

Browsing through an October 31, 1959 Courier-Journal, I noticed on the front page these headlines: "7 Children Die In Blaze; Mothers At A Bar." The opening line was this: "Ottumwa, Iowa, October 30 – Seven young children, trapped by fire inside a one-door house, died early Friday while their mothers were away at a bar."

Things haven't changed much in the 49 years since this tragic story occurred. Children are still being neglected and abused. Thank God for those mothers who love and care for their children. They are worth their weight in gold.

Neglected and abused children is a sad fact all across this nation. More time and effort must be exerted by all in behalf of children who need us and who cannot help themselves.

The following is a poem by an unknown writer – a mother, which expresses genuine love by a real mother for her children.

Are All Children In?

I think of times as the night draws nigh
Of an old house on the hill,
Of a yard all wide and blossom-starred
Where the children played at will.
And when deep night at last came down,
Hushing the merry din,
Mother would look all around and ask,
"Are all the children in?"
'Tis many and many a years since then,
And the ole house on the hill
No longer echoes childish feet
And the yard is still, so still.
But I see it all as the shadows creep,
And tho' many the years have been
Since then, I can hear my mother ask,
"Are all the children in?"
I wonder if, when those shadows fall
On the last short earthly day,
When we say good-bye to the world outside,
All tired of our childish play,
When we meet the Lover of boys and girls
Who died to save them from sin,
Will we hear Him ask as Mother did,
"Are all the children in?"