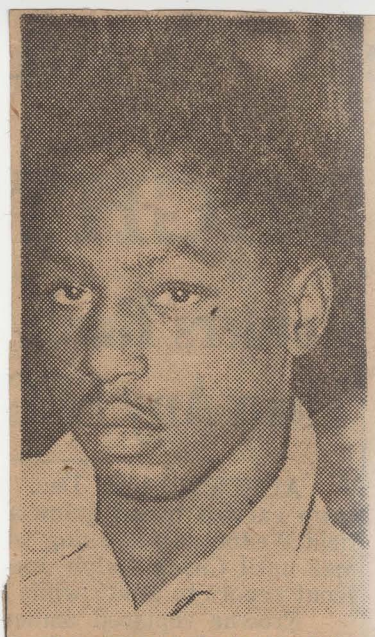

JEREMIAH REEVES JR.

# Poets Corner

As a tribute to those who have made contributions in poetry during the year, the editor and staff dedicates this column to Jeremiah Reeves Jr. The following poems are his contribution. Jeremiah wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for all of his relatives and friends.

**"CHAPEL IN THE WOODS"**

It was just a plain and simple chapel,
Where people would often gather to pray,
It was there that I first found the Lord,
A Shepherd to guide me day by day.

People weren't ashamed to cry, or bow beneath the throne,
We didn't fail to thank God for every blessing, and make plans for that heavenly home;
On Him our every burden we would cast,
And help other strangers who faced the winter's blast.

On Sunday morning it was such a thrill,
As we would journey to that little chapel over the hill;
You could hear the people singing almost a mile away,
And the old folks would be telling about the Glorious day,
That Jesus washed their sins away.

In those days people just followed God's rules,
There weren't any colleges or fancy schools,
To the little chapel in the wildwoods I would daily trod,
Where we would gather to cry, and sing praises to our God.

**"THE LARGER LIFE"**

The best in life is often missed,
Tho' very strange it be;
We lose so much of earth's good things
Because we fail to see.

Our father's table is replete
With all one's soul may need;
Yet hungry hearts exist on husks
Because we do not heed.

Few people ever comprehend
On half life's pleasures sweet;
They taste a few and all the rest
Are trampled 'neath their feet.

O Soul, accept your heritage,
Enjoy God's blessings true,
And live the larger life in him
As he would have you do.

**"A DREAM WORLD OF MY OWN"**

From a lonely cell, as I watch the silvery stars above,
I recall to mind our faded love,
I pray to God that He'll hear my plea,
May you never be alone like me.
Only God knows my aches and pains,
A desire to hold you in my arms again
Through the ages doomed alone
In a silly dream world of my own.

At midnight I cry and call your name
Although you've left me and I'm to blame,
But darling, in the twilight of your memory I'll always find joy,
For memory is one gift of God that even death cannot destroy.

I am tired of worrying and shedding tears,
Behind these lonely walls even hours seem like years,
True love is one thing that I've never known,
In this make believe world of my very own.

**CONDEMNED**

Condemned before the eyes of the human race
Condemned to live a life of disgrace,
Condemned with life as an open book,
So as to let the world take an onward look.

Condemned by the hand of sinful men
Condemned to live in a world of torture and sin,
Condemned to suffer loneliness, heartaches and shame,
Condemned as an outcast with a scandalized name.

Condemned to suffer every pain and sorrow,
Condemned without any hope of tomorrow,
Condemned in a world of hatred and fears.
As I face the long and lonely dreary years.

Condemned — but I'm not ashamed
Condemned—but I'll bear the blame
Condemned as onward I trod
Condemned but eternally I'll trust in God.

**"THE CHANT OF THE ON-GOERS"**

They walk upon illuminated paths,
A pageantry of light;
They chant the song of men made free,
They sing of health and might.

Now, in the great on-going,
There can be no note of fear,
For only God as love exists;
To them as love He's near.

To them, there is no evil nigh.
These chanters of the good;
To them naught but the good exists
For God is understood.

And, in the great on going,
There are never evil things
For only God as good exist;
Of Him the chanter sings.

And so these Sons of Light press on,
And forward, upward go;
They sing their song: "God is, I am!
I love, I see, I know."

And in the great on-going,
God and man are one somehow,
For man with God, the One, exists
As they exist, here now.