

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



OUR SATURDAY NIGHTS

The inventors of this night,
The Saturdays each week -
Designed it for we two,
To rekindle what we seek.

Weekdays are so hurried,
The calendar does then rule.
We peek above the hub-bub,
We look beyond life's school.

The larger journey for us,
I speak of Heaven sure -
Until that shore is reached,
Pray Saturdays endure.

Once the sun goes down,
And we are all alone -
I look at only you,
We are what we call 'home'.

The next day in our church,
As in our pews we pray -
We touch each other's hand,
"We're ready" - thanks Saturday.

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