

Prairie Unitarian Universalist  
Society

May 20, 1990

Welcome to Raza, Aaron, Heather and Isaac Lawrence

And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said,  
Speak to us of Children.

And he said:

Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

They come through you but not from you,

And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts.

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls,

For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you  
cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them  
like you.

For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children as living arrows  
are sent forth.

The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He  
bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.

Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;

For even as he loves the arrow that flies, so He loves the  
bow that is stable.

Welcome to Meredith Thompson

Time in your hands is a butterfly  
sandwiched between your nose and the sky.  
Sandy palms to lick like a cat  
when all the doughnut is gone.

Not unseen prizes down mystery roads,  
or fat little wishes to fry like fishes,  
but a favorite toy you won't give up--  
that last little sip way down in the cup.

Show me more, my wise little one,  
these things that time can be--  
a moment's warmth of sun on your face,  
a joyous leap in the air,  
and not the path down which I stray,  
in fruitless prowl for days gone by.

With tightened fists you seize the day  
till sleep at last your grip uncurls,  
as bending down, I kiss your eyes  
and fondly promise  
another.

Welcome from the Prairie Community

We want to be part of your world,  
Responsible for guarding your lives,  
Your freedom and your opportunities.

Today we also think of the other children  
Of your generation,  
Whose welfare is inseparable from your own.

May we make the world more just and peaceful  
For you and for all those  
Whose lives are to be linked with yours.

On this day of great joy and promise,  
We dedicate ourselves to you precious ones,  
And to all children everywhere.



Prairie Smoke, Lof. Hagstrom