

Tomorrow's Child

*Without a name, an unseen face,
And knowing not the time or place,*

*Tomorrow's child, though yet unborn,
I saw you first last Tuesday morn.*

*A wise friend introduced us two,
And through his shining point of view*

*I saw a day, which you would see,
A day for you, and not for me.*

*Knowing you has changed my thinking,
Never having had an inkling*

*That perhaps the things I do
Might someday threaten you.*

*Tomorrow's Child, my daughter-son,
I am afraid I've just begun*

*To think of you and your good,
Thought always having known I should.*

*Begin I will to weigh the cost
Of what I squander and what is lost,*

*If ever I forget that you
Will someday come to live here too.*

By Glenn Thomas,
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Toward a Sustainable Enterprise

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“ Creating True Wealth from Conservation and Efficiency ”