

...I ROLLED A ... THE  
... OF HIS ... IT ...  
... ADOPED ... WAY ...  
... CART. ... WILD AND  
... BROKEN COLT ... BY THE  
... HAND OF HIS ... REGION  
... HE LEARNED ... AS, IT  
... PANNED ... FOR A  
... CUP OF ... HAVE  
... SOUGHT ... LOVE,  
... BUT ... THEM TO  
... ITS OWN ... ONE COULD DA  
... BEAR SKIN ... AS FLOATING DOWN  
... OVER ... SAID TO A MAN  
... ... JUMP ...  
... ... THE ...  
... ... ROOM





YOUR CHILDREN ARE NOT YOUR CHILDREN  
THEY ARE - GODS AND DAUGHTERS  
OF LIVES - GIVING THEMSELVES  
THEY ARE THROUGH YOU BUT  
NOT FOR YOU, AND THEY ARE  
THEY ARE WITH YOU  
DO NOT TO  
GIVE THEM  
NOT YOURS



K GILL

YOU MAY HAVE THEIR BILLS  
THEY NO... THEIR...  
THEIR... THE  
HOST OF THE... WHICH  
... YOU CAN  
... MAY  
... THEM,  
...  
... THE  
... YOU  
... ARCHER  
... THE  
... YOU  
... CH  
... CHILDREN ARE SENT FORTH



## Chicks

The nests built with spring's hope have now been used,  
And the youngsters are out and looking confused,  
They often look a mess with feathers askew,  
Wondering "where do we go" and "what do we do"?

Isabelle and JC were bicycling the other day,  
And saw three young stragglers along their way,  
The young night herons stood next to the road,  
Looking like rejects from a horror episode.

And they aren't alone as new arrivals here on Earth,  
For most of our birds have completed giving birth,  
To an amazing assortment of young little chicks,  
Now departing their homes assembled of sticks.

Received a baby bluebird's photo from friend Bubba  
It was really cute and looked kinda chubby,  
And Isabelle has prepared us some flycatcher babies  
Fighting for food and not wanting any maybes.

The point of today of today's verse is to celebrate living,  
And the gifts of Earth Church that keeps on giving,  
For new life is sacred and something to cherish,  
I want'em all to survive and none to perish.

Life's path is tricky, and it bends and weaves,  
And throws challenges at us we didn't conceive,  
Like a virus that has shut down our modern society,

And generated fear and more general anxiety.

So when I have the chance to see a new one,  
I reflect that the cycle has anew begun,  
And I wonder if I might someday return,  
My life spirit liberated apart from the urn.

A new one is hope for them and us all,  
And we should do all we can to maintain the hall  
Of the Earth, that is, where this recycling occurs,  
Because the life that returns may be mine or yours.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Say a prayer that recycling  
Becomes true for you.