



Lizzie Alive

She is alive so alive
as un-tackable and un-trackable
as a stream dancing on stones
or music written in scherzo
played in pizzicato
putting violins in a frenzy
and music men in a tizzy
yes that's her mama's Lizzie.

On the other hand
she's as sound and sure
of temperament
as an oak in a meadow.
Her laugh and her smile
are perpetual dawnings,
her generosity
a hill festooned of bluebonnets
and sprinkled with kindness.

She is a strong Texas woman
rooted in the plains of her family
like the sturdy Mesquite,
its limbs reaching out,
its nature surviving drought
and rocky stubborn soil.
The tree is alive
and as wildly protective
as its many thorns.

Egoic arrogance she cannot abide
nor taking generous ones for a ride
but she has a good keen eye
for the hurting, the frail and the weak
her vision triggering the love
deep in her bones
placed there by angels
and her Father above.

She's a poet who turns dark into light
has a soul so deep she bears the pain
of others' suffering and strain
without complaint or ire.

She is a redhead from head to toe
yes she's funny and oh so feisty
and her heart is all aglow -
but - speak to her nicely -
she's no pushover you know.

Lizzie, we're glad you were born
that day eight decades ago.
At this moment we know we are blessed,
that our lives would be so much less
without your laughter and light.
Yes, you are a woman so very wise
but you can't imagine the fondness that resides
in those here gathered, nor the love that's inside.
Our joy rises because eighty years ago you arrived
and showed us God's fire that still brings you alive.

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