

## *Life's Day*

*Red and pink tinged clouds strive to hide the glory of the setting Sun,*

*But they bring the message of a bright tomorrow,*

*And as Life's Little Day draws swiftly to its close,*

*We can but think of hours just past.*

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*Memories of a morning filled with a foggy mist of foolish ways,*

*When we were young and life was filled to brimming with magical thoughts of things new and of things to be explored*

*Things that brought promise of adventure in a fine and wonderful future still shrouded in the confusion of early morn,*

*This was a time when childish young hearts were full of dreams of all things magical.*

*Glorious dreams when the world stood waiting for us appear on the stage.*

*Then we remember the time when the Sun burned away the mist of early childhood*

*And we thought a little more clearly as we raced to make our mark on the world.*

*With our new radical and Earth shattering ideas of approaching adulthood that we believed were imperative if the human race was to survive.*

*And we wondered why the old folk just smiled at our new ideas,*

*Then carried on as before.*

*This was a time to strive to let the world know we were here,*

*And if in our mad search for knowledge, we trampled a few others,*

*They should learn to move over - or be trampled underfoot.*

*This is the world of the young - to be grasped with both hands*

*As the sun rises in the noonday sky,*

*We find time to stop and look at the beauty of the world around us,*

*And to breathe in the sweet scent of life itself.*

*The many things we just took for granted in our youth,  
Are born again in our eyes and we cherish them.  
And sometimes, a tear may appear as we recall a fond far off memory.*

*Now the sun starts its downward path toward a beautiful evening,  
When the heat of the day begins to fade and we can sit in the shade to take our  
leisure,  
To dream of another generation still in the cradle, and perhaps reflect on our  
own early faltering steps towards wisdom.  
Our thoughts come tumbling in from all sides  
And as we worry of how the world we love has changed,  
And whether it will survive another generation, now that the things we cherished  
have swept away in a storm of change.*

*Again the pink and red tinged clouds drift slowly across the sun  
And begins its path towards night  
We sit quietly in the evening of our lives,  
Tired but happy,  
And we are left with nothing but memories of what has been.  
Our day's work is done.  
Did we do well?  
We all hope so.*

*And so to sleep the sleep of ages,  
Our dreams fulfilled.  
We sleep in Peace*