35 Years of Happiness

I love you Because you're mine. Wherever you are A tiny bit of me is there.

When we're apart I feel as though you know-That some of me is gone. A dull restlessness lingers with Until your return.

A glance from you and I feel calm, secure and Quiet inside, once more.

I love you for your belief that There is no wrong in me, For closing your eyes to faults That everyone else must see.

I look at you, asleep -The TV in front of your chair. Melodies fill the room. I smile, for as you dream Maybe, an image of me Is there.

I love you because you're mine To love, to cheer, to help, To keep happy.

As you have made me. Elizabeth C. Laney Columbus, O.

Who Am I

Who am I? I am everywhere. I'm in the trees and in the seas, I'm even in the air. I'm in the golden sunset that glows across the sky; I'm "Cross my heart and hope to die if I should tell a lie."

Who am I? How am I? In many different ways. I twinkle bright, I light your nights, I even warm your days. I am a thought, I am a kiss, I am a warm embrace. I am the music in your mind, the smile upon your face.

Who am 1? Who am 1? I'm

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everlasting grace. I am the child, I am the toy, I am the merry chase. I am the dance, I am the song, I am the turtle - dove. I am you, I am me, I am known as

Who am I? What am I? I'm wisdom, strength, and truth. I'm knowledge, understanding, and eternal youth. I'm total realization; will wonders never cease? I still the seas, I stop the wars, I am known as Peace.

Who am I? Because you need to The things that are important to help your spirit grow. I am every reason to put an end to

Because of me, new light you see: You often call me Life.

Who am I? When am I? I'm when you realize, that I was here all along, before your very eyes. You see me yet you see me not;

Behold the staff and rod; I am Universal Spirit, you know me best as GOD.

Iris Collins Bronx, N.Y.

How I Got Over

How I got over! How I got over! My soul looks back and wonders HOW I GOT OVER!

You gave me a job behind a desk Put me in charge of all the rest.

Instead of the fields I'd grown accustomed to

I now dress for the office but have nothing to do.

You sold me a house next door to But I'll never be a friend just a neighbor of yours.

I never did for a fine car lack but Now my Mercedes replaced my old Cadillac.

The five and dime for me exists no I shop at only the finest of stores.

Mama up all night patching darning and knitting And me? Hey, you gotta be

Remember the soul food that kept us so healthy? Wellnow its black fish eggs just to prove we're weakhy.

The kids all attend rich private It's 14 karat now, my man, not golden rules.

Perms have replaced the Afro While cross - over music does the same to the blues.

We thought we were the minority discriminated against With rights guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence.

We sat-in, rode-in and walked-in some ending in fights To secure civil and basic human

Yes looks like we got over, we finally arrived at clothes, jobs, jewelry, houses,

But the man gave them and man

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took them away When he ruled in favor of Bakke that day.

We created a monster! It's gotten all out of hand! There're as many minorities as there are grains of sand.

Now we're back at square one with "Separate but Equal" And for the next 25 years we'll continue this sequel.

How I got over! How I got over! My soul looks back and discovers

I DIDN'T GET OVER !!!!!!!! Stella Simmons Los Angeles, Calif.

Untitled

Give with honest generosity and

Let your desire to give rise from the magnanimity of a noble heart. Let not the spirit of your giving be tarnished by selfish motives. Forgiving is divine.

To give a material gift is good. To give a spiritual gift of joy, of love, of peace of mind is great. These gifts do not perish.

Accept a gift with honest gratitude and graciousness.

Let your acceptance come from a heart that is truly grateful. Let not the spirit of your acceptance be marred by conceit and arrogance. For the gift did not have to be given.

Accept a gift in the spirit it was given. For, giving is receiving and receiving is giving. Do both in the same spirit and

oneness of mind and heart. Deborah G. Plant Washington, D.C.

'She Never Knew'

I watched as she walked the aisles with a look that's known to few, Akhough I've loved her all my life somehow, she never knew.

Remember how we'd laugh and play on grass still wet with dew? And though my heart went out to you somehow you never knew.

She'll never know how much I cried when she came into view,

I watched my world turn upside down but still she never knew.

And now that you've become his bride my smiles are all too few,

For though my love shall never die I'm glad you never knew. J. R. Williams

Los Angeles, Calif.

