

Hofsas House

On the Seventy-Fifth Birthday of The Hofsas House Hotel

I was born in '47 in this village by the sea
on a hillside overlooking the Pacific.
I played among the windswept
Monterey cypress and danced
to the midnight music of the surf.

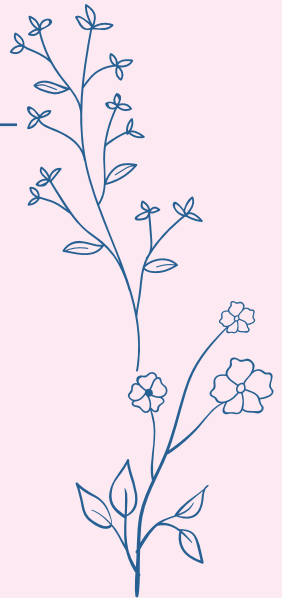
I grew up in the company
of playwrights, poets and painters.
I knew not then who I'd become,
though looking back today
it feels pre-ordained:
as certain, straight and true
as the blue on blue horizon
through my window blinds.

I had friends with bigger dreams
than our village could contain,
but I was happy with things
as they were and are.
The trappings of wealth
never captured my imagination.

I preferred the dignity of the simple and honest,
the gracious and kind.
And that is what I offered
to those who came to call:
old friends visiting
from busy lives elsewhere and weary
strangers who arrived at my door
unexpectedly
in the dead of night, in need of a warm bed
before continuing on to whatever destiny
their hearts were calling.

And that, dear friends, has been
my offering and my joy for
three quarters of a century.

"Three quarters of a century!"
Even as I speak those words
my heart fills to overflow with gratitude.
Surely, there can be no better life
than this, a life dedicated to service.



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Artist-in-Residence Hofsas House Hotel