

MONEY

Money, what a force you are
You can create, or make, or mar
To some you are the will-o-wisp
They chase till they are tired of it.

To some you are a gift so rare
All they can do is share and share
And strange to say, when treated so
You sort of re-bound to those so fair,

Some there are who pinch and scrape
Hoping to escape a pauper's fate
If they but knew your forces great
Would use and use to re-create.

When we get money and gloat and prate
We little think how we do grate
For when Souls that know listen to us rant
They know we do not own the cash,
The cash owns us, tis' evident.

Eleanor V. Dickinson
June 14th 1932.

A BOTTLE OF PERFUME

A bottle of perfume. What does it say
Use me and use me, spray me and spray
Your odor so delicious
Why is it so resistless
You have a secret, all your own
Pray you tell us truly
Why you make us so unruly
In your presence we cannot repine
Your presence, I say
Meaning fragrance al-way
For your origin's truly Divine
From sweet flower's you come
Get your smell from the sun
And otherwise all of your beauty
We love you and use you
Gladly procure you
And welcome you all our life long.

Eleanor V. Dickinson
June 14th 1932.

MY ADOPTED BOY

My adopted boy, is fair as he can be
He looks up with eyes so true
For all the ~~world~~ world to see.

He plays in garden and in street
And when called looks far from neat
But what with Cowboy, Soldier, fun
He is always on the run.

He answers to the name of Paul
And quickly comes when I do call
In voice he answers, loud with laughter
As much to say, ~~no~~ what are you after.

Oh' boy of mine, you mean much to me
Your laughter gay, your eyes so blue
I'm glad I responded to God's call
To give a home to a boy like you.

Eleanor V. Dickinson
June 15th 1932.

A PRAYER

Oh' Lord, I pray to you to-day
Make me to believe
My eyes see this, my ears hear that
But I know they do deceive.

This world of misery and strife
Is not reality of life
I know that as I look around
There is a peace, a Peace profound.

But we must search, and seek, and find
We are not forced to tasks that bind
Until we trust with Faith without limit
Find then the gate, and enter in it.

It opens not to eyes so blind
It opens not to ears so deaf
It opens not to senses steeped
In this world of Mortal sleep.

We must awake and find our path
Our thinking is the key
We must be led by our own true selves
That Inner-Innermost Me.

Eleanor V. Dickinson
June 15th 1932.

MY LOVE

Love for you I have searched long
O'er all the earth I roamed
I looked in vain, I longed in vain
And never you did find.

Sometimes in this mood, sometimes in that
I caught a wish or two
In great haste, I would make haste
That rainbow to pursue.

But all in vain, how all in vain
The dream would vanish once again
And I would sink in gloom galore
Wanting my lover all the more.

Then suddenly across my path
A shaft of light did beam its way
Telling me to look within
That only there was my true wish.

I obeyed, and looked within
At first, nothing could I find
But step by step, my lover came
Lo' Jesus was the Man.

Eleanor V. Dickinson
June 16th 1932.

THE STORM

The Storm, what energy expressed
In rain and hail and lightening stressed
The thunder it did roar and rant
To those who fear, bringing comfort scant.

But law and order, it did say
Calm and cool is the way to take
All phenomena of Nature's spells
She must give vent, in her own way.

If we would sway, and bend, and breathe
The way the trees do in the breeze
We would learn a lesson truly
And never would become unsteady.

We would not then row against the tide
For this we do when with wilful pride
We think the flesh is our only guide
And go the way of the world, our mistakes to hide.

When we learn from Nature's plan
We find she has knowledge galore for man
She does not hurry, and wobby, and whirl
And neither will we, when we turn about.

Acknowledge and look for God's perfect order
Follow and follow all of your span
You will not falter, not even halt her
For grand "Law and Order", it is Nature's plan.

Eleanor V. Dickinson
June 16th 1932.

THE WORLD. THE FLESH. THE DEVIL.

The world, the flesh, the devil
What potent words are these
They lower to a level
And bring us to our knees.

The world we see around us
Is beautiful or sad
We make or mar the sense of it
By seeing Good or Bad.

The flesh is but our garment
Tis' wholesome and so sweet
If we but think of Purity
And "aware" of selfless needs.

The devil's spell it backwards
And you get, "what" Lived
Lived, Thank God to recognise
An Angel in disguise.

An Angel in disguise, I say'
For if we understood
And did not seek from day to day
To challenge our own Good.

Our lives are but Our Consciousness
Tho' sheathed in Earthly Garb
And we shall be the Victor
When we acknowledge All as God.

Eleanor V. Dickinson
June 18th 1932.