

# CHERISHED MEMORIES

Remembrance wakens deep within,  
a thought that oft times will begin,  
as memories of decades past,  
hover just beyond our grasp.

Then sunlight burns the clouds away,  
and brings us back to live the day  
where gathered friends do congregate,  
upon white beaches with intent  
to build with sand a castle grand,  
and laugh while holding a child's hand  
as waves of liquid seas do pound,  
our beaten toes into the ground.

Christmas time comes once a year  
but preparations, never fear,  
begin when children's feet ascend  
that first school bus at summer's end.  
we meet each week in back yards green,  
then move inside with autumn's gleam  
to choose with care each gift to buy,  
which house will host, which foods to try.

our families greet to share this treat,  
we watch our children laugh and play  
and thank each other for this day.

Years flow past, our lives do change,  
we grew our minds, and in exchange  
our time expanded to include,  
a larger sphere of interlude.

to keep our memories intact  
a strong idea became our pact,  
we would meet each month at eight  
to drink some wine and eat some cake.  
along the way our friendship grew,  
we laughed together, cried and knew  
that love defined our motley crew.

I give thanks for the memory of the times when we shared all of life's happiness  
and grief. We grew from the young wives of yesterday to the strong, wise and  
wonderful women we are today. Dedicated to the Ladies of our Card Group:  
Ingrid, Janet, Joan, Lynn, Muriel, Pat S. & Pat B.

Patricia M. Bishop

c: April 11, 2020