

ESSENTIALS

I Love the things with which I've lived
Throughout my entire life,
Like grandma's quaint old soup tureen,
And granddad's carving knife;

My father's pewter shaving mug –
An old four-poster bed,
A comfort made from scraps of silk,
And brier-stitched in red;

Odd pieces of old silverware,
And bits of dainty lace;
The old clock on the mantelpiece
With bruises on its face;

My mother's armless rocking chair,
Her little darning gourd;
A candelabrum made of brass –
A rusty bladed sword.

So long these things I love have been
A vital part of me,
Without them I am like a ship
Lost on a windswept sea.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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