

...I ROLLED A ... THE
... OF HIS ... IT ...
... ADOPED ... WAY ...
... CART ... WILD AND
... BROKEN COLT ... BY THE
... HAND OF HIS ... REIGN
... IS LEARNE ...
... PANNED ...
... CUP OF ...
... SOUGHT ...
... BUT ... LOVE,
... ITS OWN ... THEM TO
... BEAR SKIN ... ONE COLD DAY A
... AS FLOATING DOWN
... SAID TO A MAN
... JUMP ...
... THING ...
... RUM



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.