

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

OLD HOUSE

*You stand aloof and silent, lost in dreams of other days,
A symbol of an older world, long gone.
High windows gaze across the treetops searching for a glimpse
Of folk much loved but now, alas, moved on.*

*The children have all grown and gone to live their lives elsewhere,
The parents long departed to their rest.
But you, their home and haven, still continue sound and strong,
With treasured memories locked within your breast.*

*A couple have been searching for a home to call their own.
They've seen the old house once and now return.
Oh welcome them and offer your protection and your strength,
And they will bring the warmth for which you yearn.*

*With dignity of bearing you wait while they explore,
You can't do more than hope your charm will please.
The sun gleams through your glass to warm your polished golden floor.
A tree is sighing softly in the breeze.*

*He checks your timbers, stumps and roof with conscientious care
While she imagines decorations grand.
Their quest has ended, both hearts know they've found their future home.
He smiles into her eyes and takes her hand..*

*No more the wistful dreaming that filled your empty days:
Their presence is the answer to your prayer.
Their plans and aspiration will include you from now on,
And life and joy again are yours to share.*

*Who knows what lies ahead for them on life's erratic road
As full of hope and courage they begin
The journey that we all must take! But you, old house will be
A haven strong and steadfast to the end.*