

## **Many Winters by Nancy Wood**

*Paul Erickson*

All my life is a dance.  
When I was young and feeling the earth,  
My steps were quick and easy.  
The beat of the earth was so loud  
That my drum was silent beside it.  
All of my life rolled out from my feet  
Like my land which had no end as far as I could see.  
The rhythm of my life was pure and free.  
As I grew older my feet kept dancing so hard  
That I wore a spot in the earth.  
At the same time I made a hole in the sky.  
I danced to the sun and the rain and the moon lifted me up  
So that I could dance to the stars.  
My head touched the clouds sometimes  
And my feet danced deep in the earth  
So that I became the music I danced to everywhere  
It was the music I dance to everywhere  
It was the music of life.  
Now my steps are slow and hard  
And my body fails my spirit,  
Yet my dance is still within me and  
My song is the air I breathe.  
My song insists that I keep dancing forever.  
My song insists that I keep rhythm  
With all of the earth and the sky.  
My song insists that I will never die.

**Proverbs 31: 10-31 Hymn to a Good Woman**

*Lois Erickson*

A good woman is hard to find, and worth far more than diamonds.  
Her husband trusts her without reserve,  
and never has reason to regret it.  
Never spiteful, she treats him generously all her life long.  
She shops around for the best yarns and cottons,  
and enjoys knitting and sewing.  
She's up before dawn,  
preparing breakfast for her family and organising her day.  
She looks over a field and buys it,  
then, with money she's put aside, plants a garden.  
First thing in the morning,  
she dresses for work, rolls up her sleeves, eager to get started.  
She senses the worth of her work,  
is in no hurry to call it quits for the day.  
She's skilled in the crafts of home and hearth, diligent in homemaking.  
She's quick to assist anyone in need, reaches out to help the poor.  
She doesn't worry about her family when it snows;  
their winter clothes are all mended and ready to wear.  
She makes her own clothing, and dresses in colourful linens and silks.  
She designs gowns and sells them,  
brings the sweaters she knits to the dress shops.  
Her clothes are well-made and elegant,  
and she always faces tomorrow with a smile.  
When she speaks she has something worthwhile to say,  
and she always says it kindly.  
She keeps an eye on everyone in her household,  
and keeps them all busy and productive.  
Her children respect and bless her;  
her husband joins in with words of praise:  
'Many women have done wonderful things,  
but you have outclassed them all'