

I was given ten hours;  
ten beautiful, golden, promising hours  
in which to live.

I dreamed happily of them unfolding  
rich, full ecstatic hours  
overflowing with the exuberance of life  
and when I awoke from my dreams  
one precious hour was gone  
leaving only nine to follow.

My tears fell bitterly;

I wept long and hard,

to think that one sweet hour was wasted  
and while I cried another hour passed swiftly on  
in the way of its brother.

Anger enveloped me then ---

what unjust force had caused my time to go?

In useless rage I struck out blindly

hurting all around me  
not realizing that I  
was the true offender.

But some one returned my hatred with love  
and I reached out

to bring that elusive light closer  
as the third and then the fourth hours  
fell softly away.

On the fifth hour I loved and was loved;  
through our giving and receiving  
a small important life was given  
to the world.

Lu Jo Thicker  
age 18 years

1971



Years of joy and pride we cried  
And our lives were more meaningful  
as the sixth hour opened its doors to us.  
Through work and toil and sacrifice  
came an inner peace I had only hoped to gain.  
In tranquility and gratefulness  
I greeted the sunshine of the seventh hour.  
But sunrise leads to sunset;  
and soon left alone,  
I had only our love,  
timeless and stronger than death  
to comfort me  
and during the eight hour  
I was engulfed by longing,  
in loneliness ---  
trying to smile at the hardened faces,  
being cruelly forced to retreat,  
and hide.

Helplessness set in as did the ninth  
and nearly final hour of my life.  
I turned to God; and I turned to  
self sacrifice  
and my waiting was easier,  
The swarath of a long-past summertime  
were only two remaining claths;  
that endless, brilliant field of my memory  
and the beautiful child  
which we had borne.  
Calling the child to my side,  
I begged him to give of himself  
and never let the speeding hours slip,  
unnoticed, from his grasp.  
I filled him with the small wisdom  
of my hours,



and prayed that he  
would be blest with more insight than I;  
strange that as I knelt,  
my last hour overtook me.

I bid farewell to Earth  
to tears and sorrow, yes, and human joy,  
and smiled in understanding  
upon the children of tomorrow.

My fading sight caught the moist witness  
resting in my son's eyes,  
and I bid him not waste himself  
in sadness,  
for fulfillment was now mine,  
in death.

And at the end of the tenth hour  
I, too, was overcome to tears by a

calm, dynamic love  
extended by a gentle, forgiving Being,  
for in my eleventh hour  
I looked upon the face of my Father,  
my God.