

RECOLLECTIONS

Can you recall those happy days
When you were just a child?
Perhaps in someone's living room,
Or in the meadow wild,
Where flowers bloom with colors
That would make the angels smile.

When life has taken you for a ride
Down some lonely way,
Oft-times those memories of old
Will brighten up your day.
And then with all the happiness
Of children in the lane,
You'll turn around in your mind
And come back home again.

By Charles R. Rose

Written in 2003 for Christmas letter sent to family members.