

## Thoughts on Stepping Down

*Ed Babbott*

An acorn small drops from on high,  
Passing leaves and branches by,  
Falling with result in mind,  
A fertile piece of ground to find.

As Emile'd say without a doubt,  
"A full grown tree starts from a sprout,"  
Peeking its head from out the earth,  
Which gives the sign of its rebirth.

And as the years pass slowly by,  
Its budding branches seek out the sky,  
Changing form to full from slight,  
Making shade which blocks the light.

It spawns each year a brand new crop,  
(A plan which nature cannot stop.)  
And from this single lovely tree  
A forest full one starts to see.

So has this seed of helping hands,  
Of passing bills, of saving lands,  
Of teaching youth, of stopping sprawls,  
Of urging green instead of malls.

Of rallying others to the cause,  
Of insuring counties obey their laws,  
Of keeping focus clear and straight  
To improve conditions in this state.

I am so lucky to have been a part  
Of this growing tree from its early start.  
I've watched its trunk turn both straight and true  
Thanks to the work of all of you.

I've served with joy for many years;  
We've had our smiles, we've had our tears,  
Some days went fast, some seemed so long,  
But never have we been more strong.

I'm one of those who stands amazed  
At paths we've trod, of trails we've blazed,  
At distance travelled, at where we've been,  
At making special The State We're In.

I'm leaving now this growing tree,  
Knowing it's what it's meant to be,  
That its many victories already made  
Have helped its leaves provide the shade.

I wish both it and each of you  
Continuing success in all you do,  
I'll follow now with an avid heart,  
Glad that I have played a part.