

Call No-one Stranger (*This poem can be read by many different voices...*)

You first saw them by the roadside standing at the crossroads,
waiting... listening... watching
They walked in silence, small bundles on their backs clutching other bits in their hands.
Fears on the faces of those women, men and children
Frightened of the past
fearful of the future
Will no one understand their pain?
Will anyone open a door to receive them?
Look again and you will see familiar people...
mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, grandparents.
Listen and you will hear familiar sounds... talking, crying, laughing...
Understand and you will know the stuff of which your dreams are made...
love and laughter, security and safety, peace and prosperity... are their dreams too.
That which is joy to every human heart is not alien to theirs
The peace you long for is that same peace they strive for.
We stand together as one...
drawing warmth from the same sun
and life from the same earth and
though we travel on different roads
We're part of one God, one Earth, One Universe...
There are no strangers.
tears shed in compassion...
songs of love and dreams of peace make us all one.
Recognise your family in the stranger
Open your door,
invite them in to sit at your table and share your bread.
Call no one stranger whose roots are kin to your own...
whose lives all spring from the One Great Fountain of Life!