

The Guest House" by Jalaluddin Rumi

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,

still, treat each guest honourably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing and invite
them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes,
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.

Frances Dresser Kerchner Memorial Service Readings

Wellesley Village Church, September 10, 2022

Two Mothers Remembered *by Joann Snow Duncanson*

I had two mothers – two mothers I claim,
two different people, yet with the same name.
Two separate women, diverse by design,
but I loved them both because they were mine.

The first was the mother who carried me here,
gave birth and nurtured and launched my career.
She was the one whose features I bear,
complete with the facial expressions I wear.

She gave her love, which follows me yet,
along with examples in life that she set.
As I got older, she somehow younger grew,
and we'd laugh as just mothers and daughters do.

But then came the time that her mind clouded so,
and I sensed that the mother I knew would soon go.
So quickly she changed and turned into the other,
a stranger dressed in the clothes of my mother.

Oh, she looked the same, at least at arms length,
but now she was the child and I was her strength.
We'd come full circle, we women three,
my mother the first, the second and me.

And if my own children should come to a day,
when a new mother comes and the old goes away,
I'd ask of them nothing that I didn't do.
Love both of your mothers as both have loved you.

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