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The Jacana and the Whitewing (Part 2)

And after fishing, we drove from the lakefront,
And invaded a grain field for the afternoon hunt,
The whitewing doves fly in large, lumbering flocks,
The hunters dispersing to put doves in the icebox.

I'd been hunting doves since I was quite young,
Growing older the adventures became more far flung,
Trying to attain the next rung on the ladder,
Wanting more, feeling less, getting harder and sadder.

But then came this day in the harvested grain,
When an event occurred that made me insane,
For the doves failed to show, and the hunters were foul,
And they started shooting in a way that was mal.

I can still see the flock of emerald green parakeets,
Flying in to feed and me standing there helpless,
As the frustrated hunters started blasting the sky,
And shouting out "If it flies, it will die".

I was sick in my soul from what happened that day,
And since that time, I have changed my way,
I put down my gun and picked up my glasses,
Burning down that bridge, ashes to ashes.

I am happy for others that choose to hunt,
But after that day, I needed to punt,

To leave behind an ugly experience,
To change in a way that could make a difference.

I'll never forget the plane ride back,
Searching the landscape to find where we're at,
Flying through a hole in a kettle of hawks,
Opening a new door to walking the walk.

So, when I see whitewings today in our yard,
I smile on our relationship and growth that was hard,
The man I am today has an absolute link,
With the white winged dove who just gave me a wink.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Say a prayer that redemption
Will find you.