

# IT'S THE JOURNEY

From time immemorial when species first roamed the Earth  
Mother Nature took its course to create her loving births  
Man and woman have traveled from villages to the moon and stars  
The curious path taken to get there will fill volumes near and far

Constantly seeking a goal that propels us outward bound  
Mission, toil and labor . . . our energies push forth until it's found  
At last! The prize of victory, the winning medal is ours to keep  
But it's not the destination . . . it's the journey from which we reap

The Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end  
A cosmic circle that God has evolved of faith and love . . . He sends  
To His children, in a manger with wooden planks and straw  
A gift in the infant Christ Child, for all to draw upon

A million and one destinations we shall see in our lifetime  
Happy and sad, some are new age, others like vintage wine  
The journey is always on you know, the destination close at hand  
But just when we cross the finish line, the journey begins again

So this festive holiday season with tight schedules to maintain  
Endless lists of journeys that we cannot do . . . but try to do just the same  
Stop and think of simpler times and the holiday traditions of yore  
Grandma's house . . . the magic of Christmas . . . peace, love, and much, much more