

*Maine State Grange
Creative Writing
2023*



Poems & Skits



Category – Family
1st Place

“I Like It Like That”

My Grandson sat upon my knee,
Then began to scrutinize me.
He turned my face side to side,
Examining me with critical eye.

How old are you Gram? he said,
Why do you ask I replied instead.
Just curious, I think I know,
I am now forty-seven years old.

Then he asked one more thing,
That was very surprising.
How come you don't have wrinkles?
My answer came in a twinkle.

I thought, because my face is fat,
Oh no! Don't tell him that.
My other Grammy is your same age,
She looks like a wrinkled up page.

I guess I'm just made that way,
I don't know what to say.
He must have been satisfied,
I like it like that! he replied.

Off he went, as happy as could be,
Until the next time he questions me.
You never can tell with little boys,
What they think other than toys.

~~~~~

Sherry Harriman  
Bauneg Beg Grange 382

Category – Weather

1<sup>st</sup> place

**“The Tornado”**

The color of the sky was greenish-gray  
Like an ugly stagnant swamp.  
We could see the sky for miles and miles  
As we drove our northern route.  
The bridge sections were headed to Presque Isle  
A tornado is coming everyone warned.  
All the way up Route One we went  
Right straight at it dead ahead.  
The air was oppressive to say the least  
What an eerie feeling it produced.  
We arrived at our destination as it began  
The wind it huffed and puffed then really blew.  
Howling and growling close to the ground  
It didn't sound like a train at all.  
The rain started and you couldn't see a thing  
The hail beat down, sounding like a drum.  
We stayed in our cars and couldn't get out  
How frightening, and dark as it progressed.  
It finally was over just passed on by  
We were all safe if shaken a bit.  
The special bridge tubes didn't fly off  
They stayed tied in place through it all.  
It's over we heard the news announce  
The tornado touched down just over the ridge.  
Not a pleasant thought how close that is  
Less than a mile from our locale.  
Forecast for tomorrow on our return,  
Same as today, we all noted.

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Sherry Harriman
Bauneg Beg Grange 3

Category – Camping
1st Place

“The Camping Gear Survived”

We went to Youth Conference
For workshops, contests and fun.
Rhode Island was hosting,
Bristol we’re invited to come.

A good group of Grangers
All sturdy and stout.
We wanted to save money
So we’re going to camp out.

We took our tent and camping gear
With lots of food to eat.
We found our site on a little isle
Home sweet home how neat.

We set everything in it’s place
As camping should be.
Went off to the conference
To participate you see.

It started to rain that very first night
Quite steadily at first.
We drained the water from the tent
Knowing it would get worse.

Each time we went outside the tent
A skunk was in the dark.
Don’t startle the smelly thing
He might just leave his mark.

The second day we were there
Bad weather was predicted.
A hurricane was coming our way
We knew we’d be affected.

Everyone really fumed and fussed
Come and stay at the dorm.
You can’t be out on that island
In this hurricane storm.

Roberta and I had to go check the tent
On the site, we laid it down.
We staked it tight and left the coolers in
Good, no skunks were found.

We made it through at the dorm
With the rest of the group.
The soaked camping gear survived
Through the watery soup.

Listen close to the warnings
It could save you.
Don’t camp on an island
When hurricane is due.

We managed the camping part
Despite the bad weather.
We had a good time on our trip
But could have been better.

~~~~~

Sherry Harriman  
Bauneg Beg Grange 382

Category – Other  
1<sup>st</sup> place

**“Forgetful”**

Where did I put it,  
I know not where.  
It seems to have vanished  
Into thin air.  
It's in safe place,  
There is no doubt.  
Some place handy,  
Keep looking about.  
I'm sure I left it,  
Right on the stair.  
I've looked in the frig,  
And under the chair.  
What am I searching for,  
I haven't a clue.  
I'll think of it again,  
No, that's not true.  
Forgetful is what it's called,  
It's been a long time.  
Now what were we talking about,  
Oh yes I'm fine.  
Oh, look what I found,  
Was this it?  
I don't remember,  
I should just quit.

~~~~~

Sherry Harriman
Bauneg Beg Grange 382

Category – Other
2nd place

Grange 2023

Years ago, when our children were young,
We joined the Grange
And had lots of fun.
The years have rolled by
The children have grown
And now they are all out on their own.
We see them today
Thru the values Grange sows,
“Love of country, community service,
Agriculture and home.
They are raising their families
With the same values and creed
Of service to public
And supplying food needs.
Milk, honey, pork, chicken, turkey and beef,
Hay and grain products,
Perhaps even buffalo meat.
Co-vid has left us,
Our political parties too,
Our country in tatters, our values askew –
But Grange has a purpose – long years at the start –
To bind us together, and give us heart –
Support your Grange families,
Join in, when you can
Lift up America
Take a strong stand –
Be respectful, polite in all that you do
We can right the ship of state
If you remain true –
Join a Grange,
“American Values Hometown Roots. “

~~~~~

Barbara Strout  
Excelsior Grange #5

Category – Other

**Fall**

September morning  
Cows are here.

Water tubs running clear  
Chilly, frosty, autumn's here!

Pasture grasses  
Going brown –  
Now lots of fairs  
In all Maine towns.

Gourds and pumpkins  
Jellies, jams – farm preserves  
Near at hand –

Firewood piles – split it fine  
Stack it even in a line

\*Old, old hymn – “Come ye thankful people come –  
All is safely gathered in.”

“God our master doth provide,  
For our wants to be supplied – “

“All is safely gathered in –  
Ere the winter storms begin.”

~~~~~

Barbara Strout
Excelsior Grange #5

* “Come ye Thankful People Come” by Harold Alford written 1844 is in the public domain.

Category – Other
“The Mirror”

I looked in the mirror
Someone looked back.
There were wrinkles there
And a little sign of gray.
I don't remember those
Being there before.
Maybe someone else moved in
That must be the case.
She has a nice smile
And pretty eyes.
But the wrinkles there
Just don't fit.
I know what it is
I figured it out.
The mirror is cracked
Not my face.

~~~~~

Sherry Harriman Bauneg Beg Grange 382

**Excelsior Grange #5**

In the year 1874  
Excelsior Grange in Poland, Maine  
Opened its doors –  
The fifth Grange in Maine.

In the year 2024, in the month of March,  
Excelsior Grange #5 will again open its doors  
150 years of continuous service to friends,  
Family and community.

Happy 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary to  
Excelsior Grange #5, Poland, Maine.  
May there be many more.

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Barbara Strout Excelsior Grange #5

Category – Other

150th

Next year, Poland, Maine's Excelsior Grange #5
Will be 150 years old.

That's quite an honor for a Grange Hall to hold!

Through good years and bad years,
Sunshine and rain
Excelsior Grange has remained the same.

Grange roots in agriculture, community and home
National, local Grange values have not roamed.

Then Grange guiding principles have not changed
American morals have certainly shifted.

Away from Biblical principles
The country surely has drifted.

Let us hope in the next century or two
We can get back to a Godly world view

And that Excelsior Grange #5 can lead the way
And bring about that brand new day.

Happy 150th Birthday Excelsior Grange #5.

~~~~~

Barbara Strout  
Excelsior Grange #5

Category – Other

**Toxic Chemicals**

Sometimes the old folks had it right  
Local news can give you quite a fright

Forever chemicals  
Toxic soils  
Fouled up rivers, sometimes streams.

Can't eat eggs  
Deer meat too.  
Fruit and vegetable  
Quite a few.

How late we learn  
Progress has a price  
And sometimes we find that price not nice.

Pay attention, watch the news  
Learn what's current on toxic views  
Alert your neighbors, family, friends  
Try to eat within safety trends.

Parts per billion – who ever knew  
That vegetables could kill you  
If even you ate just a few

Really puts us in quite a stew!

~~~~~

Barbara Strout
Excelsior Grange #5

SKITS

1st Place

Sherry Harriman

Bauneg Beg Grange 382

“False Teeth”

Scene: Friend and Mommy are walking through the store, with Little Girl in the wagon singing.

Little Girl: My mommy has falseefs, my mommy has faseefs, my mommy has falseefs.

Mommy: Shhhhh, Julie.

Little Girl: *(Keeps singing louder.)* My mommy has falseefs, my mommy has faseefs, my mommy has falseefs.

Friend: What is she saying? What....

Mommy: Hush, Julie. I got dentures a couple of months ago, and I think she is saying false teeth.

Little Girl: *(Keeps singing.)* My mommy has falseefs, my mommy has faseefs, my mommy has falseefs.

Friend: It sounds like she is saying “falsies”. *(Laughs.)*

Mommy: Yes, I know it does, I guess that’s as close as she can get to pronounce false teeth, I think that is what she is trying to say.

Little Girl: *(Keeps singing.)* My mommy has falseefs, my mommy has faseefs, my mommy has falseefs.

Mommy: Well, Julie, what do you say we go find **YOUR** Mommy!

~~~~~

Sherry Harriman  
Bauneg Beg Grange 382

**“My Special Shirt”**

*Scene: At Gram’s house, Grandson visiting. Gramp comes in.*

**Gram:** Hi Zai, Happy Easter. Did the Easter Bunny come to your house?

**Grandson:** Yes, he left lots of candy everywhere.

**Gram:** I like your shirt, can I have it?

**Grandson:** No, you’re way too old.

**Gram:** Awww, that’s no way to be.

**Grandson:** But you are. This shirt is only for little boys like me.

**Gramp:** Ha, ha, ha! I guess he told you, Gram.

**Grandson:** What are you laughing at Gramp? You’re older than God.

**Gram:** There you go.

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Sherry Harriman
Bauneg Beg Grange 382

"I Can Tell"

Scene: Auntie is visiting, Little Girl comes in to talk to her.

Auntie: Hi Sweetie, how are you? Come give me a big hug.

Sweetie: Hi Auntie. 'bout time you came, I been waitin' for you. Mommy tol' me you was cummin' over.

Auntie: Yes. What have you been doing?

Sweetie: Guess what, guess what, guess what Auntie? I got sumpin' to tell you.

Auntie: Did you get a new dolly or did you break something?

Sweetie: No, no, no! I know sumpin' special.

Auntie: Calm down, what do you want to tell me?

Sweetie: I can tell Mommy from Daddy.

Auntie: Oh, well that is special. Are you **really** sure you want to tell me, too?

Sweetie: Yes, I do. I been waitin' for you.

Auntie: Okay, go ahead. How can you tell Mommy from Daddy?

Sweetie: Well, well, well, uh... Daddy has a big belly, Mommy don't.

Auntie: *(Laughing)* Whew, that's a relief, I didn't expect that.

Sweetie: *(Upset)* But Auntie, that's the truff. I can tell.

Auntie: Yes, Sweetie, you are exactly right. Give me a hug. Good job.

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