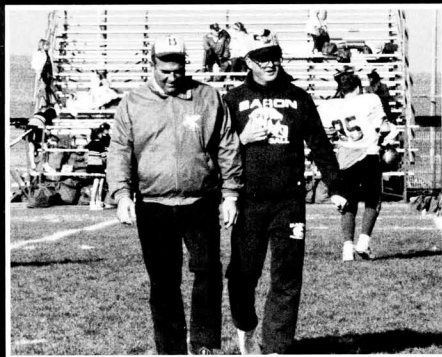


# WATCH IT GO BY!



*Life was a miracle,  
way back when . . .*

*A bright, white tablecloth  
on Sunday's Tea Table  
Little things, quickly turned upside down.  
Spilled across the top.*

*Life was a miracle,  
way back then . . .*

*The spills were but cookie crumbs  
"Mommy" was there,  
to pick up everything,  
cleaning life's little spills.*

*Yes, life was a miracle,  
way back then.*

*But "Mommy" is weak now,  
she can no longer bend.*

*And my bright, white tablecloth  
has been stained with red wine.*

— Susi Heath