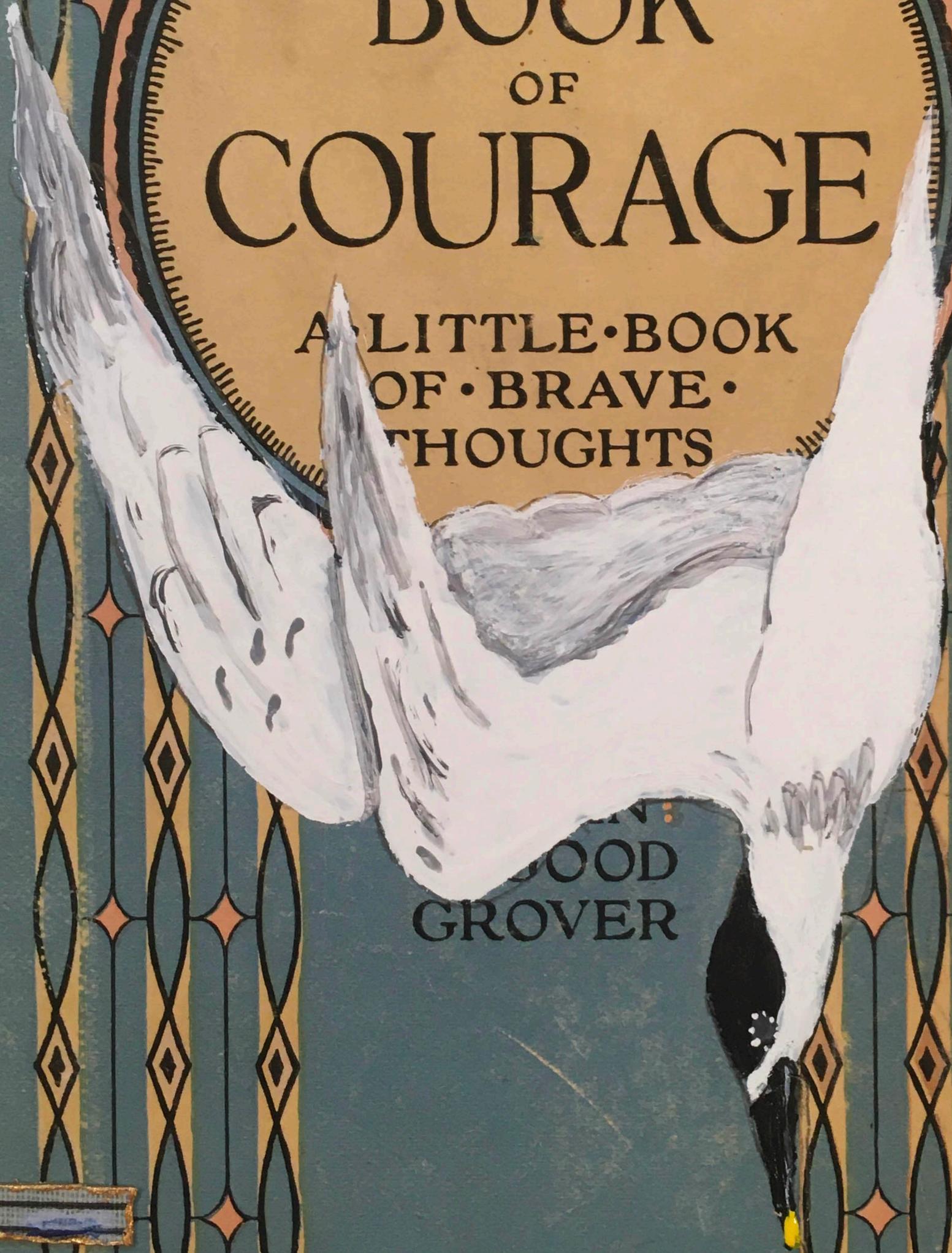


THE BOOK OF COURAGE

A LITTLE BOOK
OF BRAVE
THOUGHTS

BY
GOOD
GROVER



Sandwich Tern

It was a day long ago on Matagorda Bay
Fishing with Al and B.C. for the day,
It's fun to birdwatch and then catch a few fish
It was a perfect day, the granting of a wish.

The day was beautiful, but the fishing was slow
Then the tide came in and made the water flow
In my experience the tide turning is good
A truism in fact – that's no falsehood.

We pulled up on an oyster reef called Mad Island
Named for a ranch that perhaps needed an asylum
A name whose origin is hard to pin down
For many different stories are floating around.

What's clear is that on that fishing day
We found some fish – somehow, some way
There were ripples and splashes, the water was nervous
Then the trout were pushing the shrimp to the surface.

And the birds seemed to come from out of nowhere
There were gulls and terns flying with a flair
When B.C. grabbed me and said with concern
It's got mustard on its beak – it's a Sandwich Tern.

It's fun to fish with the birds whirling 'round you
The black and least terns and laughing gulls there too
A bird party on the water – what a treat to experience
But to the fishing my friend B.C. was oblivious.

And in the midst of the fishing bonanza

B.C. lays out an eating extravaganza,
So we ate a sandwich to honor the tern
The mustard bill bird was a new one to learn.

The moral to this story is to take a birder fishing
They'll show you new birds and leave you wishing
That you'd spent more time watching the birds
And enjoying the picnic with prime cuts and herbs.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that the temple
Has a sandwich for you.