

## Our Path

In my mind I see a worn path  
where you once did walk.  
Popping in early of a morning  
to drink coffee and talk.

Our kids used that path too  
running through neighbor's yard.  
They loved watching them play  
where rules had no regard.

After a hard day at work  
opened my door to a surprise.  
Clothes folded, dishes washed,  
a clean kitchen met my eyes.

You were so gullible  
believing every word said.  
Tickled my husband so much  
planting stories in your head.

Our favorite Loretta story  
is the midnight cookie bake.  
Oven broke, our door unlocked  
cookie smells brought us awake.

We were closer than sisters  
sharing secrets, laughter and tears.  
Started as a back door friendship  
lasted for many, many years.

Our path has now grown over  
since God called you home.  
I sit here with my memories  
drinking my coffee all alone.

Submitted by Marie Pitts

In memory of my dear friend, Loretta