



## A Poem for Source Force

- by James C.

*We share this in memory of James, age 36*

If you haven't met Source Force  
then that's a real shame  
They're wonderful and loving and  
just like their name.  
They will search and beg and sort and repair  
zillions of treasures to give us to  
show how they care.  
It's tv's and sheets, dishes, lamps and beds,  
clothing with style and hats for our heads.  
Why you just can't believe it  
— and all for free — and all  
they get paid with are hugs from others and me.  
They have done it for years and  
given us all such hope  
We're no longer sad, drinking,  
or looking for dope.  
We've been shown their caring,  
love and concern  
It shows by example what we need to learn.

The best is the picnics which happen all year  
Where we fill up our bellies  
and lay down our fear  
It is bingo and prizes, free  
shopping and great food  
Why, you just can't help leaving  
in a better mood.  
We've had singers and jugglers,  
gypsies and clowns  
Magicians and puppets all making the rounds  
I just can't express it — words just won't do —  
but whenever I'm sad and feeling blue  
I think back on memories of all that they do.  
I count the days until I see them there  
And it perks me up remembering  
how much they care.

