



To everything there is a season,  
and a time to every purpose under heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die;  
a time to plant  
and a time to pluck up that which is planted;  
A time to kill and a time to heal;  
a time to break down, and a time to build up;  
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;  
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to  
embrace,  
and a time to refrain from embracing;  
A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep,  
and a time to cast away;  
A time to rend, and a time to sew;  
a time to keep silent, and a time to speak;  
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

- Ecclesiastes 3:1-8



When mother's anywhere around  
or so it seems to me  
it makes a lot of difference  
with most everything you see.

For when I hear my mother's voice  
and see her smile so bright  
no matter what has happened  
then everything's all right.

~ A poem by Lynn to his mother  
when he was in grade school.

