

Dear Ancestor

Your tombstone stands among the rest
Neglected and alone.

The name and dates have all worn off
The weathered marble stone.

It reaches out to all who care,
But it's now too late to mourn.
You did not know that I'd exist.
You died ... and I was born.

Yet each of us are cells of you
In flesh, in blood, in bone.
Our hearts contract and beat a pulse
Entirely not our own.

Dear ancestor, the place you filled
Some hundred years ago,
Spreads out among the ones you left,
Who would have loved you so.

I wonder how you lived and loved.
I wonder if you knew
That someday I would find this place,
And come and visit you.

Author unknown.

Submitted by Bonnie Bellmer
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