

## FAMILY TREE POEM

(Author unknown)

There's been a change in Grandma, we've noticed her of late  
She's always reading history or jotting down some date  
She's tracking back the family, we'll all have pedigrees  
Oh, Grandma's got a hobby - she's climbing the FAMILY TREE.

Poor Grandpa does the cooking, and now, or so he states,  
That worst of all he has to wash the cups and dinner plates.  
Grandma can't be bothered, she's busy as a bee  
Compiling genealogy for the FAMILY TREE.

She has no time to baby sit, the curtains are a fright,  
Not buttons left on Grandpa's shirt, the flower bed's a sight.  
She's given up her club work and the soap house on TV,  
The only thing she does nowadays is climb the FAMILY TREE.

The mail is all for Grandma, it comes from near and far,  
Last week she got the proof she needs to join the DAR.  
A Monumental project, I'm sure we all agree  
All because of Grandma climbing the FAMILY TREE.

Now some folks came from Scotland, and some from Galway Bay,  
Some were French as pastry, some German all the way.  
Some went West to stake their claims, some stayed by the sea,  
Grandma hopes to find them, as she climbs the FAMILY TREE.

She wonders through the graveyard in search of date and name,  
The rich, the poor, the in-between, all sleeping there the same.  
She pauses now and then to rest, fanned by the gentle breeze  
That blows above the Fathers of all our FAMILY TREE.

There were pioneers and patriots, mixed in our kith and kin,  
Who blazed the paths of wilderness and fought through thick and thin,  
But none more staunch than Grandma, whose eyes light up with glee,  
Each time she finds a missing branch to go back on the FAMILY TREE.

Their skills were wide and varied, from carpenter to cook,  
And one alas, the records show was hopelessly a crook.  
Blacksmith, weaver, farmer, judge - some tutored for a fee.  
Once lost in time, now all recorded on Grandma's FAMILY TREE.

To some it's just a hobby, to Grandma it's much more,  
She learns the joys and heartaches of those that went before.  
They loved, they lost, they laughed, they wept - and now, for you  
and me,  
They live again in spirit around the FAMILY TREE.

At last she's nearly finished and we are each exposed,  
Life will be the same again or this we all supposed.  
Grandma will cook and sew, serve cookies with our tea,  
We'll all be fat, just as before the wretched FAMILY TREE.

Sad to relate , the preacher called and visited for a spell,  
We talked about the Gospel, and other things as well.  
The heathen folk, the poor and then...'twas fate, it had to be,  
Somehow the conversation turned to Grandma and the FAMILY TREE.

He never knew his grandpa. His mother's name was ..Clark?  
He and Grandma talked and talked. Outside it grew quite dark.  
We'd hope our fears were groundless, but just like some disease,  
Grandma's become an addict...she's hooked on FAMILY TREES!

Our souls are filled with sorrow, our hearts sad with dismay.  
Our ears could scarce believe the words we heard our Grandma say,  
"It surely is a lucky thing that you have come to me,  
I know exactly how it's done...I'll climb YOUR FAMILY TREE."