

## **The Adventure**

*by Susan Crawford, ASPE*

Long these miles to Ithaka,  
Sometimes broken these roads,  
Sometimes dry, sometimes swollen these rivers,  
Sometimes muddy these waters for crossing.

Slow these days till Ithaka,  
Summer's days cloudless and red-earthed,  
Winter's days frozen and weak for warmth,  
Days that mark the creeping of time  
as beauty fades.

Yet always to Ithaka, travel on.  
'Tis the journey counts the prize.  
'Tis joy, sadness, delights and glories,  
cheats, wonders, losses, lies  
that give the voyage color,  
make the music, fill the table with bounty.  
While Ithaka, smiling and serene,  
Holds out its aging, shaking arms  
To accept each pilgrim's treasures  
Bought dearly along the way.

Savor the journey to Ithaka.  
Make the route lengthy, curious, slow.  
'Tis not the gold holds the value;  
'Tis the rainbow.