If . . . Then
by Bobbye Maggard

If you dribble in your kibble
Or drool in your gruel
As you forage in your porridge
You’re no kid just out of school

If your step is weak and wobbly
As you slowly make your way
Just remember all the fun you’ve had
In the years of yesterday

If your mind’s a little foggy
And recall is what you crave
Just accept it as a given
Does no good to rant and rave

Depend upon your walker
It’s no fun to trip and fall
O.L.D. is a disorder
That happens to us all

You’re an exclusive group of people
With hair that’s snowy white
You’ve grown some heavy armor
In the wars you’ve had to fight

Patriotic and God-fearing
You fondly tell the stories
Of our Nation loved so dearly
Through her losses and her glories

If youngsters grow impatient
With the tales they’ve heard before
Simply tell them that they must learn
From the wisdom that you’ve stored

Give this word of warning
To each and every pup,
“In your hands you hold your future,
“So be sure you don’t mess up!”