

JIM PALMER

Palmer was the guidance counselor for the class of 1959 as well as other classes.

The following clipping and poems were brought to the July 14, 2015 Picnic by Dona Lou Edlund Duffy.

A POEM

Jim Palmer

Cornelius House Resident and Poet Laureate

Jim and Lee Palmer have lived in Cornelius House since it opened in 2005. They hail from the Groveland Park neighborhood. Both were teachers (Jim was also a counselor, then principal). As we go to press, Jim is in our Transitional Care Center, and Lee just moved to Iris Park Commons for Assisted Living. "Everything we need is right here" says Jim. "That makes it easier to roll with the punches."

Changing Times

*When I was young and rich with time to spend on things eternal,
tomorrow and in just a little while seemed to me forever.*

Now I grow old and days are dear, tomorrow and forever seen just a little while at last.

Collection of Poems

Old Age

I have the blessings of dementia
in everything I do,
no longer staid and boring
but creative, fresh and new.
I take poetic license
in every word I spell,
remake your favorite story
no matter what you tell,
but the greatest of my blessings
is not these odds and ends
but running into folks I know
and finding fine new friends.

I Am Old

I am old
as all can see
I may deny,
but my bones agree
For old is dust
my brightness now is dulled with rust.
my dignity – a crude disguise
Just getting old
won't make one wise.
For underneath - deep down inside-
a place a little boy can hide.