

Here a few short weeks ago  
Upon this written page  
You spoke of aging local Halls  
That crumbled due to age.

Your words were wise and honest  
And no one can deny  
That no support to disrepair  
Was reason they did die.

You spoke of times in days gone by  
Of a special Vaudeville Act  
When all would come so eagerly  
And how these Halls would pack.

The citizens from round that realm  
Would seek a common gain  
To socialize and meet old friends  
And see acts entertain.

The suppers were a common fare  
And treats were all so local  
Of fresh baked beans and casseroles  
Or a special ice cream social.

But as we played no one did note  
How time marched down the road  
To paint a canvas of decay  
Upon this grand abode.

Again you're right as you proclaim  
That some gave their last breath  
To be torn down and disappear  
In unrequited death.

You showed a picture of a Hall  
That surely filled this role  
Yet you overlooked a humble fact  
That this one had a soul.

Her paint had peeled to clapboards bare  
It's roof and sills in trouble  
A fire escape from times gone by  
Had fallen into rubble.

Her destiny it seemed was cast  
For timing was so late  
To save this lady's dignity  
From a demolition fate.

But all felt bad and urged support  
In a very nervous way  
To work real hard and the help would come  
To let the building stay.

A letter went for all to read  
Which spelled a sad report  
And urged them each to sally forth  
And aid in that support.

The spring was gone, the summer came  
To migrate into fall  
And through this time a wondrous thing  
Had happened to this Hall.

A Community solidified  
To form a stately coalition  
And draft the Hall directly back  
To original condition.

The roofs replaced, the sills are new  
And paint shines in the sun  
With hopes fulfilled of all our dreams  
From when work had begun.

But something else had happened here  
From a structure galled by weather  
A common bond of neighbors strong  
Which pulled them all together.

They had the pride, they took the time  
Each one knew where to start  
A pulse of love was beating there  
This building had a heart.

The building's straight and pretty now  
But if she'd cry out loud  
You'd hear her yell elatedly  
Of how you made her proud.

The legacy this building waves  
On a staff of local labors  
Will last for years for all to hold  
'Cause of unselfish neighbors.

So take the time to print these words  
For other towns to measure  
As opportune beginning thoughts  
To save some local treasure.