

From the Vicar's Desk



**Crabby Old Man
(Part I of II)**

What do you see, nurses? What do you see?
What are you thinking.....when you're looking
at me?

A crabby old mannot very wise,
Uncertain of habitwith faraway eyes?

Who dribbles his food.....and makes no reply.
When you say in a, frustrated, loud voice.....
"I do wish you'd try!"

Who seems no notice...the things that you do.
And forever is losinga sock or shoe?

Who, resisting or not...lets you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding. The long day to fill?
Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you
see?

Open your eyes nurse....you're not looking at **me!**

I'll tell you who I am.....as I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding.....as I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of 10...with a father & mother,
Brothers and sisters.....who love one another.

A young boy of 16.....with wings on his feet,
Dreaming that soon now.....a lover he'll meet.
A groom soon at 20.....my heart gives a leap.
Remembering the vows.... I promised to keep.

At 25, now..... I have young of my own.
Who need me to guide & secure happy home.
A man of 30..... My young now, grown fast,
Bound to each other with ties that should last.

At 40, my young sons have grown & are gone,
But my woman's beside me...to see I don't mourn.
At 50, once more...Babies play 'round my knee,
Again, we know children.... My loved one & me.

Dark days are upon me..My wife is now dead.

--fr.t.

(Continued next week.)