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You can download the PDF of this book, as well a PDF of a color version of this book, at:

www.sheltered.life

I created the artwork in this book with an AI-assisted computer process. You can find more of my digital art at:

www.DeepWall.art

My home page on the Internet is:

www.AuthorFreeman.com

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I based the artwork in this book on Creative Commons photos by the following Flickr.com users: Rebecca (pp. 1 & 10), Elaine Smith (pg. 2), Thompson Rivers University (pg. 4), Alec Couros (pp. 6 & 12), Dan Boger (pg. 8), Scott Vandehey (pg. 14), and Wonderlane (pg. 18), as well as Henri Rousseau's *The Sleeping Gypsy* (pg. 16), which is in the public domain.



This is the house we sheltered in.



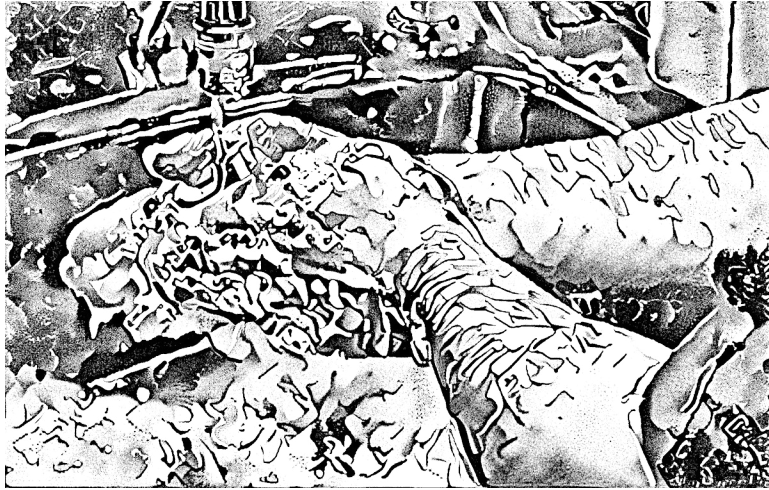
These are the hands, nimble and strong,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans

After adventures free of harm,
Dreamed by sleepers, toasty warm,
After the stories, read and told,
After the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,
After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of all the homes we sheltered in.



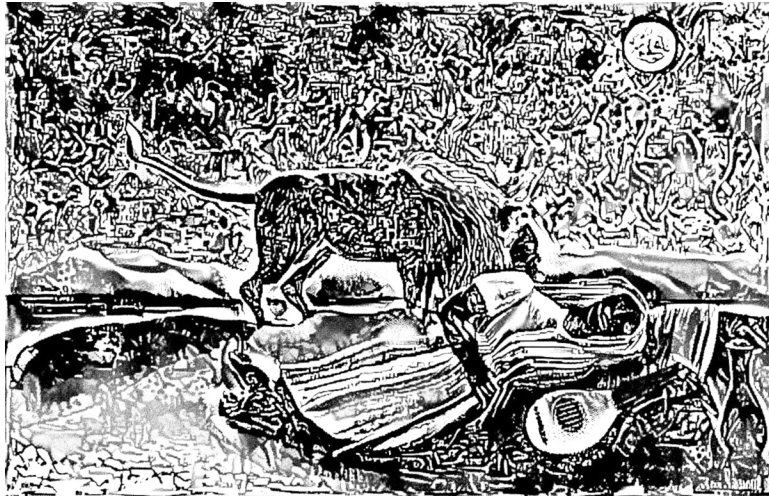
This is yet another dawn,

Of the house we sheltered in.



This is the soap that washed the hands,
Again and again, and again and again,

Dreamed by sleepers, toasty warm,
After the stories, read and told,
After the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,
After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.

These are adventures free of harm,



These are the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,

After the stories, read and told,
After the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,
After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.

These are the beds, so toasty warm,



These are the games we played for fun,

After the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,
After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



These are the stories, read and told,

After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



These are the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,

After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.