

## Some Thoughts on Our Turning Seventy

### The Apple of My Eye

She's always been  
The apple of my eye  
Even when we did not  
See eye to eye  
And struggled  
To be right  
We'd sometimes fight,  
And cry inside  
And almost die--  
And yet she remained  
The apple of my eye.



We first held hands  
Half a hundred  
Years ago --  
Where did they go?  
How'd we grow so old  
So fast, we ask?  
So slow at times  
to realize that time  
is so short and our love  
So precious dear.

Time to wake up  
And fully see that  
in a few short years  
we shall not be  
together as now,  
for one of us must go  
while the other will  
stay on and lament  
the passing, and hope for  
some reunion everlasting.

Now is the time  
To remember  
All the good times  
We shared as a dream  
The children we bore,  
The grandchildren  
We have now as we  
Prepare to pass the torch,  
Having lit the way  
With lives well spent.

And realizing this  
Let us wrest  
From our remaining years  
The very best  
time has to offer us.  
And polish up  
The shiny apples  
Which the new Eden  
Offers us to savor  
And enjoy every bite  
As we move on.



Written the night after our family spend the day with us, fixed us dinner, and sang songs to regale us.