

"The Landscape"

by Fred M. Fariss

I look over the landscape of genealogy
To discover the footprints
Of those who went before me --
My ancestors.

I am awed by their attempts
To speak to me
Through their paper trails, photographs and hearsay
Of where and how they lived.

When I meet with them
At the threshold of history,
The discovery is so exciting;
To reconnect

With those whom I have never seen
And some whom I never knew existed.
It is a family reunion
On the plains of imagination.

It is like meeting them
This side of heaven,
Before the grand finale
Of personal passage.

The sad note is the wall
That stands as a divider
Between me and those
Yet to be discovered.

There is always hope
Of another discovery
Today... maybe tomorrow
On the landscape of genealogy.