

## A TRIBUTE TO BELLE GAINES

A very special lady  
Left a picture in my mind.  
For she lived out on the prairie,  
Very Private was her kind.

Her house was made of sod blocks,  
This talent long since passed.  
Her door was hung by leather hinges.  
The windows had no glass.

To cook she had a wood stove.  
Cow Chips were then in style.  
A pot of beans, some coffee  
Would make a farmer smile.

Her yard was full of chickens,  
A nanny goat or two.  
Her pigs were running wild.  
Oh, she had so much to do.

Her travel mode was simple,  
A lively team of mules.  
Her spotted dog was close beside.  
He watched her every move.

She kept her rifle handy,  
An 'oldie', you might say.  
The barrel kind of square like.  
And the stock was carved by hand.

Her clothes were very simple.  
But I loved her just the same.  
A heavy coat, a blanket  
Was a must, most all the time.

Her feet were wrapped with gunny-sack.  
I couldn't understand.  
She told me that her feet were bad,  
But rags were all she had.

But let me tell you, there's much more.  
Her heart was pure as gold.  
Her slavery past was seldom heard,  
But her culture seen by all.

I can see her plainly,  
The only Black I ever knew  
What a lovely, lovely chapter  
In my life, --The Golden Rule!