



**Primeval Cathedral**

By Bruce Fogerty

I sat alone in my forest primeval.  
This most magnificent cathedral,  
Chose a rough log as my pew  
And sat there with the morning dew.

I sat and heard the forest preach.  
Let nature's beauty rightly teach.  
No one jumped to fill the pulpit,  
No domineering egos stole it.

For all living things have much to say,  
So I listened long that day,  
And heard a sermon so profound  
I wound up face down on the ground.

The blue jays sang up on the limbs,  
Then led an offertory hymn.  
But nature never passed the plate  
Without giving first, a true soul mate.

The service ore', so I went down  
To rock-strewn alter mossy brown,  
Confessed my many failings there,  
Then left this church without a care.

Our frazzled souls just need to be  
Spending more time under trees.  
My friend you'll find some solace there,  
And maybe leave with answered prayer

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
And when in the forest  
A log will do.