

50th at 50

**T'was a long, long time ago
As the sands of ages flow,
That we mob of fellows formed into a whole.
We were pushed and pulled and stretched
Until we gave our very best,
And stood proud as we achieved that shiny goal.**

**Then we each went on our way,
Our lives consumed with work and play,
So our mem'ries and our friendships turned to mist.
But by some miracle of fate
At a much more recent date
We found our old connections could persist.**

**Now fifty years have come and gone,
Eighteen thousand dusks and dawns –
Who could have dreamed that time might fly so fast?
We're all o'er that great divide,
And speeding down the other side,
Where we've learned that only priceless things can last.**

**Were you to ask me to expound,
What in my time I might have found
Which added to life's spirit and its bliss,
Upon reflection I must say
That when I reach my final day,
The thought that you should keep in mind is this:**

**If you're taking my life's measure
You won't find much gold or treasure,
As you tally up the scorecard at the end.
But when the game is through,
I'll stand among those lucky few,
Who can say we had old soldiers for good friends.**

*Brian Walrath
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