

Nighttime Thoughts

Preface:

This “story” was discovered when I moved to Iowa in October of 2017. Maxine’s mother had a knack for poetic story writing. I don’t recall the event that put Elizabeth in the hospital. Elizabeth and Hack had a strong faith in God that was passed down to their kids and this story is part of the family history.

Nighttime Thoughts **by Elizabeth Horness**

4 / 1963

In the dead of the night when sleep wakes me,
I wonder and ponder why God has made me
Have I with my family my destiny filled
Or is there more as yet unveiled?

The lightning flashes across the sky
Like a beacon of God from His throne on high
The thunder rolls like a voice in the night
Is God up there in His infinite might
Revealing to my insignificant mind
A glimpse of the glory some day I shall find.



Then thoughts of my loved ones creep out of the corner

A tear from my eye makes my pillow feel warmer

A feeling of gladness pushes out many sadness

I think of my husband, the long life we've had

Of the many good times and a few of the bad.

I think of the children to which we gave birth

Though others have riches we're the salt of the earth.

Of the three older ones and the mates they've picked out



They've made good selections of this there's no doubt,

Of the daughter who's working and not set the time

To marry the boy who suits us just fine.

To us he already seems like a son

For the kind and thoughtful things he's done.

I think of the son at home with his Dad

He is our youngest, a wonderful lad.

I think of the grandchildren sent us from heaven

There's only one boy, but the girls number seven

I think of Easter Sunday when I became ill

How a damsel of four gave my old heart a thrill.

Like a ray of sunshine through the rain

Her wee little words cut through my pain

With her arm round my neck to show her pity

Looked into my face and said, Grandma you're pretty.

A little tingle runs up my arm

Like a bell sounding a distant alarm

The words run through my head like a song

Has the needle slipped, has something gone wrong?

As I wait for a moment to feel it repeat

I have a queer feeling of being deflated.

Then I hear a soft foot fall on the hallway floor

And a ministering angel comes through the door.

The lady in white glides from one to the other.

You may be the first, she may treat another

But sooner or later she reaches your side

There is no reason your fears to hide

Quick eye, deft fingers, check every procedure

With sure and safe movements she corrects every error.

She's soon gone, there's no time to linger

But you know there's help at the tip of your finger.

The room grows dim my eyes are cloudy
A sleep feeling of peace seeps into my body
As I sink into slumber 'twill soon be day
But I know that my God has shown me the way.

When I enter into that shining bright room
Where the surgeons are waiting there'll be no feeling of doom.
I'm placing my hand in my God's tonight
He'll lead me back with my loved ones again
Once more 'twill be sunshine after the rain.