

Marriage of Gold

By Glenn Currier

He is a father he is a man
a provider doing all he can
to teach his children right from wrong
help them grow straight and strong.

Like his dad he has the gift of tears
through the traumas and pain of years
he has kept a soft but sturdy heart -
compassion his fine and delicate art.

I've heard of many a female saint
but this one has so little constraint
in service to family and profession
extending herself without question.

A pioneer woman comes to mind
standing, her back and head inclined
viewing the plants and rocky ground
saying a prayer without a sound.

Always faithful, loving her with ease
except for his long affair with trees
when he looked out over the earth
he fell for this emerald of great worth.

A dedicated mother and wife
she's lived a blessed and holy life
with folded hands on bended knee
she found her faith to be the key.

Hiked and skied mountains together
through drought and stormy weather
they are for us a matrimonial sign
a choice, aged and priceless wine.

Horizons and sunsets of great splendor
too many birthdays to remember
they've trekked and roamed the land
seen the Kingdom hand in hand.

Even with unfavorable winds
they've made good and loyal friends
and in line with their friendship ideals
opened their home for countless meals.

What a delight it has been to see
two persons individual and free
make such a rich and fruitful union
made angels wish they were human.

It is easy to feel humbled and awed
by these two wondrous children of God
behold the awakening soul:
this priceless, precious marriage of gold.

Author's Note: Dedicated to Dal and Ernestine Currier on their 50th wedding anniversary.

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