

To Juliette Low

adapted from the poem by Birdsall Otis Edey

More than a score of years ago, a torch was lit.
A beacon whose glow shone for the joy of youth
And you, sensing its brilliancy, beneath your roof
Kindled a kindred flame, that girlhood in your land
Should live within its light and with your hand
You tended it and kept its whiteness pure:
Prayed that its bright promise might endure
And waked yourself uprightly in its gleam.
And we who have had faith in this your dream
And come to give account of our brief stewardship.
Millions of women walk with them your lighted way,
With lives enriched and broadened from its treasury
And glad hearts consecrated to your memory.

Recompense (to Juliette Low)

Hers was a golden vision; for looking down the year
She understood the question and needs that would arise
In the lives of little girls and big girls growing to womanhood,
And clothed her understanding in adventurous disguise,
Taking as recompense the laughter in their eyes.