

Macintosh Learning Center

DECEMBER 2011

--- Shell Weinberg

Laguna Woods Village Community Center, 3rd floor
Hours: 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., Monday thru Friday

Season's Greetings and Happy Holidays!

In today's column we celebrate the joy and delight that comes with the Season...and we'll delay usual computer chatter for another time.

During a recent visit to our wonderful Laguna Woods Village Library, where you can find an excellent selection of **Large Print** books, fate directed me to look at "*Best-Loved Poems in Large Print.*" And today's column was born.

Tell Him So • Unknown

If you hear a kind word spoken
 Of some worthy soul you know,
It may fill his heart with sunshine
 If you only tell him so.

If a deed, however humble,
 Helps you on your way to go,
Seek the one whose hand has helped you,
 Seek him out and tell him so!

If your heart is touched and tender
 Toward a sinner, lost and low,
It might help him to do better
 If you'd only tell him so!

Oh, my sisters, oh, my brothers,
 As o'er life's rough path you go,
If God's love has saved and kept you,
 Do not fail to tell men so!

The Goat • Unknown

There was a man, now please take note,
There was a man, who had a goat.
He lov'd that goat, indeed he did,
He lov'd that goat, just like a kid.

One day that goat felt frisk, and fine,
Ate three red shirts from off the line,
The man he grabbed him by the back,
And tied him to a railroad track.

But when the train hove into sight,
That goat grew pale and green with fright.
He heaved a sigh, as if in pain,
Coughed up those shirts and flagged the train.



My Dog • John Kenrick Bangs

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me —
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through,
With love unspeakable and true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket or some nook hard by
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slipper up,
And when he's done it to the core,
With eyes all eager, pleads for more.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone —
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield, and grant the same to him.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait;
It may be by some garden gate.
With eyes alert and tail attent —
You know the kind of tail that's meant —
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen,
His nose two shaggy paws between,
Flat on his stomach, one eye shut
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but
The other open, ready for
His master coming through the door.

Reflections on Ice-Breaking • Ogden Nash

Candy *But liquor*
Is dandy *Is quicker*