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Geneva Elizabeth Reaves: Special Friend

Elva Deeds

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Geneva Elizabeth

—By Elv

Her name is Geneva Reaves:

A sketch of life would be most appealing
If heard from HER lips with warmth and great feeling.
But second to that, here's a second-hand version
Told with loving respect for a very fine person.

Born near to this century in 1899,
Montague County in Texas near Bowie's town line.
Geneva was three when dad Harvey alone
Came to Lawton and filed a claim of his own.

When the family traveled to reach their new land,
The groups joined together to form a large band
Of covered wagons that crossed an angry Red River.
The memory has lingered with Geneva forever.

She was extremely frightened, the horses even more
As the wagons were ferried to opposite shore.
She held Mother's hand so very tight
And thought she'd die because of her great fright!

Her mother's big fear when Father wasn't home
was that wild Indians would come close to roam
When a red on a rope-haltered horse stopped at her door,
He asked for information--NO MORE!

Once when her father'd been gone in June,
Geneva was singing a gay little tune.
Suddenly not a word could she say:
A little red wagon stood in her way!

Geneva and Dad oft' went out together
To water the horses left close on a tether.
In order to well preserve the wood,
He rolled wheels through the log water-trough "real good."

But once Dad was startled! He heard a big yelp!
When thinking her little hands might help.
The child put her hand onto a wheel.
A broken hand caused the screamly big squeal.

The passing of years brought happy ones
For father, mother, two daughters, three sons.
Years of hard work, often lightened with laughter.
They bought land near Port and settled thereafter.

Walking two miles to a school called Simpler,
The children all carried little pails of their dinner--
Geneva, Wesley, Alma, Lloyd, and Lawrence,
All closely loving and living now since.

Speed Frie



Harvey Reaves:

Deeds

Geneva treasured their time all alone,
 While Grandmother read in a reverent tone
 In a covered wagon with canvas above.
 She learned from the Bible--Geneva's very first love.

Geneva has worked very hard all her life--
 When she was a child and later as a wife--
 Chopping cotton, then picking to make big bales,
 But how thrilling to see her full sack on the scales.

Geneva's husband, Vernon, was her very loved one,
 The jolliest man she'd ever known.
 When he was older and became very ill,
 He was taken to the hospital by R.L.

When the doctor checked Vernon, he said, "Quit smoking!"
 Scared Vernon saw at once that the doc wasn't joking.
 He quit smoking at once, else the doc'd prove his say.
 But he lived fifteen years longer before God called him away.

Though Geneva's been ill many of her days,
 She's handled the problems in a positive way.
 Her life speaks well of her philosophy.
 She says she owes much to her Bible and God's deity.

Though never blessed with a child of her own,
 Geneva was seldom left alone.
 Children loved her very dearly.
 They listened and loved her, smiling and giggly.

This Geneva of ours admits at times
 She's been a little bit wicked or more!
 When she was younger, she worked in a store
 And tried very hard when provoked and sore
 To be very kind and even the score.

She's always been honest and gives even more
 Of herself than she ever expects to restore.
 She has balanced the scales as well as her life
 And loved her dear Vernon and made a good wife.

She says that her husband was jolly and good.
 He brightened her life as well as he could.
 Her cousin R.L. is another good man,
 But telling it to him might get a strong hand! ♡

(ELVA DEEDS is a retired teacher from Sentinel; her poem about Geneva Reaves is her first WESTVIEW publication.)

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Commonality



Production by Matt Heckman