

SEEDLINGS IN A STORM

Will he love poetry, will he learn to paint with words?
Will she love history, question why these things occurred?
And will they find their voices in time?
And when he cries for help will he feel no shame?
And when she makes mistakes, will she try again?
And will they find their choices in time?

CHORUS

*SEEDLINGS IN A STORM, grow against the odds,
Bend with the wind, reach for the sun.
Each child that is born, life's chance to carry on.
Precious gifts to us, the many and the one.*

Will he be sensitive, use hands with gentle pride?
Will she be confident, laugh, and take the world in stride?
Will they find their graces in time?
Will he name galaxies, and wish upon a star?
Will she cure disease, light a candle from afar?
Will they find their places in time?

CHORUS (x 2)

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Dorie's notes: Although this song often reminds me of my own precious children, I often dedicate it to all the children of the world who are growing up in the midst of war conditions, literally and figuratively. I hope you join me in recommitting to build a world that is healthy, full of choices, and loving, for all the world's children.