

For the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. [Edward] Cartwright's
wedding (Arnaud's grandparents), 1899 January 22nd

G. L.

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Cuff - Index
given me by father
in 1908. Bought on
a trip we made to Burlington,
Iowa, Lanengut?

Our heavenly fatherly, we ask they blessing
upon (this food)

(all of us gathered here); and we thank
thee for the privilege of having fellowship
with each other.

(Bless us and guide us, through JCOL Amen)
(Bless all of us gathered here this day, O
Lord, and make us understanding of the needs
and feelings of our fellowmen. We pray for a
full measure of dignity, freedom and brotherhood
for all citizens.

Grant us to serve thee and our fellowmen more
faithfully in our daily lives; (

bless our church)
through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Thank you for taking care of us through the night
look after us during the day
show us what thy will is and help us to do it we
Keep Arno well and help me to fill his life with
happiness ...

One, by one, they have left us;
And now they're all gone;
Our hearts still yearn for them;
While we sit here alone;
Earnestly, wishing
That they all, may be blest;
With all ~~many~~ comforts of life.
Health, Friends, Happiness.

Now while we yet stay,
~~Let us rest by the way;~~
And try and forget all the past.
Look! forward with Hope!
That as years increase,
Care, and sorrow, may cease,
And we all, may be happy at last.

Written by Orel Hotchkiss 89 years old
For the Fiftieth Anniversary of her
Sister Abigail's wedding and read by
B. C. Cartwright at the celebration
of the same January 27th, 1899.

For the Fiftieth Anniversary of
Mr. and Mrs. ^{Edw.} Cartwright's
wedding. Amy's ^{grandparent}

Fifty years ago to-day,
We joined hands and started;
On Life's! Highway!
Our hearts were light,
We were in good cheer,
Thinking all would be bright,
Through each coming year.

With joyful hearts,
We passed on day, by day;
Never dreaming of crosses,
That lay by the way;
But thinking that roses!
Were strewn all along;
Disappointed! We found,
That each rose! had a thorn.

Written by
Orel Hotchkiss,
eldest sister of
grandmother Cartwright

Though somewhat Disheartened
We looked on the bright side;
Hoping on, Hoping ever,
That no ill's would betide;
We were cheerful, and gay,
And we went bravely on;
Cares, came with each day,
Months, and years, rolled along—

Now Fifty years,
We have journeyed together;
Up hill, and down,
In all sorts of weather;
In clouds, and in sunshine,
In hopes, and in fears;
In joys, and in sorrows,
In smiles, and in tears—

We laughed, and we cried,
As we traveled along;
Had our patience well tried,
But Hope! cheered us on;

We toiled, and were weary,
With much care, oppressed;
But we tried to be cheery,
Hoping all, was for the best—

In all changes of life,
We walked on with firm step;
Determined, to win,
Though with trials beset;
We looked through dark clouds,
Till we saw the sun, shine;
That gave us fresh courage,
The steep hills to climb—

Blest with children around us,
We were happy indeed;
Our greatest anxiety,
Was to provide for their need;
We did all, we could,
They all, did their best;
And now we are old,
With their, care we are blest—

MYSELF

I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know,
I want to be able as days go by
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf,
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of man I really am;
I don't want to dress myself up in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect;
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

Submitted by: TFM:rf:6-18-57

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