

Loss

When candles burn at Christmas time each year
And in their glow you see with memory's eye –
Would wish you not to see the joy you've known
So that the pain of loss could not be shown?

Of those we say we've known in friendship true
And speak about and laughingly recall –
'Tis more than half of memories we have
About the ones who make our spirit glad.

Feel joy that you may keep this gift of thought
That brings to mind the happy scenes long gone.
For as we've lived, experienced and grown,
We are the sum of all that we have known.