

Wednesday's Wisdom

a weekly short note from Mike Minear

The Passage of Time

Today I turned a page in the passage of time,
A page all stained and finished in the book of life that's
mine.

that page now is history, no more to be there,
As I look with joy and gladness today's so bright and fair.

I entered this page carefully among the pages of past years,
Some were filled with happiness while others were filled
with tears.

It's so strange some how in life how the years passed
quickly by,

Without my ever noticing or did I purposely not try?

Have I treasured every moment in the pages of time?
Have I counted every blessing in the book of life that's
mine?

Today I started a new page in the events of another year.
Will I fill this page with happiness and many fewer tears

Note: A song that I remember from youth is:

As the life of a flower, as a breath or a sigh,
So the years that we live as a dream hasten by;
True, today we are here, but tomorrow may see
Just a grave in the vale, and a mem'ry of me.

Actually, the theme of so many poems is the way time so swiftly passes. The Roman poet opened : "Art Longa Vita brevis" (Art is long, Life is brief). Thus it behooves us to make the most of every minute of our lives so that at their close we can know that we have lived them well under God's guidance. **Betty Smythe** effectively presents this thought in the following poem. **Jim Smythe**