

## JOY! Old Thoughts Stumbled on During A Pandemic

My Grandfather (Beba) made up games on occasion.  
Rhyme in Time was the one ...I liked it the very best!  
My brother didn't like it at all ... it was too much like a test!

First came Beba's sentence that I was meant to complete,  
Then, quickly now, a sentence from me! All in one minute!  
It needs to make sense, and rhyme and beat the time limit!

Here is a sample from early on:

Beba said "Out in the cherry orchard I like"...I said: "to be,  
Sometimes I hide behind a tree!"

Well done he said and so it began.

Another night he said to me, this time I have a question.  
It still needs a rhyming answer...The rules are all the same.  
A poem by any name is the point of this game.

Beba "What is your favorite word?"

A favorite word, I thought? How could I choose? There are so many!

I have to hurry and it has to rhyme!..

Then it hit me, just in time,

My favorite word was JOY!

I was only six, but it wasn't candy or a toy.

Beba said Really? I said Yes. He said Why? and I said Guess!

But then I told him, Here is what I think,

it's only three letters, I can spell it myself!

It's a song I sing and it is painted on my shelf!

So later I learned that Beba wrote it all down

and put it in his pocket and carried it around.

He died when I was eleven, fifty-nine years have passed.

His "game" still comes to mind in quiet, contemplative times...

And JOY is still my favorite word and I still think in rhymes!