Years of plodding strife have taught me
our heroes, our mentors, are not always known
nor are their caring laps and filtered voices
soon recalled,
though from some burning core,
they carry on.

My mentor’s genius lay
in finding meaning in a child’s play
amazed by all the dramas that unfold,
admitting to the undeceiving face of pain,
and meeting it with kindness,
his special way of helping others
to heal their many “raveled sleaves of care.”

When we have learned the art of “being there,”
“open-to” and “holding,”
while another dares to come alive,
we learn to feel respect,
aware our mentors live in us.

As well, we must allow each the grace to age
retaining their essential glistening eye,
allowing them the many stations of our lives
and honour them,
by learning how to tread the self same stony way,
knowing that our touching hands and minds
spread over time
will make one unbroken soul,
one unending day.

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