows heralding the sun
Dawn opens rosy fingers one by one.
While leafless trees glow black against the sky,
The flaming light reveals bright clouds on high.

Sweet inscense rises slowly on the air
As earth sends up her grateful morning prayer.
Song birds "wake" and happy voices raise
To Him whose love and mercy rules our days.

Leona Finch George

DAVID

(Written for my son to his son)

He's such a little lad to bear
That proud and glorious name
Of warriors bold and prophets,
Good men who brought it fame.

With baby feet spread wide apart
His footsteps follow mine;
His soft hands grasp my fingers
And my proud heart entwine.

As rosy lips all petal soft
On my warm cheek are pressed;
My heart sends up a silent prayer,
A prayer that he'll be blessed.

With noble thoughts and body strong,
Pure heart and seeking mind;
Courage to know humility
That peace and joy he'll find.

That he may be the bearer
Of Thy Holy Priesthood true;
That he may safe return to thee
When his earth life is through.

Leona Finch George

BLUE BIRD

Perhaps the Great Creator
Took a bit of heaven's sky
To spread across thy soaring wings
And gild thy head so high.

He placed upon thy singing throat
A flame from dawn's own heart;

And made thee of this wondrous world
A joyous living part.

Leona Finch George 1958

AURORA'S ADORED

Aurora spread her gorgeous fan tonight;
Spread and waved it slowly in prisms of Rosy light.
She brushed it past the clouds, her tresses dark,
And gazed o'er it with twinkling eyes, the stars.

She coyly bowed with it to her adored,
With shy advances beckoned to her lord.
The rosy feathers of her waving fan
Brought blushes to the cheeks of that lone man.

Dancing, swaying in skies so fair
In gauzy light still smiling there;
But as she smiles we know that all too soon
She'll lonely leave her pining love the moon.

Leona Finch George

IDEALS

Thoughts and story taken from M-Men and Gleaner
lesson by Elder Benion 1956-7.

In War torn France on a battlefield
Stands a knoll with gentle slopes;
Once 'round this knoll a battle raged
With a stubborn foe who would not yield.

Six times that day was it taken and lost,
Now at close of day as I crossed its top

I saw dead scattered far and near;
Here was the toll of the battle's cost.

Here lay the flower of America's youth;
Not dead 'nor sleeping but forever alive.
The courage to fight for a great ideal
Had brought them there to live for truth.

As a lantern lights our paths so dim;
So great ideals may guide our steps
Through swamps of sin and rocks of despair,
Let our Savior's example guide us to Him.

As he based his life on Service and love,
As He humbly served and so freely gave;
So with us He'll always be
As a guiding power from above.

If we take five things from His life so grand,
They will help and guide and point the way
To a richer, happier, better life
And help us our problems to understand.

The first is, always be prepared
For an enriched joyous loving life.
We should work, study and go to school
That life's richest moments we may share.

Then there is the courage our trials to face,
Sometimes we're down in the cold black depths
Of despair and sorrow and we're sore afraid;
'Tis then we need courage to win the race.

He would have us be pure in heart;
Lay hands not suddenly on any man
Neither be partakers of his sin,
Honor our divinity, keep womanhood sacred is our part.

Then if we can practice the golden rule,
Can love our neighbor as our selves,
Do unto others as we would they did;
It will lead to success in life and school.

If we prepare for a full rich life
And in living be both pure and kind;
We will still need faith to see us through
To help gain victory in this Earth's life.

Leona Finch George

THE SNOW SLIDE

On the face of a mountain steep
Where the eagle his vigil keeps;
We saw as we passed by
The scars of an old snow slide.

Caught in the throes of nature dread
The aspen bent her fair green head
And bowed beneath the crushing blow
Of rushing rock and ice and snow.

Here was left in the storm scarred path
Deep marks of nature in her wrath;
As she twisted and crashed toward the lake,
Leaving havoc in her wake.

But repentantly and sweetly now
She is carpeting the brow
Of crag and mountain steep
With soft grasses and vines that creep.

Leona Finch George

MY ROMANCE

(Written for skit, girl's camp 1956)
Camp Smokey Alturas Lake

As I came 'round the bend
I met a nice boy friend;
Taken by surprise
I gazed into his eyes,

As he gazed into mine
Everything was going fine
Then I gently stroked his ear
And he said "How nice my dear."

Our romance bloomed and died
There by the blue lake side.
And woe! Oh woe! is me!
Forever alone I'll be.

A tear bedimmed his eye
As he gently said good bye
Down the long dusty road
Went my little green "hop toad."
Leona Finch George

GUIDE POSTS TO A GOLDEN GLEANER

Our Heavenly Father once said to us:

" My daughter, you must leave for awhile
This haven safe, my loving smile;
And go to earth yourself to test,
To receive experience with the rest.

Across your mind a veil will fall
Causing forgetfulness of all.
You'll not remember my loving face,
"Nor the joy and wonder of this place

As you journey on the earth
These things to you will be of worth,
Guide posts to mark your way back home
To help you not to stray or roam;

Singing and praying as a child,
Loving and serving the Savior mild,
Learning the gospel in your youth
Gleaning treasures of joy and truth.

Serving Him in glorious strength,
Gaining knowledge, truth at length
Praying and working through joy and tears,
Building testimonies o'er the years.

Marriage in that sacred shrine,
Eternal marriage for those of mine.
These goal posts, daughter, you shall see
Will lead you back to dwell with me.

So keep a record of each deed,
A Treasures of Truth Book you will need
To record and remember each experience dear
To help my spirit to linger near."

Thoughts Elder Benion
Verse - Leona Finch George

LOST SONG

Oh would that I had words to here record
The evening song of thrush at days last hour.
It swells and falls in cadence low and sweet;
As perfume wafted from some hidden bower.

Yes, all the flower's fragrance and its light
The sad sweet beauty of its Moon kissed face;
Are caught and echoed back in trilling song,
To rise and fall then die away in space.

Alas for beauty and for lovely song!
Can they be gone, forever lost to man?
Within my heart the answer rises clear:
Someday we'll hear again and understand.

1958 Leona Finch George

SAFE HARBOR

The ill winds sweep o'er the sea of Life
From the shores of black despair,
They drive and toss the bark of man
To sorrow and anchor there.

For Life is vain without hope or faith
To banish the pain and fear;
To bid the waves: "Oh peace be still."
For our Savior Reigneth here.

Then our ship is anchored safe and sound
In the harbor of joy and peace;
Our fears are calmed, our hearts made brave
For His love will never cease.

Leona Finch George 1958

DO WE REMEMBER

When Christmas bells ring loud and clear
And Yuletide brings Our Savior near;
I wonder if we really see
The things He did for you and me?

Do we remember a garden fair
And picture a figure kneeling there,
Suffering, praying, rising above
Pain and sorrow, all for love?

Can we envision a manger low,
A mother's face with love aglow,
A wondering world that kneels in awe
Welcoming The King of Law?

In our hearts does there still grow
Faith to understand and know
This love that caused a man to tread,
With bleeding back and thorn crowned head,

A hate strewn road to a cross
To bleed and die, on all were lost?
Can we forgive as He forgave?
With loving hearts can we still pray?

Then as with laughter and with mirth
We celebrate our Savior's birth:
Let's work and pray for that day when
There'll be peace on earth good will to men.

Leona Finch George - Christmas 1958

SWEET DREAM

(Based on an actual dream 1951)

I trod a path of moonbeams through the stars,
Saw heavenly bodies gleaming from afar;
And then, oh then! My spirit light took wings
And bore me to that realm where angels sing.

His light shone out and glorified the place,
I knew Him 'though I could not see His face.
A flood of joy and wonder filled my breast
Beyond all earthly dreams of peace and rest.

I knelt in awe and wonder at those portals
Where shinning light turned back the gaze of mortals,
And then, oh joy beyond all joys e'er said
I felt His gentle hands upon my head.

I raised my hand to draw aside the veil
That hid His face, and then my courage failed;
My earth bound feet were quick to run in fear
I 'wakened to find my pillow wet with tears.

Leona Finch George

STORM BEATS

Thunder gods ride the winds tonite,
The scudding black clouds their steeds.
Their thundering hoofs strike flame and light
From the heavens as they speed.

Breathless the earth waits each blinding flash;
Even the wind is hushed and still.
Onward they rush on mounts fierce and rash
Revealing in flame each valley and hill.

Galloping, racing, with spur and whip
Urging their dark steeds cruelly on;
Black of brow and fierce of lip
With heads held high and sword full drawn.

Look! What is that in the distant blue,
Watching bravely their quick advance?
'Tis only an army of sunbeams true
Which halts and scatters their wild war dance.

Leona Finch George

VELVET HILLS

The Hills, soft rolls of velvet,
On blue horizons lie
Thier ambers green and yellows
Stretch to meet the sky.

The darker waves descending
To valleys deep and cool,
Are splashed with living color
Mirrored in still pools;

With here and there reflected
A bit of heaven's blue
In shy blue bell and violet
With white dock peeking through.

The blending mauve and silvers
Enchanting beauty paint
Where grass and flowers and distance
Lend color to the sage.

Their air of peaceful silence
Brings balm to troubled souls;

Like blessed sleep descending
On slumber's quite folds.

Leona Finch George

(Written about the Sawtooth foothills near Carey and
Creators of the Moon, Idaho.)

DESERT CRY

Caught beneath the pitless sun
The brooding desert lay;
As seething whirlwinds one by one
Danced o'er the grey-green sage.

Like wraiths of all the winter storms,
The shimmering heat waves rise;
Nature's incense in myriad forms
Ascending to hot blue skies.

Sometimes a lonely circling hawk
Soars o'er the vast dry waste,
Sometimes the timid rabbits hop
Seeking the shady place.

Sad on the still dry air is borne
The call of the mourning dove;
Seeking his lady fair,
Seeking for his lost love.

The day drifts silently by
Borne on the wings of time.
Soft evening breezes sigh;
The sun sinks in glory sublime.

Leona Finch George 1957

MARCH

A problem child is changling March
With sunshine warm and cold winds harsh.
Sometimes angry fierce and wild
Then again so soft, trying April's wiles.

With here a violet shy
Hidden from cold grey sky,
And even brave daffodills
Broken by fierce gales from yon hills,

The wild storms toss like silvered tress
The pussy willow's downy crest.
Hissing sands drift swiftly by
Carving gully and sand dunes high.

Greening sage bends in the storm
Wraith like ghosts in every form
There sounds again the kildeer's cry
The sobbing wail of coytoe sly.

The robin hunches in the cold
And brilliant blue jays jeer and scold.
The sleeping earth begins to 'wake
As life again her cold sod breaks.

Leona Finch George
Published North Side News

THE WEST WIND AND THE CLOUDS

The white clouds go "A sailing"
Across the bright blue sky,
They change to ships and castles
Which gleam as they draw nigh.

All at once in fancy,
I hear the west wind say:
"I'm tired of ships and castles,
I'll blow them all away!"

"Oh what will be our fortune"
The white clouds cry, aghast,
"And what will be our ending,
Where will we go at last."

I know a vast dry meadow"
The west wind then explains,
"Across the mighty towering peaks,
I'll drop you there as rain"

Leona Finch George

COTTON WOODS

We stopped by a clump of cotton woods
'Neath their cool and rustling shade;
And as we rested, safe, secure
My thoughts a journey made.

They traveled back to days now gone,
In this same valley high;
Where trappers came to follow streams
Listening, alert for Indian's cry.

By waters yet so pure and clean
'Neath virgin forests deep and green;
Untrammeled still the forest sod
Its beauties yet unseen.

The trappers came and travelled on,
Then came the wanderer seeking gold;
They found their gold and silver too
Buried in the mountain bold.

No longer did the silence reign
O'er all the valley's sleeping peace;
For men began to dig and toil
His power and fortune to increase.

And ever, as in ages past,
With him came turmoil, war, and hate,
As man fought man with greed and lust,
Forgetting God, and tempting fate.

Forever rustling in the breeze,
Forever standing aloof and tall,
Sheltering impartially friend and foe,
The mighty cotton wood broods o'er all.

It watched the settlers flocking here,
Building, dreaming through sweat and tears;
Sighing, laughing through joy and trial
Undaunted by work 'nor stopped by fears.

As it rustles in breezes cool,
Or silently stands in setting sun;
The branches seem to nod and say
I'm happy for a work well done!

Leona Finch George

Cotton Woods of Hailey, Idaho.

BLACKBIRD ANTHEMS

High in the naked poplar trees
O'er looking valley and hill,
Joyfully swaying in the breeze
Caroling, never still;

The Marsh birds perch in jet Black plumes
Their scarlet wings flash in the sun
I hear again their lovely tunes
And thrill to every one.

Sometimes their cries like silver bells
Pierce the soft spring air;
Then faint again their sweet song tells
The story of a prayer.

My heart lifts as their carols gay
Ring out o'er greening sod,
As in my soul I hear them say:
We'er singing praise to God.

Leona Finch George

MARCH MORN

The March wind's blowing fiercely
This cold and stormy morn.
Before its mighty onslought
Black thunder clouds are borne.

It sends them scudding swiftly
Across the bleak grey sky,
Colliding here, and blending there,
With thunderous noise on high.

The dust from far off places
Swirls and eddies o'er the earth
Vainly seeking a sheltered spot
Where new seeds may have birth.

Giant poplars bend their heads
And bow before its thrust;
Waving naked arms aloft,
In deep roots placing trust.

Gazing heavenward with awe,
I feel the power and might
Of wind and earth's creator
Author of joy and light.

Leona Finch George

March 1960

NIGHT RULER

In the last dim hours of fleeting night
When mortal tide is at its lowest ebb;
From distant tree in solitary sound,
The ghostly call of owl doth weave its web.

In measured time it rolls upon the air,
With rythm like the bouncing tongue of bells;
To fill the night with eerie chilling sound,
As through the hours its lonely music swells.

With strong and silent wings he rules the dark,
No warning cry reveals his swooping flight,
But only death his clutching talons deal,
And always he will vanish with the light.

Leona Finch George

LAST SUN

I see the Valley filled with sun's last rays;
A soft suffusing glow enchantment lends
To rows of poplars etched in distant haze
Against the purple which the desert blends.

A dreamy beauty fills this twilight hour;
As swiftly night descends on eager wings
That hover o'er the land with awe and power
And to the tired earth sweet slumber brings.

Leona Finch George

MOONLIGHT PHANTASY

The moonbeams to the waves once made a plea:
'Oh come you beauteous things and dance with me
For music we will have the sighing breeze
That tinkles blue bells, plays as harps the trees."

The waves put on their blue and silver gowns,
Bejewelled and let their soft dark tresses down;
They lifted golden arms and hands snow white,
And with the moonbeams danced all through the night.

They waltzed and dreamed to pinetree's whispering tune.
Then changed to tango while the willows crooned;
With tripping feet they trod the schottische light,
And thrilled to music wafted from the night.

But mother moon soon called the bright beams home
To cradle them in arms as soft as foam;
They shed their tears of parting on the shore
And thus they joined the weeping waves once more.

Leona Finch George

Alturas Lake

THE DESERT RABBIT AND THE EASTER BUNNY

Now Mr. Desert Rabbit
Found some easter eggs one day,
Hidden close beneath the sage
As he chanced to hop that way.

The eggs were colored red and blue
With many pictures gay;
He though; I wonder if they're dyed,
Or really layed that way?

So he hid beneath a rabbit brush
And said: "I'll wait and see
If Easter Bunny dyed the eggs;
Or how they came to be.

He snuggled down all 'comfy"
In the warm bright desert spring;
And soon he fell so fast asleep
He couldn't see a thing.

As desert rabbit slumbered
Faylin came along
He took the eggs and went away
Singing a merry song.

So Mr. Rabbit wonders
He can't tell to this day
Whether Easter eggs are painted
Or really layed that way?

"For my nephew Faylin Finch - age 5 years
Leona Finch George

CRATERS OF THE MOON ILLUSIONS

I set my face to the wailing wind
And turn my steps to where earth begins,
Where the restless sea of lava waves
Lie in grotesque shapes in their ancient graves.

The black waves hold in hidden sheen
Glorious colors, blue, soft rose, green;
As though the ghosts of flowers dead
Had come to haunt the lava bed.

Sweet on the breeze as I pass by
Comes rare perfume of bush fern shy
Blooming in yawning craters deep
That sound on sound our voices keep;

Whose dark mysterious caverns hold
From year to year for eons untold,
The ice and snow of winter storms
In secret depths and myriad forms.

On moss green rocks our echoing steps
Resould from vaulted cavern depths,
Where torch lights flashed on diamonds rare
Reflected from dew drops hanging there.

' Where the ceaseless drip of the falling drops,
With its eerie echoing, never stops,
And the damp cold air strikes a chill of fear
Through our thumping hearts in the dark cold sphere.

On the crest of a butte so stark and bleak
An ancient pine sank its sturdy feet,
Its gnarled and twisted branches grey
Stood in silhouette 'gainst the dying day.

Where caverns deep and the black tree molds
Mark the ancient site of monarchs bold;
The molten rivers of white hot stone
Have cooled to wastes vast, bleak, alone.

How strangely still the craters lie;
Waiting, brooding, 'neath sun and sky.
Waiting and dreaming in soft blue haze
For life to come in future days;

When the winter winds and the clouds aloft,
Fold her black hard crusts in blankets soft,
And she'll sleep and dream for one brief while
Of flowers fair and nature's smile.

Leona Finch George

WILD WINDS

Oh! Wild March Wind,
With thy sobbing mournful cry
Whither dost thou hurry?
To make the fir trees sigh,

Or yet to toss some fragile bark
On wild and stormy deep;
To hurry dead leaves to their graves
Their last sad tryst to keep?

Or dost thou blow at His command
The master of sky and earth,
The Father kind who knows all things
Who best can judge their worth?

Leona Finch George March 1960

RELUCTANT LEAVES

The gusty wind howled mournfully 'round the eaves,
And at its call fell last reluctant leaves;
Leaving bare trees shivering in the blast
To nod their heads and dream of summers passed.
Leona Finch George

Governor Smylie's Thanksgiving Proclamation 1958
Thoughts - Governor Smylie
Verse - Leona Finch George

Indian Summer's banner of scarlet and gold
Are blown to the ground by the wind so cold;
The first snows have mantelled the mountain slopes
With promise of water to build men's hopes.

To the free and industrious earth doth yield
Clothing and fuel and fruitful field;
And though the bloom from the rose has fled
It blooms in youth's wind blown cheeks instead.

Now the ranges rest for next year's grass,
And the soil gathers fertility as the slow years pass;
While green monarchs guard our waters clear,
And splendid sunsets leave a promise here

Of coming warmth as the shallow streams rest
Awaiting the time when they'll be blessed
With white gold torrents of snow and rain
That will make our desert bloom again.

Then like our pilgrim fathers grand
Who suffered and sacrificed for this land;

We must give thanks to our Father dear
Who gave us freedoms and bounties here.
Leona Finch George

FOREST WAITING

Grey ghosts against the mountains
Like vagrant wisps of smoke;
With here and there bright orange or red,
Like sun when clouds have "broke".

Look deeper in the grey clouds
And see the flashing white,
The polished boles of aspen,
Pale moonbeams in the night.

Each quivering leaf has left them
They are lonely standing there;
Just waiting for the falling snow
To lay a carpet fair,

A snowy deep white carpet
To shield their tangled roots,
A promise of the spring to come
Of bursting buds and shoots.

Leona Finch George

AUNT LOUISE

To a very Dear Aunt
Who has been to me,

As thoughtful and kind
As one can be.

I remember Christmas
In days gone by
When you helped us give
And taught us why.

Though it isn't often
We tell you so;
You've helped our lives
To shine and grow.

So may we tell you once a year
We love you and we thank you, dear,
For all the lovely things you've done
To make our families feel as one.
Leona Finch Geroge Aug. 1957

PALE MOON

Reflected through naked trees;
Tonight the moon rides high.
Tossing the branches aloft;
The chill winds moan and sigh.

White nimbus circles her face
As the veil of a happy bride;
Diamonds caught in its folds,
The stars glitter fragile and bright.

The night with velvet soft
Cradles and swaddles the earth,
Bidding her rest from care
'Till a new day has its birth.

The wind is her lullaby
Its strings the whispering pines;
Each needled tree a harp
Plays while the pale moon shines.

Leona Finch George

SPRING CLEANING

Mother Nature said not long ago:
"Dear Me! the time does fly!
I thought I'd have a month of cold and snow,
I really must get busy," she added with a sigh.

So she sent the gentle showers
To wash away the dust,
The gusty boisterous winds to blow
The cobwebs from the flowers.

She shook the grass tops free of dirt
With sand she scoured the naked trees;
Gave the moon an extra scrubbing,
Then soothed it with a breeze.

She left the earth all shinning,
Then folded tired hands;
And mounted on a moonbeam
Rode away to distant lands!

Leona Finch George

Spring 1958

LOMBARDY POPLARS AT SUNSET

Lombardy poplars tall and dark
Against the desert wall so stark
Ever changing, mysterious alloof,
Enhancing the beauty of Heaven's Roof.

Beyond through sunset's violet haze
The cloud draped skies with color blaze
The clouds are tinted now flame, then rose
As the sunh sinks bringing the earth repose.

Leona Finch George

BRIGHT PROMISE

Caught within the Rainbow's arch,
Blue skies shimmer, white clouds march.
Lovely colors gleaming there
Soft shades framing the earth so fair.

The green spring world so new and clean
Washed by tears from heaven gleaned,
So gaily shines beneath the bow
Sparkling with rain drops it seems to glow.

All this because our Father's love
Would send a promise from above
To a world made desolate and grim
By floods when they turned their ways from Him.
Leona Finch George

DRAUGHT

The parched earth cried for mercy to the sky:
"Oh, give me moisture or from thirst I die!
The hot sunbeats upon me ceaselessly,
The dry air parches all my verdant trees.

The brassy sky so cloudless and so hot
Stolidly looked down and answered not.

Where had waved the lovely prairie grass
Was now a scarred and tortured desert mass.

And then the winds began their force to try,
And brown dust rose in swirling clouds on high.
The bawling stock were driven by the storm,
Like tumbling weeds with neither will 'nor form;

With gaping mouths and bleeding tortured gums,
From eating thorny growth and dry pond scums;
Hunger driven, gaunt with awful thirst,
Forever battling nature at her worst.

Hour by hour the hot weeks drifted past,
No clouds or moisture came to break earth's fast,
Discouraged, broken, men began to leave
For better climes to which their hopes might cleave.

And so the earth was left to mourn alone;
To writhe 'neath bitter suns and winds that moan.
We hear her weep in desert winds that cry
Her prayer for mercy echoes like a sigh.

Leona Finch George

SPRING SNOW STORM

The morn breaks cold and grey,
Black snow clouds bank the sky
The naked trees and shrubs
In soft brown billows lie.

The earth is bleak, withdrawn,
Waiting the suns warm smile;
The dark night's driving wind
Left white snow mile on mile.

Upon her first green grass
Where the fairy feet of spring
Had left their tender step,
Had caused the birds to sing.

But the lark, that valiant bird
With song still fills the air;
Like the first bright ray of hope
Breaking through dull despair.

Leona Finch George

AUTUMN REFLECTIONS

Once again the sage is blooming
With its sprays of dusty green;
And their fragrant scent is blowing
On the western winds so clean.

Graceful spikes of dusky blossoms
Nodding in the autumn breeze;
Where the first chill winds of autumn
Carry off the dying leaves.

It is time to store and harvest
All the fruits and grains of gold,
To store enough for winter
With its storms and winds so cold.

As the black nights come and lengthen
The days grow brisk and bright,
They try with poignant beauty
To put the dark to flight.

Golden Rod and purple aster
Flaunt their gorgeous rainbow shades,

Aspen gold and scarlet sumack
Gild the hills and paint the glades.

All this lends to earth a beauty
Which brings deep and lasting joy;
Leaves within the heart a mem'ry
That time cannot destroy.

Leona Finch George

DAY'S END

Brief and sweet is that fleeting hour
When the sun bids the earth goodnight
Brief and sweet as love's first kiss
Given in pale moonlight.

The gentle breeze that stirs the air
Whispers of cool still hours;
As over the mountain shadows steal
Caressing the trees and flowers.

Now deepening night's first trailing robes,
In colors from mauve to grey
Begin to settle on hill and glen;
'Tis the end of another day.

Leona Finch George

LAST GOODBYE

Its hard to realize as we say our last goodbye
The world will go on turning when you're gone,
The morning sun still rise
The birds will warble still their mating song.

The white moonbeams will gleam
As the lovers wander by
Its soft light dancing on the laughing stream
Its silver rays still cause young love to dream.
Leona Finch George

PURPLE DUSK

The mystery of night enfolds the land
Except in the West where the sky glows red;
The purple vallied mountains stand
And black clouds march in silhouette.

The sun has said its last adieu
To flowers, birds and living things
Has lingered on white clouds in skies so blue
Where nature a riot of color flings.
Leona Finch George 1957

SUMMER TEARS

Summer said goodbye to earth
With Autumn's crimson flood.
And sighing left spring's promised leaves
Curled in each hard brown bud.

Turning to take her leave
Soft tears fell from her eyes,
Wetting the earth with gentle rain
O'er shadowing bright blue skies.

She turned again for one last glance
To see if all were neat.

I'll come again so do not grieve
She said in accents sweet.

Leona Finch George

WINTER PEAKS

Pink cameos white etched
On cold November sky
The distant tow'ring peaks
In dazzling snow bank lie .

Majestic beauty here
Painted by sun's last rays
Reflecting her soft rose tints
Or purple in distant haze.

Cold where the sun has set
'Mid winter's frozen snows;
Awaiting the spring's release
They sit in white repose.

Leona Finch George

SWEET SPRING

Sweet Spring, with all thy store of wondrous things;
Thy blossoms fair, thy birds upon the wing,
Thy garments green that cover winter's brown,
Zephers mild which bring the warm rains down.

Thy magic touch hath caused the earth to bloom
And beauty reigns where all was death and gloom.

Thy fragrant breath hath 'wakened sleeping leaves
To join the magic which thy beauty weaves.

Leona Finch George

APRIL WISH

Fair April, with thy sunny smile so sweet
The flush of dawn upon thy dew kissed cheek.
Thy dancing feet have turned the brown sod green
Unlocked the bonds that held the winter's sheen.

Thy soothing hand awakened tight furled leaves
Thy voice hath summonsd birds from o'er the seas;
Called forth young love to roam o'er hill and dale,
To sit and dream of love in moonlight pale.

O, would that thou could turn the slow years back
From that far place now veiled in mystery black;
That we might live again those wasted days,
With present wisdom there to hold the Reins.

Leona Finch George

MEMORY'S SPELL

The smell of dead leaves rises from my rake,
In fancy's flight my thoughts a journey make;
Swiftly, surely back across the years
To childhood's joys undimmed by strife or fears.

The spell of mem'ry hold me in its thrall,
I long for days now gone beyond recall;
Until my spirit chides my yearning heart
With all the wonders which today imparts.

Leona Finch George 1958

PHANTOM BIRD

The misty moon casts
Phantom shadows on the snow;
While the ghostly white owl calls
As in ages long ago.

His cry so lone and weird
Deepens the cold night's chill;
While the thinly falling snow
Slowly blankets vale and hill.

Why does his soft voice call
Through long and lonely nights?
To tell of glories gone,
Or mourning his sad plight?

As I draw near to offer sympathy
Or listen to his weird and rolling cry
Majestically he lifts his pinons white
Silent as ~~thought~~ he drifts into the night
Leona Finch George 1960

PINK CLOUDS OF WASHINGTON

The setting sun flung banners bright aloft
Flamingo frills decked mauve and purple clouds
As though all fires that' e'er on earth had glowed.
Had left their ghosts to build that heavenly road.

A fiery roseate shield of frail pink lace
Each cloud flame tipped like gauzy wings in space
As airily they drifted o'er the sun.
'Till nature snuffed their colors one by one.
Leona Finch George 1961

MOUNTAIN SPRINGS

The Lifegiving water comes seeping down
Like a silver mosaic to cover the ground.
Transforming the barren crust of earth
With glowing color of seed's new birth.

The thirsty soil has cried for years
Watered only by desert's tears
Has lain all fertile waiting there
The miracle wrought by waters clear.

Wrought by man who dared to dream
Of carpets made of living green
Where once the scorching desert sun
Killed all life that had begun.

Leona Finch George

FRAIL BARK

To My Brother Arvle D. Finch

His ship is anchored safe at last
In the harbor of love and peace;
That peace which he so loved
And struggled to increase.

It was his shining light
To guide his faltering feet.
Through valleys often dark
His faith knew no defeat.

If trials bring faith and strength
Then surely he was strong
For the 'Ill Winds of despair
Have borne his bark along.

But through the clouds so black
Has shown his bright brave smile
His love for home and friends
And strength to meet each trial.

So now his cruise is done
He laid his burden down
And gained that wondrous peace
He'll wear it like a crown.

Leona Finch George Jan. 1960

TO MOTHER AND DAD

Verses I've written its true,
What's in my heart is hard to say
To such a wonderful Mom and Dad
A poem to you on Mothers Day.

I think of the time in the dark still night
When from sleep I wakened and cried
And you cradled me softly in your bed so warm
Safe and happy free from alarm.

Our joy and hopes you always shared.
In sorrow it helped to know you cared,
Sacrificing, working from dawn to dark
Making everything a lark.

From boards and barrels toys you made
For our play house built there in the shade
A table, bed and little chairs
And then our play you came and shared.

Sewing planning building dreams
Listening to our hopes and schemes.
All of these things mean Mother to me.
Tell me how dear a mother can be.

When you sang sad songs of days gone by,
We'd follow and beg for more and cry.
And when you'd wash your lovely hair
We'd push our fingers in curls hanging there.

Beside you there was always Dad
The most wonderful parents ever had;
Now when your hair is silver grey
You both grow dearer day by day.

Leona Finch George 1958

SPRING SONG

The saffron skies are now suffused
With the first pink flush of day.
The sleeping birds awake to sing
Their spring time Roundelay.

The Fragrant breath of early morn
Is wafted through the trees;
Proudly they lift their supple arms
In song of praise to thee.

Where dying winter's snow has lain
The first blue violets peek

From earths brown folds of velvet
With dew drops on their cheeks.

All earth and sky is vibrant
With sweet and pulsing life
Spring Song in full tide rising
To still the sad world's strife.

Leona Finch George

WESTFORK GRAVEYARD

The spring breeze whispers faintly
Of passed forgotten years;
And stirs an ancient grief
Assuaged by time and tears.

Cold white stones mark the spot
Where all that's mortal lies
Of those who walked this vale
And laughed 'neath sunny skies.

No single trace is left
Of all their hopes and dreams,
Save Building's crumbled ruins
Beside the crystal streams.

From the meadow at our feet
The startled wild birds rise;
Aloft on silver wings
The lone hawk guards the skies.

O'er the hillside's rippling grass
Bound antelope in flight,

A plaintive mourning dove
Still calls his heart's delight.

Yes all is peaceful here,
Peaceful, alone forlorn
Where beloved remembered dead
Await resurrection's morn.

Leona Finch George 1960

Inspired by a visit on Memorial Day to Westfork
where on the former John Ward Ranch lies this Graveyard
Buried there: Auguta Ward mother, sons John and Oscar
adopted son John Leot Finch and John's baby daughter
Thelma Louise.

REMEMBERING WINDS

Whispering mournfully, eerily,
Winds in the house eaves sigh
Bringing back to my waiting heart
Sweet mem'ries of days gone by;

When safe children safe and happy
Laughed 'neath these sheltering eaves
Bringing to mother their joys and pains,
To share, to rejoice or grieve.

My mind brings back their faces,
Laughing troubled, or grave;
My listening heart hears their voices
As sleep comes wave on wave.

Leona Finch George March 1958

HALL OF MEMORIES

The last faint pink is dying
As shadows higher climb
Tracing one more day
Upon the sands of time.

The moon will reign with silver sheen
Supreme for one brief night
Bringing memories to the heart
From time's vast hall so bright.

Leona Finch George

THE MASTER PAINTER

Oh great and Master Painter,
How wonderful thy skill!
To paint the changing seasons
On meadow plain and hill.

Thy paint brush, dipped in scarlet,
Paints setting sun and sky;
With carmine, rose and opal
Stains fleecy clouds on high.

With blue sky as a background
The silver moon sails on;
And now, thy paint the silver mist
Tints earth when she is gone.

In spring thy brush with magic
Paints greening hill and dale;
Bright color springing at its touch
Violet and harebell frail.

Thy skilled hand splashes summer fields
With all the lovely hues;
Paints moonlight on the water,
Bright silver on its blues.

And yet I thrill in autumn
To summer's dying fling
Her gorgeous reds and yellows
Her birds upon the wing

This great earth is Thy foot stool
The work of Thine own hands;
Thou alone can bound the seas
Raise up the fruitful lands.

Leona Finch George

SCHOOL HOUSE REVISITED

Dust lies thick and cowwebs
Festoon your sagging walls;
Your corridors no longer
Resound to children's calls.

Time alone remembers
The secrets whispered here;
"I love you, Tom, or Mary
To me you are most dear.

The board is cracked and peeling
Where once we did our "Sums"
Empty lie the knife scarred desks
The room with silence hums.

The old well house has fallen,
And weeds o'er run the lawn,
The belfry too has crumbled
Her faithful bell is gone.

The children it once summoned
Are listening no more;
They're gone and scattered o'er the world
In search of greater lore.

Some found fame and fortune
While others sorrow found,
Some lie cold and silent
Beneath the sheltering ground.

It seems as though an aura
Of sweet remembered peace
Surrounds your shabby walls and roof
As you 'wait decay's release.

Leona Finch George March 3, 1958

ODE TO SNAKE RIVER N.S.N.

Oh, winding river wide and deep,
Flowing in towering canyons steep,
Thy waters swift are green as liquid jade
With rapids white where jagged rocks are laid.

What secrets lie imprisoned in thy bed,
What treasures drained from thy great watershed?
Inch by inch for ages long since dead
Thy surging waters carved the walls o'erhead.

What hast thou to do with mortal's fate,
What carest thou for terror, love, or hate?
Swift or tugid, brown with earth or clear,
Thy waters flow uncaring year by year.

Through meadows green through desert waste and sand ,
From secrets springs that flow beneath the land
From sparkling lake held high in mountain pass,
From farms where thou hast fed the thirsty grass.

Thou hast fulfilled thy scared destiny
By giving life to all who asked of thee,
By bringing hope and strength for dreaming dreams;
As man sought progress by thy sparkling stream.

By gathering and holding in thy bed
Each drop of rain from white clouds overhead;
By treasuring as misers treasure gold
Each dew drop falling crystal clear and cold.

And yet as onward to the sea you wend
Through towering cliffs that breathless beauty lend;
We know that though you're lost in waters vast,
Through sun and storm you will come home at last.

Leona Finch George

RECALLED BY SEPTEMBER WINDS

Lonely and sad blows September winds
Hushing the dark night's sounds
Chilling Summer's last blossom,
Blowing the dead leaves down.

Whisp'ring of days long departed
When spring was new and fair;
And earth was decked with beauty
Like a young bride waiting there.

Wailing a dirge for loves now lost,
Sighning anew for remembered days;
With a soft forsaken sobbing
Like the notes a maestro plays.

Oh, sweet sad wind of autumn
Hurry on your way,
For tomorrow we know the dawning
Will bring a fairer day.

Leona Finch George Sept. 1959

HISTORY

Where have they trod, those feet so long since still,
In what fair vales have lingered
Or climbed what rock strewn hill,
To gaze with awe on Splendors spread below.

What beauties have their tired eyes refreshed,
Or sorrows caused those eyes to brim with tears;
What glad light flamed within their liquid depth,
As loved ones lives unfolded o'er the years,

Those vanished hands what gentleness have shown.
What toil, to carve a nation from the raw
Unmolded wilderness they found on paths unknown,
As on they struggled to life's frontier.

Leona Finch George 1960

TO AUNT RACHAEL

She passed this way
And left a smile behind;
Left the world happier
Because she was so kind.

If ever neighbors needed help;
Some one to understand or smile
To sit with those who were ill,
Or just to help in time of trial;

Her busy hands were always there
Sharing their troubles, lightening their care.
Her lovely smile and kindly heart
Soothed their sorrow like a prayer.

We'll miss her as we gather here;
Yet we will know that over there
She'll still be working, giving love,
In Heaven with her gifts so rare.

We'll miss her cheery smiling face
Her kindly words and voice
Yet we know that over there
She's won her rest and blessings choice.

Leona Finch George 1960

TO A DEAR SISTER

In that forgotten pre-existent time
Our spirits must have mingled

And love and friendship
Joined your life to mine.

Perhaps we asked our Father wise a boon,
That when I left to prove myself
To walk upon the earth with all its joys,
That you might be my sister,
your spirit followed soon

Leona Finch George
Oct 10, 1960

DUSTY DREAMS

The fierce winds rise upon night's dust choked wings,,
Insistantly they tap at slumber's door.
Against the pale light which the half moon brings
Tall poplars writhe assuming tortured forms.

Massed clouds scud swiftly through bleak grey skies
Where dust shrouds trail from ancient desert floors.
From ages gone the fierce wind's anthems rise
With wailing sound to fill the night once more.

Perhaps upon the storm steed's heaving back
Is borne the dust of cities long since dead;
Man's dreams that crumbled leaving not a track
Lends pathos as the gales howl overhead.

Leona Finch George May 1960

NATURE'S BEAUTY

On my walk through nature's bowers
I saw trees and blooming flowers
Budding by every stream
Reflected in water's gleam.

Blue bell and daisy sweet
Blooming beneath my feet.
Heliotrope and aspen trees.
Quivering in the breeze.

Indian paint brush bright
Glowing in soft sunlight.
We tasted the nectar rare
From corral bells growing there.

'Mid broken ancient rock
Bloomed white and yellow dock,
There bloomed the lily fair
Beautiful as a prayer.

Tiny wild flowers gay
Grown for a fairy's boquet.
We heard the wild bird's sing
Carrols of praise to their king.

Leona Finch George

Summer Camp Lake Alturas

TWILIGHT

Once more the shades of night
Come stealing from the East,

With the light and tender touch
They put the earth to sleep.

With faintly perfumed air
The soft night breezes swell;
As mother nature weaves
Her tranquil good night spell.

The first stars shyly peak
From purple evening skies;
While boldly in the West
The black plumed warriors ride.

A whisper like a plaintive memory
Drifts softly o'er the swiftly dark'ning earth.
While tear drops sting my eyes and overflow
I gaze upon the land of freedom's birth.

Leona Finch George

ASPEN

Rising white and stately
From a carpet of glistening snow
The ghostly quaking Aspen
On meadow and highland grow.

Leafless through the rigor
of winter's screaming storms;
Yet proudly holding heads aloft,
Beauty in frozen forms.

When nature made thy curving boles
And shaped each lovely bough;
She may have used white marble
Which gleams in splendor now.

GLOAMING

Like banners flung 'gainst evening clouds
Staining the sky with carmine and gold;
The dieing sun wears her evening shrouds,
Brilliant as standards of warriors bold.

Silently winging through gauzy skies,
Trailing her glory like will o'the wisps,
Flaunting bright colors before our eyes,
Gallantly sailing like lost dream ships;

The sinking sun bids the world good night;
Says a fond farewell to the dreaming earth,
As another day joins eternity's flight
And its joys are recorded in mem'ry's berth.

Leona Finch George

TREES ENTWINED

You are a thing of beauty standing there
Green boughs upflung and swaying in the air,
Your dark green needles form a shinning gown
With fluid lines of beauty streaming down.

Your verdant arms press close unto your breast
A cedar tree that turns to you for rest
And as the lovers who alas must part
You clasp each other close to breaking hearts.

Leona Finch George

Inspired by an entwined Fir and Cedar tree
at the gate of Bill's and Ailean's first home-
Seattle.

GLAD MESSAGE

November wind, Oh whence thy sad refrain
From blossoms dead, or brown fields stripped of grain,
From naked branch where glorious blooms have hung,
Or meadow's sere where once bright life has sprung?

Perhaps it comes from white and frozen heights
Where silence reigns and birds have taken flight;
From mortal's sorrow breathed into the air,
Or lonely hearts lifted in silent prayer.

Then cease repining. Oh ye winds so sad,
And blow to all a message sweet and glad:
That all is well and death is not the end
But life lies waiting in each frozen glen.

On each bare branch and in the frozen sod
In seedpods where summer's feet have "trod",
In mortals hearts where dwells that spark Divine
That bids him hope again and not repine.

Leona Finch George 1959

NIGHTFALL

When the first faint blue of twilight's hush
Descends upon the land
I see the distant mountains march
In purple ranks so grand.

The scented breath of Spring time
Softly rustles new green leaves.
Sweetly the birds sing a lullaby;
As night her soft spell weaves.

The sun in blazing splendor
Falls behind the hills,
Leaving aloft her trailing robes,
Her glowing lace and frills.

Black against that brilliant sky
Tall trees and mountains stand;
The flaming clouds grow dull then black
Night falls on sea and land.

Leona Finch George

THE GOLDEN THREAD

In the tangled web
Of life fate weaves,
There are stubborn knots
And fallen leaves.

There are tear drops
Shinning as the dew;
Fear shakes the web
And sorrow too.

But to give it strength
A golden thread
Is woven there
By the path we tread.

A golden thread
Of hope and trust
Woven by friends
Most dear to us.

Leona Finch George

SUNRISE

Dawn laces rosy fingers through the night
Suffuses eastern skies with color bright
Softly lays upon the slumbering land
Another day for hopes and dreams and plans.

Another day to join eons in flight
To separate the darkness from the light,
Revealing as it onward speeds in time
The many beauties of a plan sublime.

Leona Finch George

TO A GOLDEN GLEANER

Oh wonderful golden gleaner fair
With heart so pure and full of prayer
This honor great your faith hath crowned
The Gospel truths your soul has found.

Amid the golden records
Written on heaven's scroll
Your name will now be entered
On the Golden Gleaner's roll.

And as you count your gleanings
In the mansions up above
May you find a life of peace
A heart that's filled with love.

Leona Finch George

1951

BREATH OF AUTUMN

The fragrant breath of autumn fills the air
From rippened wheat and cornfields everywhere.
The scent soft wafted o'er September's hills
Tells of summer's promises fulfilled;

Of earth's sweet breasts o'er flowing with warm life
Her loving arms with gifts and harvests bright
Her graceful shoulders draped with autumns flowers,
And flowing tresses laced with flaming bowers.

The sun is purest gold, the air replete
With smell of orchards and of garnered wheat.
Now hearts are filled with joy that overflows
As praise bursts forth in poem and in prose.

Leona Finch George 1961

CURTAIN ETHEREAL

The sunset dropped a curtain
Of rose across the blue;
It tinted distant snow capped peaks
With gold and carmine hues

So gauzy and ethereal
It vanished with the light,
Leaving purple shadows
That soon merge into night.

Leona Finch George

LOG HOUSE

Forlorn you stand and deserted,
Oh, little log house on the hill,
Your rusted stovepipe sagging
Its smoke forever still.

Your yard o'er grown with sage and weeds
Reveals half buried toys;
Time has removed their owners
Distance has still their voice.

You once held all that life could give
Of someone's love and dreams;
Held suffering of precious thoughts
And mortal's earthly schemes.

But time has laid relentless hands
Upon such hopes and plans,
Has left your brown and sagging walls
To crumble in the sand.

Leona Finch George

July 31, 1961

(Written about a little, old, deserted log
cabin on the hill side near the Craters of
the Moon, Idaho)

INDIAN SPRINGS

Deep in the Mountain Fastness
High o'er the haunts of men,
Guarded by steep red cliffs,
Lies a spring in a hidden glen.

In a cairn her waters carved
As their fierce floods swirled around
The tiny trickling stream
Is absorbed by the thirsty ground.

Once her mighty waters rolled
Through the sheer and towering walls
Where Indians came to camp
Beside the roaring falls.

In the dim and ancient past
Once they heeded a command
That "A Record should be kept
To tell their deeds to man.

So on the steep walls' face
The record dimly stands,
In primitive form and ink.
Painted by long dead hands.

Deepening the water's song
The cool winds rustle by;
High on the mountain top
The whispering fir trees sigh

With tender haunting voice
And silence like a prayer;
While the deep and shady dell
Conceals her secrets there.

Leona Finch George 1951

(Written about a spring and cliffs with
Indian writings on the Dell Evans horse
ranch at Darlington, Idaho.

CROWN OF IDAHO

Shadowed mosaig of blue and white
Where winter snowdrifts cling,
The mountain bulwarks rise aloft
To guard each secret spring.

All these peaks that gleaming rise,
Desert vast, green fields below
To form a crowning diadem
For thy fair brow, Oh, Idaho.

April 1964 Leona Finch George

JUNE CONFERENCE

Each June a garden blooms
A Garden of The Lord,
Of youth and maidens fair
Who wear His shield and sword.

The blossoms growing there
Of choice and lovely shades
Are called out of the world
By faith that never fades.

It shines upon each face
As the fairest rising sun
With a world of joy and love
To make their goals as one.

Leona Finch George

SHEEP HERDERS "GOD"

On the desert's sage green sweep
Beneath hot arid skies
Mysterious and alone
The "shepherd's gods arise.

Who hath that altar wrought,
What urge of ages past,
Caused him that cairn to build
Amid hot desert's blast?

Once another such was built
By a shepherd lone and sad
Who from his home had fled
To follow righteous paths.

"He built a stone altar
And offered sacrifice"
To the one and living God
To thank him for his life.

From father unto son,
Perhaps through all the years
The precedent has come
Of humble heart and tears.

So on the lonely land
Where shepherds guard and lead
Their bleating woolly flocks
An altar they will leave;

Reminder of the past
Of ages long since gone
When wandering men have left
A "Shepherd's god" of stone.

Leona Finch George June 1961

Sheep Herders "God"

Inspired by the many lonely man made
Cairns of Rock on the deserts and plains
of the West.

TEXAS BLUE BONNETS

The lovely Blue Bonnets are blooming
In waves on the Texas plains;
Their beauty stirs the heartstrings
As the chords of some sweet refrain.

Standing so proud and stately
With silver green fingers upflung
To catch the diamond dew drops
Distilled by the golden sun.

Lake balm they cover earths scars
Where careless men have trod
A sparkling jewelled carpet
Nurtured by Texas Sod.

In the distance their color deepens
To purple star kissed seas
Whose beauteous rolling billows
Are stirred by the soft spring breeze.

Leona Finch George
San Antonio
March - April 1961

REMEMBERING THE ALAMO

In that last dawn's darkest hour
When all but courage ebbed,
And Texas manhood fought
To save bright freedom's flower;

Despite their bleak despair,
What prayers were in each heart;
When to those desperate pleas
No legions gathered there

After that line was drawn,
That great decision made;
To fight and give their all,
To die that tragic dawn.

As each man bravely stood
And fought to the bitter end,
What dreams were in each breast,
Dearly bought with heroes blood

They lie in unmarked graves
And no man knows the place
Where their mortal ashes rest;
But untarnished their banner waves.

Leona Finch George
San Antonio "The Alamo" March 1961

A visit to the old Alamo Site before they
re-habilitated it.

EVE OF REST

The morn is cold, so cold and grey
The sun's face veiled this autumn day
All nature waits with bated breath
The north wind's icy blast of death.

Leave's Rustling murmurs die
As they flutter from on high
Making earth a golden bower
As they fall in Autumn showers.

The south bound birds leave nests
Seeking spring their eternal quest.
And borne upon the breath of fall,
Comes Raven's croak their gathering call.

Wild duck's pinions whistle by
Bringing to life the lowering sky.
This is the eve of nature's rest
Soon drifting snow will deck her breast

With priceless gems and ermine rare
And she'll be snugly slumbering there;
Awaiting the first warm rays of sun
To awaken her when spring has come.

Leona Finch George
Spring 1960

FAREWELL TO POPLARS

Farewell, and thank you, poplar trees
For the good things you have done;

The shelter of your cooling shade
Against the desert sun,

The carroling of song birds
From your great boughs at dawn
Have filled my heart with music,
Made glad the day to come.

In fall your flaunted colors
Have rivalled rainbow's hues.
Your crystal boughs in winter
With diamonds were profuse.

So dark against the flaming skies
Of western sunsets grand;
You staunchly stood at evening
Firm rooted in the land.

You have fulfilled the measure
Of your existance now
And in the name of progress
Must yield to power and plough.

Leona Finch George 1960

Of the lovely row of Poplars on our home S.W. of
Jerome which had to be removed for a power line to
the desert for irrigation.

TOWERING CRAG

Oh ancient towering crag
With colors bold and true
And wierd fantastic shapes
Against the sky so blue.

Thy wind carved beauty, changing with the years,
Once was wrapped within the earth's dark folds;
Was snuggled safely in her bosom brown,
So long ago before man's tale unfolds.

I wonder if, upon a night so black
That all the earth should tremble and travail;
Thou wert thrust into a world so cruel
That men should falter and their courage fail.

When One alone was sacrificed for sin,
To suffer there forlorn and comfortless;
That man might know the comfort and the joy
Of heart made pure by sin and wrongs confessed.

And so in grandeur and in solitude
Thy weathered face awaits the passing years,
When He again will walk upon this earth
To comfort us and wipe away our tears.

Leona Finch George 1960

STRANGE DISTANCE

I saw the pink dawn ride
Through amber skies
From black horizon's depths
Where mystery lies.

Though man may conquer space
There still remains
The secret depths of life
And distance strange.

Leona Finch George

AUTUMN VALLEY

The valley lies enchanted
In Indian summer haze;
Red Oak and golden poplar
Lend color to its days

Clear lakes and winding river,
Crystal sparkling and jade,
Brown fields and saffron meadows,
Cattle resting in the shade

While over all the golden sun
A dreaming warm spell lays;
A parting kiss from autumn
Before bleak winter days.

Leona Finch George 1960

Written about Salmon River Valley Idaho

FORGOTTEN ARROWHEAD

I walked the barren desert
Where anciently had trod
The people of the covenant
Who'd turned away from God.

One faint trace marked their passing
Caught in the shifting sands;
A glittering lonely arrowhead
Once chipped by wild brown hands.

Whispers the wind their story
Sadly rustling through the sage:

How man made blind by satan
A constant war did wage

Against all good and honor,
Against both truth and right;
Until they dwelt in savagery
Devoid of the gospel's light.

Leona Finch George

August 1960

Bruno Desert Idaho

PROMISE FULFILLED

The Autumn sun has lit the torch
Of brilliant leaves to flame
The cattails wait in fat brown stocks
'Till west winds call their name;

To drift afar each crown-winged seed
To rest in fertile loam.
While in the sky the wild birds soar
Turning their swift flight home.

The hazy skies brood o'er the fields
With bounteous harvest spread;
The setting sun at close of day
Sinks in its crimson bed.

Leona Finch George

Fall 1960

HIS VOICE

I hear His voice in winds that sigh and moan
Through branches now forsaken and alone,
In streams that whisper o'er their ancient beds,
And cry of night birds swooping overhead.

Its echo faintly soars in deep woods still;
Where white clouds trail o'er ever steepening hill.
Its low call carries from the stormy night
A message sweet that puts all fear to flight.

Leona Finch George
October 1960

SPARK DIVINE

When God created woman
He placed within her breast
The dreams to build a nation
And skill to make a dress;

The fierceness of a tigeress
When wrong or trouble looms,
Soft words to soothe a restless child
And lullabies to croon.

Serious thoughts for weighty things,
Laughter and tender love;
Shinning faith to guide her
Back to her home above.

And then He planted in her heart
That glcwing spark divine

That wondrous living mother love
Sacrificing, sweet, sublime.
Leona Finch George

GENEALOGY'S GOLDEN CHAIN

A golden chain we're forging
Its links of purest love.
The gospel is our brazing fire
Kindled from heaven above.

The metals rare we have to search
From out time's mouldy leaves;
Sometimes a nugget in old books
Another in hidden sheaves.

With faith and prayer as tools
And patience as a guide;
Diligence and love we need
That truth may here abide.

Yes a golden chain we're forging
With precious souls as ore;
That we may someday mingle
With those who've gone before.
Leona Finch George 1961

FOOT HILLS

The rose hued Sawtooth Foothills
Spread with green robes of Spring
Except where lonely cabins cling to them
And towering crags serrated shadows fling.

In tumbled undulating waves they climb
To noble towering peaks and secret vales;
Here nature's ample peaceful strength is stored
Where man may seek new hope when courage
fails.

Leona Finch George July 1964

BLUE SHADOWS

Blue Shadows creep on breeze light feet
From sunset blazoned skies.
They drop with eerie stealth upon
The land where evening lies.

They fall in tumbled azure hosts
Of gullies, peaks and plains
With magic wands to paint the earth
With blue and purple flames.

In splendid awe and power they rule
The earth in times of brief flight;
Like silken down from thistle blown
They vanish with the night.

Leona Finch George August 1961

VELVET HILLS

The Hills, soft rolls of velvet,
On blue horizons lie
Their ambers, greens and yellows
Stretch up to meet the sky.

The darker waves descending
To vallies deep and cool,
Are splashed with living color
Mirrored in still pools;

With here and there reflected
A bit of heaven's blue
In shy blue bell and violet
With white dock peeking through.

The blending mauve and silvers
Enchanting beauty paint
Where grass and flowers and distance
Lend color to the sage.

Their air of peaceful silence
Brings balm to troubled souls;
Like blessed sleep descending
On slumber's quiet folds.

Leona Finch George 1960

Written about the Sawtooth foothills
near Carey and Craters of the Moon
Idaho

DAWN SONG

List to the song of the lark so gay
Sweetly he sings as he heralds the day
Singing and soaring as dawns rose glow
Soft tints the hills and the vallies below.

God in His wisdom has given us these;
Sweet songs and flowers, clear brooks and trees.
To lighten our burden and strengthen our hearts
To make our prayers thankful as daylight departs.
Leona Finch George

VALLEY SHADOWS

The valley's lengthening shadows
Reflect the carmine clouds;
Their dusky fingers lightly
Carress each trailing shroud.

Atop the highest mountains
Night's softest shades are lain;
They deepen in the vallies
They steal across the plain.

The West's last stain of color
Fades now to palest rose;
As night enfolds the valley
And bids the land repose.

Leona Finch George June 1961

Written about the mountains and vallies of the
Lost River Basin near Mackay, Idaho

MOUNTAIN SONG SPARROW

The lovely sparrow, "Silver Tongue",
Is such a happy bird,

From morn 'till night on desert air
His sweet gay song is heard.

He sits on sage and juniper
His song aloft he flings
To sing in sweetest ecstasy
With preening outstretched wings.

His trilling seems to deepen
The desert solitudes,
To lend an air of Mystery
Where peace and silence brood.

Leona Finch George June 1961

Written about the bird which I think is the
Mountain Song Sparrow, which frequents the
Sageland wastes of the Salmon River Valley
near Darlington and Mackay Idaho.

SHOSHONE BASIN

This is the singing silence,
Deep silence of vast space,
So deep we hear it whisper
O'er rocks and sand and sage.

With a lost and eerie whistling
The Zephyrs slither past
Stirring quick dust eddies
To die in dead brown grass.

Gashed by crags and gullies
The grey wastes onward spill,

Guarded by Hawks and coyotes,
To rise in purple hills.

Naught of the space is wasted
Naught of this storm cut sod
'Tis all a part of one great plan
It's purpose known to God.

A place to come and ponder
Where souls in silence heal
As worn world weary mortals
The soothing vastness feel.

Leona Finch George
14 November 1961

Inspired by the speaking vastness of
Shoshone Basin in Southern Idaho

KNELL OF SUMMER

Oh, the crisp and golden days of Summer's parting
With their smell of autumn wafted on the breeze;
As she trails her brilliant robes of gold and scarlet
To cover earth with dead and fallen leaves.

She bends to give a farewell kiss in passing
On dusky blossoms of the fragrant sage.
The golden aspen trembles as she listens
For the coming storms which winter winds will wage.

O'er all the earth there broods an air of sadness
As lovers lingering at their last goodbies.
Now summers gone and autumn too is passing
As winter's cold winds scream from leaden skies.

Leona Finch George Oct. 1961

SUNRISE SHADDOWS

The early dawn diffuses parting night,
Soft grey shadows creeping o'er the plain
Turn distant mountains black
Against the muted light.

Eastern skies are palest blue and rose,
The scattered clouds dark smudges
On billowed saffron seas;
In which the morning star serenely glows

As morning's pink tipped fingers
Caress the waving sage;
On purple rolling hills
The waning night still lingers.

All heaven and earth is stirred
By a vagrant sighing breeze
That streams o'er hill and vale
To 'waken all the world.

Leona Finch George 1963

WIND DREAMS

Why do the wild wind's fingers
Pluck the strings of memory
To place in the heart recollections
Of days that used to be?

The frail flowers of the spring time,
The warmth of a summer day,
The blaze of the sky at sunset
Like the wind have fled away.

The thrilling warmth and romance
As love's first flower grows,
The joy and love filled beauty
As childish laughter flows.

Man's dreams and hopes and visions
His toil, his love and fears
Recalled as the sighing wailing wind
Blows my memory o'er the years.

Leona Finch George

WALTZING SPRING

Effulgent with Aprils'
First flush of green
The mantle of spring
On the hills is seen.

With fragrant mosaic
Of first greening sage
And brown of moist earth
The pattern is laid.

The pink and lavender willows
And the green of aspen are frills
To deck the mantle of Spring
As she waltzes over the hills.

Leona Finch George 1963

Written of the hills and plains along Idaho's
Snake River.

WHITEY DUCK AND EL COYOTE

One sunny day young, Whitey Duck,
Said: "I'm going on a trip
I'd like to see the world,"
And gave his tail a flip!

With a "quack, quack, quack
And his head held high
He started off alone
"Please stay" his mama cried.

But off he went not listening
Across the field so brown;
And soon he met a big cow
Who looked up with a frown!

Oh me! he thought, she'll eat me
His feathers shook with fear;
But Bossy just ignored him
So much green grass was near.

As he waddled onward
A shadow caught his eye
That is Reddy Hawk, thought he,
Sailing in the sky.

He remembered Mother's warning
About old Reddy's tricks:
When he comes just find a bush
And hide yourself real quick!"

Alas he couldn't find one!
Oh dear, he quacked and cried,
Nearer and nearer swooped Reddy
'Till he flew by Whitey's side!

Faster and faster beat his heart
And faster ran his feet!
At last he saw a big hole
And plopped in with a squeak

"Fooled! Said Red, and flew away.
I'm safe at last thought Duck
He wasn't, though, we'll see
He still was out of luck!

In this hole lived, El Coyote,
Who was coming home;
When poor Whitey saw him
He shook and gave a groan.

"Here's Food, cried El Coyote
And gave a great big leap;
But, luckily for Whitey,
He landed in a heap.

While he got untangled
Whitey's feet began to fly
Back toward his lovely home
"I'll always stay," he cried.

Written for my grandchildren.
Leona Finch George

JOYS UNKNOWN

Weary from searching many hours
In tombs and volumns of the past,
I laid my head upon my arms and slept
And there in dreams I saw the truth at last.

Vast was the throng in splendid halls
And varried the look upon each face;
Some gathered there in happy groups
While others cried and looked in space.

An angel sat above the throng
And as closer I moved unto his side;
I saw that he sat at the open door
As guardian of those portals wide.

With awe and wonder I gazed within
Where all was beauty, joy and light
Where people embraced and laughed and sang
And greeted each loved one with delight.

My steps were turned to the portals grand
To pause, to gaze, while the Angel said:
"We would love to have you, Welcome here,
But first I must call names of your Dead.

So he searched the scrolls filed at his side
And one by one he called each name,
Patiently waiting after each one;
But a dark and dreadful silence reigned.

He turned on me a compassionate look
And my guilt was bright within my breast
For I knew I had failed when I had not searched
For my kinfolk dear who were laid to rest.

As I turned away from that glorious room
And sadly began my path to retrace,
As once more I longingly gazed within
I saw the tears on the Angel's face.

What joy filled my heart when I awakened!
What gladness to know I still had time.
To work and search for the records true
That would help me enter that room sublime.

Leona Finch George
9 December 1962

ETERNAL OFFERING

Suppliant hands with fingers pink
In prayerful worship raised;
The Sawtooth Range in grandeur stands
Bathed in the Day's last rays.

Against the blue each marble peak
An humble altar stands
To offer up ideals and dreams
As sacrifice by man.

Deep carved gullies stretched below
Are vessells where Heaven's tears
Are caught to nurture further dreams
Offerings for future years.

Leona Finch George
6 October 1962

ASHES OF OCTOBER

A few last flowers remain
On bent wind driven stocks.
From the stubble's garnered floor
Comes the cry of gathering flocks.

Fall's crimson flame has died
And the ashes in its wake
Are mounds of dieing leaves,
Crisp stems that fall and break.

Yes, Autumn's fragrant breath
Soft, wafted on crisp air
Has moaned and ceased to sigh
O'er trees and blossoms fair.

Safe hidden by nature's shields
Eternal Springtime rests
In brown and shinning bud
Or seeds deep in earth's breast.

Leona Finch George
October 1962

GRATITUDE

For the golden blue days of October
With their sweet breath tender and warm
Laden with perfume of harvests
Rife with an aching charm;

For white clouds sailing on Azure,
And crisp nites sparkling with stars,
The forest aflame with autumn,
Land of plenty stretching afar;

We thank Thee our Father in Heaven
For the strength of thy circling arm
For these wonders and joys of thy footstool
And thy guiding spirit so warm.

Leona Finch George
November 5, 1962

Inspired by the testimony born by Sister
Mary Capps

POPPIES

Oh! The poppies are offering
Scarlet lips to the sun,
Bright soft lips that glimmer
As the breeze stirs each one.

In each crimson chalice
Dark stamen hide;
The bees in gay abandon
Sip that opium tide.

Now silken sheaves have fallen
Dropping softly one by one
To leave the seed pods dry and brown
As shores when tides are gone.

Leona Finch George June 1962

LAST SUNSET

Oh, clear bright sky of azure
Stretched down to distant lands,
We love to see you cloudless
O'er fertile fields and sands.

Soaring through your depthless blue
Our thoughts toward heaven fly.
How close you seem to bring us
To that sweet home on high!

We fain would have our journey
Through-out life's trials and tests
As clear and calm as yon blue sky
'Till we in Heaven rest.

Wrapped in spellbound wonder
Our prayer lest we forget.
"Oh Father grant us clouds as well
For a beautiful sunset."

Leona Finch George

10 June 1962 Inspired by the thought in Sunday
bulletin "May there be enough clouds in your life
to make a beautiful sunset."

AIR CASTLE

I have a lovely castle
A castle in the sky
'Tis built of pearls and marble
With domes and pillars high;

With towers white and stately,
As soft as softest down
That gleam and glow and sparkle
Like jewells in a crown.

At sunset or at sunrise
It glows like living fire
To slowly fade at evening
Leaving not a dome 'nor spire.

Leona Finch George 1962

MICHAEL

He has a sweet and shy half gamin grin
That opens all hearts doors and
Storms all citadells to enter in,
With bonds of love and mirth to hold one fast.

His shinning deep blue eyes are silver flecked
With imps of laughter ever dancing there,
Or seem to glow with fun and laughter checked;
Yet soft at times and tender as a kiss.

He'll do his best to join in any game
And has no fear, He's big as any man!

May his life be crowned with honor, joy and fame
Is the prayer thats in our watching loving hearts.

Written for my grandson Michael Gerard Dyck age
2 years.

Leona Finch George 1961

To "Pistol Peet Dyck" (my son)

A "pistol packin", pappa
Who lived in Idaho
Went to far Hawaii
Where the big pineapples grow.

He travelled far, he travelled fast;
He crossed the ocean wide;
And he was very happy
With his dear wife by his side.

He became a great explorer
Of the caverns of the deep;
He'd rather go down diving
Than either eat or sleep!

He and his dear family
Which now had grown to three,
Spent many peaceful hours
In their cottage by the sea.

And then his colts revolver
Began to call him back;
He started pistol practice
For which he had a "knack"

Any day you'll find him
With his target and his gun;
Practice makes him perfect
Many prizes he has won.

We're all looking forward
To the lovely month of May
When he and his sweet family
Will be in U. S. A.

We hope he'll win the contests
So far away from home
Will be in the Olympiss
In the ancient town of Rome!

Leona Finch George 1959

IMPRISONED

In a damp and lonely prison
Where sunlight never beams
There ended for so many
Their cherished hopes and dreams.

In chains and fearful waiting
They see in vision bright
The way they could have chosen
Had truth been there to guide.

Yet the keys to us are given
To end their waiting there;
If we but seek our loved ones
With fevor and with prayer.

We may be their saviors
With them eternally rejoice
If we will tune our spirits
To Elijah's pleading voice.

Leona Finch George 1961

OCEAN STORM

The dark green billows rise
From foam flecked waves afar
To break upon the lonely beach
Like crested falling stars.

The ceaseless pounding roar
Of spray dashed thund'ring surf
Forms the background music
For the wild wind's dirge.

The plaintive cry of sea birds
Is heard through fierce wind's lull
As, lashed by spray, wind driven
We see the swooping gull.

Storm music plucks on mem'ries strings
Pain drawn by lonely hearts
To hear again its poignant call
From time's age riven marts.

Leona Finch George

August 1963

West Coast Storm 1936

BEST OF LIFE

Come, let us walk together, dear,
The autumn of our days
We could not walk together in their spring;
As strangers then we walked our separate ways.

You walked beside another
Who shared your home and hearth;
And yet no shade of envy
Mars the joy within my heart.

For our paths ne'er had mingled
In that half forgotten past
When I walked beside another
In a dream that did not last.

Yet those years were fruitful
And they hold mem'ries sweet;
For they brought to earth choice spirits
To make autumn's joys complete.

So through our golden autumn
Let us wander hand in hand
To share our joys and sorrows
In this choice and promised land.

And when the veil is lifted
When we cross that shinning sea
We are sure we'll be together
Throughout all eternity.

To my husband
Leona Finch George 1961

MIDNIGHT LULLABY

The tall trees murmur gently
On midnights vagrant breeze;
While softly echoed thunder
Fills the air from rustling leaves.

The bright stars gleam in splendor
From heaven's jewelled sky
The wind chimes icy tinkles
Rise in Autumn's Lullaby

The garnered earth lies sleeping
'Neath deep blue velvet arch;
From dim lit corridors of time
Old scenes in mem'ry march,

Of other stars that glimmered
In splendid scenes on high;
For then another autumn
Crooned its Midnight Lullaby.

Leona Finch George 1961

"HEARTS OF THE CHILDREN"

There is a place where I love to go
That is hallowed and sweet to me;
A place where tears of joy may flow
As I worship on bended knee.

By the river towers its cool white spires
And the waters reflect its gleam;
But they cannot express the hopes and desires
The attainment of cherished dreams,

That thrill the hearts of those who go
To fulfill a promise there.
A promise to those we only know
Through faith and love and prayer.

A promise that says we still hold dear
The dreams they died to build;
Dreams that raised by the waters clear
A temple on the hill

Leona Finch George

17 October 1961

This poem was inspired by the Idaho Falls Temple-
A copy was given to Sister Kilpack and is now
recorded in their Temple book of poems.

ETERNAL PROMISE

Gazing heavenward through leaf-forsaken boughs
Of winter trees
I hear the reverent whispered voices rise
In wise soliloquy

Dimly shinning on earth's dark edge
Glow man made lights;
The wonder and the marvel of an age
Man's power and might.

Yet wondrous as they are in brilliant power
Their fire would cool;
If earth were striped of all its human life,
The dark would rule,

Against the midnight's' black infinity
Bedecking naked trees,
Or blazoning His might across black skies
God's beacons gleam.

No human power eternal lights can change
'Nor man can dim
Those beauties and marvels of His hands;
Or promise made by Him.

Leona Finch George Oct. 1961

LITTLE GRANDMOTHER

Little Grandmother of long ago,
My mem'ries oft' take flight
Across the long departed years
To bring you to my side.

Once again in the gloaming
As the evening shadows fall;
I see you rocking gently
And hear your sweet voice call.

Again we wander with you
Through meadows sweet with flowers,
Or creep to catch grass hoppers
While you sit and fish for hours,

Remembering, it seems you had
A life both hard and sad;
Yet never did you falter
Your face was always glad.

The things we loved about you
Come through work and pain and tears;
Through hardships you so bravely met
In all those lonely years.

The husband who was stricken
In his manhoods' fullest prime,
Those three beloved children
Following close, so close behind.

Yet Dear little grandma
We should not mourn your fate;
But remember all the good things
And appreciate the great.

Leona Finch George
September 1961

In memory of my beloved grandmother
Mary Ann Robbins Finch 1837-1914

BOISTEROUS EXIT

Autumn rides in on September's wind
Blowing the storm clouds down,
Tossing branches like billows wild
Ruffling the venture of Summer's gown.

Sweeping the birds like driven barks,
Sighing and wailing her siren's call,
Blowing sunflower's heads to the dust
Commanding live foliage to die or fall.

On she sweeps to mountain heights
Spreading brave garlands of flame and gold,
Browning the meadows searing the grass
Warning of winter days so cold.

Splashing with scarlet meadow and dale
Soothing the land with a promised charm;
Indian summer's promise false and brief
Her chilly nights and her days so warm.

The Boisterous winds go sweeping away
Leaving autumn to rule and reign
For a season so brief in the flight of time
That its passing but leaves a fleeting pain.

Leona Finch George 1961

WELL DRILLERS LAMENT

Oh! gather 'round ye drillers
While a ballad I relate
Of the rough and tough well driller
And his sad and lonely fate;

In his pursuit of water,
That elusive crystal ghost,
As he strives to make the "desert
To blossom as a rose.

The summer sun beats hotly
From dry and rocky hills;
The sand storms do their very best
The well he drills to fill.

The winter's fiercest blizzard
You'll find him at his "post"
With loyalty and stubbornness
Seeking still that crystal ghost.

Some times the hole gets crooked
As the "storried" dog's hind leg
Then he uses all the dynamite
He can borrow, steal or beg.

When things get going nicely
Bang! he drops his tools;
Then he fishes and he fishes
Oh! they're regular "Fishen Fools"

And when he gets the well drilled,
Says the farmer, with a smile:
I'll pay you when you catch me,
Which won't be for a while!

When the long chase is over
And he gets the cold hard cash
It's time to overhaul the drill
Or it may go "Kersmash!"

So far all worn out well drillers
We're starting a new trade
It's easier than well drilling
It will sell like Lemonade!

We'll go and buy all dry wells
With some "maybes" and some "buts"
We'll cut them up and sell the holes
For Paul Bunyons big dough nuts!
Leona Finch George

For Ex-Well driller C.E. George

FUTILE INDIAN SUMMER

Oh! ye Futile Indian Summer
With thy plans and hopes so high,
That by simulating summer
Thou couldst stop birds' southward flight

That with gentle blowing zepthers
Think to woo the summer back,
Or by bright sun's kiss so tender
Halt the seasons onward trek.

Trying camoflaugue of crimson
Couldst thou simulate bright youth
Flowing from the steps of springtime,
Couldst thou think this, in all truth?

No! Like vain and foolish mortals
Thou wert doomed to try and fail,
Yet what beauty marked thy efforts
What a wondrous blazoned trail!

Leona Finch George
3 Sept. 1961

FLEETING SPLENDOR

A white and frozen silence reigns
O'er the vast expanse of Lava
And crystal crusted sage,
As Winter's deathly rigor grips the plains.

The winter night brings ghostly shrouds
Of fog that cling and freeze
Like pearls and crusted marble white
On weeds and grass, on tall and stately trees.

They wait in breathless beauty now
The warmth and radiance of the sun
To touch their robes to splendor;
A kiss of death that melts them one by one.

Leona Finch George
1950

CHILDHOOD MEADOW

Oh Beautiful Meadow your floor white with snow
Asleep are your grasses and flowers below.
In summer I thrill with your beauty sublime,
With mem'ries of childhood and moments divine.

When I walked through your verdure
In summer warmed air
And thrilled to the fragrance
Of hay drying there.

Your floor was all star decked
With violets so shy,

And harebell and cowslip,
Blue star Grass so high.

The wild lady slippers
Which grew on the brink
Of the brook that meandered
Through fields Daisy pink.

And here the blue camas
Raised proud azure heads
That, rivalling the clear skies,
A blue blanket spread.

In thy shady green marshes
The wild ducklings nest,
The robin hides jewelled eggs
Beneath her red breast.

Oh meadow your beauty
Calls back childhood's dreams
While your perfume is wafted
I live by gone scenes.

Leona Finch George
1962

Meadow near our log cabin on East
Fork Fish Creek, Carey, Idaho

THAT MAIL MAN!

Each day as I go for the mail,
I'm sure I'll get a letter
I'll hear today without fail.
I stop by the post

Then quickly pull the lid
Of our old country mailbox;
But I'm sorry that I did
For it's either empty,

Or that sneaky old mail man
Only left some adds or bills
Saying "pay us quickly if you can."
If he'd just leave a letter

At least once in a while,
I would be so happy,
I'd wear a great big smile
And my heart would be so gay.

I'm going to write a letter
Unto my congressman;
If my mailman does no better
I'll fire him if I can!

Leona Finch George

SILENT MEDLY

When all the earth is flushing
A faint suffushing green
When the voice of Spring is sighning
And the wild birds may be seen;

Then it seems as though the heavens
Lend a tender listening ear
To the medely of nature
As it rises on the air.

The sound of brown buds bursting
Of eager questing grass.
The clear chimes of the blue bells
Breaking through the sod at last.

The gentle low of cowslips
Putting forth first tender leaves;
The pussy willows purring
As they burst in silent sheaves.

The shy voice of the violet
Drifts forth on sweet perfume,
The dandelion is roaring
In golden drifts of bloom.

The mating call of wild life
Fills the air with tender lays
And through all the gleaming sun
A golden vesper plays;

This is nature wild and lusty
As on creation's morn
When the Maker planned and shaped it
And said, "Thou Shalt be born."

Leona Finch George
April 1962

FROZEN SILVER

Silver the moon in pale blue skies
White is the earth with his beams so bright;
Black on the snow the shadows lie
From leafless trees where night winds sigh.

Slumbers the world 'neath his cold caress
With millions of jewells he decks her breast
A million jewells whose light so rare
Shimmer and glow in the frosty air.

Unawakened by his frigid kiss
The earth sleeps in a dream of bliss;
A dream of bliss so sweet and deep
It rises to heaven a pledge to keep.

That the long dread rule of the winter moon
With its snow and frost will be ended soon,
That the skipping feet of gentle spring
Shall awaken nature, call birds to sing.

Leona Finch George Jan. 1962

TREASURES REplete

On a beautiful March morning
With the air like Liquid Gold;
I pause to think and wonder
As Treasures vast unfold

For gently on spring Zephers
The sound of life is borne:
The Blackbird's slurred cescendo,
The sad dove's call forlorn,

The questing call of flicker
Poised for darting flight,
Of sparrow's grey and finches
With carrolls sweet and light.

Oh ripe and teeming nature
Oh birds with song divine
My heart's praise rises silently
To join my song with thine.

Leona Finch George
19 March 1962

THROUGH REVELATION

Dark was the night, so dark
Of light not a single spark;
Sad were the hearts so sad
No peace to make them glad.

Bleak was the gloom, so bleak
And the lips no song could speak;
Nor the soul no home could find
And mankind find no friend.

Then bright was the day, so bright,
When lifted the fearsome blight;
Hope illumened the seeking souls
As the spirit winged toward home.

Leona Finch George 1961

SAWTOOTH MOUNTAINS

The lofty Sawtooth mountains
Steep and rugged stand
Reaching needled boughs aloft,
To guard the fertile land.

Magestic on the sky line
Etched in deepest blue,
Soar rugged peaks and towering cliffs
Reflecting the sun's bright hue.

Standing aloof and silent
Or smiling in the haze;
Natures cobalt castles
Her turrets and jagged crags

They lend a wierd sad beauty
To the valley as they tower
Protecting man and beast alike
Sheltering the hidden flowers.

Leona Finch George

LIFE'S STREAM

The golden leaves of each moment
Drifts slowly down life's stream
And leave in the heart bright mem'ries
Like bubbles that glow and gleam

Sometimes the stream runs swiftly;
It's waters deep and dark
Silently glide o'er sorrow's reefs
Past trajedie's rock so stark.

Again it widens as it goes
To a clear and shallow brook,
Laughing, singing as it flows
By vales and flowered nook.

Nearing the falls it gathers speed;
Its treacherous waters deep
Are caught and churned in whirlpools
As it falls o'er the cliff so steep.

On it flows inexorably
We cannot turn it back
To live again those moments lost
Without faith in despair so black.

At last it enters eternities sea,
Mingling with other streams
To join life's tides that flow or ebb
Fed by our hopes and dreams.

Leona Finch George

TWILIGHT ON PUGET SOUND

As I sit in slowly purpling dusk;
The lights begin to glimmer on the sound.
I watch them start appearing one by one
Like tears of solace when sweet peace is found.

The snow capped peaks, like disembodied wraiths,
Serenely float 'mid sunset tinted clouds,
Now color floods their cold eternal snows.
With flame from dieing day's bright trailing shrouds.

By distance softened to a lullaby
The tug boat whistles deepen twilights hush
The sun's last light on dreaming waters rests
As night brings surcease from the city's rush.
Leona Finch George

COOL NIGHT

The blessed cool of night
Descends upon the land.
Foretelling tomorrow's heat
The dense black cloud banks stand.

Borne from the sleeping fields
Sweet laden breezes sigh;
Cooling earth's burning cheeks,
Carressing her mountains high.

Rippling her star decked lakes,
Causing her trees to nod;
Each standing staunchly there
Sheltering the growing sod.
Leona Finch George

SUNSET ON THE SNAKE RIVER

The River lies a golden sheet
Between steep cobalt walls;
Reflecting now the sunset sweet
As soft the evening falls.

Mirrored on her satin breast,
Willows sway and pink clouds rest.
Sheer walls lie in shadows deep
Lonely crags their still watch keep.

Swiftly bound in homeward flight,
Shadows fleeing in the light,
Wild ducks follow down the stream
Reflected briefly in its gleam.

A mournful call as coyote sly
Deepens the silence with his cry.
The whistling drum of night hawk's flight
Resounds from canyon height on hight.

Sweet and faint from distant sage
An evening lullaby is played,
As lilting soft through evening hush
Is heard the goodnight song of thrush.

The sun sinks red below the wall
Rose pink haze drifts over all;
Leaving the canyon lonely, vast
To sleep and dream of eons passed.

Leona Finch George
Near Crystal Spring Idaho

MEDITATION

Here on the loftly mountain
Rooted in grass and sod,
Standing in silent worship,
Lifting their arms to God;

Stand the pines lonely guardians,
Reverent boughs they raise
Patiently reaching toward heaven
Sighing their anthems of praise.

Blue is the sky above them,
Blue as heaven's own blue;
White are the clouds drifting over,
Changing and ever new.

This is Gods great cathedral,
Humbly I bow my head,
Praying for strength and courage
That by faith I may be led.

Thanking the father in heaven
Thanking and marvelling too;
That truth revealed brings freedom
To worship as we do.

Here in this "land of promise"
Purchased at such great cost,
Paid for by blood of martyrs
Whose cause shall not be lost.

Thanking Him for the gospel
For His prophets one and all,

Praying that His children
Will heed this last great call.

Leona Finch George

Written in the primitive wilderness of
Chamberlin Basin Idaho 1951

TESTIMONY

How do we know they're prophets
Those holy men of might
Whose lives have been devoted
To spreading truth and light?

Do we have to see to know it,
That wondrous shining truth,
The glory of the Father
There reflected in a youth?

A youth He loved above all else
Whom He sent that we might learn
The path of truth and virtue
That to him we might return.

How do we know 'tis true
By the burning in our breast
That lovely sacred feeling
Which sets our souls at rest.

The truth of this great gospel
Lies imprinted on our hearts
And it needs no further proving
Than the joy that it imparts.

Leona Finch George

ONE SHEPHERD

On the lonely plains near Bethlehem
Dwelt a shepherd old and lame;
Yet faithful still he watched his flock
The night the angels came.

That night his spirit felt quite faint,
His bones were gnarled and bent,
His feet were slow, his eyes were dim
His life with age was spent.

And so he thought, I cannot go,
Surely my strength will fail!
Yet who will guard my wandering flock
O'er the steep and dangerous trail?

Despite his suffering and pain
He struggled from his bed;
Donning his robe he ventured forth,
His wooly flock he led.

Then as they wandered here and there,
The shepherd guarding still,
He saw a star, a wondrous star!
Appearing o'er yonder hill!

And as he gazed his heart did burn
With hope and awe and joy,
He heard glad carols in the night
News of a new born boy.

He followed slowly as the star,
Glowing and ever bright,
Lit the way across the plains
To a manger low that night.

Then as he struggled ever on
Nearer that Holy Babe,
His spirit lifted gloom was gone
His pain began to fade.

But suddenly his feet stood still,
He faltered stopped and gazed around.
"A gift, a gift I need to take
And none is to be found!"

So softly then a whispering voice
This wisdom did impart;
"Fear not, my son, thou hast a gift,
This gift thy humble heart."

With joy and love his feet took wing,
Eagerly now he trod,
Forgetting self, forgetting pain,
To see the Son of God.

He reached the stable, gazed within,
Humbly now with faith and love
From the low silled door he saw the child
That gift from heaven above.

As that smile his shy heart touched
New glory filled his soul,
A still small voice within him cried:
"Thy Faith hath made thee whole!"

Leona Finch George 1960

SISTER DEAR

I often think of by gone days
Of our "cabin on the Lee"
Of the hours we spent together
In so many happy ways.

Of the times we roamed the rolling hills
In the sunny peaceful spring
To discover ferns and shy bluebells
Beside the crystal rills.

Of our school days when we three
Stood together in all deeds
In work or play or study
And in forming all our creeds

There's a faint remembered heartache
And the tear drops sting my eyes
As i think of times of sorrow
And the sadness that they make.

Though time has slowed our footsteps
And it's tides draw us apart
You are still my own dear sister
With a choice place in my heart.

Leona Finch George

To Nancy Jennett Gunter 10 Oct. 1961

LEGEND OF TOPAZ

Once when the earth was young and fair
Before the greed and hate of man
Had uprooted her flowers and trees,
Had left the marks of his passion there.

The sun gazing upon her face,
Saw that she was lovely and desirable
The fairest of all the flaming spheres
That swing and sing through space.

His love went out to her, he lost his heart,
Day after day he wooed her with his rays,
Sending his pleas on brightest beams:
"Oh come and be of me a part!"

Seeing his love and flaming desire;
The great and wise creator of all things
Counselled him in wisdom, telling him
He would only destroy his love with fire,

Then, in pity and compassion for His pain,
Granted him a favor as a boon:
He could leave one token of his love
A jewell to bury in her fields and plains

And so within the shelter of her arms,
On her steep and towering heights,
Within the secrecy of her cool green glades
The molten Topaz still her cold heart warms.

Leona Finch George

YELLOWSTONE QUAKE MEMORIAL

Memorial to those who died that night;
Towering where canyons deep once yawned,
Marking the scene of Earth's deep agony;
Lume giant crags of pale rose dolomite.

White shone the moon above the sleeping vale
Her brilliance rivaling the sun's bright beam;
With breathless hush all nature seemed to wait
Her destined time of trouble and travail.

As though on signal from the powers on high
Earth's trembling crust reared swiftly up and up,
Her massive cliffs sheered clean
To roar and thunder up the canyon's side.

What of that vale where sleeping mortals lay?
Sorrow and pain arose to stalk its length
As partners to that grim black reaper death
To wreak stark havoc where they chose to play.

All is peaceful now where once they strode
And nature strives to wipe away the scars;
To lay upon the boulder Riven earth
Garlands of bloom to lighten sorrow's load.

Leona Finch George

Written 1962 after visiting Hebgen Lake and canyon
where so many lost their lives in the Montana Yellowstone
quake.

DESERT SOUNDS

The Coyote wails his sad and lonely call
To break the silence brooding over all.
The first light rolls in swiftly silent strides
Across the sky where dawn's pink banners fly.

A magpie, roused by the first faint streak of light,
With Rucous cry begins his graceful flight
The flicker darting from some secret place
With sharp and questing lyrics greets the day.

The fragrant air is filled with happy sound
As larks and wild doves blend their morning round.
And then to add the last sweet perfect bar
The "desert" thrush sings softly from afar.

Leona Finch George 1963

SUN'S LAST KISS

The setting sun dies in the west
'Mid banks of blazoned clouds;
Ethereal wings flamingo hued
Her trailing sweeping shrouds.

The irridescent glow now spreads
O'er purple misted skies
And gauzy pinks trail up, and up,
Where black plumed storm gods ride.

With one last splash of splendor
In skies like flame tipped waves;
As she falls behind the darkening earth
Each sunbeam finds a grave.

Sunset Idaho 1963

Leona Finch George

ODE TO A GOLDEN CURL

'Tis just a golden lock of baby hair;
Yet how it glows and shimmers lying there.
I see it bobbing on a precious head
Its owner laughingly by fancy led.

Or curling softly on a sleeping face
As white hands rest in rosy living grace
The soft air blows and tumbles it in play,
With winds enchanted wishing they could stay.

It gleams and sweetly clings to brow so fair,
As fair as guardian angels watching there.
In tumbled gold it catches evening ray
Of sunset as she kneels to pray;

To earnestly repeat that first sweet prayer
Taught by mother, asking for His care
His love to guide her in the path of right;
His power to guard and shield her through her life.

Leona Finch George

To my granddaughter Denise Lyn Dick

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

As I carefully hang each glittering star;
My thoughts wander back to that stable afar;
I see the worn hands of the builder who shaped
The wood of the manger where Jesus was lain.

The sweet wafted fragrance of balsom and fir
Might be that gift of incense and myrth,
The luminous spunglass glimmers and shines
As the face of the Angel who guarded that shrine.

The twinkling splendor of tinsel of Gold
Recalls that rare gift brought by wise men of old.
Softly a tear falls on baubles of Red
In memory of Blood He in agony shed.

Leona Finch George

Christmas 1964

BAY HORSE GRAVEYARD

Where is Bay Horse what secrets
Lies within its cabins crumbling and alone;
What tales long since forgotten
Of those who called it home?

By word of mouth and rumor
Came a tale of treasures old
Of mouldering mice gnawn records
More precious than the miner's gold;

To those whose hearts are tuned
To the whispering of the past
Who seek in hidden places
To find the truth at last.

On a morning bright and sunny
With chalk, note book, lunches too
Monna Moss, Fern Brown, the Georges
Went to follow these slim clues.

We travelled t'ward the Salmon
Through the rugged barren hills
'Till we came to lovely Chalice
Old scene of Wester thrills.

Here we asked the same old question,
"Oh which way do we go
To find that ghost town Bay Horse,
Are there records do you know?"

So we met an old time miner
Bert King, Cowboy of the past,
Who had seen 73 summers,
Here was a guide at last.

"Fifty years ago I worked there
When the boom was on the town.
They were mining lead and silver
From the dark and rocky ground.

With his verbal map to guide us
We entered canyons high
Where crimson, green and yellow crags
Stretched to meet the sky.

The road was rough and winding
Where tumbling waters flowed;
For wagon wheels had carved it
Over eighty years ago.

When we saw the buildings
Of the long forsaken mine;
Adventure plucked our heart strings,
What records would we find?

Not old mould riden records
Of marriage death and birth;
But only old store ledgers
What could be their worth?

With disappointment in our hearts
We sadly turned away;
But the guard said "There's a graveyard
We knew we'd won the day!

On a steep and lonely sidehill
Bounded by a sunken path,
We found the mute reminders
Fences made of wood and lath.

Once beautiful new and painted
With carved boards at head and feet
But storms and time had taken toll
Not many could we read.

The fences lay there rotting
And the graves were sunken low,
The loving words on head boards,
Carved so many years ago,

Were scattered to the four winds
Or erased by passing years;
As were the men who once had trod
This vale of hopes and fears.

Carefully we traced and coppied,
Using chalk where all else failed,
With prayerful hearts and busy hand
Until the daylight paled.

We bring the names for record
Hoping seeking minds will find
The names and dates of loved ones lost
From markers left behind.

Leona Finch George 1964

TO O. B. THE SHEET METAL KID

We bought you a birthday present
Just what you wanted too
But some sneaky guy "swiped" it
We didn't know what to do.

We thought of you gnawing your pencil
As you worked in your new shop
We thought of you using a dull knife;
And the pencil would break with a pop!

We knew we would hold up production
And the weather was getting cold
With everyone shivering and shaking
We feared your business would fold.

So we went out and bought you another
We give it to you with love,
And hope that it brings you good luck
As your sharp, sharp pencil you shove.

Leona Finch George

STORM

Aloft in the darkening sky
The towering storm clouds rise
Their Thunderous headlong flight
Shakes the earth as they collide.

In wierd fantastic shapes
Ascending from height to height
The black tumultuous mass
Sweeps in on the wings of night

Caught by one lingering ray
Of the last light's blazing trail
They are fired to living gold
Like a lost ship's tattered sail.

Leona Finch George
February 13, 1969

GRANDPARENT'S LAMENT

(Or we are just plain lonely for you)

We have some Ida Hawaiians
Who live so far from us
We cannot go to see them
On horseback, train or bus.

We'd even try a broomstick
If we thought that it would do;
But it would surely drop us
Into the ocean blue!

If that happened
We'd land with such a splash
A tidal wave would follow
O'er all the earth to crash!

We're getting mighty lonesome,
We're desperate as can be
In fact we'd do most anything
Our family just to see.

No telling what may happen
But just remember this
We would give the world and all
For just one single kiss!

Leona Finch George 1969

DREAMS BY THE GOLDEN GATE

The purple bay lies dreaming
In the spring sun's sparkling rays,
The white waves seems to murmur
A tale of by gone days.

The golden throated poppies
Spread a mantle on the hills,
Reflections of the treasures torn
From them by greedy wills;

For the California poppy came
To heal earth's scars and shame
After ruthless men upheaved it
In their search for wealth and fame.

But time and tides are changless
And the gold the miners craved
Blooms in bright and gay profusion
On their lonely unmarked graves.

Leona Finch George Dec. 1964

A PRAYER FOR MY SON ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY

Today I crossed the sea on wings of love
Did you not feel my hand upon your cheek
Like the soft caress of breezes from above?
Today my spirit lingered near your side,
Did you not feel a soothing presence near
Did not a sense of peace with you abide
Today as on that day so long gone by
I dreamed a dream for you
A prayer rose from my heart to Him on high
Oh Father, may my boy be strong and kind
Oh Father grant that in this earthly life
He may the lasting joy of thy love find.
Help my love to lead and guide the way
Through all the trials and snares,
That from the blessed right he may not stray.
I paused beside you there in love and pride
I held your hand in mine once more
For one fleet moment I was by your side
Did you not hear a whispered sighing prayer
Or feel the lingering soft caress
Of breezes like my fingers on your hair.
Did not a bird cry seem to say "My Son"
Or did the Golden Sunshine touch your brow
And leave a crown as though to say well done.
Amidst the battle's noise and pain and fear
While danger rode the waves
In answer to my prayer Our God was near
He held you fast within His cradled arms,
Soothed your spirit, lulled your fears
He guided you and kept you safe from harm.

Leona Finch Dyck

Written for my son David Dennis Dyck while he was on
active duty as a Frogman in the Navy Korean War 1951

WIND FANTASY

The wind is blowing fiercely
I love to hear it roar
For it brings back fondest memories
Of those who've gone before.

It whispered too of my mystery;
Oh whither has it come,
What dark deed has it witnessed
What heart strings did it strum,

It rises in crescendo
Why does it wail and moan.
Because so many tears it dried
Of those who walked alone

Yet again it rises high
In paens of love and praise
As ever on it hurries
It never, never stays.

Leona Finch George - Dec. 1968

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

God bless you at Christmas and always.

God bless you at this Christmas time
And keep you in His care;
And may He guide you with His love
Always and everywhere.

God give you every Christmas joy
That comes from heaven above;
And may He always bless your life
With His unending love.

Author Unknown

A prayer I found in Mother's papers
Which she had copied from somewhere.
Leona Finch George

SAVIOR

Born in a manger
This Lord of the earth;
Giver of Life
Of spirits rebirth .

Treading the wine press
Of sorrow and woe;
Shedding His life's blood
Compassion to show.

Walking the valley
Of death unafraid;
Marked by His tears
Our path He has laid.

A path way to glory
No dark cloud can dim,
For those who are faithful
To come back to Him.

Leona Finch George
Christmas 1968

STORM JOURNEY

The blowing snow
Like white spindriven clouds

Enfolds the earth
In a winding shroud.

All nature lies
With trailing hoary breath
Awaiting the black frost's
Swooping wings of death.

Like will o'the wisps
The soft drifting snow
Sifts o'er the ground
In the day's last glow;

Lost and wandering
Forever forsaken and alone
It follows the winds
As they howl and moan.

Leona Finch George
23 December 1968

Our journey to Seattle.

GOLDEN VISTA

Memory dwells in ordinary things
A song birds cry or glimps of flitting wings
O Magic realm o'golden vista fair
Remember is the word that takes one there.

NOSTALGIA

My footsteps wandered back
To childhood scenes
Where loved ones once
Had lived and built and dreamed

Their vanished voices rise
On lone winds wail
Perhaps their feet have trodden
This faint forgotten trail.

Upon this flower strewn knoll
They may have roamed
With dreaming hearts to gaze
And see a castle in an humble home.

Yet now no trace remains
Of all their toil;
Victories and failures alike
Lie covered 'neath the black uncaring soil.

The world must progress,
Men's lives change
Pain and sorrow courage brings
If there is faith.

Leona Finch George
8 January 1969

EASTER PROMISE

'Tis a dark and stormy Easter
The wild winds howl and moans
But faith still gives assurance
That no man stands alone.

E'en though at death's dark portals
We tremble and know fear
Be sure His love and mercy
Will ever hold us near.

For us he shed His life's blood
He offered up His all
That we know life eternal
But first will come death's call.

Leona Finch George
Easter 1969

BALLAD OF KITTY BALLEAU

Now Kitty Balleau
Was a pampered cat
With baths and collars
And this and that.

This is a tale
Of how he took
A journey so fearsome
He shivered and shook.

One day his master,
Whom he adored,
Said, Kitty Balleau
You look so bored;

So come with us
On a journey long
Through snow and ice
Through gales and storm

They packed his gear:
His bed and home,
He was put in a box
So he could not roam,

Then far and fast
In a pickup rear
Went Kitty Balleau
'Till he shook with fear.

Swiftly they slid
Around icy curves;
He thought of his master
And soothing words

And it came to pass,
After hours thus
They stopped and said
Come ride with us.

From the window
He fearfully gazed
Saw fiery animals
Coming all ways.

They thundered t'ward Him,
Passed with a roar
He trembled and cringed
But still came more.

Between times he saw,
Challenging their path,
The Idaho Monsters
Full of speed and wrath.

(Of course these were only
The tumbling weeds
Blown by the winds
To a slithering speed.)

By nightfall they came
To a strange new hut
Where they dumped him down
With the door tight shut.

He was desperate and wild,
This Kitty Balleau,
And what happened next
He hardly knew.

His master left open
The prison door,
He was out like a shot
And was seen no more!

So his mistress,
Fearing for his life,
Followed his tracks
O'er the highway wide

Up the alley
Behind the hill
The tracks stopped
And all was still,

Chancing to glance
At the snowy ground;
A wide board
O'er a hole she found.

There, crouched fearful
Desperate, alone,
Was Kitty Balleau
As though turned to stone

She clasped him close
In her sheltering arms
To take him home
All safe from harm

When he was dry
Fed and warm his mistress said:
"You will roam no more
Or you may be dead."

Leona Finch George
23 December 1968

Written about the journey of out cat "Blue" to
Seattle from Jerome for my grandchildren.

HARVEST DAYS

Once again the sage is blooming
With its sprays of dusty green;
And their fragrant scent is blowing
On the Western winds so clean.

Graceful spikes of dusky blossoms
Nodding in the Autumn breeze;
Where the first chill winds of autumn
Carry off the dieing leaves.

It is time to store and harvest
All the fruits and grains of gold;
To store enough for winter
With its storms and winds so cold.

As the black nights come and lengthen
The days grow brisk and bright,
They try with poignant beauty
To put the dark to flight.

Golden Rod and purple aster
Flaunt their gorgeous rainbow shades
Aspen gold and scarlet sumack
Gild the hills and paint the glades.

All this lends to earth a beauty
Which brings deep and lasting joy;
Leaves within the heart a mem'ry
That time cannot destroy.

Leona Finch George

MAGIC FLOOD TIDE

Where the ancient cliffs
Of the river rise;
And the tall sage clings
Between the earth and sky;

And falls were carved
Oh so long ago;
Now the raging floods
From the snow sheds flow.

The silence is deepened
By the white tides roar
And the crying of gulls
As they dip and soar;

And it brings a moment
Of rest and peace
As world weary souls
Seek sorrows surcease.

Magic Dam at Flood
Leona Finch George April 1968

HIS ALTARS

As I sit on the bluffs of the river
Overlooking the hills;
My eyes are filled with beauty
My heart with praises fills

The incense of Earth's bosom
Wafted by breezes cool
Arise like a lovely anthem
From the altars of His footstool.

Leona Finch George

6 May 1969

PARTING AT THE SNAKE

Faint scars on the River Bank
Mark the passing of the years
Since emigrants journeyed westward
Leaving homes and loved ones dear.

Their wagon trains crept slowly
Over sagebrush, rock and sand,
Fear was their constant companion
As they toiled through the desolate land.

Seeking life giving water
They followed the winding Snake,
With watchful eyes, ever dreading
Dark warriors with feathers and paint.

Threading their weary journey
To division of the train;
They made the perilous fording
To part, with tears and pain.

Some wended across the Bruno
To seek for shinning gold;
While other wheels rolled onward
To the Blue Pacific shoals.

They struggled to build a nation
That others too might dream.
Their joys and tears though
Are whispered by the stream.

Leona Finch George

6 May 1969

Inspired by the faint wagon trails on the bluffs
and south bank of the Snake above the three
Islands in the Snake which was the fording place
for the emigrant trains on the old Oregon trail.

SNAKE RIVER PLAINS

Above the Tawny plains
Of grass and sage
The snow locked mountains rise
Where winter storms still rage

The day so crystal clear
With promise false of spring
Still no warmth of life
To sleeping plants can bring.

For February's winds
Hold power over all
Lest eager questing life
To frost's cold blight may fall.
Leona Finch George
February 1969

THE SHINNING LIGHT

Across a misty blue valley
There twinkles and gleams a light,
Sending into darkness
Rays of hope and a promise bright.

The person who lighted that beacon
Knows not how far it gleams;
Knows not that some lonely traveller
Seeing rebuilds his dreams.

So it is with the light we kindle
In our hearts and lives each day;
When we glorify our maker
With kind deeds, good loves, clean play.

For we know not when some wanderer
May see the gleam of our light
Across life's misty blue valley
And seeing have courage to fight.

Leona Finch George 1956
M Men & Gleaner lesson 1956

TO MOTHER

Just wish you knew how many times
You crowd my other thoughts away,
Just wish you knew how many times
A prayer for you goes out your way.

And for more times than words express
I stop to hope that you are well;
Because you mean the world to me
Far more than words can tell.

Her neice Viola Sparks Hogue

FRAIL BARK

(To Arvle)

His ship is anchored safe at last
In a harbor of love and peace
That peace which he so loved
And struggled to increase.

It was his shining light
To guide his faltering feet
Through valleys often dark
His faith knew no defeat.

If trials bring faith and strength
Then surely, he was strong
For the "ill winds of despair"
Have blown his bark along.

But through the clouds of black
Has shown his brave bright smile,
His love for home and friends
And strength to meet each trial.

So now his fight is done
He has laid his burden down
And gained the wondrous peace
He'll wear it like a crown.

Leona Finch George 16 January 1960

Written in memory of my beloved brother Arvle Dennis
Finch. 30 October 1908 - 14 January 1960.