

Who Are We?.

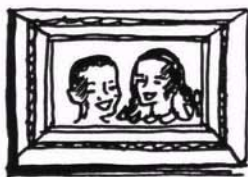
We are a many-faceted group—
Motherhood, sensitive and searching
Seeking new outlets and thereby giving
More to family and friends.

A lonely, frightened childhood
Cushioned by parents' concern
Made anxious by undefined illness.

A questing, eager young adult
Breaking the shackles of parental authority
With tenderness and empathy
For those who gave so much.

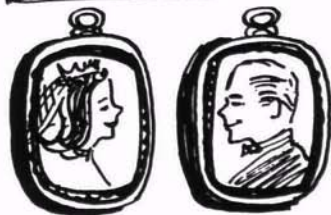
Who are we?
We are in transition as we seek
To put aside values and defenses
No longer useful and yet find them
Popping up to haunt us and perhaps
To frighten away values not completely
Our own as yet.
And so with freedom and choice
We experience guilt, anxiety, discomfort.

Who are we?
We are bundles of memories.
We remember school—the comfort of a
teacher



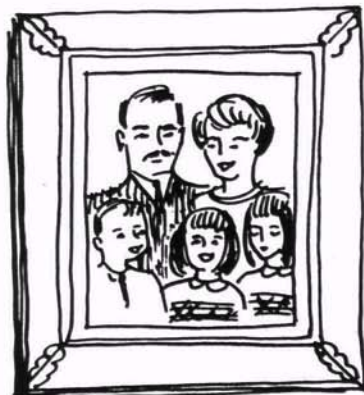
The reprimand when naughty
Perhaps the lash laid on in anger.
The art of getting by without producing.
We remember moving and family disunity.
And the glorious comfort of grandparents
Who cherish their moments with the young.
The joy of a dog as companion and
protector.
The pride that comes from a small hand
Clasped confidently in mine.

Who are we?
Husband, father, lover
A stranger to many but a chain of life
For a few.
A dispenser of authority and responsibility
Recipients of the vicissitudes of
Our family's moves and of their
Expectations!



Lonely children, happy children
Children on the move
Children confined to bed,
Fearful, anxious children
And children protected from harshness.
And all of us caught up in this
Energy-demanding task of
Growing up, becoming.

Seeking, searching, reaching, remembering
Trying to communicate
And wondering.
"From wonder into wonder
Existence opens."
This is who we are!



—MARY B. LANE, *Professor of Education, San Francisco State College, San Francisco, California.*



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