The following poem was written by my golfer friend, Mike Lally, after last year’s dance. Mike was so touched by what he witnessed that he wrote the following poem:

"WHO ARE THE VICTIMS"

I watched former victims dance and celebrate
Knowing that their past was a journey of pain
However much I tried to empathize
My efforts were totally in vain.

I let a golden opportunity slip right by.
Was merely an observer didn’t really say “Hi.”
From now on, when I meet a victim of such tragic pain,
I’ll tear down that mask and entry I’ll gain.

’Cause I know behind there lies a beautiful mind.
I know through George Pessotti, the beauty I’ll find.

Each day in my life, I learn something new.
It is my nature when challenged, to attack and pursue.
Last night, I was humbled by my fain attempt.
The new mask from my mind I’ll quickly rent.

I was a firefighter some forty years ago.
I thought I had learned but now I don’t know.
I beg your forgiveness, this victim of shame.

Next time I meet one of you; I can assure you I’ll share
I will cross that divide and not just stare.
There are many other masks that keep us rent apart
That manifests every day.

The cancers of racism, jealousy, bigotry, shroud the mind.
Again, we just walk away.
Not knowing what friendships we may have missed.
Or what beauty we may have found
Or who could be our anchor on the high seas of life.

Luckily love does abound
Regardless, human frailties do manifest.
We can at best aspire
That in future, we can lend a hand
To the unfortunate victims of fire.

You are lucky to have in your camp,
The energy and love that I found.
But then, we are all lucky to have
A friend like George Pessotti around.

Mike Lally 6-7-08