



Whooping Cranes Near Oyster Lake

The fishing was finished, the day was done,
The boat was flying back toward home,
Waterbirds were moving here and there,
All was peaceful, there was no care.

Suddenly friend Jack yells “Look, whooping cranes”,
I thought he was kidding, playing games,
But indeed the whoopers were just flying along,
This wasn’t the right place, it just seemed wrong.

But my how delightful it was to see them,
These magical birds that rule any realm,
Imagine them expanding to cover the coast,
It would be stunning, I would dig it the most.

I have been to court to protect this bird,
I came to the Judge and asked to be heard,
And she listened and ruled with keen acumen,
And the whole bird world gave a heartfelt “amen”.

The linkage – the connection – with these big birds is real,
It’s hard to describe how wonderful it feels
To meet a former client whose range is expanding
In spite of politicians and all the glad-handing.

This is what Earth Church is all about,
It’s enough to make me stand up and shout,
Of my love for cranes and nature and fish,
Earth church is my granted wish.

So when I wish upon a star,

It's for the whooping crane to come from afar,
He'll meet my eyes and wave his arms,
And help me forget about fears and harms.

The Earth is my church, I shall not want
It is my food, it is my font,
It saved me when it was needed most,
And to some it's the same as the Holy Ghost.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Go ahead and scoot over
A whooper's joining you.