



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 ad beg and sort and repair
zillions of treasures to give us to
show how they care.
It's TVs 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.

