



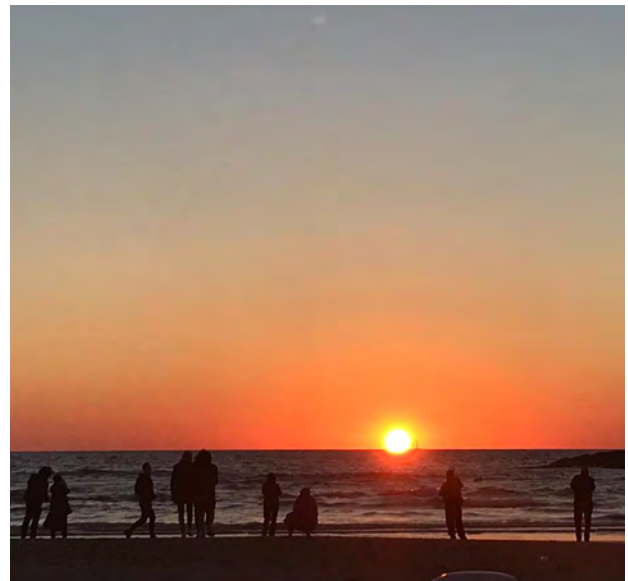
*We can't help everyone. But everyone can help someone;*  
This from a fortune cookie, opened by chance;  
Gives pause to ponder, beyond a mere glance;  
Giver or recipient of the assistance thereof;  
Gratitude for opportunities shared in love.



Reaching up, stretching out, from a verdant base;  
A pink bud emerges, slowly grows, hidden inside;  
Layer by layer, each in turn, takes its own place;  
A colorful harmony, joining together, opens wide.



The slow steady journey opens at season's end;  
Finding a path through the flower-filled green;  
Alone but vibrantly celebrating each little friend;  
Shines forth in glory nature's beauty to be seen.



Taking a moment alone or with a beloved friend;  
Remnants of the day linger over the gentle deep;  
Creates a community sharing day's glorious end;  
United in a hope for night's calming sleep.

**Chaplain Sam Seicol**

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