



Ode To A Lighthousekeeper

They called him James when he came to this place.
Nee, McCormick, to David and Grace.
In 1900, he took him a wife,
A wee little lass to share in his life.

There at the Beavers to the lighthouse they came,
That Jim and Mary, for that was her name.
They worked and they toiled from morning til night,
She tended the family, while he kept the light.

Many children they reared--one, two, three, four,
Then there were six and then six more.
All took to the water like ducks to the Sea,
They grew to adulthood by the rocks and the lee.

Jim was kept busy keeping signal and light,
He'd toil in the day and yet half the night.
Then in the morning in the light of half dawn
Out to the garden, at once he was gone.

He fished and he sailed and tales he could tell,
Of his shipwreck at Sea, and the big bouy bell.
For forty-eight hours he drifted in shivering cold,
Snatched from the waters by a big freighter bold.

He blew the fog signal in the days and the nights,
For Thirty-four years he tended the lights.
He polished the brass and the lenses he shined,
He filled all the ledgers and then they were signed.

Then came the day when work was no more,
The wind became still; no waves at his door.
But, when the wind blows, and the fog rolls in,
There in the lighthouse, I think, there's Mary and Jim.

Janet A. Luczyk,
nee McCormick

