



Bits and pieces,  
Bits and pieces.

People, people important to you, people unimportant to you, cross your life, touch it with love and carelessness and move on. There are people who leave you and you breathe a sign of relief and wonder why you ever came into contact with them. There are people who leave you and you breathe a sigh of remorse and wonder why they had to go away and leave such a gaping hole. Children leave parents; friends leave friends. Acquaintances move on, people change houses. People grow apart. Enemies hate and move on. You think on the many who have moved into your hazy memory. You look on those present and wonder.

I believe in a master plan in lives moving people in and out of each others' lives, and each leaves a mark on the other. You find you are made up of bits and pieces of all who ever touched your life, and you are more because of it, and you would be less if they had not touched you.

Hope that you accept the bits and pieces in humility and wonder, and never question, and never regret.

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Lois Cheney