

Life is a gift, but one not easily given,

Because of the conditions
Required of one receiving it.

These are not imposed conditions,
Not a price that must be paid,

But conditions of the heart
That give one the capacity
To receive the gift.

We do not rise above like birds
And fly away from.

We rise above like trees
In the very midst of.

We are not trying to get away from.
We rise in the midst of this
As we become

More than just, more than fair,
More than for ourselves.

Passage

s e v e n t y - s e v e n

Finding Out

I do not believe God changes things,
And yet I pray for help.

I ask for help becoming.

Of what benefit to me
Are things that are bestowed on me

Compared to things I strive and struggle for?

Had I been given more to work with,
I would not have had to work so hard.

If things had been better,
I know I would now be less so.

I do not need to be rescued.
I need to rise to the occasion.

If I succeed in my attempts or not
Is an outsider's perspective.

*Better that I make a fool of myself
With an honest effort to help*

*Than to hold back from
Committing myself.*

*I will be better in my own estimation
For doing so, regardless of what others think.*

I read those words a few days ago
While I was rereading *Going Ahead*,

Words I had written when
I was first mustering my courage.

With little but encouragement to try,

I have tried to make something
Out of the little I have had.

It does not matter
If you think I am a fool.

It does not matter if you are right.

Within the limits of my limits,
With the little I have had
To deal with with,

I have gone ahead and tried,
And have not found, but have found out.

We are not molded.
We are not shaped from the outside.

We are given an environment,
A place with time and space for growth.

The greatest gift of all is our free agency.
Without free agency we could exist, but have no life.