

# ***Nancy Lee Baker***

***June 6, 1921-August 16, 2015***



"I always wanted to live where  
I could fly planes, and  
wear jeans and boots."  
-Nancy Lee Baker

ORAL HISTORY 2015-33

**Welcome**

**Honor guard**

**"High Flight"**

poem by John Gillispie Magee, Jr. (Royal Canadian Air force)

**Opening- "Oh What a Life"**

**Nancy's poem**

**Pioneer Home Band,**

some of Nancy's favorites to sing-a-long

**"Sharing Stories"**

**"My High"** written by Nancy L. Baker a WASP January 26, 1948

**Closing; Honor Guard**

**Toast to Nancy!**



"Today I am richer than yesterday  
by a friend;  
May each day lend  
Such reason for it's being."  
- Nancy Lee Baker

***Refreshments***

***Please remember to sign the guest book  
and  
write a postcard to support the Pioneer Homes in Alaska***



## My High A Wonderful Illusion

written January 26, 1948  
By Nancy Lee Baker  
(WASP)



You don't know I'll bet  
That I was a king one day  
I rode a throne of silver wings  
O'er mountains fields, and bay.

Whole fields of wheat did bow to me  
As I come passing by,  
And nature's greens did change their hue  
Just to please my eye.

Each wisp of wind went by said "Hi"  
Each cumulus puff just winked,  
The mountains did but proudly nod  
As I the heavens gaily trod.

Great big cities waved to me  
From many miles away,  
And bid me tarry over them  
And spread my wings and play.

The sunbeams on their way to earth  
Would murmur sounds of laughter,  
The earth would add her glee to them  
And send them back to me in rapture.

Each steepled church in the countryside  
A transient service held for me,  
Each child, each tree o'er which I'd fly  
Was happier for my passing by  
And so was I.

For no obdurate king was I,  
As plain to see in the ecstasy they saved for me,  
But humble, under a proud earthly whim  
And thankful to them for letting me play king.



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