

HOMAGE FOR FLORENCE

By Violette Metz – McAllen, Texas

One by one they come.

Sometimes three or four;

Sometimes more.

She watches and weeps

As they abandon their homes.

She has known loss as well.

Using her influence, she begins

To offer an oasis, a sanctuary

With food, shelter,

and clothing,

To those fleeing terror.

A movement is begun,

A movement of caring friends,

A movement of sisters.

All are women who can identify

With the homeless,

the downtrodden,

Those suffering from loss.

And now a century later,

We, her spiritual progeny,

Join with others of a newer era

To follow her lead.

In this our digital age,

We observe wanderers

worldwide

As well as close to home

And give what sustenance we can

To assuage their pain,

To restore their dignity.

She remains a beacon to us

And to the world at large,

A symbol of hope

In her day and in ours.

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