



The Secret Room

There's a secret room within my soul
That's guarded night and day,
It's a place for very special things,
It's where I relax and come to play.

A butterfly guards the hidden door,
A friend I met when I was doing poor,
And hurting way down deep inside,
Its wings to shield me when I hide.

Space here's reserved for a meaningful thing
That hit me hard – that made my head ring,
That gave me the will to go and do more,
Secrets secure behind the locked door.

I placed a feather from Garland in there,
Once tucked away in my best suit's pocket,
And taken with me to a 5th Circuit hearing,
It was like she was with me - a private locket.

And in there are scars from open heart surgery,
A realization that I wasn't immune

From the illnesses we all will face in time,
For me, a flashpoint, my personal high noon.

And then there's the memory of drinking too much,
And coming to realize I'd had enough
Of drinking to last for a lifetime or more,
But it wasn't easy to be emotionally secure.

And Earth Church has a room behind that door,
A place where plants literally cover the floor,
With flying things fluttering all around,
It's here that I come to become unbound.

My soul is richer for this secret compartment,
You can call it my emotional enrichment department,
Where I keep the things that are important to me,
My personal fountain of clarity.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Where we'll help you build
A soul-room for you.