

Life By Charlotte Bronte

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.

Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
O why lament its fall?

Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly!

What though Death at times steps in
And calls our Best away?
What though sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope, a heavy sway?

Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.

Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!

My Little Butterfly by Barbara Ann Rogers

Today a little butterfly flew by me.

I thought to myself where have you been little butterfly.

You come into this world as a cocoon all by yourself and blossom into this beautiful butterfly and fly off to see the world.

What you don't realize little butterfly as you flutter through your days is how you touch those around you in your soft gentle way.

You don't even realize the wonder and awe you create around you.

She fluttered her wings toward me as if she was waving good-bye as she headed towards the horizon.

She looked very happy and content as she went on her way, as if to say to me "Don't worry I'll be okay".

I was sad to see her go for she had touched my heart in such a way that I knew my life would never be the same.

She had left an imprint of all the beauty life has to offer.

I knew each time I looked at another butterfly or horizon I would remember our moment in time when it was only her and I.

I knew I would be a better person all because this little butterfly flew by me one bright sunny day.

An extract from 'No Matter What' by Debi Gliori

"Does love wear out" said Small, "does it break or bend? Can you fix it, stick it, does it mend?"

"Oh help," said Large "I'm not that clever. I just know I'll love you forever".

Small said: "But what about when you're dead and gone - would you love me then, does love go on?"

Large held Small snug as they looked out at the night, at the moon in the dark and the stars shining bright.

"Small, look at the stars - how they shine and glow. Yet some of those stars died a long time ago. Still they shine in the evening skies... love, like starlight, never dies".