**Stacey's Journey: A Caregiver's Legacy**

In the dance of life where paths diverge and intertwine,

Stood Stacey, a soul resilient, a spirit so divine.

Once a crafter of agreements, where legal terms were her art,

Yet she heeded a deeper call, guided by her heart.

With a heart bold and brave, she chose a family to weave,

Nurturing her young, in them, her dreams to believe.

A mother's love, unwavering, through years of tender care,

Guiding her children to grow, in her strength and love to share.

As life’s seasons turned, Stacey embarked on a journey anew,

To the realms of compassion, where her heart's calling flew.

In non-profit's embrace, she found her purpose reignite,

Shining her subtle flame in service, turning darkness into light.

Amidst the chaos of storms, when nature showed its might,

She stood with the voiceless, to correct their unseen plight.

In Katrina's wake, a guardian for the four-legged souls,

Her compassion, limitless, mended spirits, fulfilling vital roles.

To the Lakota's sacred land, her helping hands extended,

With the impoverished and forgotten, her spirit beautifully blended.

Every step, a testament to her belief in humanity's cause,

In her actions, a whisper of love, in the world's applause.

Now in the city's embrace, among the streets and alleys cold,

Stacey serves as a beacon, her stories of kindness unfold.

In the eyes of the homeless, she sees reflections of grace,

Offering warmth and hope, in life's challenging race.

A mother, now a grandmother, her legacy gently sown,

In her granddaughter's laughter, her love's melody is shown.

Stacey, a caregiver at heart, a soul so wonderfully grand,

In her journey through life, she lends her heart's loving hand.

**Pure Beauty**

In energy, a verb, pure beauty lives, its essence ever kind,

Not just in deeds, but deeper in intent, the beauty of the mind.

Innocent, organic, in gestures unseen, silently told,

A feast for every sense, more precious than the purest gold.

**Pure Beauty Can Be Seen…**

Nature's art in butterfly wings, a dance of hues,

Infant smiles, innocent and pure, heart-warming views.

Eagles soaring, their majestic wings in flight,

Acts of care, silent odes to love's unspoken light.

**Pure Beauty Can Be Heard…**

In toddler giggles, joy echoes, life's simple song,

Ocean waves on sandy shores, where they belong.

Birds at dawn, a melodious daybreak symphony,

Silence speaks, in serene beauty, so heavenly.

**Pure Beauty Can Be Smelled…**

Red roses, their fragrance a ballet in the air,

Gentle whispers from pine trees, robust scents that they share,

Crisp winter air, each breath a refreshing embrace,

The scent of time-worn pages, weaving dreams of history’s lace.

**Pure Beauty Can Be Felt…**

In a dog's joyful kisses, love's unconditional flow,

A loved one's hug, warmth, and affection aglow.

A tender touch, empathy's silent, caring sweep,

Hand in hand, a connection profound and deep.

**Pure Beauty Can Be Tasted…**

Fresh strawberries' sweet song of summer's joy,

Ripe peaches' burst, sun-drenched flavors employ.

Homemade meals, memories in flavors' dance,

Cinnamon's warm spice, in every lingering glance.

**Pure Beauty, Graceful Intent…**

Flowing freely, touching hearts, in gestures big and small,

Its true worth lies not in size but in the intent of it all.

Like a single dollar given from a heart generous and kind,

Outshines a fortune without care, in the beauty that we find.

In every expression of selfless love, beauty's true measure we see,

A world aglow with such grace, where intent sets beauty free.

**Pure Beauty’s Endless Glow…**

Like the gentle flame of a candle, Pure Beauty's energy flows,

Sharing its light, yet undiminished, as warmth in its glow grows.

With each flame passed from soul to soul, our world glows warm and bright,

In acts of kindness, care, and gratitude, our world's beauty takes flight.

**Pure Beauty, Hidden Within…**

In each of us lies Pure Beauty's spark, a light within, so bright,

Yet, shadows of fear and conflict often veil it from our sight.

We fixate on the mirror's image, not the soul's luminous light,

Forgetting the inner glow that burns, unseen in the night.