



2023

## Untitled poem

Anna Hunnicutt Foster Marshall

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE WINDS OF THE NORTH

THE WINDS OF THE NORTH

"In the cold gray Arctic Northland  
 Far from all my kith and kin  
 Lone I sat one Sabbath evening  
 Pondering life and death and sin.

First me thought of days departed  
 When a willful wayward Child  
 How I oft withstood the guidance  
 Of a father kind and mild.

Often too was selfish, heedless  
 Of some little kindly grace  
 Which 'twere easy to have given  
 To have brightened some dear face.  
 Pondered how my great heart brothers  
 Loved and cherished all those years  
 Often sad and sympathetic  
 Touched by all my selfish tears.

How my fathers patient loving  
 Never faltering in its strength  
 Bore with all my whims and wishes  
 Love that wist not breadth or length.

Then I think how all that loving

Only mirrored Jesus' love  
And the love that came from dear ones  
Was reflected from above.

And my aching heart takes courage  
As I grasp the lesson sent  
If I would reflect my Savior  
And accomplish what He meant,

I must bear with patient loving  
All the human selfish deeds  
I may see in those around me  
Meet with love lifes bitter needs,  
And like Jesus Christ my Savior  
Pray all through sins darkest night  
Knowing that the love of Jesus  
Will at last make all things right.

May hap sooner than we think for  
Sins sad strife will all be o'er.  
And we'll meet our glad Redeemer  
Never to be tempted more.  
Precious Savior do thou teach us  
That our lives reflect thy light  
And our love may not be bounded  
In its length and breadth and height."

Written Nov. 7th '97 Kotzebue Alaska.

A snow storm without.

Anna Hunnicutt.