

Holy Ground

In the beginning... all things were created by God to give us a home on planet earth
Land and sky, birds and beasts, stars and moon, food of bread and wine,
are all part of the mysterious earthly birth

Life is an on-going journey... a mission of toil and labor to find our calling
in the allotted space of time

Countless steps we have taken from the garden to the moon and back,
yet it seems that potholes is what we find

This year more than any other, the potholes are bigger and deeper
than we could have ever imagined

Crossing the chasm for some has been a full-time job,
while others look on with shock, disbelief and chagrin

Our hearts ache for the dead from that sad and mournful day in September...
and we who are left behind move more slowly now

Perhaps we can begin to pave the potholes over with sand and dirt and tears
and mold it back into Holy Ground

Just like a child at play on the beach scooping up sand and dirt
to make something new... it becomes a beautiful piece of art

However, each day it is washed clean by God's hand to start again
and recreate within us a new and open heart

Jesus Christ – The Son of Man calls one and all to love thy neighbor as thyself,
as that is the measure of love all around

For each new day, washing clean and loving all is the beginning of paving over
the endless potholes with Holy Ground

Potholes will come and go just as they have since the Garden of Eden
with its' beauty and the tree of knowledge to eat

Since the expulsion, our homeless nature has made potholes part
of the earthly terrain and indeed an ownership deed

So it is... the potholes are still gaping holes left for us to circumnavigate
or build a bridge from one edge to the other

This year it takes a handful of sand and dirt from one and all
to create the anthology of the universe for all our sisters and brothers

Imagine if paving over with Holy Ground began with a simple prayer
from our lips to God's ear

This holiday season might begin with a renewed sense of love and compassion
for all God's children to hear

Holiday Wishes I extend to you and yours and wish you God speed,
with very strong back and arms in which to labor and toil

In working to pave over the potholes with Holy Ground,
with God's loving care and warmth and with new and Holy soil