



August Reflections



August brings a subtle change
Summer begins to fade away;
Daylight hours are shortening
Gold is showing on grain and hay.



But as modern ideas filtered in
Fruit is bought now when you shop;
Always available all year through
So berry picking came to a stop.



Early crops that were drying
Are ready now to store;
Jam made from July berries
Line the kitchen shelves once more.



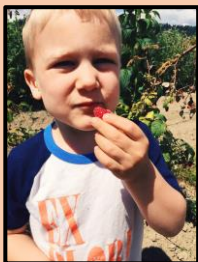
Why bother with this senseless task
Was the general modern view;
Mass production brought lack of taste
Greatly missed by quite a few.



Orchard fruit showing a rosy tint
Are tempting boys to the loot,
Heather now blooming on the hills
As huntsmen begin to shoot.



I think that this is very sad
That children now may never know;
The special taste of home grown fruit
And the chance to see it grow.



This went on for countless years
And it always served us well;
Waiting eagerly to taste the fruit
As we watched the berries swell.



By Eila Webster

