

Miss Mattie

By Dianne Gotay

Miss Mattie lived at the edge of our town.
Her knitting had earned her great renown.
People came to her from miles around
To buy her handcrafted gowns.

Particularly fine were the baby smocks
That she styled herself for baptismal frocks;
Three tiny pearl buttons fastened the vest
And a wee crocheted cross she sewed on the chest.



Intertwined with her needles, her wool, and her thread,
She wove prayers for the babies; and she always said,
With her rosary beads wrapped around her one wrist,
"Dear Lord, keep this child strong, though the devil persist."

The neighborhood children thought her quite quaint,
They made up a song about this dear saint.
It went like this: "Knit one, purl two,
Here's a prayer for you, and a prayer for you."

Miss Mattie died three weeks ago;
The town all marveled how the crowds did grow!
People came to her funeral from miles around,
They somehow knew she was heavenly bound.

With the angels above, Miss Mattie now sits;
Looking down on us children, fingers flying as she knits.
"My work's just begun - knit one, purl two,
Here's a prayer for you, and a prayer for you!"