

Fekete
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Margit

(Mrs.
Csovanyos)

1971

My Flag

What can I write about Old Glory
That hasn't been written before?
What is there about Old Glory
With my heart and soul I adore?

How can I praise the Stars and Stripes
The red, the white and the blue?

How can I tell my Country that
To my dying day I'll be true?

Why is it when I see my flag
That tears will swell in my eyes?

Why is it when my flag unfurls
There is freedom in the blue skies?

No one can take from my deep soul
That great warmth and peace I feel;
As when by the Altar of God
In silence and prayer I kneel.

What can I say about Old Glory
My staunch flag without a flaw;
But ask God that my Nation's people
Will keep it forever in awe.

Margaret Fekete Csovanyos

Kindness

Deep in the crypt of the heart of man,
There grows a gentle flower;
Watered and nourished in daily life,
By love instead of a shower.

Deep in the crypt of the heart of man,
There is a garden section;
Such fragrant blooms of quality rare,
As good-will and affection.

Deep in the crypt of the heart of man,
God plants a special flower;
Of patience, love and tenderness,
To be plucked in every hour.

Deep in the crypt of the heart of man,
Is a flower called forgiveness;
Blessed is the man who has
A heart that's filled with kindness.

Margaret Fekete Csovanyos