



PASSED



USA

West Point, N.Y.
USA

AMERICAN
AIRMAIL

MILITARY
SOLDIER

Thom

Wilson's Warbler

There's a warbler that wears a black skullcap,
I saw him last week – he was taking a bath,
It was at the Quintana Neotropical Preserve,
What a lovely sight he was to observe.

As I walked about amidst the contagion,
The skullcap reminded me of religion,
I began considering my Earth Church imperative,
And how it was missing from my religious heritage.

Earth Church is appealing because it is open
To all and anyone, whole or broken,
And here only love of life is spoken,
And the spirit within is stirred and woken.

“Earth Church come heal my wounded soul,
Earth Church give me salve, my body's old,
Earth Church sing a song of life for me,
Earth Church I'm humming in harmony.”

Wilson's warbler found a bathing spot,
Built by a human who'd given some thought
To what is needed by a neotropical migrant,
To restore its energy – keeping it vibrant.

At night when it's time to go to bed,
I fluff the pillow and lay down my head,
And Earth Church dreams pull me up and away,
Where I mingle with spirits born in Galveston Bay.

And then I join with my totem caracara,
We hang together and create a chimera,
I'm on a journey accompanied by friends,
A journey that's begun but never ends.

Earth Church – oh Earth Church – I'd be lost without you,
You provide a lifeline I will never undo,
You lighten my spirit, you inspire my soul,
Because of you, I know my life's role.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
And perhaps your life's role,
Will become known to you too.