

# *Adaline's Anguish*

*Sweet Baby John, so cold, so cold,  
How very much I long to hold you one more time,  
And see you reach your arms to me.  
So much to teach.*

*I walked you, rocked you, hugged you tight.  
Your weary cries pierced through the night.  
My bosom bums in anguished pain.  
I long to nourish you again.*

*Dear Baby John, why must you die?  
Is it so wrong to question why?  
Your sparkling eyes are closed, so still.  
Your grave is gaping on the hill.  
The box is waiting, opened wide.  
How can I place you there inside and close the lid?  
We must go on, and leave you here, my Baby John.*

*I know that angels guard your rest.  
At resurrection we'll be blessed.  
I know in Heaven we'll reunite.  
I know these things.  
But sweet, sweet John,  
Heaven seems so far, so long.  
I want you now, to touch you still.  
Not leave you there upon the hill.*

Composed 1997 by Rebecca Parrish Miskin (1929-2018), wife of Richard Belnap Miskin (1929-2013), great grandson of Gilbert Belnap and Adaline Knight through Gilbert's son Reuben.

A copy of this poem was placed inside the John McBride Belnap Tool Chest on 5 Jul 1997 at Simpson's Hollow, Wyoming.