

If we are wise, we are humble.

We respect and we appreciate  
Things have their seasons and their times.

Things have their places and their parts,  
And so do people.

People have their seasons  
And their times, as well.

Time is not an obstacle.  
Time is a dimension to us.

You do not hollow out  
And cut away the darker parts.

You hold them, too,  
As parts of your own wisdom.

You do not overlook these things.  
You do just the opposite.

Passage

*e i g h t y - f o u r*

*Searching*

By the time I was in high school,  
I had been searching on my own for years.

I had looked behind and through  
And under everything.

And everything was empty,  
As far as I could see,

The rituals, the games, the roles.

As a child, I would take my toys apart,  
Wanting to see what made them work.

The problem was,  
I could never put them back together  
So they would work again.

I remember my aunt and uncle,  
Who were living overseas,

Sent me a key-wind race car.  
It was a quality toy from Germany.

I expected there to be  
A motor of some kind inside.

Instead, I found a spring  
And a couple of gearwheels,

And it never worked again.

I did the same thing  
In high school and in church,

And they never worked again for me.

We each must search in our own way,

But if we are not careful, we will search too hard  
To ever find what we are seeking.

It used to be that nothing  
Meant anything to me.

Now everything means something,  
The rituals, the games, the roles.

I look with light and warmth,  
And things open to me.

Sometimes,  
What you are looking for

Comes looking for you.

We are drawn to each other.

Which is to say,  
We all seek light and warmth.

We open to it. We open with it.