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Our House Down the Road

Carl Stanislaus

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OUR HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD

by *Carl Stanislaus*

After school and down the road
is the place I love the best,
through the woods and across the
creek
is our house—and all the rest:

The furry little animals
and timid birds that sing;
the bright red and yellow flowers
that cheered almost everything.

Our family was Mom and brother
Bob
and my baby sister Sue,
my dog Ned and Kitty Cat,
and Dad's old hound dog Blue.

There was turkey at Thanksgiving;
there was ham at Christmas dinner
when all the family gathered
and forgot about looking thinner.

Babies crawled on the floor;
there was much picture taking;
Granny and Granddad told their
tales—
oh the memories they were making.

Back through the years I often think
of the house I still call home.
Dear God, those were the happiest
days
this farm boy has ever known. ■



illustration by *Brad Snow*