

My Childhood Home

This poem describes a home still standing in Lehi, Utah. The fourteen-room home, named "Rose and Green Villa," was built in 1896 and dedicated by President Wilford Woodruff.

The closing of the front gate was like a death knell.
"Don't look back," my soul warned. "No need
to wrench the heart unduly."
Yet slowly I turned and gazed once more at the old beloved home.
The downward sun turned windows into a kaleidoscope
of blazing magic light
In my mind's eye I saw Mother's old rocking chair
wind-agitated,
creaking,
swaying as of yore.
A place of refuge after weary hours of toil.
She often brought her knitting there or peas to shell.
As myriads of poignant memories engulfed me, I wept.
Each fragrant flower, each brick, each room was pregnant
with enchantment and the last dreams of youth.
The old house spoke, "Don't grieve, my child.
"Slow change and swift deterioration are both friends in disguise.
"Wistful remembrances are forever
and counteract the ravages of time.
"What the heart treasures most it will keep.
"Let peace abide, no need to weep."

—Lois Gardner Dahl