

EMPTY CHAIR

**When sands of time have all run out,
And we leave an empty chair;
Will it matter that we've been here?
Will others even care?**

**And when this dust has settled back
To earth from whence it came,
Will there here a difference be,
Because men knew your name?**

**Lord, make me count my finite days,
And careful choices make;
To live and work as pleases Thee,
Not 'selfishness' my wake!**

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(10-11-2012)**