

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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