

MEMORIES

Memories are funny things
They shape our thinking
And make us laugh... most of the time.

A simple sound or voice
Reminds us of someone
And our spirits melt

A certain aroma transports us
To a place of shared happiness
And with closed eyes... we remember

Music... that magical memory maker
Moves us to hear
Echoes of love and hope

A touch... gentle and strong
Jogs my forgetfulness
And I see my love

A beautiful scene
Passes our eyes
And we are once again ...there

All these things are
Weaving the threadbare fabric of the past
And we smile.

By Richard D Harris, Chaplain 1/14/2009