

I have had to do things my own way.
I have had to put things my own way.

I have not been inclined to believe.
I have doubted and tested and tried myself.

Passage

n i n e t y - f i v e

We do not need to be raised up.
We all learn to rise,

And as we do, we help each other to.

We all hope for love,
But it always comes as a surprise

When it comes from the inside out of us.

We understand the difference then
Between thinking and doing,

Between believing in and being.

It is the difference between
Tasting and feeling

And knowing for yourself
And not.

Knowing For Yourself

Her boy had been playing with the clock
And had caught his finger in the gears,

But they did not head for town.

My grandfather would be delivering the mail
And he would know what to do.

Such was their faith in him,
And it was well-placed.

My grandfather watched over people.
He looked for those in need.

He offered help without being asked.
He gave of himself in concrete ways.

It was a freezing cold Saturday
And there were only three shopping days left

And there this couple sat on a corner with a sign
And he had driven past before he saw them.

He had to turn around to go back to them.

It was a little thing to do,
But he couldn't help but wonder

How many or how few had stopped
Who were driving by on Christmas errands.

Maybe the crutches were a prop and a ploy.
Maybe they were getting rich that way.

Or maybe they were two of God's children,
Lost and confused in many ways.

All he knew was that for the cost
Of a few presents more or less,

He did *something* and she said,
"God bless you." like she meant it.

We are not here to sort out this way,
Not here to make pronouncements upon.

We are not here to reach verdicts on.

We are here to learn compassion for,
Here to come to understandings of,

We who seem to least deserve,
We who seem to least expect.

I may not have told you,
But you may have figured out,

I am stubborn and hardheaded.