



Point Conception Light Station - 1930

The Keeper's Daughter

I am the Keeper's daughter in such a beautiful world.
 I sit quietly, alone, tucked into a shelf in the cliff's side,
 Hidden from everyone, everything, dreaming
 I draw my World near, to enfold me, to protect me, to teach me.
 I breathe deeply of my World, I think, I feel, no longer child, I am special.
 Only the sea, the gulls, the breeze know me now.

My breeze lifts me, carries me, softly, high and far to the Horizon.
 Releasing me to be one with the Sea, the gentle sea, rolling silently toward the shore.
 Undulating up, then down, onward, always onward toward the shore.
 Toward the light with its beams seeking to find me, to guide me.
 There! There it is, nearing quickly, the Land, Cliffs, Sand and Rocks.
 I rush into the Tidal Pools, refilling them, refreshing them
 Nourishing the small, wondrous creatures waiting there for the child to come,
 Waiting for the child to look, to touch, to feel awe and delight.
 To be fulfilled with each new discovery.

Now gently, lovingly, I lap at the sand, falling back surging again, and yet again.
 Joyously leaving foam and bubbles to show I am home.
 For I am the Keeper's Daughter.
 But wait! The wind has come to find me; it blows me up, then out to Sea,
 Whirling me this way, that way, up, down; waves high, angry, reach for me.
 Again I am one with the Sea, the Furious Sea, no longer a child,
 I am exhilarated, breathless, wild, free.
 Tossing, turning, rushing onward, ever onward toward the land.
 There! There, I see the Light - its beams guiding me to shore.

I beat fiercely at the rocks, rising high, crashing down.
 Sending my spray soaring up and up, over the cliffs
 Showing my power, reveling in my strength.
 Hear me! See me! Fear me! Love me!
 Quietly now, wind grasps me, taking me to the light -
 Spreading a blanket of soft, fluffy fog to enfold me.
 I am child; I am special. I breathe deeply of my world.
 The Horn bellows, loud, clear, joyously, welcoming me home.
 Held in the lap of the Keeper, cherished in his arms as I was in the Sea,
 My World is complete... I am the Keeper's Daughter.

—Dedicated to Keeper William Bayard Moll
 By Dixie Moll Cumings