

Each Player Has His Last Game

If this life is likened to shuffleboard
With competition, its cues and discs,
You will find it full of adventure,
Of strategy, and taking risks,
But no matter how well we play it,
Whether with honor or blame,
Here is a thing to remember:
Each man will play his last game.

Sometimes it seems that we blunder,
Just when a simple shot would win,
And smart because of the failure,
Or take it with a good-natured grin;
But whether he's an ordinary player
Or a champion who's made a big name,
Each man has his day, and remember,
Each man will play his last game.

So it stands, dear friends, to reason,
Each player, to meet the test,
Must heed the regulations,
And every day do his best.
For no one in this contest
Can determine the last closing frame,
But this we can know for certain:
Each man will play his last game.

We say farewell to a comrade
We have known so well these years,
And gather up all the memories
That leave us no sorrowful tears.
Goodbye means "God be with you."
We say as we mention his name,
May yours be a wonderful journey,
Our friend who has played his last game.

— The Rev. W. C. Stewart