

The Legacy

Voices of a distant time
Speak softly thru the years
Carried on winds of ages past
Whispering gently in our ears.

Seeking to be remembered
Rather than forgotten as though never here,
Reaching out to their children's children...
"Do they listen ? Will they hear?"

From far off lands and distant seas
With courage and fear interlaced,
They sought a new future for their children,
But unsure of the future they faced.

They arrived at port as families,
As well as lone woman or man.
Even a child or infant would travel
To the promise of that other land.

Hazards of travel, whether land or sea
Would claim both young and old.
This new land would hold a price for some,
But undaunted, forward they'd go.

Far from what they once called home
They embraced this new found land.
Though their hearts recalled it, they'd still proudly
Proclaim it : "I'm an American."

Though many to America were penniless
With nought but their Bible to hold,
They knew therein lie a treasure:
Joys and sorrows, recorded and told.

Each name seems to say: "Don't forget me;
please remember those things we endured."
"We risked it all; life, home, love and family,
so your future would be secured."

by Rebecca Watson Walker