

The following poem was written by David Kincaid in May 2019 shortly after the passing of Nell Larrison in March 2019. Nell was the Club's longest tenured member with 55 years. She and her husband Bill who passed in January 2011 were the backbone of the Club for more than 50 years.

## **"A Ways to GO"**

*by David Kincaid*

"Come walk with me Bill", said Nell

"It will be fun. All will go well."

So Bill hiked with Nell in the hiking club. Seeds were sown.

"Isn't this a lot of fun," said Nell. "Keep going Bill.

We've got a ways to go."

So Bill and Nell fell in love with and adopted the hiking club.

They typed and published, subsidized and contributed much to the club,

Until one day the Lord called Bill home, but he had to take this hike alone.

Nell still had the club and friends to help her climb every hill,

Because she's still got a ways to go.

"When it comes my time to go," she said. "Lord, please don't send that reaper guy."

"Sorry," said the Lord, "but that's the way it's done. Please, don't ask me why."

So when she knew her time was up, and felt that touch on her shoulder bone,

She turned to see: no reaper. Instead the one that come to take her home was Bill.

Bill said, "Come we've got a ways to go."

"Oh," she said in a kidding way, "I was hoping John Wayne would be the one."

"Ma'm," Bill said with a western draw, "the duke's driving the wagon so's I could ride with you." So it was the duke that took them home.

They rode off into the sun that never sets over one everlasting hill.

It was just a little ways to go.