

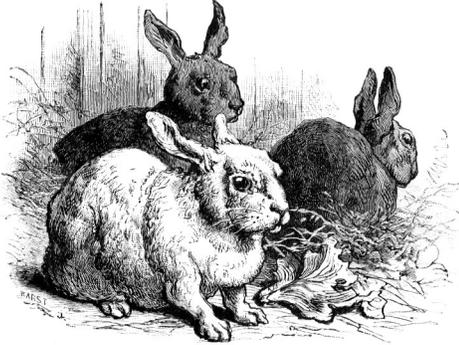


Just For Fun



Dust Bunnies

By Dave Wilson



I used to think the monsters under the bed were scary! But When I looked under the bed and saw what was under there it was worse than I could ever imagined, there they were looking back at me Dust Bunnies as big as beagles. With their little beady eyes staring right at me as I slowly tried to back out and jump back in bed, they seemed to slowly creep toward me but all of a sudden, I sneezed, and they disappeared and when the dust settled there were a bunch of little baby dust bunnies! They were so cute and not so scary after all!

JOKES, JOKES, JOKES, JOKES, JOKES!!!!

What's the difference between a horse and the weather?
(One is reined up and the other rains down!)

What do you get if you cross a
cocker spaniel, a poodle and a
rooster?
(Cockerpoodledoo!)

Why was the cucumber mad?
(Because it was in a pickle!)

Why shouldn't you tell a secret on a farm?
(Because the potatoes have eyes and the corn has ears!)

Why did the turkey cross the road twice?
(To prove he wasn't chicken!)

Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Cowsgo
Cowsgo who?
No they don't, cows-go moo!

Last Night I Dreamed of Chickens

Jack Prelutsky, 1940

Last night I dreamed of chickens,
there were chickens everywhere,
they were standing on my stomach,
they were nesting in my hair,
they were pecking at my pillow,
they were hopping on my head,
they were ruffling up their feathers
as they raced about my bed.

They were on the chairs and tables,
they were on the chandeliers,
they were roosting in the corners,
they were clucking in my ears,
there were chickens, chickens,
chickens for as far as I could see...
when I woke today, I noticed
there were eggs on top of me.





Just For Fun



The shades are drawn, the lamps are lit
 Across the walls vague shadows flit.
 And Mother, smiling, gently rocks
 And dreams above her button box.

The Button Box

The Button box, the button box,
 With souvenirs of vanished frocks
 And party gowns of yesteryear,
 Old fashioned now, but once how dear.

These disks of metal, bone and shell
 Have each a little tale to tell:
 And that which keeps the varied hoard-
 The battered box-so richly stored,
 To her who loves remembrance, is
 A treasury of memories.

The giant button had its day
 On Father's ulster, rough and gray-
 A shield of horn that Baby John
 So loved to try his teeth upon;
 While this, that might have served an elf,
 Belonged to Baby John himself.
 That pearly whiteness held in place
 Some part of Edith's bridal lace;
 And this appeared on nothing less
 Than Mary's graduation dress.



These sparkling bits of glass recall
 A Christmas feast, a New Year's ball;
 And who that saw her could forget
 When grandma wore these rounds of jet.

And, oh, what memories of pride,
 Of dread, of hope and joy abide
 In this bronze button beloved the best,
 Whereon the eagle seal is pressed,
 That gleamed through flame and battle storm
 Upon a khaki uniform!

The button box of long ago!
 Its true delights the children know
 Who threads its many colored gems
 For necklaces and diadems;
 Or in their vivid play behold,
 A pirate chest of pearls and gold!
 And this worn coffer they who will
 Mau find a fairy casket still,
 When Memory her stores inlocks
 And pours them from her button box.

-Arthur Guiterman

Save the date for Annual Meeting and Volunteer Appreciation Social

Sunday, May 19th

Look for your invitation in the mail!

