

## The Class of '52

They were the Class of '52.... not '51, but '52  
They enjoyed being together through and through  
Every now and then one would pass, for nothing good can ever last  
But they kept getting together, the Class of '52

A tighter group one could not find  
The members were noted for being so kind  
There are ex-Nuns, Teachers, Merchants and none the least, Priests  
Who join with Widows, a Poet and others of similar mind

To maintain the Spirit of the Class of '52 forged many years ago  
They formed a bond strong as any in the Universe, you know  
They have come together throughout the years to share the joys and the tears  
Especially when one has passed and gone to where God had them go

Regrettably, sometimes not all of the group can attend every meeting  
Distance and other commitments sometime prevent us from seating  
We just have to grin and bear it and perhaps with others share it  
And sit until the next meeting and pray we get there before they start eating

Original poetry by Deak\*, January 18, 2016

\* -- "Deak" is the nickname of the author and has been selected as the 'Nom de Plume' for Written Works and Poetry of James Edward Roberts Jr. , originally from Vienna, West Virginia; and now resides in Canton, Ohio, winters in Goodyear, AZ, at his home in the Pebble Creek Active Adult Community & Resort