



The Cranes and the Kayak

I touch my paddle into Christmas Bay,
The water is flat and calm today,
I pass the rookery heading northwest,
It's not yet rocking, not at its best.

My arms and shoulders relax into paddling,
I'm one with the water, not really battling,
Each stroke in rhythm, pulling me forward,
My mind takes off – I'm an early explorer.

The oyster reef breaks the water's surface,
The current flows through as if with purpose,
And I follow the path laid out for me,
Paddling to meet today's destiny.

And destiny arrives in trilling harmony,
Of sandhill cranes discussing cordially
The state of their world on this beautiful day,
I love hearing sandhills having their say.

And suddenly I'm transported as if by magic,
My receptors clear – there is no static,
I'm one with the cranes and the nearby marsh,
Today it's all smooth – nothing is harsh.

I've broken the ties that bind my soul,
The healing has started – I'm becoming whole,
It's a free day-spa for the willing paddler,
An infusion of energy for the weary traveler.

The crane and the kayak are a wonderful pair,

Together they work to achieve mind repair,
They restore coherence - they give me safe passage,
They give me faith that I can manage.

I paddle back into the setting sun,
The stars coming out – the day is done,
My muscles ache but my head is clear,
The crane and the kayak – healers premier.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Paddle up to the pew,
We have services by the water,
And the cranes can come too.