

FOUR SEASONS

In the spring we laughed and played,
There was much fun to be had.
Too young to really understand
The love of Mom and Dad.

We just knew, they were always there,
And they would always be,
Our beds were warm, our stomachs full,
Content as we could be.

In the summer we grew up,
And knew all there was to know,
And Mom and Dad were in our way,
We needed room to grow.

They tried to lead us down the path
That they would have us go.
But we were in a hurry,
And they were just too slow

In the fall we found ourselves
Repeating those same lines.
The ones we heard from Mom and Dad
So many countless times.

We swore we'd never be like them,
But now we find we are.
If only we had known back then
They were our shining star.

Now winter is upon us
Mom and Dad have gone on home.
Our kids are raising families
And we find ourselves alone.

Soon we'll be back with them,
Oh, the memories we'll share.
We'll tell them how we missed them.
The times that they weren't there.

Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter,
How fast they're flying by.
Our lives are almost over
And we'll be gone just like a sigh.

By Barbara Cochran