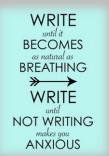
## Ninety-Five Years Young!



As February comes to an end,
Tears just fill my eyes;
On the 20th of this month,
I turned... Ninety Five!



Unseen the earth is waking us,
As seeds sewn begin to grow;
Pop their heads up through the soil,
As snowdrops put on a show.



I never thought I'd cope so long,
I've known some bad times now and then;
But after a rest I battled back,
More than ready - new rhymes to pen!

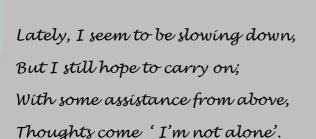


But winter isn't over yet,

It could change to ice and rain;

March month is unpredictable,

It can really be a pain.





But some years it can surprise us, Let's hope this is the <u>one</u>; That chases all the blues away, To bring joy to everyone.



As we go forward into March,

Temperatures may rise a degree or two;

Let's go on out and find fresh air,

A walk is really good for you.



By Eila Webster

