



12-15-1988

## The Old Country Store / Remembrance Day - November 11

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Coeta Sue Lindsey

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### Recommended Citation

Wattenbarger, Eunice and Lindsey, Coeta Sue (1988) "The Old Country Store / Remembrance Day - November 11," *Westview*: Vol. 8 :  
Iss. 2 , Article 26.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol8/iss2/26>

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## FAMILY

forsaken supplier

### The Old Country Store

By Eunice Wattenbarger

On a farm lived my brother near this store  
In a little old white house rose-grown at the door;  
And down this road he walked to sell his cream,  
Stopping sometimes along the road to dream;  
Of what, I don't know; he never did say,  
But he did pause and rest along the way.

People didn't stop to give him a ride,  
But this didn't even damage his pride,  
For he knew it would not always be that way;  
It would be better "over there" someday.  
He would walk on and buy a loaf of bread,  
Or perhaps tobacco, and a spool of thread.

He eyed the oil derricks along the way  
And the big red service trucks there that day,  
And he'd say, "They'll hit oil there sometime,  
And I'll have money, a lot more'n a dime."

Years have gone since my brother passed away,  
And now there are oil and gas wells that pay.  
Why did they wait so long to bring from the ground  
This abundance my brother never found?  
But, "If you love the Lord, all things work for good."  
My brother wouldn't change it if he could.

"In my Father's house are many mansions,"  
Said Jesus to His disciples one day:  
And I believe my brother lives in one  
With roses growing all along the way.

*EUNICE WATTENBARGER is a 77-year-old Sentinel poet. The "old country store," which was torn down in 1986, was owned and operated by Dan Evans. The store was located in Washita County on the old 41 highway.*

honored son

By Coeta Sue Lindsey

COETA SUE LINDSEY, mother of four, is a columnist and typesetter for the CARNEGIE HERALD. The subject of this piece is her brother, Eldon Lee Reynolds.



## Remembrance Day November 11

He wasn't afraid when his  
country said go;  
His smile was still bright,  
tho his step a bit slow.

They were so close and he hated to leave  
For while he was gone he knew they would grieve.

But he didn't say no, and he didn't run.  
Anyone would have been proud to call him their son.  
With a wave of his hand to his dad and mom,  
He was off to war in Vietnam.

His family prayed both day and night,  
That their fine young man would come home all right.  
They didn't know that one month to the day,  
Just what a great price they all would pay.  
He with his life, they with their son;  
Their months of heartache had just begun.

For all that came back from that man-made hell  
Were a big silver casket, a flag and one shell.  
No, we haven't forgot him and we never will;  
The boy is gone, but his spirit is here still,  
In the hearts of friends, family, his dad and mom,  
And it can't be erased. . .not by Vietnam.

Eldon fought for his country, for freedom  
of generations to be,  
So they could grow up knowing  
what it is to be free.