

# MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



## THE NEWS OF DEATH

It comes so suddenly,  
By mail, by knock, or call.  
From relative or friend,  
Or one not known at all.

In the morning dawn,  
In afternoon, or night.  
Few words tell all there is to tell,  
It's all so black and white.

We lost him yesterday.  
She passed so very quick.  
Long illness was involved.  
We'll all miss Uncle Nick.

They ask you - have you heard the news?  
They call to let you know.  
It's always hard for them to say -  
They really have to go...

We quickly stop our doing,  
Or dismiss with little thought.  
It all depends so very much,  
What in our life they brought.

The funeral has been planned.  
Shall we miss, or go?  
Your heart will clearly tell,  
If tears will gently flow.

Were now the tables turned,  
If it was I now gone,  
Would they now cry for me,  
And sing my funeral song?

# MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH

With lives lived very well,  
With lives lived deep and true,  
We honor those who helped  
To see our mission through.

Was this now one of those,  
Who made it all worthwhile?  
And helped when we were down,  
And always made us smile?

Did they guide our hands?  
Help avoid for us a fall?  
Remind us what is true?  
When lost, our hearts enthrall?

From death, two thoughts arise.  
We question how we live.  
For righteous cause we toil?  
Do we take - or do we give?

The second question stands,  
The question above it all -  
Are we heaven ready  
When for us they make this call?

Copyright (c) 2016