

## “Lorre”

Lorre rhymes with story and glory--  
a glory-story is she.

Last year there were only two of us;  
this year there are clearly three,

for Lorre's a separate person  
with feelings and thoughts of her own.  
For four months now her bright little mind  
has grown as her body has grown.

Pat and I can already tell  
how fine her progress will be:  
She'll be walking at one, talking by two,  
and learning to read when she's three.

We'll give her a good education  
in spite of the public schools,  
and in spite of prevailing customs,  
we'll teach her some moral rules.

Into a world of too many  
we have brought one more to share  
all our diminished resources,  
fuel, food, water and air.

She will be one of two children,  
or maybe our only one.  
The important thing is, we'll make her aware  
of all that needs to be done

to help the earth go on living.  
And we will make sure she's aware  
of values worth having and giving.  
We'll teach her to love and to care.

Of course we wish happiness for her,  
but purpose in life is worth more.  
The happiness comes from the purpose--  
a fact many people ignore.

And she'll make her own contribution,  
whether it be great or small,  
and join her parents in trying to build  
a *good* world--for Lorre, and all.

