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Spokane Birthplace of Father's Day 2010 Centennial Celebration

Poetry and prose by Sonora Smart Dodd

My Prayer for Peace
Once recited at a United Nations meeting

Supreme Father, at this time of estrangement and strife, I offer my prayer, an intercession for universal peace. I pray that all peoples as world citizens shall read together the Twenty-Third Psalm and make its text plural.

I ask that all nations may be moved to unite in one voice saying, "The lord is our shepherd, we shall not want," and to these words of assurance may we add: "The Lord is our shepherd, we shall have peace." Believing, Father, that if we might hold this thought in unison, as an affirmation of compassion, this bond of brotherhood would disarm all motives of destruction.

I implore that Thou wilt, in the spirit of Fatherhood, bombard all hearts with the fire of tolerance, charity and faith, and that Thou wilt cause a miracle of love to encompass the earth with the glory of peace. AMEN.

Dry Falls

Old lace, with sunrifts
Through your pattern gleaming,
You are more than lace,
You are…a woman dreaming.

Musings of a Madonna

I did not know the earth's warm breast
Gave life to every tree,
Or that the mountains wooed the sun
Until you came to me.

I did not know that rains must fall
To set young seedlings free,
Or that the snowflakes mantle them
Until you came to me.

I did not know that rivers rush
To feed the hungry sea,
Or that the heavens guard the tides
Until you came to me.

I did not know that lullabies
Of God's own symphony,
Or that I am as one with Him
Until you came to me.

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Bide Here With Us

We welcome you, and invite you to bide here with us.
The music of the tom-tom is hushed, but the waters
Will sing on with you always. The rainbow of assurance
In the Falls' mist is yours, and the pots of gold
At the end of the rainbow will ever for you
Remain brim-filled.
Your questers for song,
You seekers for nature-knowledge,
You wayfarers for wealth,
Bide here with us.

Lilac Way

You will return to me when May is new
And lilacs bloom.
We then shall walk the ways of purple hue
And breathe perfume.
Remembering the dreams of yester-spring
In lilac maze,
And gather boughs to which frail blossoms cling
In fragrant haze.
We then shall hear the call of birds on high
That wake the night,
While watching candles burn in mystic sky
With softest light;
And we shall pledge our troth for years to be
When lilacs drop their stars from full blown tree.