



Personal Awareness, Personal Hope, Personal Dreams, Personal Realization, Personal Freedom

Peace Will Come

Born Free

Born Free, as free as the wind blows,
as free as the grass grows,
born free to follow your heart.

Live Free, and beauty surrounds you,
the world still astounds you,
each time you look at a star.

Stay Free, where no walls divide you,
you're free as a roaring tide
and there's no need to hide.

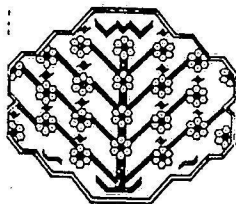
Born Free and life is worth living,
but only worth living,
'cause you're born free.

Peace
Peace will
Peace will come
And let it begin with me

We
We need
We need peace
And let it begin with me

Oh, my own life
Is all I can hope to control
Oh, let my life
Be lived for the good
Good of my soul
Let it bring

Peace
Sweet Peace
Peace will come
And let it begin with me



Free to Be You and Me:

There's a land that I see where the children are free, and I see it ain't far
to this land from where we are. Take my hand come with me, where the children are free.
Come with me, take my hand and we'll live.

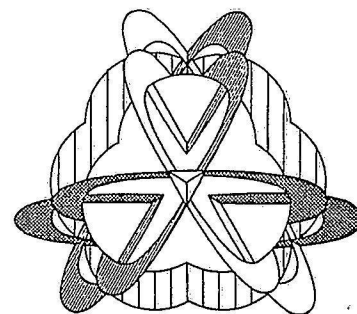
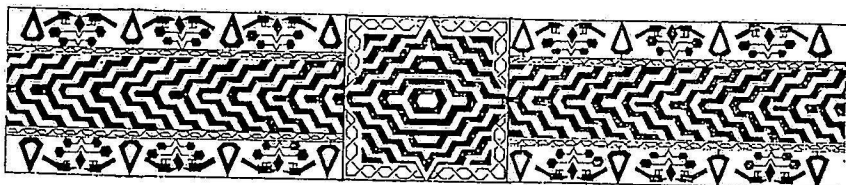
In a land where the river runs free, in a land through the green country,
in a land to a shining sea, And you and me are free to be, you and me.

I see a land bright and clear and the times are coming near, when we'll live in this land,
you and me, hand and hand. Take my hand, come along, lend your voice to my song, Come along
take my hand, sing a song.

For a land where the river runs free, for a land through the green country, For a land
to the shining sea, for a land where the horses run free, and you and me are free to be,
you and me.

Every boy in this land grows to be his own man, In this land every girl grows to be her
own woman. Take my hand, come with me where the children are free. Come with me, take my
hand we'll run, to a land where the river runs free, to a land through the green country,
to a land to the shining sea, to a land where the horses run free, to a land where the
children are free, and you and me are free to be...you and me, and you and me are free to
be...you and me, and you and me are free to be ...you and me

You and me, You and me, You and me. Bop Bop a Bop a etc.
And you and me are free to be, you and me.



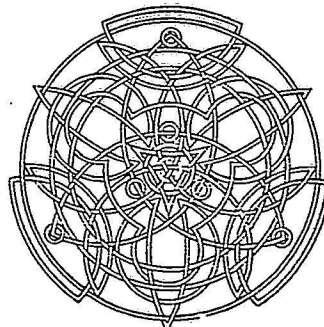
Welcome to Andrea Bliss

May the blessing of light be with you always.
Light without and light within.
May the sun shine upon you and warm your heart
Until it glows like a great fire,
So that others may feel the warmth of it.

And may the light of your eyes
Shine like two candle lights
In a window at night bidding the wanderer
To come in out of the dark and cold.

And may the blessings of the rain be upon you.
The sweet and tender rain,
May it fall upon your spirit
As when the flowers spring up
and fragrance fills the air

And when the rains are over
May the clear pools of water
Made beautiful by the radiance of your light,
As when a star shines beautiful in the night
Pointing the way for all of us.



Welcome from the Prairie Community

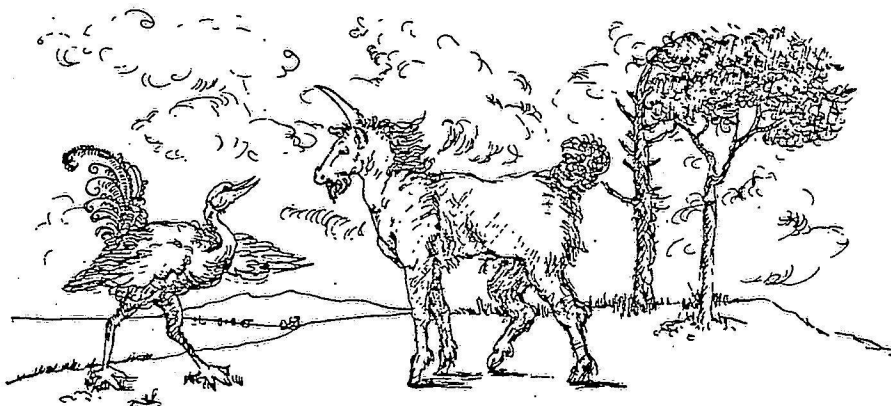
Welcome, Pamela, Patricia, Andrea Bliss and Ole.

We are part of your personal world,
responsible for guarding your freedom,
your life and your opportunities.

Today, we also think of the other children
who will share the life of your generation,
whose welfare is inseparable from your own.

May we all help make a more just and peaceful
world for you and for all those whose lives
are linked with yours.

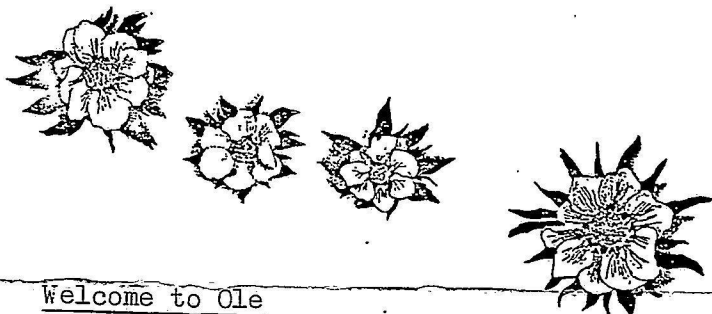
On this day of great promise, we dedicate
ourselves to the children here presented,
and to all children.



Welcome to Pamela and Patricia

In practicing the art of parenthood
an ounce of example is worth a ton
of preachment. When we set an exam-
ple of honesty our children will be
honest. When we encircle them with
love they will be loving. When we
practice tolerance they will be
tolerant. When we meet life with
laughter, they will develop a sense
of humor. Our children are watch-
ing us live, and what we are shouts
louder than anything we say.

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
And the rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.



Welcome to Ole

We have now lived together almost one
year. You have taught me many things in
that time.

My senses sometimes become dulled by
familiarity, habit, and preoccupations.
Being with you enlivens my senses and
sparks my awareness.

I remember walking with you on winter
day in a light snowfall. You said,
"These snowflakes feel like spiders
making webs on my nose." You are in
touch with the world as you make your
way in it.

As you go along you collect new
treasures to bring home--feathers,
branches, leaves, shells and rocks. You
teach me about dinosaurs and dolphins
and unicorns.

Without saying a word, you teach me to
slow down, to look, to be patient with
others and myself.

Again and again you show me the
immense power of a hug.

You remind me to keep the child
within me alive.

You are filled with curiosity, alive-
ness, and caring. May these qualities
grow with you.