

Growing Old

She welcomed me with special warmth
In her neat uncluttered room;
"Tho she tried so hard to force a smile
She wore the face of gloom.

She had always been so full of life
And it really was quite sad;
That here and now, all that was left
Were the memories she had.

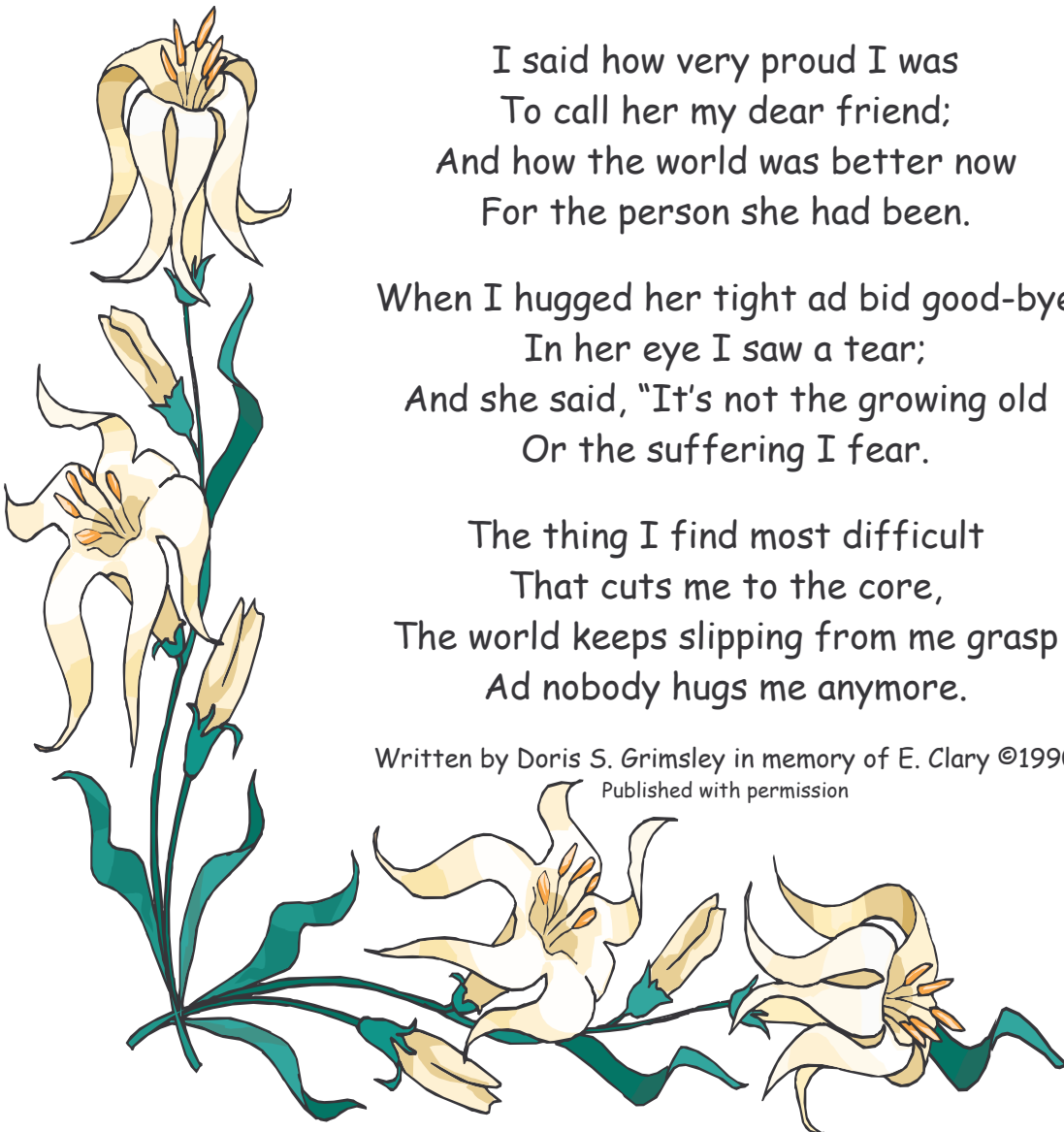
So we sat and talked of better times
And her eyes came back to life.
She recalled the days so long ago
As a mother and a wife.

I said how very proud I was
To call her my dear friend;
And how the world was better now
For the person she had been.

When I hugged her tight and bid good-bye
In her eye I saw a tear;
And she said, "It's not the growing old
Or the suffering I fear.

The thing I find most difficult
That cuts me to the core,
The world keeps slipping from my grasp
And nobody hugs me anymore.

Written by Doris S. Grimsley in memory of E. Clary ©1990
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