

'Future'

No crystal ball will ever show you
what your heart has already seen –

when you look into the eyes of a child
and know it is not a dream:

when you stand before each hour's
moment
and know it is forever –

when you hear the sound of wind in
trees
while you're listening to a river.

No prophet will ever tell you
what your blood already knows –

that there is no difference between
your flesh
and the lifespan of a rose,

that centuries turn around the sun
like marbles thrown in a game –

red, blue, green cat's eyes,
field of corn and harvest of wheat:

rich or poor, young or old,
living proof of love and dreams –

your future written on the face of a
child
like spring's first breaking leaf.

'Deo Gratias'

Let me never forget the peace I find
when I come into your presence –
when the world is left outside
the door of your house
and I can pray alone for a few minutes
for however long it takes
to give thanks for your grace
and each day's many blessings.

May I never forget my childhood's
wonders
and the miracles of each day –
the sense of surprise gained
in praying to God for guidance
from morning until night.
Overwhelmed, silenced and humbled
by the creating power of your love.

When the world continues on its path
of hurried plans and journeys,
its desire to possess the air we breathe
and destroy all human charity –
teach me to stand still
in the heart of darkness and chaos:
to reach for the Light that entered my
life
when I first spoke your Holy Name.

Stand beside me, please, as you
have always done in moments of
misgivings –
when my faith is weakest, at its ebb,
and clouds darken the waters of
reason.
But most of all: let me be able
to look you in the eyes when I die
and say, Thank you for the life I was
given