

# It All Happened At 405

*A Poem by Freda Frey Macklin*

In nineteen-forty-three to get a copper tan,  
Dad worked hard as a railroad man.  
Three little daughters, no home yet  
On four dollars a day, what can we buy?  
It all happened at 405.

On a shady lane with maple trees,  
Our three little daughters could swing in the  
breeze.  
Two pear trees held a line so high  
For the dollies clothes to dry.  
Where are my pins? They're washed again.  
This all happened at 405.

Now the girls were busy at  
school,  
Music lessons, baseball  
games and rules.  
Eagerly hurried home for a  
treat ahead  
Of grandma's cookies or  
home made bread.  
This all happened at 405.

One day in forty-seven  
busy at school,  
The three little girls  
daughters had a surprise.  
Skipping and jumping,  
filled with glee  
Wonder if it's for you or  
me?  
Soon they saw - could they  
believe their eyes  
A sweet little brother at 405.

While Mother was busy patching knees,  
The girls were observing Lee was climbing  
trees.  
There was always time for a discussion and  
for each  
To tell of the goal he was planning to reach.  
This all happened at 405.

Our happy years rolled by and then,  
In high school and college they began.  
Soon military service for our young man  
Weddings for our daughters, goodness alive!  
This all happened at 405.



Now there's not much left to  
see,  
But a little red chimney and a  
cedar tree.  
The tree house built and the  
electric train  
Books on the shelf still remain.  
Dolls, art and writings - but  
then,  
As the grandchildren arrive,  
They're building a castle at  
405.

Thanks to our Lord who  
graciously blest,  
Out dear little family in times  
of distress.  
he sheltered and clothed us,  
kept us in love

Until we meet in heaven above.  
Thanks for shielding our dear little hive,  
And blessing our family at 405.