

Treasured Ocean Days

I love summertime at the sea!
Roaring, rolling turquoise waves,
Soaring seagulls cawing through the skies,
Soft sand underfoot and between the toes,
Four giggly girls, dashing through the crashing waves.
Racing to catch up, one just-turned-three, curly-blond boy.
Laughing, splashing, tossing a beach ball,
Making sand castles, searching for sea shells,
Delightful days at the sunny seashore make us happy!
Each morning, eager to greet the dawn,
Sneaking past sleeping kids on the sofa bed,
With a mug of hot tea, and a Bible under my arm,
I slide open the balcony door
And marvel at the pink and purple swirls in the sky.
As the waves rise, fall, and thunder ashore,
I delight in God's exquisite creation,
And thank Him for forever memories.

Rosalyn Reiff

If Only

He putters around the yard,
Snapping off dried-up flower heads,
Yanking out gangly, wilted weeds,
Wandering about the lush green, fresh-mown grass.
Aimlessly roaming, leisurely inspecting,
Anything to keep him out of the house.
For thirty-five years, he loved her dearly.
So sweet and gentle, a woman of faith,
Cheerful grandmother, generous friend,
But a second round of cancer took her.
The house is . . . deafeningly . . . quiet . . . now,
Not even a tick-tock
Tapping from the grandfather clock,
No laughter bouncing off the walls,
No arias echoing through the rooms.
She and the happy life they shared. . . gone!
If only she would pop around the corner and say once more,
"Time for dinner, Honey."
If only he could put his arms around her one more time,
And say, "I love you, Sweetheart."
The silence loudly gongs as he softly pads
From one empty room to another.
If . . . only. . . she. . . were. . . still. . . here!

Rosalyn Reiff