

Monday, May 12th, '75.

Such a pleasure to awaken to the sun upon the land,
To see the waters sparkle as they kiss the shoreline sand,
To note the birds intent upon their early morning rounds,
Just a glorious morning with the hint of summer sounds.

Arrive to open business doors, to see who waits our skills,
The first upon the threshold, Mr. Ferguson, and his ills,
But considering his ailments, and his four score years or so,
The wonder is he does so well, what spark that makes him go?

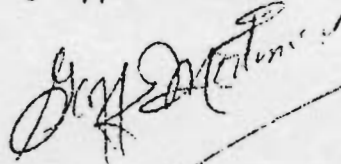
NOSTALGIA.

It's rather satisfying in this world of we and tears,
To find nostalgia has a place in passing of the years;
So why should one apologize for keeping memories bright,
When life was full of mornings, and there'd never come a night?

It's really quite a paradox that life's candle sheds most light
In the middle of the afternoon, instead of darkest night;
So the mirrors of its lucence are all treasured in the mind,
And when the shades of life are drawn, no shadows lurk behind.

Sincerely,

Geoff Mortimer



TO JOHN

What's really new that we can say?
You've heard it all in your long day.
Four score plus are lots of years,
To lull your conscience...soothe your fears.

.....
You've faced your life quite unafraid,
John Ferguson you've got it made!
We're all delighted just to find
You've got the wisdom of your mind.

....
You've borne your life like a stoic should.
We've looked at it: and found it good.
Happy natal day to you!
May health be blessed with it too.

Geoff and Dodie Mortimer
Deep Cove, N. Van. B. C.

INDIAN SUMMER

The noble red man, justly so, deserves to keep his fame,
And gentle Indian Summer rightly keeps his name;
A time of pleasant harmony, with weather warm and bright,
With leaves of Autumn turning red, a wondrous crimson sight.

geoff mortimer
sept. 13. 75

(With fond affection for my friend

John Ferguson/

Geoff

To John: Happy 85!

Four score and five!

A goodly span,

To stay alive,

For any man.

When the angels saw you^{and} and kissed your baby brow,
They added length to all your years,
And toughness too I trow,
To overcome life's hidden fears.

We're grateful for the^{extra} share
The angels added to your score,
So if you've many left to spare,
We'll want to see you more!

geoff mortimer,
deep cove, n. van.
nov. 4th, '74.

" 75 "

Old Omar the Persian once wisely said
"The New Year reviveth the hopes once dead."
So in this one of seventy-five,
Our hope is the world can still survive.

The middle east where the tentmaker lived,
Is riddled with strife and badly sieved;
The Arabs and Jews are moiled and upset,
The Jordanians wont let the world forget.

So in Jesus' land where He first propounded,
Brotherhood.... the world watches astounded.
For if fate of man lies in Jewish hands,
The eyes of the world gaze on these troubled lands .

geoff mortimer
deep cove, n.van.b.c.

Sat. Jan.4th, '75.

The land and air are sodden from the lower coastal rains,
So because it's water 'stead of snow not one voice complains,
With daylight more abundant as the earth in orbit swings,
It wont be long ere bird-like song, comes with the beat of wings.

.....

The 17th of Ireland.

*St. Patrick, being Irish, sent all the snakes away,
Except of course the fighting ones who form the IRA.
And so the blood runs rivers where he used to make
the scene,
No wonder now that tempers rise at 'wearin' of the
green'....*

*Isn't it ridiculous, in such a lovely land
The Irish go on fighting, with guns and bombs to
hand?
That all their vaunted holiness is going up in
flames?
Perhaps St. Pat should reappear to exorcise their
shames!*

*geoff mortimer,
deep cove, n. van. b. c.*

