

## LYNN

Yeah, I did write a poem. Maybe you want to hear it.

I would love to hear it.

Okay. This was my most recent one.

*Days go by and nights end in a sigh.  
love comes from little things,  
a single word, or a hug,  
or even a cup of coffee in a mug.  
The world goes fast or slow,  
depending on how much you know.  
The soft touch of a hand  
and the passing of the sand,  
the lonely ones who sit at home,  
their fate is not to roam.  
No one calls or comes to see.  
It's it's. if they cease to be.  
The friends who she expected to be there to the end,  
now are all busy with other friends,  
the widow, whose thoughts are sometimes in the past,  
they must be invisible,  
Because everyone goes by fast.  
The memories keep her warm and safe,  
but she so misses the friendly face.  
Now, the time, it passes slowly,  
but she waits,  
somewhere and somehow,  
she'll eventually meet her mate.  
God in his wisdom and his throne  
must hold the widows and orphans safe  
because alone and quiet,  
they sit,  
and wait  
and wait.*

Well, I have lived in Marietta all my life. I was born here, and I was raised here. I've only lived outside the city of Marietta for about six months in Texas. My husband and I were very, very close. We, we married when I was 18 and he was 19, and he gave me the courage to go to college when I was 40. He made me a strong woman. He made me make decisions. He made me independent, and I think that's helped me to live on for eight years after he's gone.

We don't know when tomorrow is going to come or not. So you have to find what

you like about today, every minute and every place. That strength has to come from somewhere inside you. With Jerry and I, it was being together. I come from a generation of people who always made friends, always talked to other people. I still do. When I retired, I started volunteering. I volunteered at the schools in the libraries. I also volunteered at the senior center. I helped serve for the dinners and things like that, the bingo games, and I volunteered at the Georgia Vietnam Vets. My husband was a Vietnam vet. I brought them cakes once a month on their meetings. And then I worked at the Marietta History Museum, volunteering two days a week to lead the tours around the museum.

One thing COVID did was it stopped our activities. Well, now I don't go to the senior centers. I don't go to the schools anymore. And the Georgia Vietnam vets did not meet once a month, and we couldn't even go to the museum and volunteer. All through COVID, to keep myself busy, I called my friends, most of whom could not leave their homes. I'd call them once a week just to let them talk for a while. And it kept them occupied. But now, my friends are still stuck inside. They're still afraid of COVID. They don't come out. I still call them once a week and go to visit them when I can. So I just came today. I went to lunch with one of my friends, and she's been in her house for more than two years now. And most of the people my age don't get out and about as much. It's hard nowadays because they don't get out, and when they go out, there's a mask over their face so they can't see the smiles or hear the voices anymore. And that's hard on, uh, on the elderly, especially, because that's about the only thing we have is listening to other people. Giving food to other people has always been a benefit in that it gives them something to look forward to. I think that helps them go on by me being there, or talking to them, or reaching out for them. And I give them a little sweets every once in a while just to brighten up their lives.