

1970

## To My Sister Whom I Love

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#### Recommended Citation

Seeber, Harold Paul (1970) "To My Sister Whom I Love," *The Angle*: Vol. 1970: Iss. 1, Article 24.  
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss1/24>

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## To My Sister Whom I Love

### **Cover Page Footnote**

Appeared in the issue: Winter 1969-70.

## Footsteps of Life

Seeber: To My Sister Whom I Love

### To My Sister Whom I Love

Your portraits are open  
to love,  
    kindness  
and the joy  
which vibrates from your heart  
    and mind.

To all who  
    need a loving smile.

The joy you have shed  
    to so many is  
immeasurable.

I thank you  
the creator thanks you  
we love you.

Harold Seeber

When comes the early morn,  
Birds spread their wings in flight.  
The day is bright; the sun shines through.  
So with life as it wakes.  
Smiles in hearts and sweet is the air;  
The flowers open and the breeze spreads pollen;  
The ants wake and the ground answers--  
To the footsteps of life.  
The trees reply to the breeze's request;  
While the squirrels answers the trees' summons.  
The bees have sweet honey.  
This is an honest day.  
Then comes the shade of night.  
The birds tire with flight.  
The day is dark; the moon thus shines;  
The stars answer the night in the sky.  
The air cools with the smiles of life.  
The worms answer the ground's dampness;  
While the ants indulge in the earth.  
The trees lie quiet;  
While bees' singing declines.  
Life sleeps slow;  
While death doth show.