

We Remember Them

In the rising of the sun and its going down
we remember them.

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,
we remember them.

In the opening of the buds and in the warmth of summer,
we remember them.

In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn,
we remember them.

In the beginning of the year, and when it ends,
we remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength,
we remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart,
we remember them.

When we have joys we yearn to share,
we remember them.

So long as we live, they too shall live,
for they are now a part of us as
we remember them.

