

A Seniors Poem.

You ask me what it's like to be a senior,  
As our sun is setting in the western sky,  
Let me tell you that our God is ever present,  
Even more than when I was just a boy.

The time flies by yet there are daily dawns,  
When strength is given for each present day,  
The presence of my God and only Saviour,  
Is turning life's November's into May.

The springtime now, to us is just a memory,  
The heat of midday toil, we still recall,  
Most seniors sit and drink their tea or coffee,  
And watch the young folk running with the ball.

You think it's harvest time for us poor seniors,  
You think our day is past, we'll soon be gone,  
Don't fool yourself, God's given us his promise.  
And harvest time is spring when we get home.

CSB @CBS.