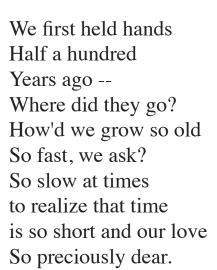
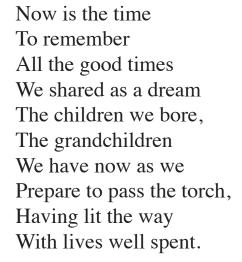
## **Some Thoughts on Our Turning Seventy**

The Apple of My Eye

She's always been
The apple of my eye
Even when we did not
See eye to eye
And struggled
To be right
We'd sometimes fight,
And cry inside
And almost die-And yet she remained
The apple of my eye.



Time to wake up
And fully see that
in a few short years
we shall not be
together as now,
for one of us must go
while the other will
stay on and lament
the passing, and hope for
some reunion everlasting.



And realizing this
Let us wrest
From our remaining years
The very best
time has to offer us.
And polish up
The shiny apples
Which the new Eden
Offers us to savor
And enjoy every bite
As we move on.



Written the night after our family spend the day with us, fixed us dinner, and sang songs to regale us.