

[This article was written by my father at a time when he was concerned about his physical wellness and did not think he would be able to raise his four children. P]L]

Life's Short Day

Joseph W. Lawson
(Written in late 1940's)

Time is swiftly running out
It waits not a second for me;
Too few the remaining moments
Of this preface to eternity.

So many things I planned to do
Ere the close of Life's short day;
Some of them I would do now,
If I could bid time to stay.

I'd walk in an April shower,
Feel the raindrops' gentle caress;
And wait for the sun to shine again
To catch Nature at her best.

I'd pause in the quiet of evening,
Feel its breeze gently finger my hair;
Softly as an Angel's wings
Winnowing the air.

I'd go again to the chapel,
Once again with the choir I would sing;
Giving thanks unto the Lord,
The Author of every good thing.

I'd gather my loved ones about me
And thank them for being mine;
Then, quietly, without a murmur,
I'd surrender myself to Time.