

Bluebell Woods.

Bluebell Woods in early May.
Tend to take ones breath away.
Fragile flowers of vibrant hue.
Present a regal carpet of violet blue.

In the stillness of shaded dells.
Where the air is on fire with the fragrance of Bluebells.
to walk there on a Summers day.
Is to be dazzled with such a brazen display.

I take my Grandchildren every year.
To view a sight that I hold very dear.
Sometimes they sigh and whisper "Not again Nan.
but I'll continue to take them as long as I can.

“Bluebell Woods” was written years ago by Alberta. She says, “Of course this was written years ago when my grandchildren were small, but I still feel the same way about these woods.” Reading her poem, it is indeed not difficult to tell what joy these woods and the sight of those bluebells are for Alberta. “Bluebell Woods” also speaks of her love for her grandchildren. To them she is giving the gift of love for the beauty of nature that has brought such pleasure to her.