

WHEN I WAKE UP AND
 THOUGHTS OF THE THAT LIV-
 ING STAY IN YOUR MIND
 YOUR SENSES FROM
 THAT IN FLOW
 OF JOY LIKE
 A LAZARUS IN
 YOU. SINS
 BRING FRUIT,
 NO SLEEPY SIN-
 EW. BEING
 TH WHICH
 LE G, ONE
 RO THE BUCKET
 TO WATER
 -AY OF
 -MI



Fine Davidst

Spring of Fine Davidst

Fine Davidst

Golden Fronted Woodpecker 3

Walking down the road and the Hill Country's dry
I look up for hope, and there's not a cloud in the sky
The grass is no longer green but turning yellow
And then I hear the call of a happy fellow.

Ratta tat tat – ratta tat tat – the sound is clear
The golden-fronted woodpecker is somewhere near
There he is – I see him – on the telephone pole
Head pecking away to reach his goal.

The woodpecker and I look at the ranch nearby
And the owner we hereby declare a good guy
For the land that he owns has been set aside
And a whole lot of money he let slide.

Those 2000 acres are conserved in perpetuity,
And the owner was clear - there is no ambiguity,
Profit foregone – some would say he's beserk,
But his duty as a land steward he did not shirk.

Mr. Gold-front and I salute the land protectors,
Those amongst us who help address the specters,
Of this chapel of Earth Church being cut into pieces
With the forests cleared and groundwater leases.

He and I think there is not enough recognition
Of the stewards amongst us who with cognition
Find a higher calling than making the most money,
But instead reach out to the bird and the bunny.

Stewardship's a concept that comes from religion,
But it is also an action that Texans can envision,
For love of the land is deep in Texas's heart,
But long-term protection we need to kick start.

Mr. Gold-front and I conclude our conversation,
And I continue my walk with love and celebration,
For the defense of Earth Church by unselfish action,
Knowing acts of stewardship will bring satisfaction.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
And say a prayer for the steward
For we appreciate you.