

*From the Vicar's Desk*



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

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

I look to the future .....& I shudder with dread.  
For my young are all rearing....young of their  
own.  
I think of the years... And the love that I've  
known.

I'm now an old man.....and nature is cruel.  
'Tis jest to make old age .....look like a fool.  
The body, it crumbles....grace & vigor, depart.  
There seems a stone...where once was a  
heart.

But inside this old carcass..... A young guy  
still dwells,  
And now & again.....my battered heart swells.  
I remember the joys..... I remember the pain.  
And I'm loving & living.....life over again.

I think of the years.....all gone too fast.  
& accept the stark fact.....that noth'n can last.  
So open your eyes, people.....open & see...  
Not a crabby old man.

Look closer....see.....*ME!*

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***Remember this poem when you next meet  
an older person.  
See the young soul within and be kind.  
We're not all that far behind!***

*Sincerely and in Him,  
fr. t.*