

One of my favorite series of books are the "Little House" books by Laura Ingalls Wilder. I know life was hard for families back then, but these stories carry me to a time and place that was simpler, in the way life was lived. As much as I loved the TV series, the books contain the real accounts of what happened. I admire Ms. Wilder for sharing her life with us, and the historical value from describing how life was back then is priceless.

As a writer, I like to believe there are possibilities of my writing being published one day. Ms. Wilder's "Little House" books weren't published until she was sixty years old. I'm drawing closer and closer to that age, so I pray God leads me wherever he wants me to go, and more importantly, that I will listen and obey!

I tried to find the poem below on Google, so I could provide the proper reference, but wasn't able to. I found this poem in one of Laura's books years ago, but I can't recall which one it was from. Written by a blind Mary Ingalls, I remember being inspired by her beautiful faith as she celebrated her birthday with praise. I loved it so much that I embroidered it and made a pillow to always have it around. As I celebrate my birthday this weekend, I would like to echo Mary's lovely birthday sentiments.

### A Birthday Meditation

by Mary Ingalls

Another year is ended,  
And still my skies are bright,  
For hope and faith are blended  
And all will soon be right.

A song of praise is welling  
From out my heart today,  
Of the thousand blessings telling  
That lie along the way.

Thanks be to God for giving  
This life to me at all.  
Though fraught with pain it's living,  
It is a ladder tall.

That leads to earth from Heaven,  
From birth to endless life.  
So why should I be craven  
And shrink from pain and strife?

The Holy City's glory,  
By God's abundant grace,  
Shall be my only story,  
Till there I find a place.

So ne'er again repining  
For joys I may not share.  
I will with face a-shining  
Await my entrance there.

