

Thursday, November 20, 2008

Dear Tom, Chu-Ching and family,

Yesterday, when I ran across this poem written for me by Jengyee in 1993, I knew there was a message in there somewhere for all of us. Obviously, I kept the poem because I found it touching and meaningful at the time, but now, unearthing it at just this moment (after 14 years), seems even more meaningful. What a remarkable and insightful child she was, so full of eagerness to learn--always her presence brought warmth and brightness to a room. As I read her words, I especially find amazing the stanza:

*"Many things may happen,
But the best has not yet come."*

Although, it seems impossible to understand how "the best" can come when Jengyee is not physically here . . . , we must strive to feel her in our hearts.

Jengyee's ending to her poem also seems prophetic:

*"The day just took our joyous moments
Of the day away."*

I know from the personal experience of losing my sister and her family, that we must take any new positive outgrowths (awarenesses) which may come of the loss of our loved one(s) and embrace them-- these special ones who touch our lives and then must leave, were here for a purpose . . . and now as time passes, that purpose will unfold and be revealed.

I am proud to have contributed to Jengyee's process of constructing who she was to be. Thank you for entrusting her to me.

I have sent you the original of Jengyee's poem; the very paper her hands have touched. I made a color copy for myself as a reminder of how important my commitment to children is. I will frame this "gift" and hang it in my office.

You have my love and best wishes as you regain your equilibrium after this horrible blow.

Sincerely,

*... and with caring concerns for
you all.*

Cathy Smythe

When dawn sets upon
the day →

10-25-93



When dawn sets upon the
day, the little birds begin
to hum.



Rain clouds fill the sky
as if the sun were crying
for joy.



The sound of the rain-
plip plop, plip plop, plip plop-
wakes them up.



The rain has settled for
it leave many streaks
on the window sills.



A rainbow is shown, as
the damp ground is filled
with fresh air.



Monte-
Sorri

greenhouse



As they arrive at work,
the teachers find out they
need a cup of coffee.



They teach like angels guarding
the stars, as they light each
child like a bright star.



The children are quite noisy for the morning is long.



Many things may happen, but the best has not yet come.



As they stare up in the twilight of the moon, many joyful thoughts rush to their minds.



The day just took our joyous moments of the day away.