

Moored

By Glenn Currier

Floating upon the waters
has been natural for me
on my wavy journey of faith
yet for most of my life I have been moored
to one or another church or spiritual dwelling
and there in the six directions
of the medicine wheel
or in mindful silence and meditation
I found solace and inspiration
and challenges to be a better man.

Born into the Roman church
from a mother whose tie to sanity
was her rosary
each bead a knot
and the chain her bond to the holy.

Novenas, prayers, litanies, and creeds
became the native tongue
taught when we were young
mysteries and sensory symphonies
of the rituals filled us to the brim
spilling dreams and designs
for a special future
ending in the Great Upthere.

But a destiny of storms
awaited me on my journey there
as I fled into a barren night
a zeal and appeal of career my light.

Now in the lateness of life
I am again moored in a church
in love with several humble followers
of Jesus the Christ there
songs and Word and wisdom fill the air.
And back home I have my own medicine woman of a wife
a five decade anchor of faith
a vessel and fiery heart full of love.

So here I am no longer floating
or boating from one port to another
my friends are dying and growing old
my body battered and heart weary
but I am alive, again brimming and often teary
for God has taken hold of me
Jesus who hounded me has tackled this old fool
and the Spirit has chiseled and shaped a jewel
tenderized my heart with his reckless love,

his overwhelming endless push and pull
and with his merciful Light has re-created and made me full.

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