## 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.

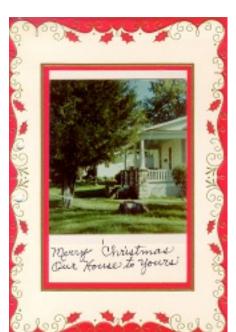
One day in forty-seven busy at school,
The three little girls daughters had a surprise.
Skipping and jumping,
filled with glee
Wonder if it's for you or me?
Soon they saw - could they believe their eyes
A sweet little brother at 405.

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.