



## Baby Jacana

Today is my birthday and I'm turning 73,  
I never thought much about what life would be  
For someone who's come to be 73  
When the man who's that old is actually me.

In trying to understand who and what I am,  
I feel like I have passed a form of exam,  
But only to move to the next higher grades,  
Where much is painted in nuance and shades.

There is so much to learn and so much to do,  
I'm like a youngster with feathers askew,  
That's it – for my birthday I'm a baby Jacana,  
I'm one with Earth Church and singing hosanna.

I'm exploring the universe and seeing new things,  
They come flying by on silvered wings,  
And I'm walking on water from pad to pad,  
Focused on keeping from becoming ironclad.

It is difficult being both young and old,  
But the key ingredient is a spirit bold,  
And a mind that never ceases to question,  
And search for the answer, the destination.

But like a youngster, there is never clear thinking  
The more I'm ending, the more I'm beginning,  
But that's the fun of being alive,  
And with the right attitude you can really thrive.

I'm atop the water, big feet padding away,  
Into the beginning of another day,  
Greeting the sun - saying goodbye to the moon,  
Grateful to be within the Earth Church commune.

Earth Church has been my rod and my staff,  
It helps me see clearly, it makes me laugh,  
So, my girl and I will act like young spirits,  
On my birthday, loving life, embracing metaphysics.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Pray that you can feel young  
When 73 finds you.