



The Spirit Pin

I wear a pin above my heart,
A special one – a work of art,
It helps me remember to be grateful,
It helps me keep my spiritual plate full.

In the morning I place it on my shirt,
It takes little effort and cannot hurt,
But this small action makes me think,
I can find the spiritual in a blink.

I walk out the door and greet the sun,
By pausing to appreciate it, I have won,
My pin and I have started off well,
By focusing on Earth where spirits dwell.

I rub my pin and focus on the garden,
A spiritual hub, a spiritual bargain,
A place of action for all types of beings,
My spirit pin is shaking its weaving.

And later in the day a crisis looms,
I'm feeling stress coming from the rooms
Of suited figures working for the man,
And I touch my pin and know I can.

My spirit pin is a constant reminder,
That I am a seeker and a finder,
The spiritual exists, but I must search,
The pin helps keep me from the lurch.

We all need reminders, we all need assists,
To keep our lives from going amiss,
For me the spiritual is my guide,
I need the pin to help me glide.

So, I welcome the spirit pin to my life,
To minimize failure, lessening strife,
Helping me remember to be grateful,
Filling my cup, keeping my heart full.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we were the pin
To help the spirit find you.