

Some years ago we received this poem from Peter, enclosed inside his Christmas card. I have kept it ever since on my pinboard and never fail to read it every Christmas when writing my cards. He continues to be an inspiration even though this year there was no Peter to write a card to. Much missed, from Cheryl Jennings.

*I have a list of friends I know,
all written in a book
And every year when Christmas comes
I go and take a look,
And that is when I realise
that these names are a part
not of the book they're written in
but also of my heart.*

*For each name stands for SOMEONE
who has crossed my path sometime,
and in the meeting they've become
the rhythm in each rhyme.*

*And while it sounds fantastic
for me to make this claim,
I really feel that I'm composed
of each remembered name.
and while you may not be aware
of any special "link"
just meeting you has changed my life
a lot more than you think,*

*For once I've met somebody,
the years do not erase
the memory of a pleasant word
or of a friendly face
I never think my Christmas cards
are just a mere routine
or names upon a Christmas list,
forgotten in between*

*Now, when I send a Christmas card
that is addressed to you
it's because you're on the list of folks
that I'm indebted to.*

*For I am but the total of the many folks I've met,
and you happen to be one of those
I prefer not to forget.
So whether I have known you
for many a year or few,
in some ways you have had a part
in shaping things I do.*