

Look To The Memories

*Memories are the times of the past;
That you wish would only last.
The times and the people who were only so dear,
Which comes suddenly just to disappear.
Your heart is full of sorrow,
But you can only look for tomorrow.
And when tomorrow is finally here,
Look to the memories to reappear.
But don't let the memories fade away;
Because they were here once and meant for to stay.
And as for the loved ones that past away,
Look to the memories as we may pray.
And as we turn old;
The memories that we've kept are as precious as gold.*

This poem was written by Wendy Brandt. It has been published in the National Beta Club Magazine and the Bamberg Advertiser-Herald.

