

NATIVE AMERICAN PRAYER

I give you this one thought to keep,

I'm with you still. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning hush,

I am the swift uplifting rush,

Of quiet birds in circled flight

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not think of me as gone

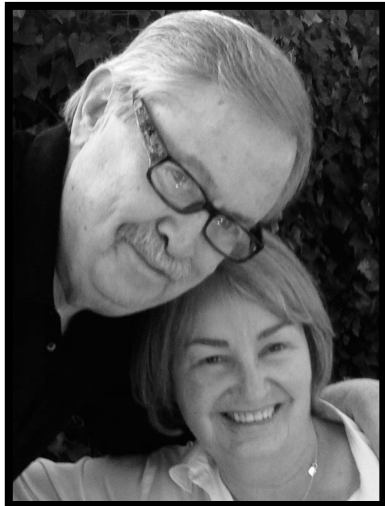
I am with you still, in each new dawn.

Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there, I do not sleep.

Do not stand there at my grave and cry

I am not there, I did not die.



JOHN "JACK" SCHIEFER

"They are not dead who live in the hearts they leave behind."

1944 ~ 2021

WHEN GREAT TREES FALL

by Maya Angelou

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
in tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall
in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,
the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly.
Our eyes, briefly,
see with
a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly sharp-
ened,
examines,
gnaws on kind words
unsaid,
promised walks
never taken.

Great souls die and
our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us.
Our souls,
dependent upon their
nurture,
now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed
and informed by their
radiance, fall away.
We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable
ignorance of
dark, cold
caves.

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.

AS WE LOOK BACK

Author Unknown

As we look back over time
We find ourselves wondering...
Did we remember to thank you enough
For all you have done for us?
For all the times you were by our sides
To help and support us?
To celebrate our successes
To understand our problems
And accept our defeats?
Or for teaching us by your example,
The value of hard work, good judgment,
Courage and integrity?
We wonder if we ever thanked you
For the sacrifices you made.
To let us have the very best?
And for the simple things
Like laughter, smiles, and times we shared?
If we have forgotten to show our
Gratitude enough for all the things you did,
We're thanking you now.
And we are hoping you knew all along,
How much you meant to us.

