

Nothing Will Be Lost

Written for a faithful friend
whose spouse has fading memory

How sacred to us
are the memories
we carry around,
near in mind and heart!

Never more poignant
than when being lost
in the waning banks
of a loved one's mind.

To no longer share
a common richness
gathered over years
tugs at heart and soul.

Love is in anguish
over what to do,
not to mention say,
nor to mention share.

Does God know—or care?
Faith and grace grow lean
and care-giving weighty,
as time takes its toll.

Yet be reminded:
God does remember
those who remember
for those who cannot.

And he has taught us
and is teaching still:
consider the birds,
and flowers in bloom.

See the sun rising,
and seasons passing,
and heaven waiting
beyond the struggle.

Nothing will be lost,
even at the end--

nothing in mem'ry,
and nothing in hope.

Songs may be but sighs,
much too deep for words.
But God remains God.
He will see you through.

JRH
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