

Timbercrest

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Have you sat in the glow of a campfire
When the flames cast their flickering light,
Or heard the last call of the blackbird
As he settled down for the night?
Spent an afternoon listening to raindrops
Thudding soft on the top of your tent,
Watched the lake as shimmered at sunset,
And considered that moment well spent.

Were you there in the years when the heron
Circled high over Jackman Bay,
Seen the flash of the sun on your paddle
As you glided across Keyser Lake?
Can you find a red eft in the forest,
Do you know where the eagles nest?
If you do, then you'll always remember
You're a part of Timbercrest.