

To my wife

The house is quiet when you are gone
It's rooms are hushed and still
The shadows fall on furniture alone
Then softly touch your flowers upon the window sill.

The things I do I wonder would you have too
I start to call "hello" and then remember too
That always you replied and answered me a soft hello
E'en the bird with his sweet song still sings of you.

How would I have it were this the days
That you are absent from us who love you well
To love like yours oft fills me with a sweet amaze
Leaves heart too full for human words to tell

On fleeting wing my thoughts go out to where
Perchance it is my moment your thoughts to us reach more
Across the miles and through the length and depth of air
I think of you, and thinking, send you all my love.

Nov. 18th 1956

Norman L. Turnbull.
(Norman Roths)

A letter from my wife

Your letter to me was the prairie wind
As it pushes the clouds away
It lifted a load from my weary mind
And thought the sunline to stay

Oh could you but know the help you are
Or could you but ever guess
How my heart flies to you be I near or far
How I whisper your name 'mid the press.

For some men have wives and some have not
And some have friends who would be
Some men have women who sense have forgot
But you are wife, woman, and lover to me.

When you give me your hand I know it is mine
That my life is as sacred as yours
When you give me your lips I touch Heaven's shrine
Your breath sweet like the wild prairie flowers.

Then blow the winds warm or cold like the blue
Of deep glacial ice near ^{deep} winter ~~white~~ snow
All warmth to my heart is a letter from you
Soft ~~over~~ my tired spirit ^{its} your spring breezes blow.

Then push it I rise to the battle of day
And the night with its dark passions on
All trouble and doubt have vanished away
The clouds over the prairie have scattered and gone.

Edmund Lumbrell
April 7th '88

To my wife.

Across far reaches to the
western sky

Tinted all rose and glory
by the setting sun

We stood and watched, just
you and I

And realized that life had just
begun

We two in all that rapt
splendor

Humans gazing in awe
at majesty

Eternal and our compelling
grandeur

Ephemerical ^{fleeting} fingers of light to set
our spirits free

Westward from the hill whereon
we stood

Breathless we saw the colors
pour across the sky

Felt upon us the loving hand of

His presence in the ^{God} light breeze
passing by.

Then as the purple shadows fell across
the lands

Homeward we slowly found our

saying no word yet your hand in
way

Placed there by God had come to stay
my hand

Norman Bates. Feb 6 at 48

To a Partner of
40 YEARS

If I had gold to give you
That counted ne'er could be
There not enough to measure
Of what you are to me
The years we've had together
Have had their ups and downs
You've shared the hardships bravely
The laughter and the frowns
Yet gold in greatest measure
Is still to come to you

The wealth you've never dreamed of
Is not to be found
~~You'll not find among these flowers~~
~~It lies~~ within the ^{our children} hearts of ~~our young people~~
Is the love we've shared as ours.
They are the gold of our marriage
They alone and none other
We have shared their sorrows their gladness
And all of us call you "brother"

From the other partner of

40 YEARS.

To Grace - my wife.

You are my sole companion
In the long winter evenings
When the whole house is asleep
I feel you come and quietly sit beside me
While into my waiting palms
Your soft fingers creep.

You've shared the quietness of so many winter hours
When the mind recalls back the bygone years
Yet never once yours willed back the ~~past~~ years
To bring us once more together,
You are complete in utter preciousness
An understanding heart that heals and cheers

And when I come to bed I stand and watch you sleeping
Unconscious that you've roamed abroad
And my heart leaps with mighty surge of joy
That you, my wife, have loved me all those days
That in your soft palm there lies a power of keeping
A lonely duty done through lonely thoughts of God

Norman Ricketts

May 30/48

the CURTIS HOTEL
MINNEAPOLIS
MINNESOTA

They tell me God dwells in the Heavens above
That his word is our law, our guidance we owe
To the innermost spirit speaking quietly of love
Guarding our actions in whatever we do.

To my wife

Words, useless words, it seems I repeat them,
The tongue's swift movement can never portray
I try as I will, my speech will not utter
~~These~~ endearments that pour from my heart every day.

To you, who in honor have ever sustained me
Guided me well & stood by my side
Remaining alone and sadly rejoicing
To have me swept up by life's wilder tide.

The least I can do, the least I may offer
To work for the right, the honest, and just
I trust in my God, He'll never forsake me
You'll stand by my side forever, you must.

You stand by my side nor ever upbraid me
Spurring me on to realms anew
To fight for the poor, all poorer than we
Trusting our God to fight for us too.



 MINNEAPOLIS
 MINNESOTA

Beloved through you I come nearer knowing,
 That peace and that bliss of Heaven above,
 Whatever I'm doing wherever I'm going.
 Earth, waters, and sky, will tell of your love.

Then as sleep comes, quiet stealing o'er me
 A last murmured prayer breathed only for you
 God Bless, God Keep, shield and protect thee
 He is our love twist me and twist you!



Mothers Day. May 11th 1947.

Hello Stranger are words you call'd to me
Yet stranger none am I
For if you search your memory
You'll find the reason why.

How could you call me stranger
Who have loved you all time through
Who through all the years and all the tears
Has kept his word to you

No stranger could have loved the twilight,
I've enjoy'd its cheerful glow
And watched your hair grow greyer
As seasons come and go.

Only one who loved you, sat by your side,
Watch'd the care lines deepen, the shadows in your eyes
Can know life's complete fulfillment
Of an earthly paradise.

My wife

There are others who have taught me
In my journey thro' the years
In the search for truth & beauty
In my quest among the spheres
In my longing for the answer to the riddle of this life
But none have helped so greatly
Or caused me inspiration more
Than the loving care and thoughtfulness, ~~of the~~
Of the woman I adore.

She is more than wife and mother
She is the other part of me. I've searched the reaches for
She is the intuition I ~~see~~^{find} among the stars
The knowledge that this universe
Is more than hate and wars.

She is only mortal } as I am mortal too
This woman only mortal }

I know I vex, annoy her
With the foolish things I do;
Because I see within her eyes
The hurt and wretched pain ^{will}
I pray silently for forgiveness ~~it~~ ^{it} will not occur again
And as we journey on the road
Her hand lies oft in mine

The touch of reassurance that is more than half divine
Thus between the two of us; hers oft the greater share
Nor make our hourly progress
Up life's long windy stairs

Oh I'd like to take her with me
As I journey among the stars
Dream but guess ~~at~~ its beauty
Of those far distant alien lands

So much ~~in~~^{far} gained of vision
Is from the guidance of her hands
I think that is the way God meant it
When to Adam he did give
The other nursing part of him
With whom to learn to love and live

R. L. J.
O 1974

To my wife. Fragmenta :
When through the dark comes
silently

The call I wait to hear
Then reverently and gladly I'll
answer you my dear.

For oft I've heard it when of
late
I've journey'd home to you
Is it as your Daddy comes the
voice
So soft and sweet and true
It fills my heart with a glad
repose

In the dark to hear your voice
And know you're there and
waiting
~~But~~ I'll fail to make my
heart rejoice.

Happiness is built not comes of
slothful ease
Like a home it is used and lived
When two people each try to please
So I would have you remember
those things that wealth cannot
buy
More precious a treasure from
happiness flowing
Than wealth, all the world and the
sky.

My wife

There are others who
have touched me

In the journey thro' the
years

In the search for truth
and beauty

In my quest among
the spheres

In my longing for the
answers to the riddle
of this life

But none have helped
so greatly
or caused me inspiration
more

Than the loving care
and thoughtfulness

Of the woman I adore
~~My~~ ^{my} ~~life~~ is more than wife

Producers' Sales Record

(PLEASE PRINT)

And Mother, this woman

I adoreShe is the other part of
me.He searched the reaches
forSo he is the intuition I
see among the stars.The knowledge that this
universe

Is more than hate & wars

81300 A

She is only mortal as
I am mortal too

I know I vex, annoy her
with the foolish things I do

But because I see written
her eyes the swift and
wrecked pain

I pray silently for forgiveness
that it not recur again

And as we journey on the
road her hand lies oft in
mine

Her touch of reassurance
that is more than half divine

So thus, between the two
of us, hers oft the greater share
hourly

(up) We make our progress,
thro' life's long winding
stair.

Oh I'd like to take her
with me
In my journey's morn'
She starts guessed
For I ~~see~~ ^{but} the breathless
beauty
Of those far distant alien
lands

So much I have of
vision

Is from the guidance of
her hands.

I think that is the way
I feel about it

When to Adam he did
give

The other missing part
of him

With which to learn to
love and live. A

once

I loved you at a distance,
Now I love you when you're near
I've loved you truly only,
For many and many a year.

You have helped me o'er the hurdles
Of a very busy life
From my once very lovely valentine
You are still a lovelier wife.

St.Valentines! A real good time o'year
Spring is on it's way for all of us
Soon we'll gather crocuses,
All my love to you my dear.

But if little fairies flitting
Do make your eyes to shine
Just move a little closer
And be my lovely valentine !

Now, this is just a postscript,
I'll add it right away
If you say you'll be my valentine
T'will make a truly perfect day !

Forty four years is a lot of time.

But we've spent it well together,
Happy times and sad times

The passing years are like the weather
Sunshine and cloud and blue sky above,

May you enjoy this day, all of it,
My wife and my love!