

## LEST WE FORGET

We asked them once  
To give their lives--  
Their hearts and souls—  
To work and dream  
For us.

It was not then  
As if we spoke—  
We were not born.  
They were concerned  
For us.

A small flock, they.  
And weak at best—  
Not perfect, true—  
But well, secure  
For us.

Now we are told  
To take the reins  
And build upon  
Their building done,  
For them.

We ought not, though,  
To set them off.  
We need them still  
To build with us—  
For them.

Lord God of hosts,  
Suffer us not—  
Children of theirs—  
To thoughtless be  
For them,

Or work as if  
To work alone  
Will make us free  
To better build  
For them.

Help us to sense  
What they must feel

Who now are old,  
Yet far from spent  
For you.

Better by far  
To join with them  
Than scattered be—  
First them, then us  
For you.

What do years mean?  
'Tis spirit counts,  
And we are free  
Who tend our roots  
For you.

Help all of us  
Remember them—  
Returning love,  
Rewarding care,  
For you.

JRH  
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