

Here ya go Ernie, a little bit of
Trivia, Your Pop and other uncles
ought to have, Our Picture archive
And some where, probably the Square file
There existed a box of letters to Verle
from her husband - Only Gram and I
thought much of our history.

I fell out of touch You Can
Copy These pages, { My Creed } Verle Higgs
{ My Comfort } 1909-2004
Oct 15 7: AM

Lord make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;

Where there is injury, pardon;

Where there is doubt, faith;

Where there is despair, hope;

Where there is darkness, light; and

Where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console;

To be understood as to understand;

To be loved as to love, for it is in giving that we receive;

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned. And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

St. Francis of Assisi



HyperTyper

8075 Carlette Street

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Glenn Laube

Set up book -

15 Copies

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Invoice

DATE	INVOICE #
5/22/1999	2830

BILL TO

Verle Higgs
9320 Earl Street, Apt. 53
La Mesa, CA 91942-3851

Deceased

PERSONAL PROFILE

DO YOU GO BY A PEN NAME? No.

BIRTHPLACE: Boise, Idaho

OCCUPATION: Teacher, retired, San Diego 1969

HOBBIES: Reading, writing, research on genealogy, science, art, theater, music.

SPOUSE'S NAME: Robert Lee Higgs, deceased

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: 1; grandchildren 5; great-grandchildren 9

MEMBERSHIPS: California Retired Teachers Association, La Mesa Womens' Club

EDUCATION: Idaho State Teachers College, San Diego State University, Graduate study in Europe 1966

HONORS: Phi Beta Sigma 1930, Alpha Delta Kappa 1963, Degree of Master Teacher by San Diego Teachers Association 1969

AWARDS: World of Poetry, Golden Poet Award 1989, Award of Merit 1989, Golden Poet Award 1990, Who's Who in Poetry, Vol. III 1990, Award of Merit 1991, Honorary Charter Membership International Society of Poets 1993. Distinguished Member International Society of Poetry 1994. Elected to International Poetry Hall of Fame, October 1, 1996. Editor's Choice Award 1997. Editor's Choice Award 1998.

OTHER PUBLISHED WORKS: Two "Sound of Poetry" tapes, twelve anthologies.

PERSONAL QUOTE: Poetry, covering all aspects of human experience, unites humanity over generations, over time and space.

SPECIAL DEDICATION: For my brother, Edwin Nichols

Dear John for sending this to you
I've sent copies to Robinson & Karen Lee
I wanted to have it typed
& notarized but there hasn't been
time. I think your ~~counselor~~ N.D.
& psychiatrist should have this
information.

This profile is a form for
filled out for a poem published
by Naté Library of Poetry - for
sent to you for identification for me
the writer of the deposition,

Love you always
Wron

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update 10-02

18 anthologies

17 Editors Choice Awards.

Nominated for Poet of the Year

2002 Hollywood Ca 11-(15-17).02

My poetry is now on internet

Poetry Verle Higgs . com

Dearest J.

Christmas 2002

La Mesa

Bob must be on his way to Guam. I told him your news & what he done to try to help & the need for an appt to see you.

I pray that next year will be better for all of us & especially you.

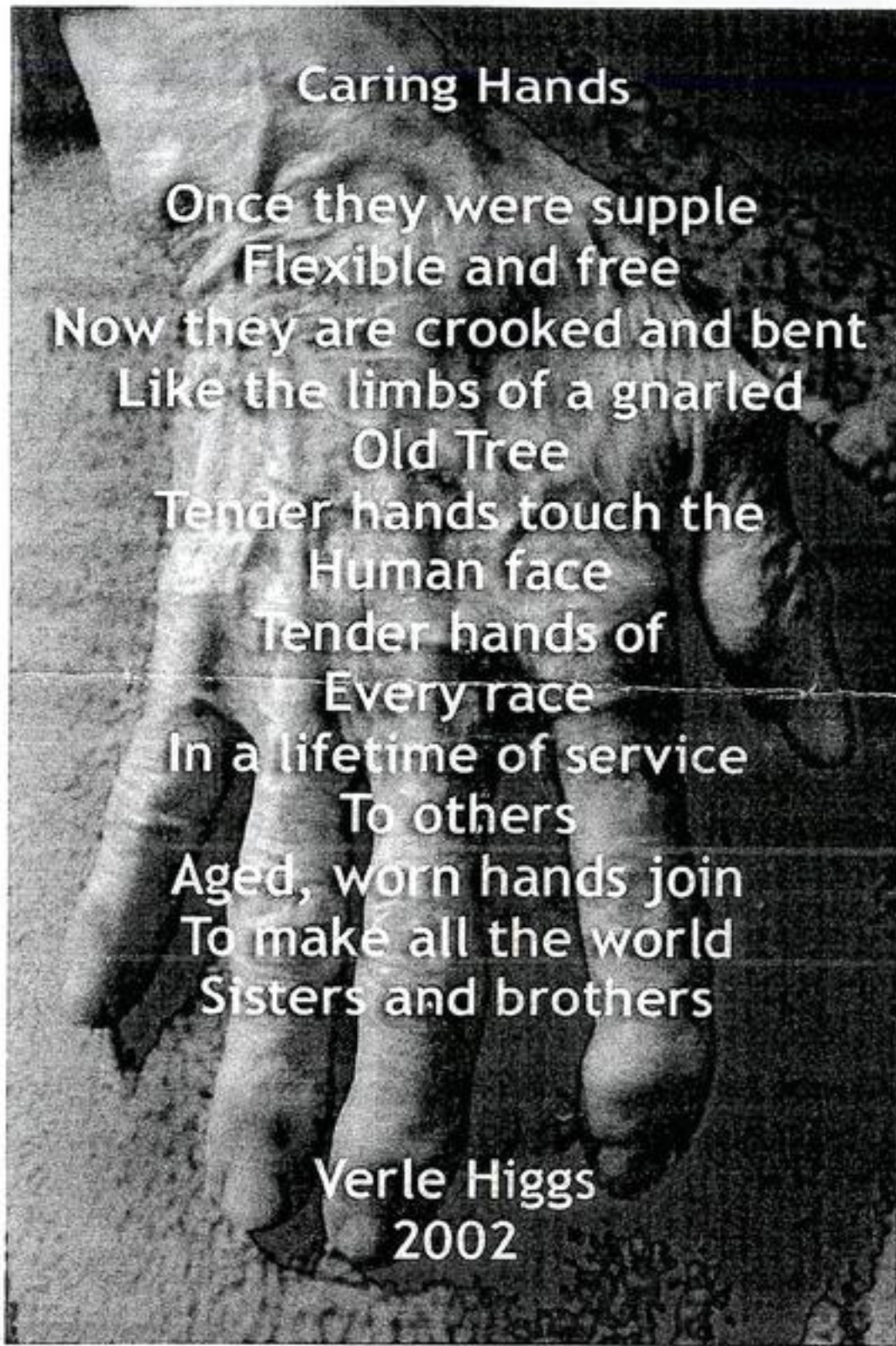
Kelly is staying with us to go to school as you know.

We will think of you on Christmas & hope it will be the last one you spend away.

Love,

Gram & Pat

Keep studying &
writing



Caring Hands

Once they were supple
Flexible and free
Now they are crooked and bent
Like the limbs of a gnarled
Old Tree
Tender hands touch the
Human face
Tender hands of
Every race
In a lifetime of service
To others
Aged, worn hands join
To make all the world
Sisters and brothers

Verle Higgs
2002

*OK. Took this photo
of my "gnarled" old
hand.*

Caring Hands

Once they were supple
flexible and free.
Now they are crooked and bent
like the limbs of a gnarled
old tree.
Tender hands touch the
human face.
Tender hands of
every race.
In a lifetime of service
to others.
Aged, worn hands join
To make all the world
sisters and brothers.

Verle Nichols Higgs

2002

for my beloved
John Michael Connolly.

Keep writing. You have
a gift too. You know I
was named Poet of the Year
in Hollywood 2002 & Orlando
Florida in 2003. I was awarded
a large silver bowl for each
year. I've been invited by The
International Society of Poetry
to attend next Convention
in Wash. D.C. in August.
Karen will go with me. Bob
has to be there in Aug. too.

You know you can get
my poems on internet
Poetry, Verle Higgins. Com

Love you

Gram

Rh - 559 271-8146

Christmas Gift 1914

It was Christmas Eve. We rode in an open horse drawn sleigh over a snow packed country road. The bottom of the sleigh had been cushioned with aromatic hay topped with bright homemade quilts forming a snug shelter from the bitter cold of a northern winter.

We huddled, wriggling under more patchwork comforters. There were six of us, five motherless young children and our father, driving through a brilliant star filled night to a Christmas party, several miles from our ranch home. Our icy breath formed bubble brief shapes all about us.

We children tingled with excitement. The jingling sleigh bells on the harness, the wonder of the star lighted white world about us, the prospect of a party, combined to fill us with ecstasy. There was a short service of prayer and beautiful music.

Then suddenly with "Ho Ho's", Santa Claus burst in, causing shivers and gasps of joy. Each impatiently waiting child was given a small string bag of candy, a rare treat in itself, but wonder of wonders to me, also a great fragrant orange!

I had never seen an orange! The luscious fruit seemed a bit of fairy tale magic to one small awe stricken child. No later gift, however costly, has ever given so much joy.

This is a true story
I was 4. It was the happiest
Christmas I ever had in my
childhood, the only happy one
In March of that year
Dad married again.

My mother died when I was
2. My little sister was born on
Easter & our mother died on the
next Easter. ~~She~~ told Dad when
she was dying to "Get a good mother
for our children & see that they all
go to college." She put herself through
Stephens College in Miss^{ouri} & became a teacher
& a governess to the then Gov. of Missouri's
children. She never got to vote. She died in 1912
Dad ^{women} tried to do both but Ma did

turned out to be a sadistic hypocrite
& the depression took ^{all} the money he
saved working from daylight to
dark all his life. In spite of
everything he never gave up & neither
have you or ~~are~~ your grandmother
Right?

Tribute to an Angel

When

I was little, about three years old,
A bigger six- or eight-year-old boy came
To live in our neighborhood.

He asked why I had no mother. I said,
“My mother is an angel in heaven.”

That is what I had been told.

I knew it was true. The angel always
Stood each night at the foot of my bed.

She was all in white; her wings were
White too, and huge. She was always
Silent, but to me she was a comfort

Because she was always there.

“Your mother is not an angel. She
Is dead. She is buried in the ground
And the worms are eating her.”

That is what the big boy said.

After that the angel never came again.

I felt lost and lonely for many years.

When I was twenty-three I found myself

In what I later found was known as
St. Peter's Room. I was six months from
Death of the same disease that took my
Mother's life. I was in the wing of the
Hospital reserved for the terminally ill.

Outside the large window in my

Quiet room a young tree was
Growing. Often, birds perched there

Continued from page 3

And sang to keep me company.
Slowly as I rested, I began to regain
The faith I'd lost so cruelly as a child.
I regained my health—a miracle cure,
The doctors called it. Since then, many
More miracles have come my way.
Wonderful doctors who have saved
My life repeatedly. A family of my own;
A feeling of belonging, of accomplishment
In my chosen profession. A chance
To travel, to study, to try to understand
What it means today to be a global
Citizen as we all must learn to be.
I think the angel, my guardian angel,
Helped me to achieve all these things.
She has always been there.
She never left.

Today is Kellys B.D

Erin is at home again

Donna called to say she & girls
would take me to dinner
for my B.D -

I went to a C.R.T.A luncheon
Calif. Retired Teachers on the 7th &
when I got home I had a letter ~~from~~
from Drs. Without Borders, which
I sent ^{police} with money to help them. The
letter was to thank me. They said
everyone in their New York office
liked it very much - Drs Without
Borders was started in France &
spread world wide, The New York
office is the U.S.A. Inc. headquarters
As you know they won the Nobel
Peace Prize in 1999 -

Hoping to see you before
long - Your B.D card will come
later
Love,
Gram

All copy the letter for you & send it. & poem
P. 211 AM

Transience

Recognition, numbing pain
 Of innocence defiled.
 Resigned acceptance,
 Yet faith aroused,
 Writhes unconquered—
 Contesting still,
 Until the final moment,
 When truth revealed,
 Shall triumph over
 The descent of darkness.

Dear Johnnie -

First poem I sent to World of Poetry
 in 1989. It won a Golden Poet Award &
 a place in their Who's Who in Poetry in 1990

I can't send you my book I'm sorry
 but I can send my poems with my
 letters. Pat tried to get Office Depot to
 send it but they only copied it so
 they couldn't. Gloria Laube put it together
 at my request.

I'm writing to Bob today. We
 haven't heard from D.K. As an
 expectative in his company he has
 little time off. We'll let him go - to see
 his Dad when he can. He promised
 he would when he called me on
 Mother's Day.

(over)

Pat Kelly + I will come when
Pat can get time from his
job - Maybe Ernie will come too
Will let you know.

Tribute to an Angel is
The experience that produced
Transcendence -

I told you didn't I that
your mother has bought a
large ranch in the Gold Rush
Country up north around Marysville
& Oroville? She's here getting packed
for the move - Sold her house
in 2 days. Could have gotten more
if she'd taken longer as there were
later larger offers. She got what
she needed, it was I think the 33rd
house she'd lived in - ~~for~~ all of them
she improved & some she sold for
a profit as she did this one. I run to
back of last page

3-29-62

Easter Blessings!

NO GREATER LOVE

They were together by the stair,
 A man, his friend in a wheelchair.
 The able rushed headlong to safety below
 The two waiting there had nowhere to go
 Blocking the exit they knew would doom many.

They were just two.
 They perished together by the stair.
 In the wheelchair a Christian
 A friend to the end was a Jew.

Verle Higgs

Dear Johnnie - Here is
 your money order for \$100. +
 1 lb of stamps.

Sandy is here over Easter
 We hope to see the girls -

More later. Want to get
 these in the mail. Both my
 last poems won an Editors Choice
 Award from the ~~National~~
 International Academy of Poetry

These poems & stories. You have - talent & love