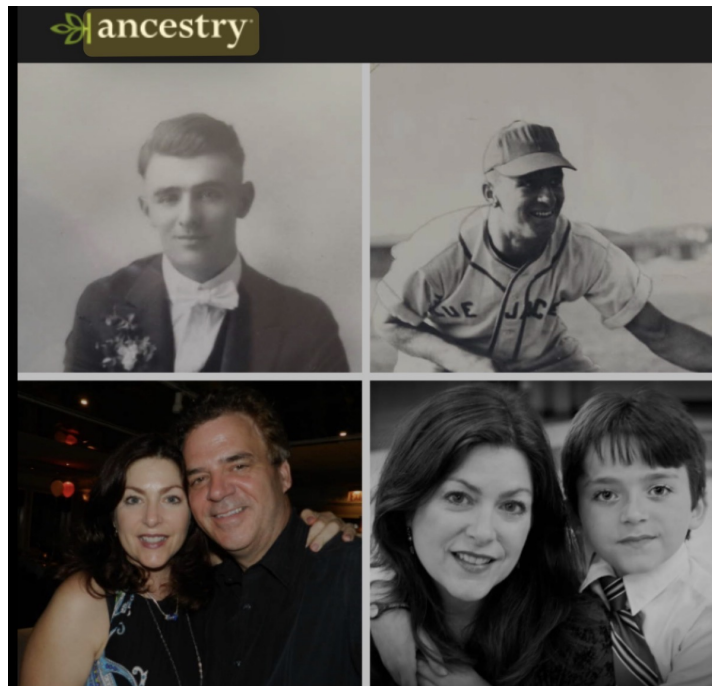




A Little Wonder

I search the names of those before me,
the roads they took, the work they did,
the houses where they raised their children,
the reasons that they stayed - or left.

I gather dates and faded pictures,
old maps, a ship, a marriage line,
hoping somewhere in the fragments
I might understand their lives.

But perhaps some things
are not ours to understand.

Perhaps it is enough to know
they were here.

That somehow, through all their choices,
their hardships, loves, and ordinary days,
their road eventually reached mine.

And suddenly it seems almost clear:

***They were meant to be here,
from the beginning.***

And so was I.

Still searching.
Still wondering.

***For it surely would be
a sorry world
without a little wonder.***