

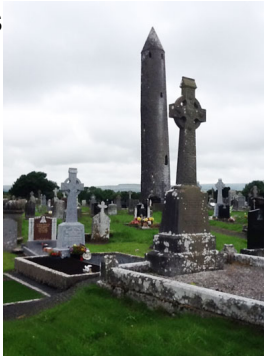
NOV. 1.....ALL SAINTS.....NOV. 2, ALL SOULS DAY

"May the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace."

**Reflection:**

Is there anyone to hear me if I say hello  
Among all those stumbling by?  
Will anyone take a minute too pass the time of day?

I watch on parade all those strange faces



Where do they go,  
Do they realize that this is life passing them by?  
Each in a hurry, pushing their way through  
And how many times have they stopped to wonder  
What they want from life  
Or do they care if they have a friend  
Someone to be near.

To each his own seems to still be true  
For no one wants to speak  
To someone they do not know.

So they go through the paces  
Like soldiers in blue.  
And if the time should come  
When they need someone close  
Who will they have  
If they haven't taken the time  
To know their neighbor  
The one next door  
And talk about things  
They really don't care.  
They rush through life not glancing  
One way or another  
Looking straight ahead blindly.

And when the time comes for them to die  
Will anyone be there to tell them goodbye  
Or will everyone be too busy  
To stop for a moment  
Or take the time to cry?

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[ My neighbor who does take the time. ]*