

# *The Clearing*

*let us go  
and prepare a place  
nestled in nature  
an outpost of grace  
a haven of rest  
a sacred space:  
a clearing*

*let's abandon our storehouse  
for a three-legged stool  
(preserve, enjoy, share)  
divert our stream  
to thirsty places  
knowing we have not earned  
but have been given*

*let's build something that breathes  
with acoustics  
perfect for music,  
laughter, stirring conversation,  
and life-giving silence  
where a body can recompose  
and a soul find comfort*

*let's fashion a simple retreat  
safe, sheltering, serene  
impervious to worry  
oblivious of time  
near deep waters  
always in view  
and always inviting*

*let it be a place  
to behold the endless heavens  
far from city glares  
where we'll remember  
just how many and how bright  
are the stars of night  
and take solace in our smallness*

*let it be a spring of peace  
where all the senses  
reboot, repair, recalibrate  
where we relearn to celebrate  
a thoughtful, loving Father  
who commands rest  
and encourages play*

*when tired from toil  
ragged from running  
exhausted by expectations  
when the breathless cacophony  
of life has emptied us  
we will refill here  
and bring others along, saying...*

*"Let us go now, friends,  
we've prepared a place  
nestled in nature  
an outpost of grace  
a haven of rest  
a sacred space:  
The Clearing."*