

THE JOURNAL OF THE

***Lay Cistercians of Gethsemani
Abbey***



Issue 9 --- SEASON OF ADVENT 2021

The Journal of the Lay Cistercians of Gethsemani Abbey

The stability of the monastic enclosure, combined with centuries of traditions, provides a structure and model for growth that offers support and guidance, as well as rich resources for contemplation.

Non-cloistered contemplatives, however, face different challenges in respect to the environment and the companions with which their search for God takes place. Since they do not live within the walls of a monastic building, they must personally define a comparable place and fashion a practice of prayer, contemplation and spiritual companionship that complements their monastery without walls.

The primary purpose of this on-line publication is to contribute to the formation of such an enclosure. Ideally, the *Journal* is a context in which members and candidates explore and share aspects of their spiritual journeys and the role of the Cistercian charism and the monastery of Gethsemani in those journeys.



CONTENTS

- 4. Introduction to this issue**
- 7. Through the Endless Journey – Ray Geers**
- 12. Commentary, The Cistercian Way – Tina Parayre**
- 16. Let the More Loving Be Me – Ray Geers**
- 20. Meditations for Advent – Linda Boerstler**

Introduction to this issue

Our community is unique and free allowing our members open expression and discussion about how they live their lives around the Cistercian charism. We are indeed united in vision based on the charism but are unique in how we talk about, or in the case of this journal, write about the intimate parts of our commitment to our Lord, to the charism itself and to each other in response.

This lends great richness that flourishes beyond the walls of the monastery and enables us to find that monastic place within ourselves. Those of us who engage in this special life find it at times, difficult to explain to others who are not involved, but are curious, the sacredness of what we seek. Having interaction between us is gift and that is why this publication is so important.

This particular issue contains some experiential writings that contribute to the spiritual growth of all of us. Tina Parayre gives us a commentary on an essential book *The Cistercian Way*, by Andre Louf. In her summary of chapter eight, she addresses some of the questions that many others have had throughout their journey. Questions such as: “Is it possible to adopt the Cistercian pattern to the life of a Lay Cistercian?” or, with respect to prayer, “... to pray longing to work for God; to work longing to rest with God. Can we fall in love with God so deeply that we desire balance between prayer and work?”

Ray Geers offers us a piece titled, *Through the Endless Journey*, which refers to the “journey of living a peaceful coexistence with our fellow human beings.” The piece is especially appropriate for today in a world where there is much anger and division between others. We all talk about the need for peace and unity but how do we take the first step to that end? He also writes, in another piece, “Let the loving one

be me.” He suggests, in light of his article, that instead of looking for answers for others, we can find them within ourselves.

With the approach of the Advent season, I have included some work of mine to hopefully serve as a herald of what awaits us. For many years, during Advent, and also sometimes Lent, I have been offering, as a sacrificial prayer and adoration of our Lord, a poem for each day. These poems are based on a word prompt that leads to worship, and contemplation as well as time for contemplation and prayer.

I began this as a practice, and it has slowly evolved into a permanent part of my contemplative life. At times, my poems have been presented as part of the celebration at my church and for other gatherings. I include some of them here, with the hope others can use them as part of their own meditation throughout the season.

To keep this journal alive and relevant we seek contributions from those within our Lay Cistercian community. Bear in mind, it does not need to be original writing. As seen in this issue, some have included excerpts of books that they have found helpful within their spiritual journey. This can create a valuable resource for those wanting to pursue the Lay Cistercian life. Please consider a contribution to our journal that can be shared with others on the same path.



From the Dead Sea, Israel.

Through the Endless Journey

A Message for Wilmington Yearly Meeting, 8th mo. 1st, 2021

*We are pilgrims on a journey. We are travelers on the road
We are here to help each other walk the mile and bare the load.*

*I will weep when you are weeping. When you laugh, I'll laugh with you.
I will share your joys and sorrow 'till we've seen this journey through.*

From THE SERVANT SONG by: Richard Gillard

Perhaps you are familiar with the Chinese proverb: “A thousand miles journey begins with but a step.” Think of it: a thousand miles. In ancient times a thousand symbolized a vast, almost uncountable quantity. In contemporary language the proverb would read: “A trillion miles journey begins with but a step.” A trillion. That’s a million million or a thousand billion! I’m told that no human being can count by ones that high in their lifetime. So, a trillion miles symbolizes that we ourselves, in this one lifetime of ours, cannot complete this kind of journey. But the journey impels us to begin, or if we have already begun, to persevere. What journey am I talking about? It is the journey of living in peaceful coexistence with our fellow human beings. We are gathered here today for the sake of this journey. Each time we gather, we are beginning something new while preserving something we find true. Active members of Wilmington Yearly Meeting are beginners in many ways, and they are those who persevere. There’s something humbling about both words. To be a beginner is to be, in *Star Wars* terminology, a young Padawan and not a Jedi yet. Like Luke Skywalker, we see the plight of our friends in trouble, of our world struggling and, like any self-respecting movie hero, we want to strike out and do what we can to turn the tide and save the day. Every superhero film shows us precisely how this is done- hate and kill the evil ones and promote and empower the good ones. The gospel message of Jesus is so different from the movie version of how to be a hero! Jesus didn’t take up his light saber and win the day. No, the day he won is still dawning for us who continue to win it with him. But this way of winning takes time. It’s like a trillion mile’s journey.

I was struck by something in the presentation on Thursday evening by Bobby Thrice and Alicia McBride from Friends National Committee on Legislation. Their presentation was called *Making Friends in Unlikely Places*, subtitled *Engaging with Those Who Don’t Agree with You*. I was struck because, as Quakers, we take up the sword of truth as a tool for nonviolent interaction rather than as an instrument of terror for those who hold a different viewpoint. It was said that

we are all lobbyists. We are all trying, at one time or another, to convince others to change, or simply to listen to us. But only about 10% percent of lobbyists know how to avoid the dead-end results of blaming and demanding that we have learned from our social conditioning. In other words, it takes a lot of effort to break old habits of interacting with our fellow human beings. Bobby and Alicia hinted that although it is hard to do, and even though we make many mistakes, it is still possible to practice what some have called alternatives to violence or nonviolent communication. With the encouragement of a fellowship of faith to help us, it can be done. It's probably the only way it can be done. I was so impressed with their courage and honesty that I sat down and re-wrote the message I had prepared for today's meeting for worship. So, wherever you are, I thank you Bobby and Alicia! Thanks for updating us on how to be people of integrity in the 21st century. So simple. So hard and so necessary.

Now let's talk a bit about the other humbling word I used about our journey: *persevere*. Those who refuse to give up on the journey of living in peaceful coexistence, must be among those who persevere. The very word has "severe" tucked into it, which implies difficulty. A trillion miles journey often begins with painful steps. It's like entering the highway. You're going along at a nice clip and then a sign pops up that says: "road construction up ahead." So long easy street! The journey towards living in peaceful coexistence also reminds me of the show *Mission Impossible*. Each episode entailed a new assignment and a message that said: "Here is your mission —should you accept it." Do I accept the Quaker peace testimony and all that it implies? I hope so.

Now I want to share with you a personal story to illustrate more precisely what I mean. It is about my family and an African American man that we know. This man's name is Eric, and he lives on more than just the periphery of our lives. Eric's story is distressful, but pretty common, in America today. I've learned what I know about Eric through my daughter Rosie, who first befriended him.

Eric grew up in poverty in Evanston, a predominantly black area of Cincinnati. He was raised in a chaotic family household of eight children. For example: When he was young, Eric didn't always come home at night. Nobody noticed. At a very tender age, his father took Eric to a part of town where other male figures gathered with other young boys. The boys were brought together to fight one another, like game chickens or pound puppies, for the entertainment of the older males who gambled on them. Soon, Eric was pressed into work as a runner for the local

drug business. You could arguably say that Eric was human traffic in an underground economy that persists to this day. He worked his way up the ladder until it landed him in juvenile prison. Prison became his second home as he left and returned to it, along with most of his siblings, and continues to do so into adulthood.

In or out of prison, Eric excels in exercising his body. He is a short man - shorter than me - but built like an action figure, his dark brown skin full of tattoos. Eric is a handsome looking man too. He and my daughter Rosie became a thing a couple of years ago when Rosie rented an apartment in Evanston and offered him a place to stay in the winter, since Eric was homeless. Long-story-short, Eric is the father of my grandson. And when I gaze at my grandchild's face, that innocent, beautiful face, I also see the face of Eric. It is a puzzling thing, this relationship between Eric in Evanston and my family. I try to communicate with him, but his speech is hard for me to understand, and it doesn't help that I am hard of hearing as well.

I'll skip over many of the details here; but what I'm trying to say is that it has been a long, difficult journey trying to understand Eric and myself. I am only a beginner, a young padawan, in coming to grips with this relationship. Eric comes from a world of different experiences which shaped a man of different values. It is a world of poverty and of economic slavery, but Eric has adapted to it, and he is proud of who he is. Since my daughter brought Eric into our lives, I have been made more aware of my white privilege and of the trillion miles differences between us. My eyes have been slowly opening to that of God in Eric's world -scary though it is. It is a world of guns, unemployment, economic depression, violence, and police brutality, but there is also a warmth and more tactile and playful spirit to Eric's world as well. We mustn't forget that.

I come from a white, suburban setting. I go to a predominantly white Quaker meeting. We – Cincinnati Friends and Wilmington Yearly Meeting – have a concern for poverty and injustice. We also have a wealth of good testimonies to guide us in our interactions with those who seem different from us politically, socially, or culturally. Our Quaker heritage includes that ingenious insight of George Fox that “there is that of God in everyone.” No exceptions. So, while we humans are born into a violent world which precedes us, our understanding of this can cross over into the belief that God's nonviolent nature is also potentially there. If that of God is in everyone, then there is a nonviolent nature in everyone as well, and it is our job to discover it.

So much of the noise and rancor of being human is unnecessary and curable, I think. And yet, here we are - still in this imperfect world! A trillion miles journey begins with but a step, and

along the way we meet Jesus in his severe faces in a much clearer way than in our Hallmark card images of him or of us. I think, if I'm reading my gospel correctly, Jesus' face is hidden, in plain sight, in our encounters with heart-breaking situations of difficulty and damage to God's other children.

The steering committee for this yearly meeting has chosen the guiding light saying in that part of the gospel of Matthew which tells us, among other things: "I was a prisoner and you visited me" (Matthew 25:36). In other words, Jesus himself is the prisoner. He is the victim of oppression and scapegoating, of poor choices, bad habits, and a trillion misguided, unfortunate circumstances and misunderstandings. Blessed are you, he says, if you still somehow nonviolently and compassionately love me in all of this! Blessed are you when you gaze into my face and see me as a human being and make a point not to blame me for my own circumstances and for all the ills of society which, in any case, pre-date my existence on this earth. Even though my case is disquieting to you -because it's easier to follow the majority report, and even though I continue to scare the hell out of you or cause you to despair -because if injustice can happen to me, its dark shadow could also fall across you, you at least are trying your best not to let your fear and weakness overwhelm you. You are even letting my cries for compassion and for justice wake you up to try something different for a change. God bless you friends! So says Jesus. The prophetic tradition that Jesus follows has an intense concern for people who have been abused, neglected, deprived, and cheated by the harsher circumstances of life, including by not-so-loving and manipulative people – and the world is filled with them! We who try to imitate his compassion through action might get this urge from an overflow of love from our past. We might have had good parenting, good neighbors, a good community church perhaps, and mostly positive formative experiences. But I wonder... Might such a concern also come from an enriched awareness which breaks forth in the unlikeliest of people and circumstances? I want to point out that Jesus speaks in this passage to folks we might call "anonymous Christians" -- because they do their acts of love simply out of innate human goodness instead of in conformity to cultural norms. Their sensitivity, with its paired loving actions for others, could begin to define for all of us --Christians, non-Christians, non-theists --what joy is and what our life purpose is. It can change our identity, flipping it from being an immature person obsessed with being the recipient of love and part of the "in" (or insulated) crowd, to a more mature person who reasons not "They think, therefore I must think or be," but rather "I love, therefore I do."

I want to return to the lyrics of *The Servant Song*:

*I will hold the Christ-light for you in the nighttime of your fear.
I will hold my hand out to you; speak the peace you long to hear.
Will you let me be your servant, let me be as Christ to you?
Pray that I might have the grace to let you be my servant too.*

Friends, I have put this message into context in my own words. I don't have never-failing guidelines. What I can offer, the only thing I can share with you all, is my struggle to understand, which includes my failures and need for forgiveness along the way. My prayer is that Jesus' courageous hope for us, for beginners and long-timers, for Quakers and non-Quakers, will give us light and strength. And may we stick together in loving support through all our crucial moments of truth across all the endless, endless miles of the journey ahead.

From the Gospel of Matthew, chapter 25:

“Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink? When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothe you? When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?”

And his reply:

‘Truly I tell you, whatever you did...

Whatever you tried to do with your best efforts, with all your practices, and even your failures, if you did it for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did it for me.’”

Matthew 25:37-40

Thank you, friends!

Ray Geers

Cincinnati Friends

Meeting

THE CISTERCIAN WAY

By Andre Louf

Commentary on Chapter 8

Ora et Labora...

By Tina Parayre

The previous chapters have described the core of Cistercian life, the essentials of the charism at the spiritual level. But we cannot forget that what describes Benedictine/Cistercian life is “Ora et Labora.” The life of a monk has three elements: Divine Office, Lectio Divina, Manual Work.

In monastic life, one of the solutions to achieve this balance is to have a highly organized day and to strictly follow a schedule, whose objective is none other than to distribute the time in a way that facilitates this balance.

All of us would agree that this seems to be an exceedingly difficult stumbling block to overcome in the world.

This chapter deals with what we lay people have come to call “a balanced life.”

Section 1. The liturgy of the hours is the starting engine of the day and the skeleton that will sustain life: that sets the rhythm. And this rhythm demands a constant alternation between work and prayer.

But what creates so much difficulty with this alternation? The ease of leaving work and going to prayer is the thermometer that measures the temperature of our love (nothing should be preferred to the Divine Office...Prefer nothing to the love of Christ”). In other words: to love

Christ is to love prayer and to be ready to leave everything to be with Him and to respond to Him.

Of course, living in the world, the schedule must be adapted to our personal circumstances and responsibilities. I think that we must not be rigid in keeping to our schedule, but, just as when we are in love, we are distressed by inconveniences and delays in meeting the loved one, so should we feel about interference in prayer. I think that this can be alleviated if we firmly believe that Jesus is also with us as we work or attend to our family and social responsibilities.

I am very struck by this comment: *“The work of God (Opus Dei) so called not only because it is totally consecrated to God, but also and above all because God himself is at work through the heart that opens up to him.”*

Challenge: Is it possible to adapt the Cistercian pattern to the life of a Lay Cistercian?

Section 2 & 3: Present an historical view of the occasional conflict between work and prayer. St. Benedict solves it by granting an 8-hour work time. But what is really inspiring is the attitude preached by Gueric of Igny: *In all work seek the repose of the soul: as you pray long for work, as you work long for prayer, uniting Martha, and Mary in one since person.*

In monastic life, too, there is sometimes conflict between prayer and work. Even in the monastery it is difficult to find this balance. I am consoled by this fact, because it is a difficulty that has more to do with our attitudes than with the reality in which we live. And that means that as Lay Cistercians we can also overcome it.

Challenge: to pray longing to work for God to work longing to rest in God. Can we call it contemplative life? Continuous, unceasing prayer?

Section 4. Work is necessary to “heal” the spiritual life. It is for our spirituality to be humanized. Work is redemptive. Work unites us to the creation of a new world. Again, Guerric gives an approach that we Lay Cistercians should adopt: *“Work is a burden that, like weight for ships, gives stability and balance to troubled and anxious hearts, and establishes and puts in order the state of the external self.”* John Cassian speaks of work *“as an anchor capable of giving stability to the hull of the heart, over the tumultuous waters of thought.”*

Challenge: Work can be prayer. Transform our experience of work into a transforming grace that unites us to the Creator and redeems us.

Section 5. This section seems to have been written for us Lay Cistercians. I think it should be read frequently by us to learn to place work in its rightful place.

Lay Cistercians must stay alert, as do Cistercian monks, so that work does not take over all their will and time. The formula is to be in love with lectio and prayer – and instead of falling into activism, to surrender to love.

The danger is to create an idol of work and fall in love with it. Then prayer seems to us a waste of time and in prayer times our minds and heart remain surrendered to the idol.

I read textually: *“... balance will be the fruit of a path of faith and abandonment in the LORD, who works by Himself through material activities much more than we ourselves work in them.”*

If work is the fruit of prayer, we are creating with God, we are building His Kingdom. If our work is empty of God, it becomes an idol, and we build the tower of Babel. It does not matter the type of work or activity, what matters is the engine that generates it. For the engine to be the Holy Spirit it is necessary to fill the tank with the best fuel: Prayer.

Challenge: To fall in love with God so much and so deeply that we **desire** a balance between prayer and work. To learn to be Martha and Mary in one person. May Martha desire to sit down at the feet of Jesus and may Mary desire to serve Jesus (in all our responsibilities and works.)

Wouldn't this be the contemplative life in the world? Wouldn't it be to have found the balance of life?

Our real challenge is to face and search balance as a grace, as a gift of love, and not as an obligation.

Ora et Labora et Gaudete Semper

Pray and work and always rejoice and be glad.

Let the More Loving Be Me

I am on a hermit retreat this weekend as I write this. The question I am asking myself is: “What am I doing here? What am I after?” On the surface, coming here was a response to my friend Sue to spend some time alone at her hermitage, *Sacred Root Refuge*. At the time of the invite, I didn’t seriously examine the question “Why go on a solitary retreat?” Spending time alone seems a part of my personal makeup. True, I have been less observant of this habit in recent years due to the demands of my family, work, and community involvement. Still, a human being can be characterized by earlier habits. Spend time alone was certainly one of my earlier life habits, and I’m excited to have such a generous opportunity to reacquaint myself with it here at *Sacred Root Refuge*. The difference this time around, however, is significant. I am not at a monastery or convent or any other group facility, and this is certainly not an organized retreat setting. For the first time in my life, I am completely alone and off the grid. I will touch upon this reality of aloneness more in a bit.

On the bright side, this place speaks with amplified volume about its creative owner, Sue. Such a lively, loving spirit in human form! There are artifacts all over this place testifying to her deep insights into life and human nature. Her hospitality and her deep care for others is also unmistakably here. In her wise compassion, I know Sue will give me space to fully experience my experiences. She will not intrude or return until I have left this place for home again.

Am I lonely? A little bit, I admit. As time passes, I noticed the feeling getting more pronounced. I catch myself looking at things through other people’s imagined eyes. I think as though thinking through other people’s minds. Even when I was rubbing my hands around the trunk of a small, smooth tree, I wondered about the similarity between the limbs of the plant and the limbs of a person. “You are always on my

mind” goes the Willie Nelson song, are on my mind here, invited or not. “Here I am,” I said to them, absent though they be. “I want to show you something,” I say to them who live like multi-colored shadows in my deepest being.

So, why come away from all my significant others to be alone? Truth is, I come here partly to appreciate them more and depend on them less. I want to depend on them less as instruments of my happiness and more just as subjects through whom I can exercise and be exercised into the art and discipline of human love. Now, you may reasonably ask, what does all this mean Ray? My intention behind it seems to relate to the lines of a poem I just read today by W.H. Auden, entitled *The More Loving One*:

*If equal affection cannot be
Let the more loving one be me.*

I sense a need to love less from a position of neediness and more from a sense of appreciation. Of course, love is not a competition, not a win-lose situation necessarily, but a non-zero-sum game seems a lofty and unreachable goal most of the time. Thus, it seems that Auden’s insight that an “*equal affection cannot be*” is the typical situation in the human course of human life. It is a simple idea with often very difficult implication.

Jesus of Nazareth didn’t wait for equal affection from other human beings before undergoing the many difficult things involved in being the more loving one in his historical situation. One of my favorite quotes from Dostoyevsky, that “*Love in action is a dark and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams,*” is showing up in another of my reflections. The more I read the Gospels, the more I am convinced that Jesus changed his missionary focus somewhere in the middle of his public life due to a confrontation with something harsh and dreadful.

His initial optimism, about an impending arrival of the kingdom of God in his lifetime, ran into a brick wall. The harsh reality was that human beings were not sufficiently able or willing to accept the challenged or changes implies by *“Thy kingdom come; thy will be done.”* What was Jesus to do? Give up? Go home? Join a monastery? Instead, it seems to me that Jesus. Knowing the outcome would be a train-wreck for his original plans, and possible a lynching for himself, deliberately decided to set his face towards Jerusalem. In other words, ***he decided to fully engage with the humanity around him in a relationship of unequal love.***

What does this message have to do with you or me? Am I like Jesus? Only if I continue to strive to be a truly compassionate human being. It is all well and good to begin, like Jesus, out in the wilderness where human nature comes closer to nature itself. The wilderness, like *Sacred Roof Refuge*, is a supercharger for the human soul, but one is not meant to stay here. My task is not to find, and then move permanently into, some version of Shangri-La. I know I will eventually get lonely up on the mountain slopes. It is the same story down by the river Jordan, where John the Baptist lived, or even in the desert realm where the temple gate to heaven opened, ever so briefly, to Jacob, as in a dream. Such states of consciousness, dream-like or real, are fine as far as they go, but this follower of the Nazarene is being encouraged to turn his face toward civilization, as towards the modern-day Jerusalem (or Washington DC or Cincinnati Ohio) as Jesus did. When I peek at Jesus’ playbook for the spiritually mature it includes this *...“and they shared everything in common”* and *“all things work together for those who love.”* Additionally, prepare yourself to accept and honor the people who strongly disagree with you, who aggressively denigrate you, even if they actively move to constrict you and to crucify you.

I know this is a far cry from what I’m up to on this retreat. Nobody’s going to physically lynch me (I hope) when I get home. My experiences of peace

and harmony, however, will certainly fall to the ground as I juggle all the demands and distractions of my life once again. It is especially clear to me, after this time for greater perspective, that so much of the noise of human life is unnecessary and curable. And yet, here we are – still in the imperfect world! When someone’s unnecessary behavior pulls me kingdom dreams apart, I can repeat the most noble words to have ever come out of a human being: *“Forgive them. They don’t know what they are doing.”* Can I leave this sacred, holy place with my attitude cheerfully instilled in my heart – until it becomes, like Jesus, a default mood of my very being? Have mercy on us all till then.

Ray Geers

May 21, 2013

Meditations for Advent

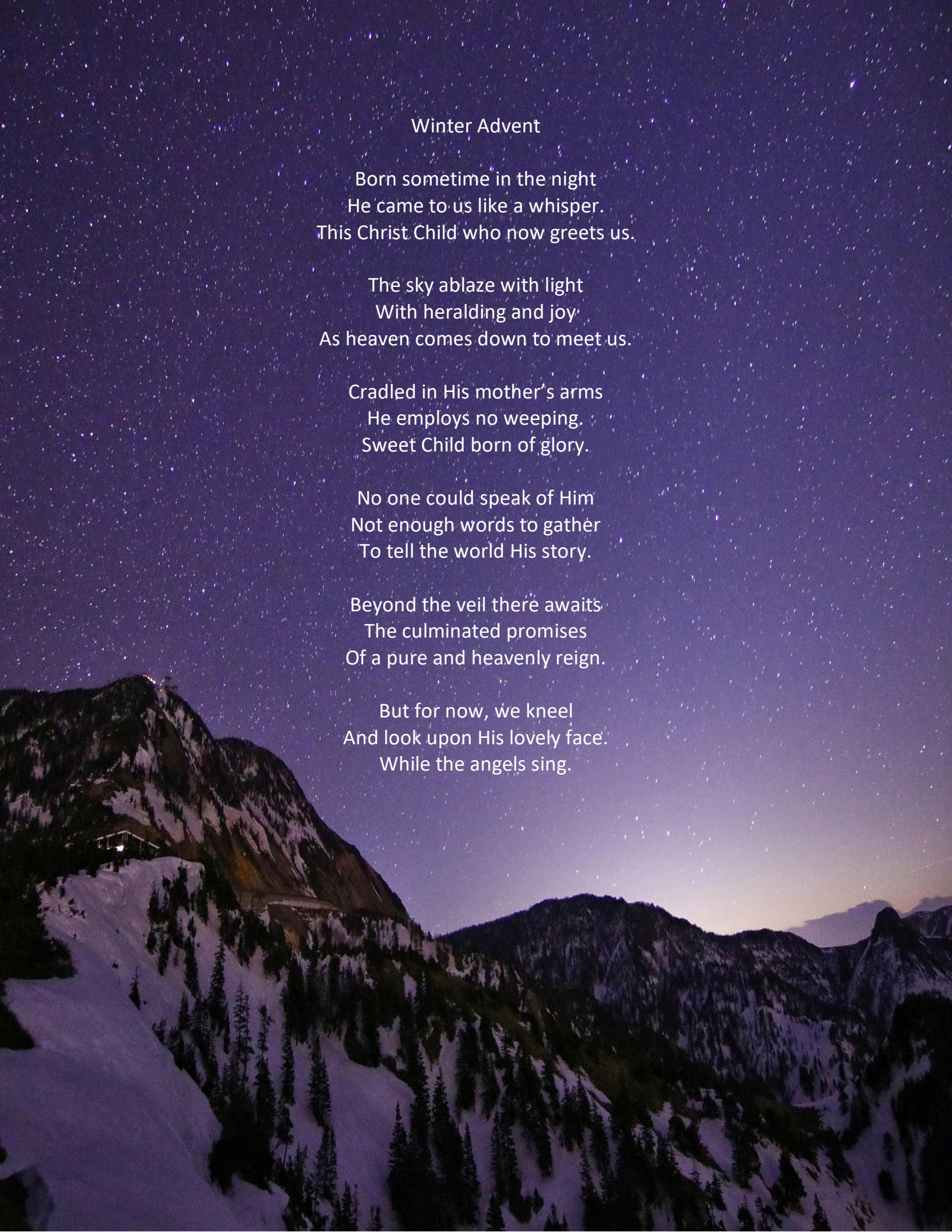
Please allow these words and images to be a blessing to you as you meditate and reflect on the joy of this season.

Behold!

Behold! He who in this stable lies
Is the Lord of Hosts and Ancient of Days.
The Hosts of Heaven rejoice above –
For He created them in love.

O Infant Child – born this night
In your radiant glory, darkness takes flight.
O Rising Sun, that never sets
Your compassion on us, does rest.

O King of Kings – come to set us free
We your people place our hope in Thee.
O come; O come Emmanuel
And ransom captive Israel.



Winter Advent

Born sometime in the night
He came to us like a whisper.
This Christ Child who now greets us.

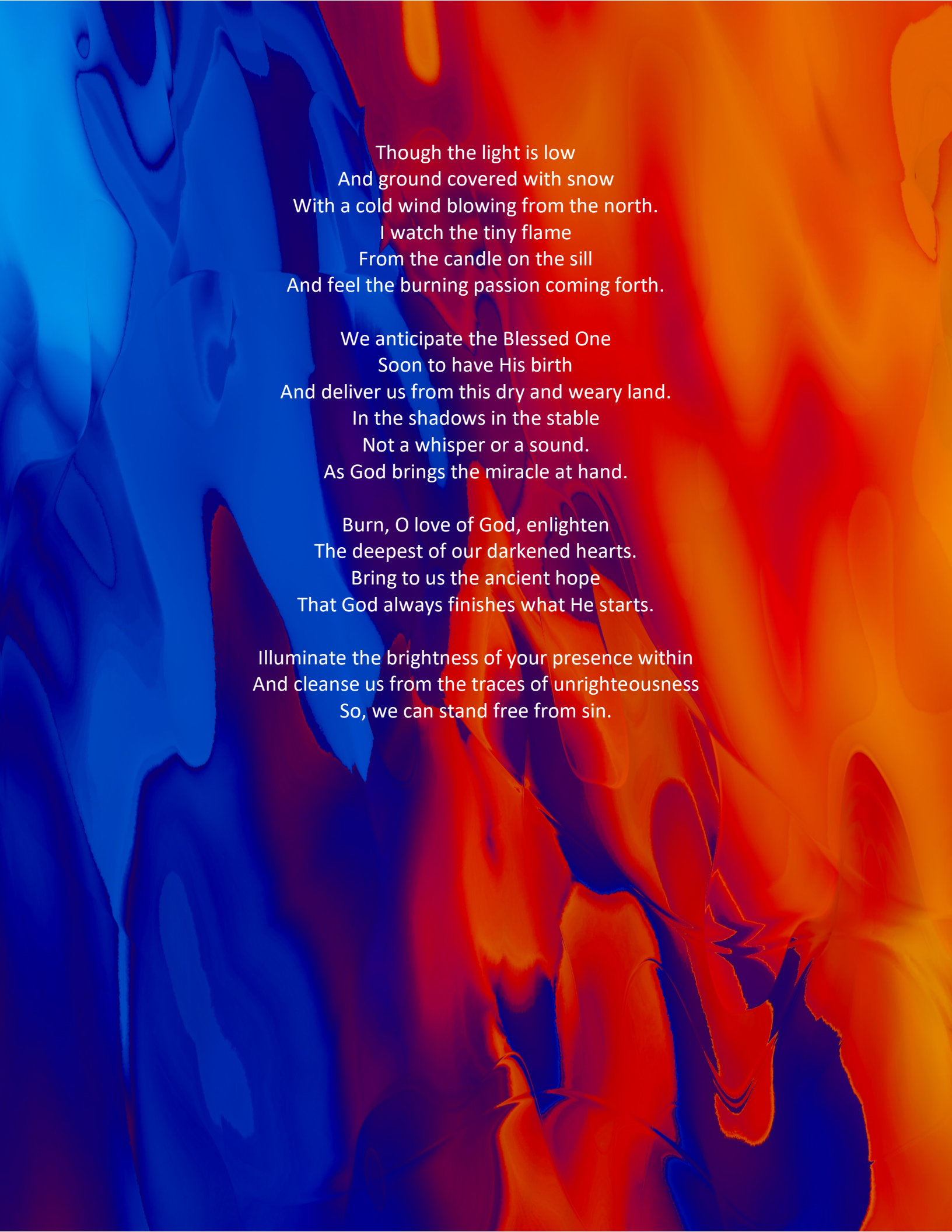
The sky ablaze with light
With heralding and joy
As heaven comes down to meet us.

Cradled in His mother's arms
He employs no weeping.
Sweet Child born of glory.

No one could speak of Him
Not enough words to gather
To tell the world His story.

Beyond the veil there awaits
The culminated promises
Of a pure and heavenly reign.

But for now, we kneel
And look upon His lovely face.
While the angels sing.

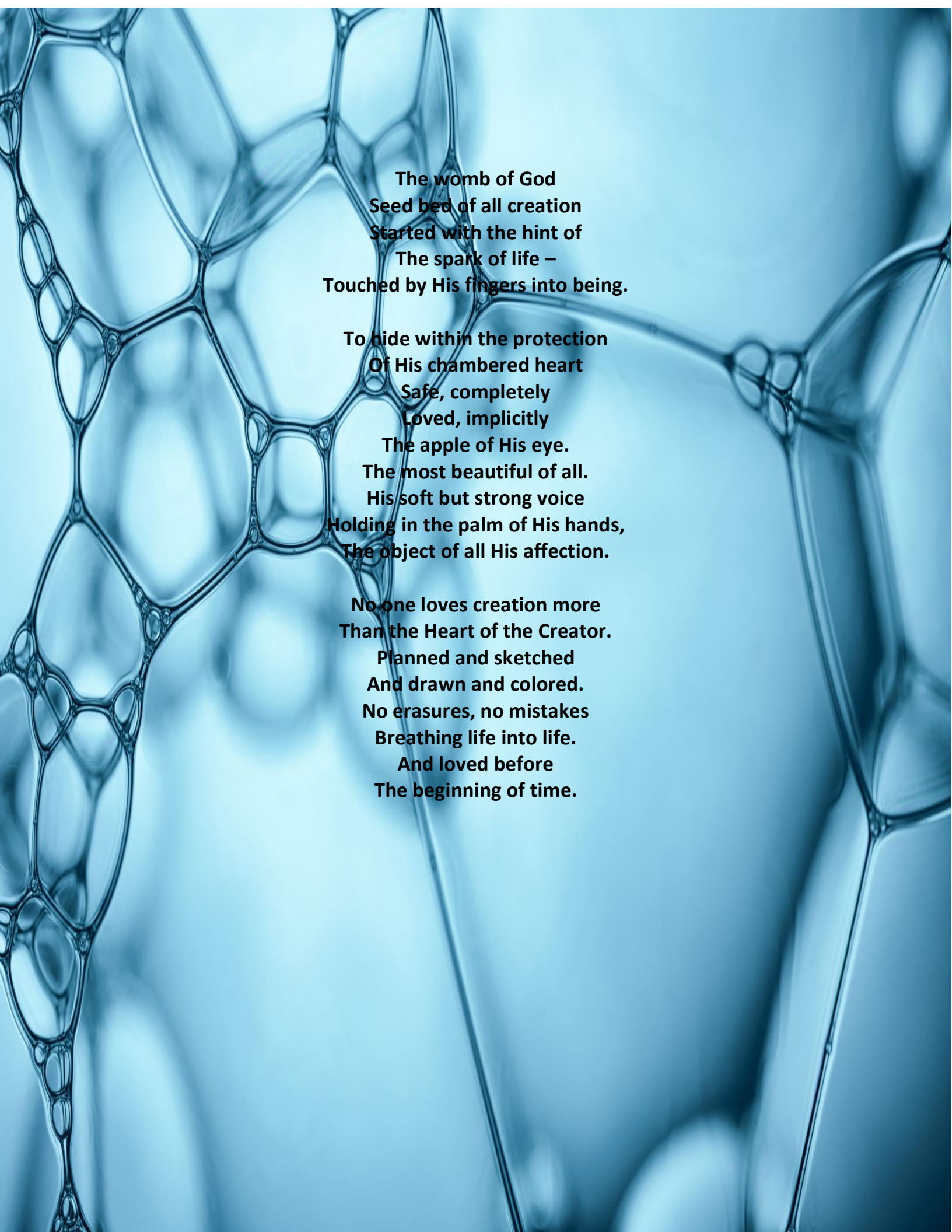


Though the light is low
And ground covered with snow
With a cold wind blowing from the north.
I watch the tiny flame
From the candle on the sill
And feel the burning passion coming forth.

We anticipate the Blessed One
Soon to have His birth
And deliver us from this dry and weary land.
In the shadows in the stable
Not a whisper or a sound.
As God brings the miracle at hand.

Burn, O love of God, enlighten
The deepest of our darkened hearts.
Bring to us the ancient hope
That God always finishes what He starts.

Illuminate the brightness of your presence within
And cleanse us from the traces of unrighteousness
So, we can stand free from sin.



**The womb of God
Seed bed of all creation
Started with the hint of
The spark of life –
Touched by His fingers into being.**

**To hide within the protection
Of His chambered heart
Safe, completely
Loved, implicitly
The apple of His eye.
The most beautiful of all.
His soft but strong voice
Holding in the palm of His hands,
The object of all His affection.**

**No one loves creation more
Than the Heart of the Creator.
Planned and sketched
And drawn and colored.
No erasures, no mistakes
Breathing life into life.
And loved before
The beginning of time.**



Holy Star
The bright and morning star
Is born in a rugged stable
Sent from heaven above –
Join me at the table
Of deliverance and salvation
And peace, extravagant love.
Here is our True destination,
Blessings from above.

All of the above poems written by Linda Boerstler

