

PATRICIA ANN SANDERS

# Words of Wisdom

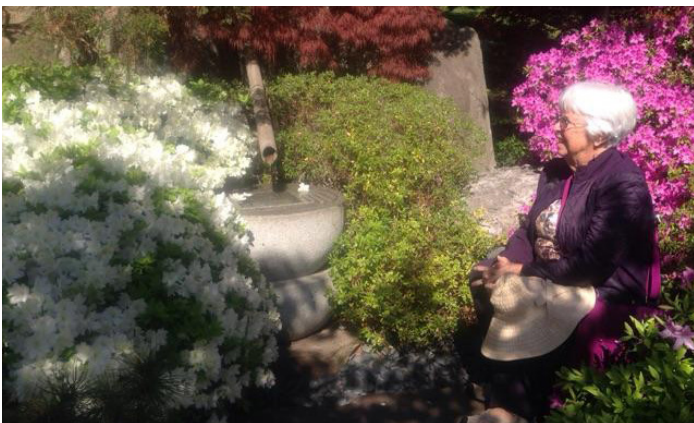
During Pat's last few months, she poured out her life's stories and words of wisdom onto scraps of paper and email to her children. She asked that they be organized into a journal to share with her grandkids and great grandkids. Here are a few of her poignant thoughts for you to ponder.

*"I have so much to tell you. I wake up at night with ideas racing through my mind. I feel like an author beginning a new book from scraps of paper gathered over a lifetime, hoping to make one understandable story of my life to share with my grandchildren."*

## WORDS TO LIVE BY

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- Wear bright colors!
- Nothing is so strong as gentleness, and nothing is so gentle as real strength.
- Teach your children to garden and appreciate flowers. It's a lifelong pleasure.



- "Plant flowers even in yards where you won't be living anymore. Then leave them for the people who move in after you to enjoy." (Her mother's wisdom that Pat lived by)
- Every family should have poetry in its life.



- Teach your children to appreciate the artist as well as their art. Read about them. So much of what they paint is from their own life experiences.
- Now more than ever we need to use imaginative hope.
- Start your own library and add to it whenever you can. Each book has a message. Always read the preface first!
- Let music be a part of your life. Be eclectic in choices.
- Dance with joy like a young child. Sing silly songs like Raffi.
- I believe in lifelong learning through travel, reading, and study.
- Appreciate the many religions of the world.





## FAVORITE QUOTES & LINES OF POETRY

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"I am not the same having seen the moon  
shine on the other side of the world."

*Mary Anne Radmacher*

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### THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH

*Walt Whitman*

There was a child when forth every day,  
And the first object he look'd upon,  
that object he became,  
And that object became part of him  
for the day or a certain part of the day,  
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.

[last stanza]

These became part of that child  
who went forth every day,  
and who now goes,  
and will always go forth every day.

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### SITTING BY MY LAUGHING FIRE

*Ruth Graham*

Oh, time! Be slow!  
it was a dawn ago  
I was a child  
dreaming of being grown;  
a noon ago  
I was  
with children of my own;  
and now  
it is afternoon  
--and late--  
and they are grown  
and gone.  
Time, wait!

### I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

*William Wordsworth*

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

[last stanza]

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

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Of thy mortal goods thou art bereft,  
And from thy slender store  
Two loaves alone to these are left,  
Sell one  
And with the dole  
Buy hyacinths to feel the soul.

*Attributed to the  
Gulistan of Moslih  
Eddin Saadi, a  
Mohammedan  
sheik and Persian  
poet who lived  
about 1184-1291*

