

Connecting New

November, 2019

What we are most grateful for, and what love looks like, naturally change over time. As our life experience accrues and our perspective ripens, we are more able to appreciate how very precious each moment of today can be. This month, I share a poem that touches upon this unfolding grace.

Papa

His mind won't remember the love they shared,
holding close, kissing fingers, smelling each other.
Nature has its ways of preparing for the inevitable.
School and after-school sports and friends,
and what excites him about life will draw him away...
as it should...
as is right for a young man blossoming.
Dear grandson, I cry now for the loss that will come,
a loss only one of us will feel to the full.
Yet I know that love doesn't cling
but rather celebrates freedom.
So my prayer is that as much as I love you now,
you may become that free as a man.
And as my love will remain, my presence, my participation
fade away, I trust that your psyche will never forget
how we loved deep and pure
as only grandparents and grandchildren can.


May we all become more aware of the gifts we have been offered, and may we receive, savor and share those gifts more fully each day.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

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