

## *The Wilderness is a Place of New Life - Resilient Life*

I used to think the wilderness would never end.
I called my mom and asked—
"Does time really heal all wounds?
Do the pieces ever fall back into place? Does the wilderness go on forever?"

So she told me about the horizon.
She said, "There is an edge,
Where the earth meets the sky.
And when you're there,
You will see daisies in the sidewalk
And the sun after the rain."

I asked her to draw me a map And she cried,
Because she knew this road was mine to walk,
But she promised to wait for me,
Day in and day out,
For as long as the wilderness raged.

So I walked.
And it felt like forty days and it hurt like forty nights.
And I waved to the people I passed there in the wilderness.

We tipped our hats to one another, Silently recognizing the weight we each carried,

Until one day, I realized—
The earth always kisses the sky.
And this wilderness has turned into a garden, And I have made it out alive.

And my mother hugged me,
There at the earth's edge.
And she whispered in my ear,
That God was that gardener,
And that I had nothing to fear.

So if you ever ask for a map,
Know that God and I will be planting seeds, Hoping to turn your wilderness into a garden.

For as long as the wilderness rages on,
I will never stop looking for you
Where the earth kisses the sky.

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