

# Seventy Years Ago

Twila Paris

Seventy years ago, my father's mother's father  
Led the clan of Nicholson  
He and my great grandmother had four lovely daughters  
And a strong and honest son

And they traveled Arkansas and Oklahoma  
Building arbors made of vine  
And the people of the town would come at sundown  
Some to scoff and some to see what they would find

And the sisters dressed in white  
And the family sang and prayed into the night

And they rode in a covered wagon  
As they walked in holiness  
And they lived and preached the power  
And forgiveness of the Lord  
Seventy years ago

Seventy years ago, there wasn't much in preaching  
But it never slowed them down  
They loved the truth and all the hearts that He was reaching  
And their eyes were on the crown

So they traveled Arkansas and Oklahoma  
With a burning in their souls  
And it drove them to their knees and to the next town  
For the sake of a wealth they could not hold

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And the people sang and prayed into the night

And they rode in a covered wagon  
As they walked in holiness  
And they lived and preached the power  
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Seventy years ago

Sometimes I feel like a pale reflection  
Living in the blessing they passed down  
Some of whom have held me  
Some never knew my name  
But the secret has been found

And I want to give this to my children  
And when I am very old  
I hope there still will be a story worth the telling  
Of seventy years ago

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