

PARENTS ARE DIAMONDS  
CHILDREN ARE PEARLS

Diamonds are perfect.  
Perfectly rare,  
Singular and real,  
Illustriously disguised,  
Reluctantly realized.

The most perfect diamond is the one  
that goes unnoticed.  
The most imperfect has been cut and  
polished and set in stone.

Pearls are bewitching.  
Bewitchingly born,  
Peerless and fair,  
Illusively prized,  
Unwisely characterized.

The most bewitching pearl is the one  
that's allowed to shape itself.  
The least alluring has been refined and  
defined and made to fit.

PARENTS ARE SAGE  
CHILDREN ARE GENIUS

The sage sees the fork in the road and looks for  
the path of least resistance.

The genius sees the same fork and can't resist  
the one littered with the most stones.

The sage looks in the mirror and sees herself in  
the eyes of the world.

The genius looks in the same mirror and sees  
himself through his own eyes.

The sage sees a knot and untangles it.

The genius wants to know how the knot got  
that way.

The sage opens her heart.

The genius follows his.

The sage sees a circle and seeks its center.

The genius sees a circle and seeks to expand it.

## PARENTS ARE MADE CHILDREN ARE BUILT

Mountains are MADE.

There is a recipe that no one follows because it was lost long before the first mountain appeared. This leads to the rightful conclusion that mountains are truly SELF-MADE.

Castles, on the other hand, are BUILT.

This is how it happens.  
Stone, hand-tooled and roughly cut,  
is stacked at the whim of an architect  
with credentials more appropriate to an artist.  
The artist employs flair and imagination  
that occasionally lacks  
architecturally-engineered blueprints.

That the castle walls will inevitably collapse  
is really the artist's unspoken intent.  
Over time, the stone loses its battle with nature,  
breaks apart, and crumbles.  
The ruins are scattered. Some are lost.  
Eventually the pieces that are left  
begin the long and arduous process  
of building a mountain of their own MAKING.

PARENTS ARE WATER  
CHILDREN ARE FIRE

Water is life.  
Life is love.  
Love is God.  
God is the well.  
The well is never dry.

Fire is hope.  
Hope seeds faith.  
Faith heals the man.  
Man learns compassion.  
Compassion leads to peace.

PARENTS ARE VALLEYS  
CHILDREN ARE STREAMS

VALLEY:

That which collects the water  
    Brought by the rain  
That makes fertile the soil  
That brings forth the seed  
    That produces the tree  
    That shades the earth  
And cools the stream.

STREAM:

That which collects in the earth  
That springs from the mountain  
    That seeks the path  
    That creates the notes  
    That writes the song  
That brings music to the trees  
And joy to the valley.

PARENTS ARE LISTEN  
CHILDREN ARE LEARN

Teach me to listen  
as dawn listens to the passing night,  
as the flower listens to the rising sun,  
as the artist listens to his palette and brush.

Teach me to listen  
as the breeze fills the sail of the simplest fishing boat,  
teases the leaves of the tallest tree,  
lifts the wings of the fairest bird.

Teach me to listen  
to the tales of fishermen and hunters,  
to the inventions of lawyers and thieves,  
to the secrets of paupers and princes.

Teach me to listen  
to the yearnings of the sheltered and the streetwise,  
to the insights of the eldest of man,  
to the murmurs of the youngest of child.

Teach me to listen to the silence.  
Teach me to listen to the storm.  
Teach me to listen without interruption,  
without wanting to be right or needing an answer,  
without ignorance or shame.

Teach me to listen.  
Because to listen is to learn,  
And to learn is to be wise.