



White Eyed Vireo 2

In the Texas Hill Country in the month of June
After a month of rain that came none too soon,
The dewdrops appear as gleaming crystals,
After months of no rain, it's good to have symbols.

The green souls rise as if from the dead,
Hibernation over, life water-fed,
Water that comes with black-purple clouds,
Water that falls not in drops but shrouds.

Water that's needed for daily life,
Water to pull Texans through the strife
Of hot, dusty, life-draining, brown drought,
For water's what Texas is all about.

The forest is colored by the various greens,
When behind the juniper where the jay preens
Comes the call of the bird with the white eye ring,
Oh my that little bird really knows how to sing.

That song mixes with the song of the cardinal,
And the joyous wren is really remarkable,
And then comes the raucous cry of the jay,
And the chickadee chimes in, singing his way.

I'm surrounded by a chorus of gratefulness,
And I'm personally overwhelmed by thankfulness,
That I'm here to receive this wonderful gift,
That's made my day and given me a lift.

Attending Earth Church is always this way,

Humility and gratefulness remembered today,
For it was from Earth Church that I received,
The greatest gift I could ever perceive.

Earth Church led me to rediscover self,
I picked self up from off of the shelf,
And reinserted me into me,
Along with a great dose of humility.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here the songs of Earth Church,
Might save you too.