



WONDERS

The Last Arrival of Spring

The azaleas bloomed many weeks ago,
But the pecan's green is slow to show,
The other trees are all aglow,
Yet the pecan's green is still a no-show.

Spring isn't for real until all have come,
And the lovely pecan seems to be the last one,
Can you tell me why the pecan's behind?
Its arrival would give me peace of mind.

Each day I look at the skeleton tree,
I know without leaves it cannot be,
My partner in life for we thrive together,
New leaves the promise of Earth-life forever.

What a beautiful thing - photosynthesis,
A thing of origin, a thing of innocence,
A gift to me upon my birth,
A central aspect of the planet Earth.

Each day I gaze upon the limbs,
And try to discern the pecan's whims,
Why is it lagging? I hope it's not dying,
For its demise would leave me crying.

And then today I saw the sprout,
Now this is what life is all about,
Another season has fully evolved,
The Earth again has fully revolved.

As one season begins, another ends,

The new comes in, reality transcends,
A change of shape, a change in vision,
The prism of reality yielding wisdom.

Green leaves beginning completes the whole,
I feel something touching me deep in my soul,
Connected to something larger than me,
Affirming my vision and my destiny.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here we channel nature's power
To create the best you.