

Poem of the Week

WHO NEEDS A CALENDAR?

I think my favorite holiday, comes at Easter time.

That's when I get to eat Aunt Edna's great gooseberry pie.

But then again, on July the fourth, when we go picnicin',

Grandma Rose makes apple pie; my lips I start a-lickin'.

On Labor Day, Aunt Edith makes her pie of chocolate cream.

Thanksgiving brings Mom's pumpkin pie—so rich it's like a dream.

Christmas time and New Year's and my cousins all will bake—

Mincemeat, pecan, banana cream; I love the pies they make.

Not looking forward to Valentine's of course would be a lie,

For then I get to scarf down Grandma Anna's cherry pie.

We get birthday pies instead of cakes, with candles in the crust.

Each person gets a different pie, each made with special fuss.

Some people tell the months and dates by calendars and things.

But I can tell what day it is through pies my family brings.