

To An Old Camper- (submitted by Margo Janiak)

You may think my dear, when you grow quite old
You have left camp days behind
But I know the scent of wood smoke
Will always call to mind
Little fires at twilight
And trails you used to find.

You may think someday you have grown quite old
And feel so worldly wise
But suddenly from out of the past
A vision will arise
Of merry folks with brown bare knees
And laughter in their eyes.

You may find yourself grown wealthy
Have all that gold can buy
But you'd toss aside a fortune
For days 'neath an open sky
With sunlight on blue water
And white clouds sailing high.

For once you have been a camper
Then something has come to stay
Deep in your heart forever
Which nothing can take away
And heaven can only be heaven
With a camp which to play.

~Mary S. Edgar~