

10 Commandments

Acrylic on white paper 21x30"

We Belong To One Another

-by Gladys Ross

What can I say that hasn't been said.
What can I write that hasn't been read.

My mind is filled with thoughts that rhyme,
To take me back in time.

To feel the joy, the laughter and song,
Then let the tears wash away the pain.

My hungry heart finds strength again,
And like an autumn breeze, peace will flow anew.
Life is worth living; we smile once more.

As time passes, we will weave our road of life with each other,
As we listen and live those golden years,
Now being sprinkled with silver.

--Poems by Gladys Ross, from "The Poetry Of Sapphire" 1993, copyright by Sheila Burchell, Sydney Mines, NS. "Life hasn't left me alone. The spirit survives. Only time has taken another course. Further down the road we will fall in step."

Band

Acrylic and crayon on Fedrigoni card board 21x30"

Old Pals Of Mine

-by Gladys Ross

Remember the summers of your youth? It didn't take money to play our games. We ran like the wind, played hop scotch and skipped. Giant steps, tiddlywinks and jack stones were our games. We played by the hour.

We could kick a football, throw a baseball and kick the can; all the games the kids of today never heard of.

In our own way, playing those games made us athletes. We always knew when it was spring. That's when the marbles would appear. We didn't care about muddy hands and knees, it was all part of the action.

Laughter was everywhere as we played those simple games. The outdoors was our stage as we acted out our childhood pleasures.

Will the new generation allow happy memories to linger? I don't think so. Childhood is something that children tolerate for a short time as adulthood beckons them too soon.

--Poems by Gladys Ross, from "The Poetry Of Sapphire" 1993, copyright by Sheila Burchell, Sydney Mines, NS

Coal miners

Acrylic and crayon on white paper 21x30"

Faith

-by Gladys Ross

I know where I'm going,
no matter the pitfalls on the way.

I follow a path unknown to me,
from which I sometimes stray.

The light gets dim, then I lose my way.
The little hill becomes a mountain
as along the path I stumble.

Life seems a little colder,
the chip on my shoulder
feels like a boulder.

So I stand still and quiet,
search my heart and soul -
Why I left my faith back there
at the fork in the road.

Please, I humbly pray, make me whole again.

As I look up, the sun rises,
my step feels light as air.
My path becomes smooth and straight
and I fall in step
with my faithful friend once more.

--Poems by Gladys Ross, from "The Poetry Of Sapphire" 1993, copyright by Sheila Burchell, Sydney Mines, NS

Fisherman

Acrylic and crayon on white paper 21x30"

The Timeless Sea

-by Gladys Ross

I want to go down to the sea again,
To feel the sea breeze and the salt water spray,
To leave my footprints in the sands of time,
And drift with my dreams on the crest of the waves,
To a faraway shore.

I want to watch the little boats leave their moorings
From the old fisherman's wharf for another day's catch,
On calm waters or an ocean swell,
The hearty fisherman who faces the sea, wind and sky.
See them tie up their little boats as they return
From the perils of the sea.

The simplicity of the seafaring man tugs at the heart strings,
And you wonder at their courage, for there's always
A whale of a tale or a jovial smile or two.
They tell you they sail with a Fisherman
Who walks on water, Who commands man to heed nature's voice,
Rising like the cry of the seabirds as they soar
Above the Timeless Sea.

--Poems by Gladys Ross, from "The Poetry Of Sapphire" 1993, copyright by Sheila Burchell, Sydney Mines, NS

Driver

Acrylic and crayon on brown paper 21x30"

Life - How I See It

-by Gladys Ross

In the fleeting moment, life is like an autumn leaf falling from the tree to the ground. We are born with clenched fists. When we leave the earth, they are open.

On our walk on this earth, each step is filled with dreams, happiness and sadness, love and hate. and hope for tomorrow. As the generation pass and the cycle goes on, the earth and its people try in their own separate ways to attain a peaceful co-existence.

But peace will never be until the inhabitants of this earth realize that we are all born equal. Greediness runs rampant in the make-up of man with his brother - power. In the end, the deterioration of man can spread like a cancer, uncontrollable and without end.

When man finally concedes that there is a power greater than man, and that we mortals are vulnerable to every mistake, then perhaps we will learn that God's power remains eternal.

--Poems by Gladys Ross, from "The Poetry Of Sapphire" 1993, copyright by Sheila Burchell, Sydney Mines, NS

Ocean waves

Acrylic on Fedrigoni card board 21x30"

So Long Ago

-by Gladys Ross

Long ago, you and I shared a dream.
We were so young and gay,
so long ago.

Oh, how we tripped lightly to music
that played softly,
And how we laughed and whirled
to Rag Time Annie and St. Ann's Reel.

It was pure magic, that left a glow,
so long ago.

The hours we spent together,
Full of promise, hope and love.

Then the music died and you drifted away,
And I let you go - my pride got in the way.

And now, though the tears have dried,
And I've lost my pride,
Time never lets you forget.

The silent dreams of
so long ago.

--Poems by Gladys Ross, from "The Poetry Of Sapphire" 1993, copyright by Sheila Burchell, Sydney Mines, NS

Old red barn

Acrylic and crayon on white paper 21x30"

I Dream Of My Cape Breton Home

-by Gladys Ross

Last night as I slumbered I had a sweet dream.
It seemed to bring distant friends near.
I dreamt of my home land, the Isle that I love,
And the toil of her sons everdear.

I saw the old homestead and faces I love.
I strolled its valleys and dales.
I listened with joy as I did as a boy,
To the sound of the old village bell.

CHORUS:

The fire was burning brightly,
'Twas a night that should banish all pain,
For the bells were ringing
The old year out and the new year in again.

I wandered around the surf-beaten shores,
Its green banks I stood many the while.
I watched as the fisherman tended his nets,
To the sound of the sea's constant rhythm.

My mind wandered back to the days of my youth,
To all the laughter and song.
I can still hear the sounds of the old village bells
As they rang out great tidings of joy.

--Poems by Gladys Ross, from "The Poetry Of Sapphire" 1993, copyright by Sheila Burchell, Sydney Mines, NS

Canoe ride

Acrylic and crayon on brown paper 21x30"

DEAN'S DEN, - NEWS

The campfires all were burning
There was meat in every pot
Days of lack and wanting
And hungry nights forgot,
A protracted winter over
When the winds would wildly sweep
But the moose hunts were successful
For the snows were never deep,
The maple trees gave freely
And the women pounded corn
All grateful to the spirits
As they rose and faced that morn,
The children were out playing
As the men worked on canoes
When a runner came to visit
With the most astounding news,
A giant ship was sighted
Just a little ways off shore
Manned by wondrous strangers
Like they'd never seen before,
They came with gifts and handouts
But - nobody could foresee
What history was unfolding
Or ... the things that were to be!
D.C. Butterfield

--Poems & copyright by D.C. Butterfield, from "Wulustuk Times" 2008, Tobique, NB

Wulustuk St. John

Acrylic and crayon on brown paper 21x30"

DEAN'S DEN, - "Here's Why"

Here's to the deer and the caribou
To the moose and the mighty bear
I hate to think we'd be on the brink
If the critters and creatures weren't there,
And here's to the stars and the Milky Way
To the sun and the "man in the moon"
I can only hope that we learn to cope
While the time is so opportune,
And here's to the forest and fountains
To the rills and the rivers and lakes
To the whales in the waters, and all the otters
And the beauty a sunset makes,
Here's to the fir and maple and the mighty oak
And to the mountains that touch the sky
I can only plead that we must succeed
And avoid the obvious ... why!
Here's "not" to the places of people and power
Of consumers and credit and cash
As they glom and gore for always "More!"
While turning our planet to ash!
D.C. Butterfield

--Poems & copyright by D.C. Butterfield, from "Wulustuk Times" 2008, Tobique, NB

Eskasoni kids

Crayon on white paper 21x30"

DEAN'S DEN - Generations

G, is for generations"

E, is the extension of each

N, the notions we nurture

Earth, - the endowment we teach

R, is respect for all people

A, for the ages to come

T, is for time and tradition

I, the ideals of the drum

O, the original order

N, is for noble nation and now

S, - the seed of succession

–the next generation

–their due!

D.C. Butterfield

--Poems & copyright by D.C. Butterfield, from "Wulustuk Times" 2008, Tobique, NB

Westray

Acrylic on Fedrigoni card board 21x30"

Eva

Pencil on Fedrigoni card board 21x30"