



Baby Owl

Some days are simply harder than others,
Your chest is tight, your breath smothered,
Your well-laid plan just came undone
The race is over – you have not won.

But nature can come and offer a balm
That grabs the beast and makes it calm
Offering a hand pulling you from the mire
Bringing some water to toss on the fire.

And so it is with the owl in the box
That says so much as its eyes talk
Telling me that it is safe in there
Telling me that the box means care.

And what a gift the steward has left
The box preventing baby being bereft
Giving safety and comfort till mom is back
And until baby owl gains the flying knack.

Friend Robin greets the owl on her morning walk
If you listen carefully, you can hear them talk
Robin meditating to find a connection
The owl simply happy to aid meditation.

And connected they become, day after day,
Each of them nourished in a spiritual way
One from the connection with a living thing,

The other just excited being a being.

Such is the wonder of the Church of the Earth,
A place that continues to generate worth
Today baby owl comes through for us all
Tomorrow a smile from the blue jay's call.

And upon reflection my day wasn't so bad
As I sit here and smile like a very young lad
For nature has done it once again
And restored good feelings in this old man.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Take a trip into nature
It's good for you.