

A BOX OF MEMORIES

A Reading in Verse

by
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(The reader is in the costume and makeup of a grandmother. She sits in a rocker, Center, with a big box of old shoes at her side. On a table by the chair may be a pair of bronzed baby shoes which she speaks about first. Suggested soft music may be played during, or before, each pair of shoes reading.)

(Suggested tune, "Memories," as she rocks quietly in her chair.)

As you get older, and your children grown
There comes a time when you must sit alone.
And then you dream of happy days gone by,
With laughter intermingled with a tear or sigh.
I have a little girl who lives with me
In all my dreams, and still she seems to be
The child that I once knew, I see her still
As my sweet baby girl, and always will.

(Suggested tune, "Rock-a-by, Baby." Takes up bronzed baby shoes.)

These tiny baby shoes that once were hers,
Though worn out now, and scuffed at heel and toe
Are precious keepsakes, bringing memories
That only a fond mother's heart can know.
For it was I who taught those little feet
To take their first steps down life's busy street.

(Suggested tune, "School Days." Takes pair of small shoes from box.)

These are the shoes she wore on that first day
She started off to school in the first grade.
She's taken many steps in these small worn-out shoes
Weaving bright memories that will never fade.

(Suggested tune, "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." Takes pair of worn sneakers from box.)

Then it was sneaker time, of sports and fun.
And in athletics my child was an active one.
Though time's long past, I see her, straight and strong,
Cheering so lustily to help the game along.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---