

Making Memories



I am walking the path of life today
with mem'ries I have made;
And I know as they cling and walk so close,
this is the price I've paid—
For the little things I might have done; but
a selfish heart rebelled.
A letter unwritten, a word unsaid,
a touch of love withheld:
Those things I was sure in the care-free years
no one would ever miss.
Oh! if someone had only whispered then,
"You will remember this."
But little I thought as I kept the pace
amid the gay parade,
That down through the years I should live some day
with memories I had made.

I am walking the path of life today
with mem'ries I have made;
Unrolling the records before my heart,
I stand almost afraid.
There's the love untrue and the broken vow,
and then—a stolen bliss.
Oh! had it come to me then—as now,
"You will remember this."
There is the year that I wandered away,
careless, forgetting God;
Then the agony as I stumbled back,
under the chast'ning rod.
Oh! I know you can dodge it if you will;
I call a spade a spade,
For I know in my heart I walk today
with memories I have made.

When I'm walking the path of Tomorrow
with mem'ries I have made;
When the last deep valley's behind me, and
I've made the last steep grade;
When it's twilight and evening bell and
I am crossing the bar,
I wonder what mem'ry will bring me then?
Will God be near or far?
Oh! Maker, so mighty, help me today
as memories I make,
To remember it lies within my power
the future to create.
And the things that I do shall walk with me
along the coming way.
So help me, I pray, to remember
I'm making memories today.

—By Grandmother