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Where did you come from stranger
How does it happen that you
Are so particularly fitted
To help in the work I must do
I didn't look for you stranger
And you were not looking for me
Was it luck, or a break, or a something
We neither were able to see
In the everyday lives of the worker
Is everything guided by chance
Or is there a force all about us

A kind of divine circumstance
Does that force that holds star in their courses
And keep them crashing apart
Reach into the lives of the worker
In production, construction and art
So many times lately I've noticed
Although I am boss of the job
When the going is tough and I seem on the spot
Somebody steps out of the mob
With a thought or a plan or suggestion
That answers the problem for me
And so easy so simple so present
I should have been able to see
And then over me comes a feeling
I've never found words to define
A feel of a force all about me
An all powerful good will toward mankind
So from now on I won't call you stranger
For whatever brought you to my door
In the coordination of service
Makes me feel like I've met you before

— Mark A. Power, Circa 1910
J. Mark Wilson's Grandfather

