

The following stories of those written by Margaret Louise Robinson who is 91 years old and resides in the Palacio Senior Complex in Anaheim Hills, CA

The Touch

Did I touch that one?
With their head bent low
With a burden so heavy
It couldn't help but show?

Did I wipe a tear?
> From a little child's eye?
With her skinned up knee
As she sat there to cry?

Did I share the joy?
With my friend today?
Hug and touch her,
In a happy way?

Did I touch my doggie?
Or did I push him down,
He was so glad to see me,
When I returned from town?

Did I take time to see?
The hurts all around...
Sharing joy a cheer
In God's love, I've found!

Dear Lord, help me to remember,
A touch can go a long ways...
With just a hand extended,
Brings hope and praise!

By Margaret Robinson

Play the Game

Someone told me yesterday,
Don't let trouble get in your way...
Have happy thoughts, They won't get you down,
Kick up your heels and dance around!

Have nothing to do with those nasty blues,
Wear a smile all day through,
Watch the sky turn brighter today
And see life become sweeter in every way!

Learn to pass out that pretty smile to others
Lots of folks need one too!
Sing a happy song,
Let those feet dance around with you!

We sometimes forget,
"Life", We all have to give it a try,
Even if we don't feel like dancing,
We can't sit around and cry

So let's pick up the pieces,
Start a new day,
"Life", it's like a game,
Win or lose, We all have to play!

By Margaret Robinson

This poem is one of her favorites and she lives by this game everyday!

Miracles

Do you believe in miracles?
Are you waiting for one today?
Have you asked God in Heaven?
To send a miracle, your way?

Maybe we've all had a miracle,
But it was so small...
We didn't stop to realize,
It was a miracle at all...

Some say, they don't believe in miracles,
Oh, maybe we don't try...
Just think of the birth of a baby,
When it gives its first cry...

Have we watched a winter?
Turn bleak and cold,
Then to see spring bud forth,
With beauty to behold...

Maybe, we have all seen a miracle,
Both you and I?
Just look up to the heavens,
See what God placed in the sky

Catch the beauty of a sunrise,
As the sky comes alive above...
Let's thank our God right now,
For this miracle of love!!

By Margaret Robinson

Keepsakes

Love letters from my Sweetheart,
They all say, I love you!

Then one day on June the 9th
In nineteen thirty three,
We were married
The happiest day for my love and me.

There what do I do now?
A tiny baby shoe...
I'll hold it to my heart,
Just like I use to do.

And there's one little sock,
Guess I thought I'd find the other
Been over forty years since I lost the mate
Now, isn't that just like a Mother?

A gift from a friend I used to know
She's been gone for many years
I still think of her wherever I go.

My boxes of keepsakes to remember
Mementos to of love, to laugh and cry over
These pleasures to remember are in the keeper!
Like I can still smell the fragrance in any field of sweet clover.

By Margaret Robinson 04/04/05

Biography of Margaret Louise Robinson
(By her Grandson, Matthew Seitz when he was 9)

I decided to write my biography about my great grandmother, Margaret Louise Robinson. She was born November 9, 1913 in Griffin, Indiana. She lived on a farm and had many farm animals. She had sheep. She said if sheep have two babies, they will ignore one. She fed baby sheep with a bottle.

When she was 15 she moved to Fillmore, California. She lives in Anaheim Hills now. I interviewed her at her apartment near our school. I met a lot of her friends. We could see lightening and hear thunder that day.

She was most influenced by her grandmother, because her grandmother spent a lot of time with her and loved her a lot and taught her things.

Her hopes and dreams were to be a wife and mother. She was married to my great grandfather, Herbert Pryor Robinson, for 47 years. She has one daughter, Grandma Becky, three grandchildren, my mother, Robyn, my Aunt Erin and my Uncle Andy. She has one great grandchild, Matthew. I think she met her goals.

One of the most interesting things in her life was going to Israel. Her grandfather, Charles Newton Williams, fought in the Civil War when he was 16 years old. He shook hands with President Abraham Lincoln.

My Granny loves cats. She has three cats.

My Granny likes to write poetry. She has some poems that have been published in two books that I saw. This is a poem she wrote for me:

To Matthew

Little boys are very nice,
They like frogs and bugs and even mice,
But, grandmas love them anyway.
They understand what they do and say,
And they pray that God will make them good,
And always do what little boys should.

Years fly by all too fast.
Our little boy is growing up. Time doesn't last.
Boys are a blessing, a gift from God up above
For all the family and cute girls to love.
God bless you little man, and remember this, too,
Love and be loved, because Jesus loves you.

By Margaret Robinson