



Dear Hayley,

Here it is, your senior year! I guess I knew it would arrive eventually, but who knew it would be here, so soon. It Doesn't seem very long ago that I brought you home from the hospital, and was telling your brother to "be easy" with you.

Anyone who knows me, knows how very, very proud of you, I am. And now, those who do not know me, also know this.

I have no doubts that you will be successful in your future- not just because of your hard work and what you achieve, but because of the special person that you are.

Always remember which choices have been good for you and stand strong in them. Continue doing your best and trusting God for the outcome.

I would like to dedicate the following poem to you, and to the entire calss of 2001. I do not know who wrote it, but I would like to pass it on to you, with all my love and prayers, and to the class of 2001, with my congratulations and best wishes for their future.

Love, Mom

Count Your Blessings

Count your blessings instead of your *Crosses*
 Count your gains instead of your *losses*
 Count your joys instead of your *woes*
 Count your friends instead of your *foes*
 Count your smiles instead of your *tears*
 Count your courage instead of your *fears*
 Count your full years instead of your *lean*
 Count your kind deeds instead of your *mean*
 Count your health instead of your *wealth*
 Count on *God* instead of yourself.

