

Our Elders are the wellspring of
Wisdom

Their Beauty is their longevity of
Life

Found in the ugliness of our
Time

Do not lose respect youth for those in
Golden years

Yet rejoice they are part of your
Story

This day Elders have been called to
Celebrate

To tell that part of their history
So Unique

Let us sit at their feet and hear it
Over and over again

May we hear how this small piece
Of land grew

May we love you, as you loved us, stewards
Of our future

However sometimes in these modern times
We shun our Elders

And a black moonless night
Shrouds us

We loose our way and abuse those
Who should be adored

That black ugliness seems to swirl around
And corrupt us

We seek the moon to give us
Light

And a new day to welcome

New hope

Hope to have all the care, freedom, protection

Elders need

Hope that everyone respects Elders as if they are

Elders themselves

As they reflect their radiant beauty to all

The world

We humbly bow our heads as they

Pass by

Having chosen diverse paths to create

Their story

We too will travel our own separate

Trails

Our story linking old with

New

Then our Elders, ever proud of what

They bring

Stand up and say Listen. Stand up to

Be heard

So let us hear, be joyful and heed

Their words

Let us honour and adore

Them

Wonderful gifts are they all.

The greatest?

The gift of Being