

**In Memory OF John Edwin R. Kohr, "Dad" (a man who lived in his garden)  
Helen W. Arehart - March 1974**

I saw them there this year -  
    That wave of bloom.  
The Columbines -  
    Yellow bonnets nodding.  
And there, among their  
    Long and slender stems  
My mind's eye saw  
    Your hands in loving care.  
A tear of memory dropped  
    Into their midst.  
I should have stooped  
    And pulled the choking weeds.  
For you have left  
    This earth and all its tasks.  
But that is one  
    I could not bear to do.                      Bill

Editor's note: Immediately following the death of John Edwin R. Kohr, Helen wrote this note of thanks to sister-in-law Patricia Legge and husband Charles for a kind gift and note of sympathy. It is very tempting to think Helen wrote this note below and then spontaneously created the beautiful poem above.

*Writing these lines of thanks for Mother [Myrtle Kohr] since she is unable.*

*We too will remember long his laughter, fondness for plants and complete delight with life and living things. A flower in bloom was a thing of wonder to him always. He always noted the first robin to return to his yard in the spring. Even when he had grown tired and too weak to "shop" he asked that bird seed be bought along with groceries on a regular basis.*

*One of Dad's favorite flowers was the Columbine - a delicate, bonnet-like bloom. I guess my mind's eye will always carry a picture of his hand cupped around such a flower and my mind's ear hear his words: "Isn't that a beauty?"*

*The terrarium is a perfect remembrance. As a child I remember the different yards of our homes - always lined with various flowers. I just took it for granted then.*

*Thanks for your help and presence the day of the funeral. I am at peace knowing it was his time to go. His body was no longer able to be his home on earth.*

*With deep feeling,      Helen*