

A Tribute to Our Elders
Falling Autumn Leaves

The seasons of life can be compared to the four seasons of nature. The words offered here are poetically styled to figuratively speak of the Elders as the passing beauty of falling autumn leaves. Like God's colorful leaves shining in the autumn sun, so are Elders honored as sparkling seniors in their brilliant and beautiful array of colors. This humble work of words seeks to salute those seniors whose lives and service are being showcased as mighty soldiers passing on dress parade.

Autumn colors, bright, bold, and wide
Signal of rest for life's ebbing tide
First signs and calls of birth did speak
Unspoken motions snatch the broken and weak
Wind's soft echo charms life and heat
Falling leaves covet earth's waiting seat
Rising strong in the clear morning light
Perched proudly aloft with wisdom and sight
But Time's spirit slows their hurried pace
Unbounded witnesses must surrender the chase
Gray clouds drift pass the moon's silhouette
Signal of the promise awaits, but no, not yet
Nature's death contented with a solitary quest
And quietly paints the somber season with her colorful crest
Leaving life's service enshrined on Heaven's breast
Whispering hints of a treasured sum, and something more
A new day dawning, full, complete as never before
Though gentle light flees and darkness lingers long
Elders, evening travelers, hear the welcoming song
Slumber season musters one eternal plea
A distant horizon hails in joyful glee
Unmarked lines and no man numbers a path to score
Heaven's parting curtain of autumn unveils the door
Prancing in pride beneath Heaven's brow
Though golden-clad by grace with faith earth's seniors shall bow
Rejoicing to receive autumn's promise and winter's rest,
The might of mortals now unchained at God's request.

Rev. Louis Hudson, III