GROWING OLD

BY ELIZABETH D. PEARSON

AS WE GROW OLDER ALL TRUTH SEEMS TRUER,
AND THE SIMPLER THINGS OF LIFE SEEM BEST,
AND THE FAULTS IN OUR FRIENDS AND
NEIGHBORS GROW SMALLER,
AS OUR SUN SINKS LOW IN THE WEST.

THE YEARS PASS MORE QUICKLY, |
AS OUR STEPS GROW SLOWER,
AND OLD FRIENDS GROW FEWER
ALONG THE WAY;
BUT OUR LOVE GROWS GREATER, AND MORE
UNDERSTANDING
OF THOSE WE LOVE BEST, WHO WALK WITH US
DAY BY DAY.

IN YOUTH LOVE IS SWEET,
BUT IN AGE IT IS SWEETER,
MELLOWED BY LAUGHTER, PATIENCE AND TEARS.
YOUTH IS QUICK AND INTOLERANT,
AGE – CALM AND BENEVOLENT,
TEMPERED BY EXPERIENCE, THROUGH LONG
CHANGING YEARS.

DARLING, LIFE HAS BEEN FULL;
WE HAVE SHARED IT TOGETHER,
ALL THE SORROWS AND JOYS OF CHILDREN
AND HOME.
WE HAVE FILLED THE GREAT MEASURE,
FOR WHICH WE WERE CREATED,
AND ARE BACK WHERE WE STARTED,
JUST WE TWO ALONE.

THEN, DEAR, LET'S GIVE THANKS,
AND KEEP CLOSE TOGETHER,
AND SPEAK EVER KINDLY IN LOW GENTLE TONE,
THAT OUR FAITH MAY ENDURE THROUGH THE
LONG SEPARATION
WHEN ONE SHALL PASS ON
LEAVING THE OTHER ALONE.