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Booklet of Mary Elizabeth Clark Robinson

Amasa L. and "Susie" D. Clark have often remarked upon the delicious graham bread Mary E. won fame by baking often, after having been taught the values of whole wheat in the nursing course. Indeed, Uncle Amasa L. has asserted more than once that she saved his life and vitality when he was a sickly, delicate child, starting him on the way to robust health by changing and guiding his diet. He told the writer that frequently Mary E. would go to her children and fondle them while they slept, fearing to caress them too much while they were conscious, least she "spoil" them. Perhaps she failed to distinguish between a display of affection, which frees and blossoms, and the "permissiveness", which binds by s.tripping of security and watchful guidance attention. Nevertheless, they felt her love, and never doubted her devotion to them. When she slipped out of mortal life, perhaps gladly, succumbing to that painful scourge, cancer exactly two.months after her- fifty-fourth birthday. Her daughter, May, was at her bedside that winter day of January 25, 1904. Her last request was that May postpone her marriage no longer than absolutely necessary, that she might begin to build her own life and future. But May was not at rest until she could see to it that her beloved parents were sealed for Eternity. Only then could she feel the "peace that passeth understanding". Then it was that the security she had lacked all her life descended upon her and the family, which had been for so long disrupted. As an "elocutionist" one of her favorite readings was the little poem, "Not Understood". As we hear it again, echoing from past corridors of time, we can realize anew why it meant so much to her, and why she loved it.

NOT UNDERSTOOD

"Not understood,

We gather false impressions, and hold them closer as the years go by,

Till virtues often seem to us transgressions--

And thus men rise and fall and live and die,

Not understood,"

"Not understood,

How trials often change us--the thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight

Destroy long years of friendship, and estrange us,

And on our souls there falls a freezing blight.

Not understood."

"Not understood,

How many hearts are aching for lack of sympathy; ah, day by day

How many cheerless, lonely hearts are aching;

How many noble spirits pass away

Not understood."

"Oh God, that men would see a little clearer,

Or judge less harshly when they cannot see;

That men would draw to men a little closer,

They would be nearer Thee--

And understood."

Author unknown