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When the Leaves had Turned to Red and Gold

Pamelia Clark (my Cousin)

She, as the bright-hued leaves in autumn,

Hurried to and fro;

First to one home of sorrow and distress,

Then on to another;

Ever with a smile, a basket of provisions,

A bundle of much-needed clothing,

Or one of dainty white things.

In her home reigned order and refinement.

Like Abraham Lincoln, she, too,

"Knew not ingratitude."

As a friend stood beside her bed a few days ago,

The words she spoke—as to everyone—were

"I appreciate your coming,

Not today alone but each time,

And all you have done for me."

Her dancing feet loved so much to step along

To the time of old-fashioned music.

And in the dance, as elsewhere,

The life and inspiration of the party.

No one was friendless or alone

When Pamelia arrived.

How fitting her passing came when the dancing leaves

Made sweet music. So typical of the things

In life she loved best to do.

And the colors which suited her so well:

Red for love, and Gold for true worth.

—written by Pamelia's Dunn cousin, Enez Thornton Hoff (whose mother was Sarah Dunn Thornton, sister of John Barker Dunn) via Owen Edward Clark, grandson of Walter E. Clark, 1964.