

Every Child is Our Child

It is often when a life ends
That we pause to remind ourselves
Just how miraculous and precious life is.
And when it is a child that breathes his last breath,
We incur a wound that is beyond repair
In our hearts, in our souls and in our world.

For it is our children that bind us together in the fabric of life.
It is our children who remind us of our innocence,
our dreams and of all that is good within us as human beings.
For in their tiny hands and hearts
We place the hopes for our future.

And when any one of us forgets that every child matters,
When any child is forgotten or harmed,
We cause the fabric of life to weaken.

For every child is our child,
We must treasure each one,
As if they were born unto us.
For the future will spring from their hopes and their fears,
And the dreams that they someday make real.

I don't know how to invent a world
In which every child is truly our child.
But I do know our very life depends on it.
We must find a way together.
For in the eyes of our children our differences make no difference,
Until one day they forget.
When will we teach them to not forget?
Or perhaps when will we remember?
Every child is our child.

By Susan Ernst Mazza
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In memory of one of our children, Walter Contreras Valenzuela, Morristown, NJ

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