

Recording of a Cemetery

Today we walked where others walked
On a lonely, windswept hill;
Today we talked where others cried
For Loved Ones whose lives were stilled.
Today our hearts were touched
By graves of tiny babies;
Snatched from the arms of loving kin,
In the heartbreak of the ages.
Today we saw where the grandparents lay
In the last sleep of their time;
Lying under the trees and clouds –
Their beds kissed by the sun and wind.
Today we wondered about an unmarked spot;
Who lies beneath this hollowed ground?
Was it a babe, child, young, or old?
No indication could be found.
Today we saw where Mom and Dad lay.
We have been here once before
On a day we'd all like to forget,
But will remember forever more.
Today we recorded for kith and kin
The graves of ancestors past;
To be preserved for generations hence,
A record we hope will last.
Cherish it, my friend, preserve it, my friend.
For stones sometimes crumble to dust
And generations of folks yet to come
Will be grateful for your trust.

✍️ Thelma Greene Reagan



Photo was originally published in *Texas Highways*, Old Waverly Cemetery, January 1983, Volume 30 #1, page 44. Used with permission.