Message in a Bottle 5-15-15

To Future Beka

One day you will sit and stare at some images

Of people long gone from when you were young

Stories you were told by mom and by dad

Of faces now frozen in time for all time

Now listen grown Beka to a voice from that past

I am you grandfather and my name is Howard

I am a man of the last century

You were born in this new one

I pray that your life has been filled with wonder

That happiness and wisdom have grown hand in hand

But life can be cruel not always bountiful the harvest

Weather those storms and smile in the sunshine

Dwell in the bliss and leave the sadness behind

Life is a blessing for all that can grasp it

The glass almost full a pleasure to drink

So fill that glass daily with all that life offers

Learn lessons from the bitter so not to be repeated

Surround yourself with friends that nourish your soul

Treasure each day so that time is not wasted

For each road that is walked one day comes to an end