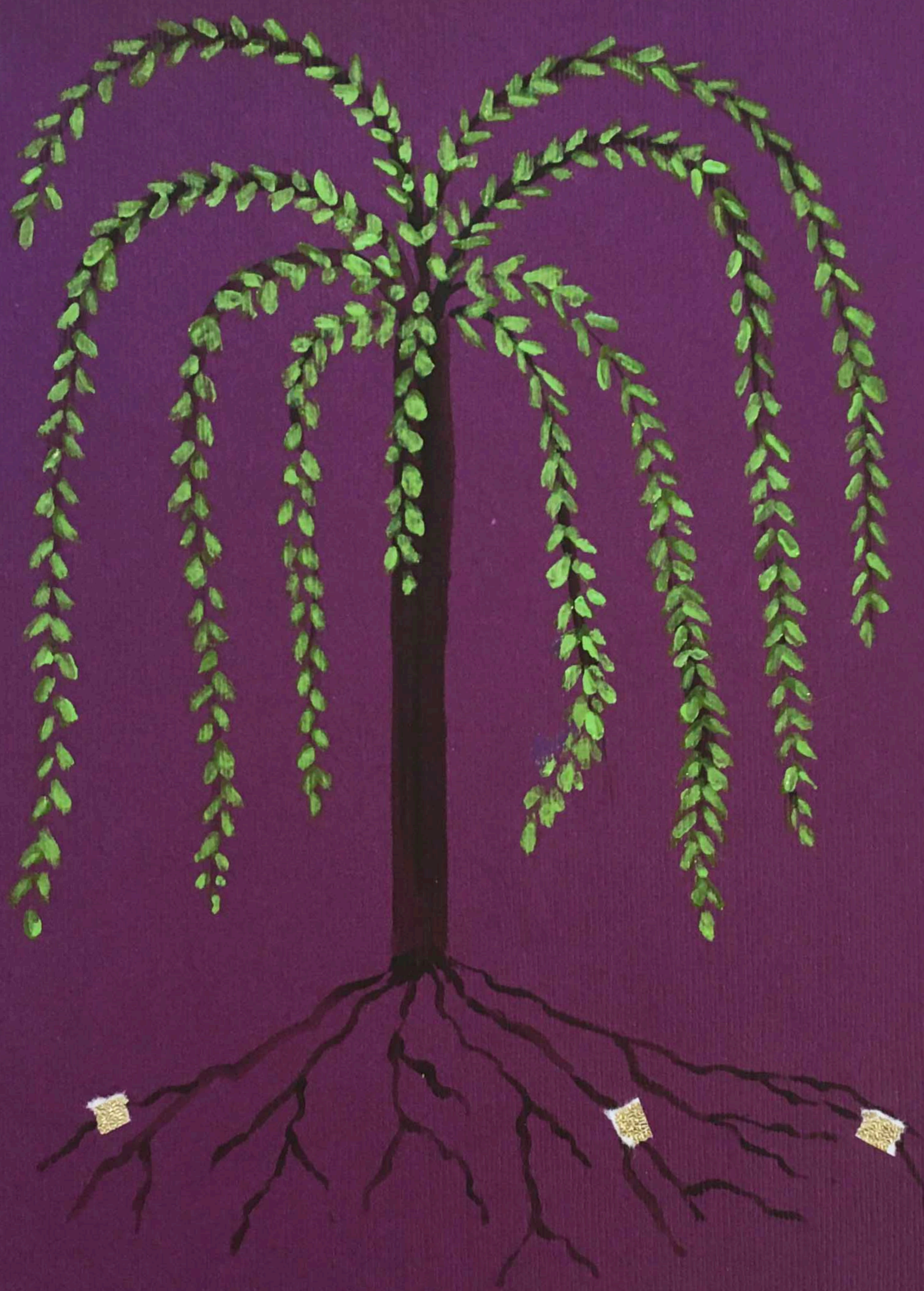


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MANILA DISTRICT T.A.R.



## Weeping Willow

I see a weeping willow on Buffalo Bayou,  
That's old and wise and has often been cried to,  
It's watched many things come and go,  
But such is life on Buffalo Bayou.

It's been through racial strife at Camp Logan,  
If it'd happened today, there would be a slogan,  
The '30s floods led to Addicks and Barker,  
Mayors have come and gone including Parker.

It watched Houston grow thru oil boom and bust,  
As towns further north formed the belt of rust,  
The Space City moniker reflected an era  
When Houston excelled, well-played, without error.

But now that the 21<sup>st</sup> Century has arrived,  
Houston will be challenged to economically survive,  
Our ticket to success must change with the times,  
We need to listen and look for the signs.

We need to pay attention when someone says  
The oil and gas industry is facing new days,  
They need to get serious about their carbon footprint,  
And for that they need a carbon-neutral blueprint.

And the wise old willow leans over the flow,  
And basks in the sun, feeling its glow,  
Welcoming the heron to come sit on its branch  
And with a willow smile, my concerns stanch.

The willow reflects thoughtfully, "It's all about place.

Remember that Houston can compete in the race,  
As soon as we value ecology as we should,  
Houston will excel and be healthy and good.”

And the willow grins as the wind has its way,  
And the boughs above Buffalo begin to sway,  
I sit by its trunk and connect with my friend,  
“It’s circular”, he says, “We end to begin.”

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
And pray that the willow  
Has some wisdom for you.