

## THE ALDERMAN HOME

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Among the pines and orange trees near a little Florida town,  
Is the nearest earth-heaven home I have found.  
The house built of native lumber sits on a lake shore,  
With a lawn beautified with red, white and blue flowers galore.

The plantation is a part of Geo. Colby's original homestead.  
Mr. Colby built a temple where the living commune with the dead.  
This temple, at Casadaga, is now known far and wide,  
And in it the citizens of the little town take great pride.

From the pulpit of this temple messages of good cheer  
Are brought from those who have passed on, yet are very near  
To those now on earth plane, building and clearing the way  
Along the passage they will travel some sweet day.

All of the folks of this friendly little town are very kind,  
And you might travel the whole world over and never find  
A more cordial welcome for their guests, so be sure and plan,  
To visit this beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Alderman.

The breeze off the lake thru the branches of the trees,  
Is laden with sweet fragrance, and the hum of the bees  
Making honey for future days, should remind us anew,  
That we should always "keep sweet" whatever we do.

The heavenly home we enter, and progress by degrees,  
Is our final abode above this earth and the seas.  
But when you wish an inspiration from earth friends most true,  
Visit the Alderman home in the garden of flowers red, white and blue.

By T. J. Wright, DeLand, Fla., May 29, 1942.

Dear Mrs. Alderman.

I hope the above lines will express, in a measure, my appreciation for your friendship and help. If I had learned more of the history of your town, the Colby homestead, the birth date and place of you folks and your family, I could have expanded quite a bit.

I have been busy trying to sell my house, and naturally my mind has not been on writing poems, so I offer the above as a small token of a true friendship.

I believe I will close a deal within the next few days, then I will be off for the North, but will always remember my friends at Casadaga. Yours very truly,

*T. J. Wright*