

## [Back](#)

Subject: Our Joy

Date: Sep 27, 2018 12:54 AM

She buried her husband years ago  
An accident took him from her  
She, the quintessential wife,  
Slowly rebuilt her life  
Then a stroke ended her independence,  
Yet even in care she lived up to her name,  
Spreading joy from room to room  
Always a smile, a conversation,  
Always so interested  
In each person she met  
You could not help but smile  
Around Joy.  
Last night the stroke hit  
So much damage  
There will be no recovery  
Just the waiting  
For the final breath.  
Can't you just see her in Heaven.  
How she'll smile!  
How she'll chat up the angels?  
How at home she'll be  
With Mary and Martha?  
How she'll listen enraptured  
To story after story  
Arm in arm with her Joe?  
No more pain.  
No more weakness.  
Just Joy being Joy  
Smiling her way through Heaven.