Chapel

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Wind

By Bill McKay

It's cold tonight and the wind is sharp.
She plays on the trees, her natural harp—
Whistles in chimneys and whacks on doors,
She laughs at the farmer who does his chores,
And tosses the birds that try to fly
In a whipping, whistling, whirling sky.
Sometimes I wish that I were wind,
Without a care—undisciplined.

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Chapel

By Dorothy Baker

With hushed steps I passed through the Gothic arch into
a bigness—a reverent quietness that sank deep. My
eyes traveled down the stretch of red carpet, past rows and
rows of high-backed pews to the big window above the choir
loft, from which little patches of red and blue slid down on dusty
sunbeams to quiver upon the intricately carved pulpit. From
the high, arched windows on the right, a friendly amber glow
diffused itself throughout the room. I ventured a few steps,
and stole into a cushioned pew. Somewhere an organ re­
leased its mellow vibrations to the broad beams and cylindrical
lanterns of the pointed ceiling, while from everywhere a
strange peace came and stayed.