



Tiny Meditations

The door stands before me – calling my name,
Come enter this space – you'll not be the same,
Do I or don't I – what should I do?
Is it good or bad – wahoo or boohoo?

I consider myself a wahoo kind of guy,
So let's open the door and let it fly,
Break on through to the other side,
And come along with me for a ride.

Fear is the enemy of accomplishment,
Fear keeps me from saying what I meant,
Fear snuffs out the flame that burns within,
Fear is the stuff that will hasten the end.

There was a time when fear caused me pain,
I had to numb it to play the game,
But a numbed-out person is not the same,
And "I'm an alcoholic" became my refrain.

That broke me through to the other side,
To be sober was to enter a lifelong glide,
I rediscovered life and what it was worth,
That's how I found the church of the Earth.

Life-changing hardly begins to explain,
After passing that door I was never the same,
I realized it was me that nourished the fear,
I now look forward to every day of the year.

My hobby these days is to pass on the word,

That spiritual enlightenment comes from a bird,
And a frog and a tree and a moth and a bee,
There's no end to this Earth's spiritual mystery.

So follow me through the next door before us,
A new adventure awaits – don't stop to discuss,
There are so many places for Earth meditation,
Isn't living life a wonderful sensation?

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray that life sensations
Ripple through you.