

FORTY PLUS FORTY

To become a Teen is the biggest of dreams,
But those birthdays pass by so slowly, it seems.
And just as we start in ... enjoying this life,
Comes the reality, the struggle, the strife.
The twenties and thirties are fast moving years.
We spend them raising the kids and seeking careers.
Some find a profession, a trade, they sell or they teach.
Some spend years seeking something that's way out of reach.
Some go off proudly to serve Uncle Sam,
And see combat in far-off places like Iraq, Korea, Vietnam.
They willingly serve for twenty years, maybe more,
Defending our country and the Flag they adore.

A birthday shows up every year, do what you will,
And your fortieth birthday puts you "over the hill".
Your fiftieth birthday brings a sense of maturity,
And sixty five brings Medicare and Social Security.
If you get to that big one: Number seventy five,
Thank heaven above that you're here, you're alive.
And then there are those: The lucky, the few,
That make it past eighty. Just what did they do?
Did they live life to the fullest and follow their dream?
Did they play by the rules, were they part of the team?
Were they the kind that traveled the straight narrow road?
The kind that would carry more than their share of the load?

Whatever the reason – they made it: Eight decades ... and more.
Forty plus forty ... now that's a mighty big score.
They've given old Father Time a pretty good run.
They deserve a salute and a hearty: "Well Done".

Dedicated to all you Old Geezers who have reached forty plus forty.

Frank J. Montoya
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