

Grandma's Wisdom

Collar up. boots stomped as into the kitchen he came
Been breaking ice and throwing down hay on that January Day
To his grandma in her flour dusted apron he proclaimed
Sure wish this winter would pass – I'm tired of this cold I'll say
"Be careful 'bout what you wish young'un"
Don't wish a quarter of your life away

Pay warm attention to lessons ole Winter instructs
They will serve you well as you pass through this life
Teach you how ease softens while hardness constructs
Don't fret what you cannot avoid-- the ever coming of strife
"Be careful 'bout what you wish young'un"
Don't wish away life's quarter of winter's cold rife

Then there's the pleasures of pallet to be enjoyed
Stews and bean soup with cornbread to savour
Winter food's rib sticking and taste buds deployed
And don't forget a bowl of popcorn with butter to flavor
"Be careful 'bout what you wish young'un"
Don't wish away life's quarter of winter's pleasant nature

And how about the longer nights where you can cozy up
To a book or a put off letter to a friend you cherish
Or sit by the wood stove with hot chocolate in your cup
Later to snooze under an afgan to be winter bearish
"Be careful 'bout what you wish for young'un"
Don't wish away life's quarter of winter's opportune disrupts

Don Adams, On Bethel Pond, January, 2024

With appreciation to my friend Randy Haymaker's Grandmother, Ruby Leonard, of Banta, IN