

St. Francis And the Birds

St. Francis of Assisi was a holy man,
And of nature, it is true, he was fan,
The creation was good, and he was pure,
And about its protection, he was sure.

St. Francis was about peace with the creation,
The birds they filled him with elation,
He would gleefully join them in song,
They would not flee as he sang along.

At another time, a town was in fear,
A nasty wolf roamed the woods that were near,
But St. Francis went and tamed the beast,
Decrying its hunger, he said give it a feast.

St. Francis often praised Sir Brother Sun
For bringing light when night was done,
Chasing the stars and shooing the moon
To bring us all a lovely afternoon.

And then he talks of brothers wind and air
Are they bringing us weather stormy or fair?
And what of Sister Water and Brother fire?
Do they get together and conspire?

But most of all he loves Mother Earth
The best of the best, with great worth,
For she has the greatest gift to give,
You see, Mother Earth allows us to live.

So St. Francis and I walk and talk with the birds,
And work together to find the right words,
To let everyone join with us in praise,
Of God and creation - with us - always.

St. Francis is now my patron saint,
I hope his reputation not to taint,
As I engage in my own spiritual wandering,
While enjoying a bit of metaphysical pondering.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
St. Francis belongs here,
And so do you.