

In a message dated 11/18/1999 6:30:44 AM Central Standard Time, JudyNoebels@compuserve.com writes:

<< Subj: **Welcome Home to Dave**

Date: 11/18/1999 6:30:44 AM Central Standard Time

From: JudyNoebels@compuserve.com (Judith L. Noebels)

Sender: JudyNoebels@compuserve.com (Judith L. Noebels)

To: SassyLawyr@aol.com (Doris Sassower), jnoebels@onramp.net (Jeffrey L. Noebels, M.D., Ph.D.), Jillvill@cs.com (Jill Avery Noebels), karmel@mindspring.com (Karmel,), mlipson@its.brooklyn.cuny.edu (Maury Lipson)

Dear Doris,

To add to your pleasure at the exciting news, I am typing out for you a copy of a poem you wrote almost 55 years ago to welcome home the same person. I have saved the original - the paper is now yellow with age - and I must say - this is not half bad for a 13 year-old - and I'm not just saying this because she happens to be my sister!

Aliza / Rey?

WELCOME BACK

By Doris Lipson

There's a hustling and a bustling and a cleaning everywhere
For our soon expected soldier is coming back from over there.
We're in a hurry, all a scurry as expectation fills our rooms,
Everybody's all a-flutter, everything is in a clutter as the
great moment looms.

It's not certain 'bout the curtains but Mom's making it look sweet,
The things she's baking and is making sure'll make the place look
neat.

Pop is fixing and he's mixing things that needed to be done,
All this hammering and this clamoring is for his long awaited son.

Loads of scrubbing and of rubbing gives big sister lots of work,
Though she hates it and she states it, this is one time she won't
shirk.

Soon moving day will come for me, his room I must vacate,
It keeps me busy, drives me dizzy from early until late.
When he comes home, he'll find his room much better than he left
it;
(I hope he'll never never know the real way that I kept it).

With all this speed, without heed, we've made the house look good
as
new,

All that trimmin' by us wimmin, home takes on a brighter hue.
With each clinging and each ringing of the doorbell or the phone,
everyone of us will hasten to the door
And we bump into eachother and give lumps to one another
until each of us has landed on the floor.

But the tenseness and suspenseness keeps us in a nervous state,
Just to hear him, to be near him, for this we cannot wait.
We are clanging and we're banging as we never did before

And pretty soon there will be hanging a "welcome home" sign on our door

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How perfect! I could not believe it, Judy -- not only that I had written it, which I had completely forgotten, but that you saved it all these years, and could actually retrieve it so appropriately.

My childhood poem brought tears (of joy) to my eyes. How vividly it recalled for me the excitement and happiness in our old home in Williamsburg as we all made preparations for Dave's return from more than four years of serving his country to make our world safe for democracy. In my mind's eye, I still see that amazing sign Papa made out of wood, covered with white canvas, complete with electric lights, with my red, white, and blue lettering "Welcome Home, Dave", which was hung, not on the front door, but up on the front of the house over the Public Art Store sign, so that all the neighbors and passersby could see our thankful greeting. As I recall, it was the same one Papa had created to welcome Joel back, but it stayed up a long time before and after his arrival.

Wish, like my poem, that sign had also been saved to show so proudly that we again eagerly welcome back our returning veteran into our hearts and hearth.
May he have a safe journey home and good times with the family to make up for all the time lost these many years.

A thousand thanks, Judy, for so timely resurrecting my poem -- and for all your prayers, which, this time, were answered "yes".

Doris

PS. Hope Jill and Elena have talked by now. Elena told me last night she left a message on Jill's tape.