TO THE STRANGER WHO WALKS OUR SHORES

Step not lightly upon these shores nor cast lighthearted gazes upon our isle... take not a dim view of our dwellings nor laugh at our narrow roads... do not misunderstand our language nor make joke of our native tongue... do not mock our walk or look down upon our quaint ways... for upon these shores have walked men of God, made of fibre woven close for age... and inside these dwellings laughter and love have flowed to make mansions of our homes... our language is that of times past and ages still unknown and our native tongue speaks with truth, understanding and compassion... our walk is that of pride and labor... bent somewhat from our toil but never from shame... our quaint ways may be misunderstood as slow but time is abundant here and we wish it not away... and fear not our streets, as narrow they are, for they are roads of welcome to strangers, highways to let all visitors come into our lives, and exit for those who misunderstand us, or mistrust us or wish not our love...

-Sonny Forbes