

GOOD
CITIZENS



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Least Grebe 3

The Hugh Ramsey Nature Park's in Harlingen,
The south Texas town where I was raised,
A town that once was the center of my life,
A place where I no longer spend my days.

I come revisiting times left behind,
As I went away and suddenly aged,
Coming today with friends and loving nature,
And at this moment I am seriously engaged.

A green heron just speared a bullfrog,
While standing upon a floating log,
And a yellow warbler just flitted by,
This is my kind of place - a birder's bog.

And there's a least grebe floating alone,
A bird whose yellow eye speaks to me,
We greet each other in a deep, primal zone,
Acknowledging we each have a right to be.

The grebe meets a man who is growing older,
Thankful for his time, a grateful beholder,
Thankful for every new hour he can see,
Thankful for each new day's discovery.

I relish returning back to where I was raised,

And realizing that it was but a stop on a journey,
That continued through Austin and then to Houston,
Where I discovered place as a coastal attorney.

Today I'm relishing the essence of place -
An aspect of Earth Church, my spiritual sanctuary,
A concept that came long after my life here,
A gift conveyed with no need for ceremony.

It is nice to return and revisit my roots,
And reflect on life and its attributes,
Happy and content with who I am,
Relishing my place in life's program.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
And pray that place
Will become sacred to you.