

A Garden of Memories

Memories are the flowers in the gardens of our minds.
They refresh us like perfumed fragrances touching our very souls;
Whispering yesterday's voices like music in our ears.
They are melodies that fill the emptiness of loss with the fullness of hope.

Memories are life's pictures framed delicately for our viewing;
Touching our hearts with details that love has carefully defined.
All the flaws are meticulously brushed out with bristles softened by love;
For memories only see the good, all else has been washed away by tears.

Memories are the gentle touches of loved ones embracing us once again,
They allow the temporal to venture beyond the doors of time into eternity.
Smiles and laughter fill our hearts again in the hallway of memories,
Where, once again, we cup the smiling face of a little one now beyond our grasp.

Memories fill each day with the hope of a future beyond this life,
Where parents and children, families and friends are once again reunited.
Memories are a window into the backyard where children still run, laugh and play.
Death has no meaning in the realm of memories. Time has no monopoly on importance here.

A memory is God's gift of yesterday's joys to be opened often everyday.
Memories are not about Sunsets. Memories are life's refreshing Sunrises.
Memories are the history of the shaping of a soul; of one life touched by another.
Memories soften us, putting a twinkle in our eyes, for we have loved and been loved.

Dr. Lance T. Ketchum

Written for the Seth, Darcy & Simon Day Memorial Garden at
Grace Baptist Church of Owatonna, MN