

May 31, 2020

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

The above verses are from the poem *The Second Coming* by W.B. Yeats written in 1919.

Please be cautious, extremely cautious, and careful and thoughtful and humble and touch this world, this whole world, with a gentle hand with your thoughts and words and deeds in these troubled and terrible times.

A gentle touch is the only way that we can make our way through these awful, awful times, our children and grandchildren must take precedence over our fears and insecurities and prejudices and biases and our own history.

A gentle touch with our words, especially, is the best that we can give them.

Peace be with you, all of you!