

FUMC Christian Poem for August 2023

Prologue

When taking a walk there is always some purpose, usually not well defined. It seems simply the result of my own desire at the time. Sometimes, and then only in retrospect might a motivation be identified. Still, it may be so inconsequential, it doesn't get another thought. However, when something unexpected occurs, (which is always if one is particularly aware), possibilities come into focus in the form of new thoughts, insights, or even visions of a bright shining new future.

The situation described in the following poem began as just a walk with seemingly no purpose at all. It concluded in a way one can easily imagine in this world ...but all worldly expectations become irrelevant at some point.

Psalms 92:4 - 5

*"For you make me glad by your deeds, O Lord;
I sing for joy at the works of your hands.
How great are your works, O Lord,
how profound are your thoughts."*

Humble Inspiration

By Steve Kaptain

He pointed and said over there.
I say "what?" then where?
The woman is there
the one with the dark hair.

Nobody around, no one was seen,
walking onward, some patches of green.
Not enough shade to protect one astray.
A bit of foreboding came over I'd say.

Right there, there's a mound
a wayward turtle, lost but now found.
Not a box, but low-profile sleek,
head tucked in, appearing turtle meek.

It's been far too long, having made a mistake.
The cool streams lost, hurry up for pity's sake.
A last resort perhaps to live and thrive
creating mud, a desperate survival drive.

I see the head and pick it up just right.
I've done this before, there isn't a fight.
I learned this as a kid, if you'd like to know.
Some things one doesn't forget, it's not just for show.

Off to the stream then, now we go!
A smile on my face. The turtles? I really don't know.
Obvious and clear, taking a path through the wood.
This is the best way and it's pretty good.

Excited to rescue and confident at last.
I hurry on forward but not too fast.
To the water, a point of quickest release.
Soon, a revival and longed-for cooling peace.

I climb down the bank, it's really quite steep.
The water is dark, it looks pretty deep.
Bending down I've set it to go.
It's not the best place, this I do know.

Partly sliding and that's okay.
Then it tumbles, in my mind I say,
"well now, this really should have been better,
on the bright side, the turtle couldn't be any wetter."

I straighten to go, a nice bit of sand to the side.
This surely would have been the preferred gentle ride.
Had I not been so keen in getting it done,
a little patience and calm would have been more like fun.

My task complete, it would survive I'm quite sure.
They are tough creatures; they tend to endure.
As for myself though, my heart was down.
I could have done better, had I just looked around.

Apparently, efficiency and speed; ego my goal.
Not turtle welfare, if all truth would be told.
I prayed to God that His creature would be fine.
Is this all I should ask, for my own peace of mind?

Next day walking was cloudy and nice,
crossing the streams bridge, I paused to think twice.
I asked God to show me some sign, a conformation,
His turtle was living and well in His creation.

The bridge is high above the water clear,
ripples in the stream from the wind, they appear.
A turtle I see. Joy in my heart that instant I feel.
Oh... it not my friend, it's too small... no big deal.

Still, it's a sign I contend, it's certainly good.
But another I see from above as I stood.
The perfect size of the one which was freed.
That is it, miraculous indeed!

Doubting as I'm prone. But me wanting to believe
signs are always everywhere, just not easy to perceive.
This sign, it was enough and now all is well.
Having faith is similar, this I can tell.

So, whatever my purpose, God showed me His way.
Far beyond any thought I'd had of that day.
Abiding in Him that mysterious attraction...
For me, I'm left wondering. What prompted my action?

And in my desire to discern, what this could be?
it remains incomprehensible to a great degree.
That I could do that which He meant?
Somehow it becomes clearer as I humbly relent.