

## This is the time for cleaning up...

And so I am. I had been thinking about what I wanted to write for this month's letter, and then I came across an old and yellowed piece of paper. A poem transcribed by my father for Mother (his mother, my grandmother). He was 24 years old, a bit younger than my son is now. But he said what I was thinking. Please read it. Thank you Dad. I love you and I miss you.

### ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe  
increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream  
of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight of  
his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily  
in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of  
gold:--  
Exceeding peace had made Ben  
Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room  
he said,  
"What writest thou?" The Vision  
raised its head,  
And with a look made all of  
sweet accord,  
Answered: "The names of those who  
love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" asked Abou.  
"Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke  
more low,  
But cheerily still, and said:  
"I pray thee then,  
Write me as one that loves his  
fellow men."

(over-

cont.--)

The angel wrote and vanished.  
The next night  
It came again with a great wak-  
ening light,  
And showed the names whom love  
of God had blest.  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led  
all the rest.

--leigh hunt

This 7th day of May, 1942, at  
804 West 29th Street, in  
Wilmington, Delaware. At  
the request of Mother this  
exposition is copied and of  
my own volition it is dedi-  
cated to her for her recog-  
nition of its theme as The  
Great Truth. "And all the  
rest is commentary....."

*Sidney*