

ODE TO AN ANGEL

By David Smith

Written to celebrate the life of

VIOLA BLYTHE

Born on a September day
In nineteen and sixteen,
Her life was very difficult,
What did she dare to dream?

Orphaned at a young age
With many sisters and brothers,
When she left the orphanage,
She vowed she would help others.

She came to California,
In Newark lit her flame,
She was an angel in our midst,
Viola was her name.

In the year of forty-six
Stanley took her as his wife,
They believed service to humanity
Was the calling of their life.

Their home became a refuge
And a shelter from the storm,
For those who needed food
Or clothes to keep them warm.

Folks who had no place to stay
Soon had smiles bright.
Because at Viola's home,
They got respite for the night.

The Blythe garage was different,
For it never housed a car,
The garage housed needy people,
Who came from near and far.

Who among us would do that?
Who would take strangers in?
Viola, our "Good Samaritan" would,
God smiled again and again.

If you knew Viola,
It wouldn't take you long,
To observe this quiet woman
Was the strongest of the strong!

Viola's dream became ours---
We couldn't let her down,
Our community embraced her cause
And it became renowned!

As Viola cheered on others,
She also heard some cheers---
When she was selected
California's "Woman of the Year!"

She gave so much to others,
Her light lit up their way,
Viola's love-light is shining still---
And will---for countless days!

And so, today, Viola,
As from us you depart,
Your lasting memories are embossed
Forever in our hearts.

God summoned Viola
From her labors now to rest;
When God called home our angel,
He called our very best!