

Dear Children,

There was a time when children were taught to be seen but not heard. Fortunately times change. Being seen and not heard is something that can hurt.

I know a lady in my community who is lovely in every definition of the word. She is elegant, loves her family, has beautiful red hair and is devout to her ways of life. We use to be able to walk together, before life got busy, and I loved to hear her words. She would add new endings to some words, make funny sounds to emphasize a point, or stop and let out a big sigh. I loved it all. She would wrap her history in between the words and would often mention how valuable it was for her friends to hear her. I tried to be a good listener, but I am sure I missed some things. One day we were able to meet for lunch and this dear friend expressed how important it is to have friends you can share with, change with, and have community with in acceptance, in forgiveness, no judgment, and lots of encouragement. Her words were heard by my heart and I realized she spoke wisdom. I have thanked her many times

