

## FADING ECHOES

*Robert Fitt*

My child is a fragile rosebud,  
Tender, fresh, and pure—  
So pure—so fragrant, gentle....clean.  
I watch in joyous wonder as the  
Wind, her witty playmate,  
Begs a song.  
Then joyous echoes ring  
As gentle breezes loft her singing  
Skyward through laughing lips  
And fill my soul with joy!

But then....

The land lay quiet....her voice stilled,  
Leaving only fading echoes in my aching heart.  
My poor, sweet, rosebud—plucked before her time—  
Will serenade the hills no more,  
Nor warm our hearth with love.  
Her porcelain form lies still.

Yet death—we know—is not  
Her final conqueror.  
Her mortal voice, while briefly stilled.  
Sings gaily on in heaven.  
May her joyous song  
Bring as great a happiness to God.