



I Believe . . .

I believe in music.
 I believe in the laughter of children.
 I believe in the first day of spring and the soft whispers of lovers.
 I believe in logs crackling in a stone fireplace, keeping away the chill of a long winter's night.
 I believe in hiking alongside a quiet lake in the fresh mountain air.
 I believe in the wholesome goodness of natural foods.
 I believe in rows of wheat, softly swayed by a gentle wind under the hot summer sun.
 I believe in the unfathomable beauty of stars in the clear night sky.
 I believe in a mother duck, leading her young through the reeds of a northern Alberta pond.
 I believe in the peaceful solitude of a green Alpine meadow.
 I believe in puppies, curled at the foot of a small child's bed.
 I also believe in Zorkon, Supreme Ruler of the Galactic Confederation of Alpha Centauri.

Kent Cochrane



Shriner's Life

I'm looking so fine in my shriner's hat,
 I'm not too tall, and I'm kinda fat.
 I sure know where the good scene's at;
 Make a nice fur vest from the fur bath mat.

I'll put Nana Mouskouri on the hi-fi,
 Fetch the vacuum tube; we'll give it one more try.
 You know it, baby, that I'm pretty sly
 'Cause I'm a cool shriner on the fly.

Scott Rogers