

## THE CLUB HOUSE

A gift that was donated  
Some thirty years or more  
Became the heart the welcome mat  
To those who walked through its door

Witty stories and laughter  
Would be heard from within  
A hearty welcome to all ages  
To neighbours and kin

Years of winter gathering  
At the end of each week  
Was the children s activities  
With their apple red cheeks

There s scars of yesterday  
On ceiling walls and floor  
I m dreading the day  
When it will be no more

And how many more times  
Will its hinges continue to swing  
How much more happiness  
Can the old club house bring

And how many tomorrows  
Will I lift its latch  
For a recharge of happiness  
That I know I will catch