

Life passes us by in the blink of an eye…if we're not careful, we can miss it.

"Dust If You Must'

Dust if you must, but wouldn't it be better,
To paint a picture or write a letter,
Bake a cake or plant a seed,
Ponder the difference between want and need?
Dust if you must, but there's not much time,
With rivers to swim and mountains to climb,
Music to hear and books to read,
Friends to cherish and life to lead.
Dust if you must, but the world's out there
With the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair,
A flutter of snow, a shower of rain.
This day will not come 'round again.
Dust if you must, but bear in mind,
Old age will come and it's not always kind.
And when you go and go you must,
You, yourself, will make more dust.
-Unknown

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"Normal Day"

Normal day, let me be aware of the treasure you are.
Let me learn from you, love you, bless you before you depart.
Let me not pass you by in quest of some rare and perfect tomorrow.
Let me hold you while I may, for it may not always be so. One day
I shall dig my nails into the earth, or bury my face in the pillow, or
stretch myself taut, or raise my hands to the sky and want,
more than all the world, your return.

-Mary Jean Iron

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"One Small Rose"

I would rather have one small rose
From the garden of a friend
Than to have the choicest flowers
When my stay on Earth must end.

I would rather have one pleasant word
In kindness said to me
Than flattery when my heart is still
And my life on Earth has ceased to be.

I would rather have a loving smile
From friends I know are true
Than tears shed round my casket
When this world I've bid Adieu.

Bring me all your flowers today
Whether pink, white or red:
I'd rather have one blossom now
Than a truckload when I'm dead.

-Author Unknown

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"Storms"

There will be storms, child
There will be storms
And with each tempest
You will seem to stand alone
Against cruel winds

But with time, the rage and fury
Shall subside
And when the sky clears
You will find yourself
Clinging to someone
You would have never known
But for storms.

– *Margie DeMerell*

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This being human is a guest house. Every morning a new arrival. A joy, a depression, a meaness, some momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain all! Even if they're a crowd of sorrows, who violently sweep your house empty of its furniture, still, treat each guest honorably.

He may be clearing you out for some new delight. The dark thought, the shame, the malice, meet them at the door laughing, and invite them in.

Be grateful for whomever comes, because each has been sent as a guide from beyond.

–Jalal ad-Din Rumi

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“After a While”

After a while you learn the subtle difference
Between holding a hand and chaining a soul,

And you learn that love doesn’t mean leaning
And company doesn’t mean security.

And you begin to learn that kisses aren’t contracts
And presents aren’t promises,

And you begin to accept your defeats
With your head up and your eyes open
With the grace of a woman, not the grief of a child,

And you learn to build all your roads on today
Because tomorrow’s ground is too uncertain for plans
And futures have a way of falling down in mid-flight.

After a while you learn…
That even sunshine burns if you get too much.

So you plant your garden and decorate your own soul,
Instead of waiting for someone to bring you flowers.

And you learn that you really can endure…

That you really are strong

And you really do have worth…

And you learn and learn…

With every good-bye you learn.

-Veronica Shoffstall

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