

## Who Are We?.

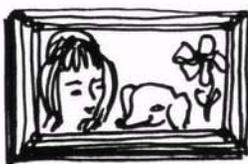
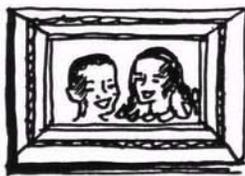
We are a many-faceted group—  
Motherhood, sensitive and searching  
Seeking new outlets and thereby giving  
More to family and friends.

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.

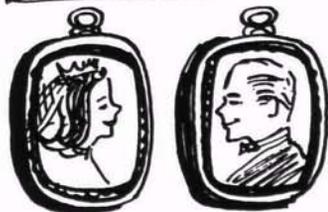
Who are we?  
We are in transition as we seek  
To put aside values and defenses  
No longer useful and yet find them  
Popping up to haunt us and perhaps  
To frighten away values not completely  
Our own as yet.  
And so with freedom and choice  
We experience guilt, anxiety, discomfort.

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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