



### Great Horned Owl 3

We are gathered today to go on a prowl,  
To see an owl, to whoop and howl,  
For an owl prowl is nothing but fun and pleasure,  
A wonderful pursuit for you wanting leisure.

We meet our guide on the Katy prairie,  
The sun is waning and we mustn't tarry,  
We start down the road lined with trees,  
And see them moving in the breeze.

We stop and walk into a brushy thicket,  
And our guide tells us this is just the ticket,  
To finding screech owls, just listen and look,  
He makes a noise and the bait they took.

And then we go looking for the Great Horned one,  
A cottonwood tree is their fine home,  
And we get sorta near and pull out the scope,  
Wow – it's just like he's under a microscope.

The great one's impressive with his ears like horns,  
They serve a real purpose as it alerts and warns  
The pesky intruders that keep messing around  
That this is a bird that will stand its ground.

And from the great one we move to the creek,

And here the barred owl we are hoping to meet,  
And our guide stops and calls to the bottomlands,  
And the barred owl appears for it's his homeland.

And with the sun setting, we look on the fences,  
The barn owl is challenging and requires all our senses,  
But there is one sitting on a fence post,  
We've seen the quartet and now raise a toast.

The owl prowl was all it was cracked up to be,  
For me it left an indelible memory,  
It's great when we all can get out and participate,  
And now I must find another adventure to narrate.



## The Great Horned Owl 4

It's a great day for fishing on Matagorda Bay,  
We're unloading in the parking lot at break of day,  
I look to the east out toward the horizon  
For the darkness is just beginning to lighten.

There are clouds that are outlined by the sun  
That seemingly keep daylight on the run,  
It's that interesting time between dark and dawn,  
I lean forward and stretch and stifle a yawn.

When all of a sudden my attention is diverted  
By a voice near the water being asserted,  
The hoo-hoo-hoo calls us toward the waterway  
All thoughts of fishing quickly tossed away.

Two horned owls are revealed in silhouette,  
We're moving slowly to not be a threat,  
The owls are focused - one to the other,  
Are they child and mother, or mate and lover?

In profile, the feathered points are revealed,  
Before they fly on across the field,  
And we walk back to load the trusty boat  
For adventure to places away and remote.

Today, I can't tell you what fish we caught  
For the owls dominate my chain of thought,  
When something appears as such a surprise,  
It sticks in your mind like you just won a prize.

Yet another trip to the church of the Earth

Again proved to me how much it is worth,  
You can never predict what the church may offer  
When you come to worship at the bay's altar.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up pew  
Say a prayer for surprises  
That rejuvenate you.