



## *Thursday Memo – December 17, 2015*

Four Haiku from Laos Clinic – by Krista Farey

From the old country  
of no hugs, but in this spring  
knarled arms grasp tight

Aged hands and eyes  
proudly stitch tiny crosses  
in dark blessed cloth

We are getting older  
she said, holding tight. Be our  
doctor till we die

Do everything doc  
I could not protect her - death  
it came without ease