

GRATITUDE IS NOT ENOUGH

The world is full of blessings: I have a home, a family, good fortune, good health. I have a job, a wonderful church family, and people whom I admire and respect to share my work.

I have a place to go with my weight of disappointment and water to bathe my hurts. I have the vision of sunrise over the ocean every day, and gulls whose voices chorus my song, a choir of chanting whenever I want it. I have memories.

I have a heart for breaking, and a melting fire in my blood to fracture my sanity and cause me to lie on the floor and cry to see children hungry, children dealing drugs, and children watching violence on television and in their homes. I have a pillow to catch my tears, voiceless trees to monitor my coming and going, and the wind to sing the requiem.

I have politicians in white shirts and striped ties to keep guns in the hands of boys in blue jeans and t-shirts. I have drug lords in Cadillacs to keep crack babies in slums. I have poetry and ocean to remind me of the Goddess, and the Goddess to remind me of AIDS and prejudice.

Well, I refuse to lie down and be good. I will not heal up neatly, sutures in a row, no scars. No I will not. I

will shout out that I am here and hurting and I will demand of life that it return my shout decibel for decibel. I will speak of justice and kindness and beauty and truth, and I will try bravery though I am a coward, and I will honor wisdom though I am a fool.

I will find other broken people with divinity shining through their pain, to remind me that the human spirit is hard to defeat, that the world is young yet and we are just an idea; that love is not for ever, but a little love once in a while is worth the risk of keeping the door of our hearts wide open. And I look for goodness and know it when I see it, and I see it in you and your children and your dreams. And I can never be grateful enough.