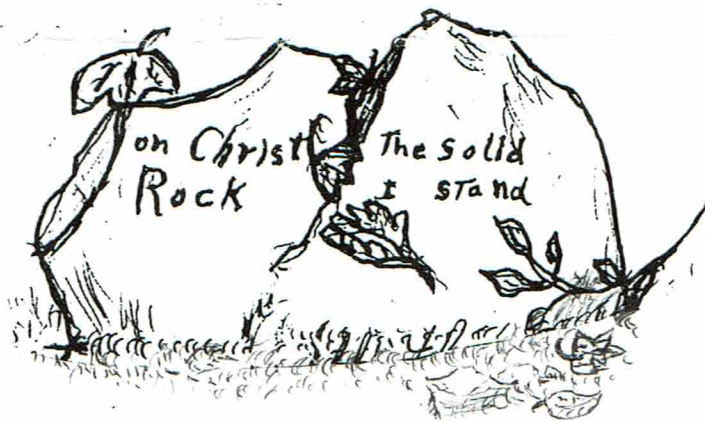


"Ah autumn with thy falling leaves."



7 (mike) My Husband also left with the leaves in Oct. 1980

Falling Leaves

Again my heart with sadness fills
At the beauty of the hills,
And the woodland all aflame
Brings again that nameless pain.
Autumn leaves drift to the ground
O'er another fresh turned mound.
Because you've left earth's good and ill,
It seems the wheels of the world stand still.
What will I do without you?
I don't know how to bear
The silence you leave behind you,
The sight of your empty chair.
I love you dear, but you've gone away
And you are deaf to the words I say,
As I whisper o'er your head
Words I wish I would have said.
You cannot hear me, cannot know
That I am near who loved you so.
How can I go back all alone
To that empty house that we called home?
Open the door, see your empty chair
Knowing you'll never again be there?
Your voice not answer to my call,
Only the rustling leaves of fall.
There at the door in the still night air
I sensed a presence waiting there.
I heard Him say, "You are not alone,
We'll both go into your empty home".
His words so sweet, I can't forget,
They linger in my memory yet,
And when autumn comes and tears would fall,
His words of comfort I recall.
Still on my threshold lingering near,
The echoes of His words I hear,
When falling leaves of gold and red
Whisper softly 'round my head,
"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee". #Feb. 13, 5

Marion Moran Bilello

"Ah- Autumn with thy falling leaves".