

Is Not Life a Gift?

Is not life a gift?

Rain gently falls,
refreshing our earth,
running from brook to sea.

Wild flowers grow,
patiently waiting for
the new day's sun.

The evening pond
flawlessly mirrors sky and trees,
in silent praise of swallows—
cliff, barn, tree—
racing with lilting song,

poetry on wings!

Is not life a gift,
a mystery?

So may we with hearts
of peace,
love, compassion
serve our brothers and sisters
with amazement, with gratitude.

For all life is a gift.

Brother Columba