



In this great circle of life, rest assured — we are all connected. There is a specific plan and purpose set out for each of us, and many times, these plans intertwine, taking us in and out of each other's lives, at precise moments. It is a set up — the place, the time, the people.

### "We Are All Connected"

We are connected, you and I..  
Like Wind and Rain and Earth and Sky..  
We are joined by Heart and Soul  
Created from God's Earthen mold;

We daily grow through Thought and Deed  
God's Holy Love is our Seed..  
Nurtured by our Faith and Love  
Blessed by Guidance from above;

We are Light and Laughter, Joy..  
We are Man, Woman, Girl and Boy  
And we each Sing and Mourn and Weep  
And what we sow we also Reap;

Connected by our Sacred Breath  
We all share Life and suffer Death..  
So we must Nurture one another  
For we all are Sister, Brother;

Not Country, Religion, even Race  
Should cause us Hate nor bring Disgrace  
One blood are we, one Heart to beat  
All gathered 'round Lord Jesus feet;

We are connected, you and I  
Kin to those who run, who fly  
To all God's Creatures on this Sod  
We are all Children of God....

*-Linda Steffey*

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*"We Will Meet Again"*

We will meet again my friend,  
A hundred years from today  
Far away from where we lived  
And where we used to play.

We will know each others' eyes  
And wonder where we met  
Your laugh will sound familiar  
Your heart, I won't forget.

We will meet, I'm sure of this,  
But let's not wait till then...  
Let's take a walk beneath the stars  
And share this world again.

*-Ron Atchison*

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I sought my soul,

But my soul I could not see.  
I sought my God,  
But my God eluded me.  
I sought my sisters and my brothers,  
And here I found all three.

*-Author Unknown*

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He drew a circle that shut me out  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
But Love and I had the wit to win!  
We drew a circle that took him in.

*-Edwin Markham*

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Your love, Jesus, is an ocean  
with no shore to bound it.  
And if I plunge into it, I carry  
with me all the possessions  
I have. You know, Lord,  
what these possessions are—  
the souls you have seen  
fit to link with mine.

*-St. Therese of Lisieux*

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“The Arrow and the Song”

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long after, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroken;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.”

*-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

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“The Special List”

I have a list of folks I know  
all written in a book,  
And every now and then  
I go and take a look.

That is when I realize  
these names they are a part,

not of the book they're written in,  
but taken from the heart.

For each Name stands for someone  
who has crossed my path sometime,  
and in that meeting they have become  
the reason and the rhyme.

Although it sounds fantastic  
for me to make this claim,  
I really am composed  
of each remembered name.

Although you're not aware  
of any special link,  
just knowing you, has shaped my life  
more than you could think.

So please don't think my greeting  
as just a mere routine,  
your name was not  
forgotten in between.

For when I send a greeting  
that is addressed to you,  
it is because you're on the list  
of folks I'm indebted to.

So whether I have known you.  
for many days or few,  
in some ways you have a part  
in shaping things I do.

I am but a total  
of many folks I've met,  
you are a friend I would prefer  
never to forget.

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