

First Journey

The past serves best as a trusty guide,
But it's not the place to dwell or hide.
Hoist sails, lay charts for a new destination.
Weigh anchor, steer your course without hesitation.

Hold steady through storm and heavy sea.
Cast off all ballast that need not be.
When the tempest calms, let wind fill your sails.
Look forward to fewer, much lighter gales.

Relish each sight that unfolds on your way.
Store those moments that bring joy each day.
For they do not last for your eyes to see,
Except in your soul, where forever they'll be.

When safe harbor glows in the setting sun,
Earth life ends, and first journey is done,
Heaven awaits those, who always hold fast,
To those moments of joy, that now eternally last.

May 2004

Copyrighted by the author. Used by permission.
Please email contact@amwell.org if you want
permission to use this in your own publications or to
reprint it.

Downloaded from www.amwell.org