

IN LIEU OF BRUSH

If I possessed the gift to draw,
I'd paint a garden place
All hedged around with hollyhocks
And dainty Queen Anne's lace.

And sure I'd paint a weathered church,
With graceful rising spire;
And woods wrapped in a flaming coat
Of autumn's vivid fire.

But since I cannot use a brush
For painting even birds,
I'll strive to make my pictures clear
Through gracious, shining words.

By Alice Whitson Norton

From the Relief Society Magazine
April, 1952 – Vol. 39, No. 9, Pg. 585