

Celebration of Life

Dwight Edward Deal



Life is a Brimming Cup

By Jan Conn

*Life is a brimming cup; it overflows with ecstasy
and joyous wonder.*

It lifts the heart and tugs the body skyward.

*For how can such delight be found in anything
that's still earthbound?*

*In youth the brimming cup is filled with eagerness
to break the bonds of all that's known.*

No goal lies beyond the grasp of a strong young hand.

No backward glance to slow us in our haste.

No time to ponder, no time to waste.

In middle life the cup is brimming still.

Brimming with a maze of jobs half done.

Priorities are set and shortcuts tried.

What to do, and what with sad reluctance lay aside.

But what of age?

Can memories still fill the cup clear to the brim?

Can loss and pain and illness be ignored?

*Surely then the cup will have to drain,
and only bitter residue of dregs remain.*

No.

The cup of life must always overflow.

The heart must lift to beauty as before.

I've learned the knack that fills my vessel up

It's easy.

Be content with a smaller cup.

My thimble runneth over.