

Margery Mae

There's a story to tell
about the most remarkable of women,
Nay, persons of any sex.
She makes a lasting impact
on all who know her

As I moved out west
They kept telling me
Go check up on Marge
she lives somewhere near you

So I checked the phone book
and sure enough, she's there,
but when I call Lower Trail,
they are sojourning in Richmond

A year or two passes by,
we finally connect.
"Come by for a visit
we're busy but can spare
a few moments for a chat"

At eleven pm
wined and dined with pizazz
I've met the whole family,
Bill, Hazel, and Maggie.

Margery May,
A most obscure relative,
A Step aunt, my mother's sister,
Clearly Ben was up to no good with Hazel.

But more than that ,
we are bonded by strengths
that far exceed mere blood
she is to us related by love



Let me describe her,
it won't take a minute...
Tall and dramatic,
a beauty now (what a number she was at twenty)

Hair thick as straw
eyes that sparkle in jest
a ready smile, teeth that blind
a pert pout, Wow!
Good work, Frank, sign me up!

She has a figure that impresses
the gals at tennis
and can beat all challengers
except when the Achilles malfunctions,
in which case she'll beat you on crutches.

Marge has the knack of making
any tract house a palace
worthy of display
in Architectural Digest

A cook without parallel,
Even including my wife, mother, and sister
all of whom could prepare
for the French Chef with four stars.

Life isn't always easy,
Marge will confirm
but the test is to come out on top
in spite of adversity.

How much can she give?
We've never seen the end,
ask any poor person in Big Sur
or the lonely child on Hilby

Marge has administered the cure
and offered care and help to
many far less less fortunate,
They must remember her years after.

"Who was that masked woman" they ask,
as she disappeared into the
sunset in her SL-190,
they won't forget either.

A person without fault.
It's not possible, you say.
But Marge is as close to perfection
as anyone since Jesus, Amen

And it just isn't us.
They all love you, every friend,
distant relative, patient, and husband
What a gift you are to all of us.

But you may think,
what are we up to.
What do we want?
to say all those nice things.

Yes, it's true
We have an ulterior motive.
We have a favor to ask,
a small favor for someone like you

We ask your solemn pledge
that when we are old and grey,
at least past eighty seven
and too feeble to do it
or to care one way or the other.
and when we can't button up
or work the commode.....
Will you come and take care of us.