

The Rainbow Passage

When the sunlight strikes raindrops in the air, they act like a prism and form a rainbow.

The rainbow is a division of white light into many beautiful colors.

These take the shape of a long round arch, with its path high above, and its two ends apparently beyond the horizon.

There is, according to legend, a boiling pot of gold at one end.

People look, but no one ever finds it.

When a man looks for something beyond his reach, his friends say he is looking for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

My Grandfather

You wish to know all about my grandfather.

Well, he is nearly ninety-three years old, yet he still thinks as swiftly as ever.

He dresses himself in an old black frock coat, usually several buttons missing.

A long beard clings to his chin, giving those who observe him a pronounced feeling of the utmost respect.

When he speaks, his voice is just a bit cracked and quivers a bit.

Twice each day he plays skillfully and with zest upon a small organ.

Except in the winter when the snow or ice prevents, he slowly takes a short walk in the open air each day.

We have often urged him to walk more and smoke less, but he always answers, “Banana oil!”

Grandfather likes to be modern in his language.