



Soul Search

I've only one life; it soon will be gone.
What will remain of the things that I've done?
Will I be remembered as someone who cared?
Someone who sympathized? Someone who shared?

Am I so obsessed with desire to succeed,
That my eyes are blinded to someone in need?
Can I put on hold my ambitions, my dreams
To help a weak brother boost his self-esteem?

Am I so preoccupied that I can't find room
To share a friend's sorrow, dispel a friend's gloom?
Would I stop my dashing around here and there,
To help out a neighbor? To show that I care?

Do I lend an ear to someone who's grieved?
Can I listen silently until they're relieved?
Or do a cascade of words get in the way
Of the message of love God wants me to portray?

Do I seem absorbed by the things that I own?
Am I swallowed up in my own little throne?
Or can I show joy at a friend's great success?
Can I honestly join him in his happiness?

When my time on this earth has come to an end,
Will my epitaph read, "You were a true friend."?
Or will it have words that go something like this:
"Here lies a dead body that no one will miss."?

... Helen Dowd