

## **Message to my Grandchildren**

*Diana Raab*

Outside my writing studio window  
a hummingbird flutters—  
one red flower to the next.

She glances at me  
relaying ancestral messages from the heavens.  
In awe, I stare at her beauty—  
iridescent colors and mystical energy.

I know it's grandma telling me  
to share stories that glue  
generations together

all living in our DNA—  
the pains, the horrors of world wars,  
the cruelty of humanity—  
all nurturing the compassionate person I've become.

She says compassion and gratitude  
are two seeds which blossom  
into happiness and nudge us towards the light.

From my mother, I learned to hate darkness  
as she hid under a black straw hat  
and strolled cemeteries at night.

So dear grandchildren:  
Look for light.  
Crave peace.  
Don't settle for less.