



Ceci n'est pas un poulet.

Niños Christmas 2020
Lockdown Edition

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"UNDER THE CHICKEN"

edited by Lynn Maudlin

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Diana Glycer says, "I decided it would be fun to re-run this series of three blogposts from 2009 in the Christmas book. They explain the chicken and illustrate it, too. It was fun to reread this sequence, and I hope the Ninors will enjoy it."

Mind the Chicken



that's my chicken!

Mar 30, 2009

My friend and colleague Joseph Bentz is an incredibly talented writer. He just did an online interview with Patricia Hickman, and in it, he mentions that when I have projects that are “on hold,” I file them “under the chicken.” I actually have a plastic box for these items, and I actually have a large ceramic chicken that I set on top of them all.

When projects seem to be languishing (waiting for a response to a query, waiting for the publisher to take action, waiting to recover from the bruise of a wrong-headed review, waiting for a vague idea to come into focus), I am tempted to get impatient, stomp my little foot, spit, fume, and complain. Instead, I look at the chicken, smile, and realize that sometimes things just take a little more *time*.

March 10, 2009

Lessons Learned From a Ceramic Chicken--and Author Joseph Bentz, Today on Words to Go

Although author Joseph Bentz's first four books were novels, one non-fiction idea kept pursuing him so intently that he finally gave in and wrote *When God Takes Too Long*. The book sprang from his own bewilderment at God's often unusual timing. "One of my greatest frustrations as a Christian is that I am always waiting on God to act. I wrote this book to better understand how God uses 'waiting' in our lives."

How well Joseph understands the trials of waiting: his first novel took ten years to write. Joseph has a fresh and unique perspective on his stories, and I've already picked out one that I'm going to read. Joseph, we're so glad you could drop by *Words to Go* today. Our readers visiting here are always on the prowl for a new and fresh read. I'm so glad to introduce them to you.

JOSEPH: Thank you, Patty.

PATTY: Waiting on God has been a recent theme of several of our authors. Why do you think this subject is one we all visit so regularly?

JOSEPH: I read the entire Bible with this issue in mind, and I was amazed at how crucial waiting was in the lives of such biblical figures as Moses, Joseph, Abraham, David, Jeremiah, Paul, and others. From their stories, key principles emerge about how God's timing and methods differ from our own. For instance, I wrote *When God Takes Too Long* to examine those principles and to help readers transform this frustration into a positive force in their lives."

PATTY: Is there a particular lesson you've learned you would share?

JOSEPH: I never thought a ceramic chicken could teach me anything, but recently I learned something about waiting on God from one. I've always been impatient for God to act in my life, which I guess is why I keep writing so much about waiting, both in my fiction and non-fiction.

PATTY: A ceramic chicken?

JOSEPH: I'll explain. I'm usually trying to hurry God along, but one thing I'm figuring out is that God's answer is sometimes "Not now," which doesn't necessarily mean "Never." I have a friend named Diana Glycer who is a writer and a Christian and is very attuned to God's call in her life. She keeps a ceramic chicken in her office to help her deal with the times when God's answer seems to be "Not yet."

PATTY: I've been getting a lot of those lately.

JOSEPH: Sometimes the writing projects she is most passionate about get sidetracked or don't find a publisher, while other projects prosper. When this happens, she has learned to put the languishing project underneath the ceramic chicken. She continues to pray about that project, but she lets it sit there for as long as it needs to, maybe a month, maybe a year. Like an egg waiting to hatch, the project waits under the chicken until its proper time.

PATTY: I get it. That is really funny, though.

JOSEPH: I liked her idea so much that I went out and bought my own ceramic chicken, and it makes an appearance in the DVD for *When God Takes Too Long*.

PATTY: It obviously inspired you.

JOSEPH: As a writer, I'm always getting ideas whose time has not yet come, but people outside of the writing world deal with this, too. They get a glimmer of a dream or a call that they really believe is from

God long before it's possible to fulfill it. The calling might be real, but the timing might be wrong. Maybe that idea needs to go under the chicken, and with prayer and time and God's leading, it will hatch when the time is right.

To read Joe's full interview, go to <http://wordsunwired.blogspot.com/2009/03/lessons-learned-from-ceramic-chicken.html>

When Projects "Hatch"

1 July 2009

chicken, basket, bookshelf

Several months ago, I wrote about my ceramic chicken, the one I use to store projects that are on hold. Sometimes I am waiting to hear from a publisher, sometimes a piece is just plain stuck, sometimes I need to gather additional materials, sometimes another deadline interrupts. Sometimes I just give up. In all of these situations, I find it helpful to put the project in a flat basket on a bookshelf and set a large ceramic chicken on top.

Yep. I really do. It serves as a visual reminder that sometimes things just need a little time. Even though I am tempted to fret or feel discouraged, when I see that a project under the chicken, it helps me to remember that it's not over, it's not hopeless, it's not ruined, it's not wasted. It's just not ready yet. It needs time.

The hardest ones for me to deal with are those projects that have gathered up a stack of rejection slips. When I am trying to pitch a book, I usually start with a list of 20 or so preferred publishers, then I put them in order of preference, then I print out a list of addresses and prepare a stack of envelopes, then I print out two copies of the proposal.

A rejection letter comes in; a new cover letter gets printed and slipped into the next envelope, and a new proposal goes in the mail to the next address on the list the very next day.

But sometimes I run out of addresses. That's what happened in the case of my devotional book *Clay in the Potter's Hands*. Stacks of rejection letters, hours of pitching it at writers conferences: all sorts of setbacks and nary a nibble. So that particular book manuscript has been sitting under the chicken for a very long time.

Today it hatched.

Here's how it happened. I am working on two scholarly articles at the moment, one for a conference and one for a book. Both are due in a couple weeks. Today was a writing day: Wake up, take Sierra to school, come home, sit down, write, write, write, pick Sierra up from school.

The day was going great. Until I got to the "write, write, write" part. It wasn't exactly writer's block. It was more like writer's restlessness. I didn't mind sitting and writing. I just had absolutely no juice whatsoever for the projects I was working on.

I pushed words around for a while, took a walk, pushed, fiddled, did some laundry— hey, if you've ever written anything, you know just what it looks like. Except underneath the "I don't wanna write" part there was another part that whispered, "I DO want to write. I just don't want to write THIS."

In frustration, I looked under the chicken, saw the pottery book, pulled it out, sat down. And started writing.

The whole process of re-reading and re-vising was so fluid, so alive, so engaging, and unbelievably exciting. I was late picking up Sierra from school because I was having So Much Fun. I completely lost track of time.

A publishing plan, a timetable, and a thousand and one other decisions are waiting in the wings. I don't know when or how (or if) this book will ever get published. I'll get to that. Later. For now, I'm having an absolute blast watching as this new hatchling breathes the breath of life. And feeling the profound privilege of being present as it does.

[Mind the Chicken – Diana Pavlac Glyer \(dianaglyer.com\)](http://dianaglyer.com)

[When Projects "Hatch" – Diana Pavlac Glyer \(dianaglyer.com\)](http://dianaglyer.com)

Editor's note: this is a particularly fun read, in the light of Diana's entire line of *Clay in the Potter's Hands* books, now released in their second edition. 2021 also marks the twelfth year of the calendar companion to the book. The monthly images can be seen here: [Clay Calendar albums | Lynn Maudlin](#)

El Pollo Loco

By Joseph Bentz

If I had to give my chicken a name, I would have to call it El Pollo Loco. The Crazy Chicken. My chicken has worked a little differently at times from the way she's supposed to work. I love the original concept: you put a project "under the chicken" when you want to pursue it but the timing isn't yet right. The chicken sits on that egg, keeping it warm, letting it get ready to hatch, and then finally the eggshell bursts open with a new little chick.

My chicken has worked exactly that way with certain projects. I've almost always had one or more projects under her, and many baby chickens have been born. But I want to talk about an issue that rarely comes up when this chicken idea is discussed. Sometimes, no matter how long a project sits under that chicken, it is just not going to hatch.

After I wrote my first novel, *Song of Fire*, I wanted to write a novel set in World War II. My editor and publisher at that time said no. Switching to historical fiction would not be wise. The World War II idea went under the chicken. I didn't want to do another fantasy novel right then, but my editor did like the idea for a contemporary novel I had, so I pursued it instead. That was *A Son Comes Home*.

My publisher for that book, Bethany House, wanted me to sign a three-book contract with them, so I did. Could the next book be a World War II novel, I asked? No. They wanted two more contemporary novels. Get comfortable, little World War II egg. You're going to spend more time under the Crazy Chicken.

Once I finished my three Bethany House books, I was sure it was time. Out came the World War II novel. I would not be deterred. I didn't ask permission. I started writing it. I wrote sample chapters and a proposal and outlined a plan for a three-book series. I took multiple copies of my proposal to a writers conference and met with editors all week. No one wanted it. Instead, I made a contact with an editor from Beacon Hill Press that week, and she wanted me to write a book based on an idea I pitched to her at dinner. That became *When God Takes Too Long*, the first of several books I would write for them.

That should have landed the World War II book under the chicken yet again, but I didn't want to put it there. Around that time, I signed with an agent, and I asked him to pitch my World War II proposal to editors. He liked the proposal. He sent it to all his contacts. Nothing. Crazy Chicken gathered my poor novel-egg under her wings once again.

I have now published twelve books, none of which are set in World War II. I have tried at least three different versions of that project, and it still has gone nowhere. I have concluded that it is time to give the chicken a break from sitting on it for so long. For reasons I don't understand, I believe this egg is simply not going to hatch.

Some will say, well, you could self-publish it. Or you could wait longer. Or you could revise it again. Or you could try again when the market changes. That may be true for some projects, but not this one. The book is fading in my mind. Even if someone said yes to it now, I'm not sure my creative urge is still moving in that direction. I feel warned away from it.

Sometimes an egg has sat there long enough, and it's time to take it out from under the chicken, crack it open in the pan, fry it up, and eat it for breakfast.



Be patient, then, brothers and sisters, until the Lord's coming. See how the farmer waits for the land to yield its valuable crop, patiently waiting for the autumn and spring rains

James 5:7

The Boy with Wings for Ears

By Melissa Campbell-Langdell (8-6-19)

Once there was a small boy who wanted nothing in the world but ordinary pleasures. He lived for the moments when he was at a friend's birthday party and he was singing Happy Birthday to that friend and after, eating the slightly dry chocolate cake as it crumbled into the smoothness of the cool vanilla ice cream, perhaps with some tacky fudge frosting thrown in. He loved balloons and silly movies and his friend's open smiles. But the boy had a secret. Around about his ninth birthday, his hair had grown shaggy around his ears. His family wondered why he hadn't cut it. But the reason was simple. He wanted to cover those ears because all of a sudden they seemed too fold-y. That is the only way he could describe it. The flesh of his ears had seemed to become a small accordion on the top and on the bottom and he was perplexed.

"I am a simple boy," he thought. Why are my ears growing so complexly? He wondered and wondered and really could not sort out why. He went to his friend's basketball-themed birthday party and she shot some sweet three-pointers and all of the friends cheered. And then there was ice-cream cake- Red velvet with glitter! To share after. And he didn't dare tell a soul. He couldn't tell his mother or his other mama or his best friend Simon. He did tell his pet rabbit, although in a very hushed voice, as he refilled her water vessel.

But the fact of his strange ears increasingly made the boy to feel alone. And so he wondered and wondered who he could tell. Who would understand? And not just make him even more feel strange inside?

Finally the boy struck upon an idea. He would ride his bike over to his great aunt Therese's house a few blocks away. If the day he was visiting was a good day, she might be able to hear his tale. If not, he better wait, or perhaps find someone else.

Well the day came, a Saturday, when the boy told one mama that he was going out on his bike, out to visit his great aunt Therese. And that mama thought it grand, that the boy wanted to be closer to his auntie. And so she waved him off. And off he went, pedaling through the clean brisk air of the Saturday morning.

And he pedaled down the blocks, arriving just a bit sweaty due to the fact that the sun was quickly climbing in the sky. But a friendly breeze gusted as he stopped at the door to knock. "In you come," said his aunt, and she invited him to share in some lemonade with mint. Slowly they sipped on her back porch. And the boy wanted to tell her, he did, but something in the faraway look in her eyes made it clear that today was not the day to reveal the unusual nature of his ears.

So the boy finished his lemonade. He bid his aunt adieu and slipped out of the door, but he could not go home just yet. By the side of his aunt's house there was a small park with a small stream running along it. And he knocked his way along the stream with a long stick he found, bumping along his bike as he went. So lost in thought was he that he almost ran her over!

Because there was a lady, in a blue dress and with hair that flowed down the sides of her face like water, and with the kindest smile he had ever seen. And he was quite amazed. He said, "I am so sorry, how are

you today?” And she looked at him, and in that moment, he felt quite as if he had never felt a gaze of such love, except perhaps from his mama and his mother. She said, “I am well, but the question is, how are you?”

“Well,” he said, and he paused. But all of a sudden, he knew that he could trust her. So he said, “The trouble is my ears. They just keep growing into folds. Other kids have normal ears that stick out from their haircuts and have only one or two folds if any. Mine seem to have too much skin.”

“Oh,” she said, “do not fear. The thing about your ears is that you are one of the ones to show us all a little more light. Just see!”

And as she said the last, he looked down into the glass of the stream. And somehow, as if beckoned by her voice, the boy’s ears began to unfold. Slowly, slowly, folds expanded, stretching farther than he had ever imagined they would. And slowly he perceived two great wings about either side of his head, almost translucent and the color of flesh.

“What is this?!” Said the boy, for he was sure that now he must be dreaming. But the lady’s laugh was musical as she replied. “Oh boy, here you see the lightness you bring to others. Continue to take joy in the simple things and your wings will grow. Help others to see levity and focus on the light in this dark world. And then your purpose will be clear.”

Now the boy was perplexed and cycled slowly home, pondering all these things in his heart.



For the creation waits in eager expectation for the children of God to be revealed

Romans 8:19

Supreme Court for Creative Endeavors

By Dave Milbrandt

When an idea comes
Like a thief
Twix midnight and dawn

How do I determine
If it be
Garbage or Gold?

Should I throw it away,
Like fantasies of unicorn dogs
On CIA missions?

Or does it deserve
A scarce and sacred space
Under the Chicken?

I wish I could appeal
To a trusted authority
Higher than my friends,
But a bit below Cloud Nine.

What if we had
A Supreme Court
For Creative Endeavors?

A majestic monument
To the ideas that inspire,
And sometimes distract us.

Inside this hallowed chamber
Bas-Relief Muses
Would stand watch over the proceedings.

But this court differs
From its more famous cousin
In the Federal District.

No Oyez, Oyez, Oyez
To start things off.
I'm thinking Hip Hop,

Something from Hamilton, perhaps.
Rise Up, Rise Up!
Here he comes
Here comes the General!
Ladies and Gentlemen
Here comes the General!
The moment you've been waiting for

We take our seats
And the verbal battle begins.
Ten minutes per sides
To make your case.

With messages from our Sponsors.
This is the arts, after all.
No federal funding for
Cushy seats and velvet curtains.

The petitioner arises,
The subject of the dream itself.
Mr. Chief Justice
And May it Please the Court.

He admits that adage
About a self-defending lawyer
Having a fool for a client.

But at least
He's a nice fool,
And mostly harmless.

He moves to make the case
For why a dream
About a celebrity chef
Fixing a playground
Is a worthy tale to tell.

His main plea:
Freedom of Artistic Expression
Unfettered from Interference.

A Justice chimes in:

**What about the
Really Bad Idea exception?**

He deflects the attack.

The common person

Standard doesn't apply here.

Who's to know if Alton Brown

Whistling while he works

On swings and slides

Will sell or not?

There's only one way

To answer that mystery.

Intermission arrives.

Do you buy snacks and drinks

Or go straight to the merch table?

The respondent arises,

And the introductory routine

Starts anew.

The author's Id volunteered immediately,

No surprise there.

But was voted down 2-1.

The Super Ego

Was off saving the world.

So it was left up to the Ego,

As per usual.

The justices peppered him

Left and right.

Why was this such a bad idea?

Why not save it for another day?

Cannot dreams can be a great wellspring

For future projects?

The Ego sighed,

All the author dreams about

Is working at the White House

Or going on a cruise

And that's in the same night.

He's published books before.

That nobody reads.

What about his book deal?

For a story about a teacher

That wins the lottery

And runs for president.

No one's hopping on the crazy train twice.

The Ego sits down,

The judges retire

For lunch and deliberation.

Craft Services caters the break,

Staving off complaints

About the "Entertainment"

That combines interpretive dance

And blindfolded painting.

The show done

The lyrics of Lin-Manuel

Rock the room one more.

Rise Up, Rise Up!

We shift to our perches

As the Court

Rules for the Petitioner.

The dream-fueled

Creative spark,

Crazy as it may sound,

Has earned a coveted spot

Under the Chicken.

Alton Brown rises again:

This decision strikes the proper balance

*Between creativity and responsibility.
It honors the author and the process.
The muses would be very happy.*

*As a matter of fact,
They would say
It's not only good justice,
But it's also—*

The Chief Justice interrupts.
**I'm sorry.
Have you paid
For sponsorship time today?**

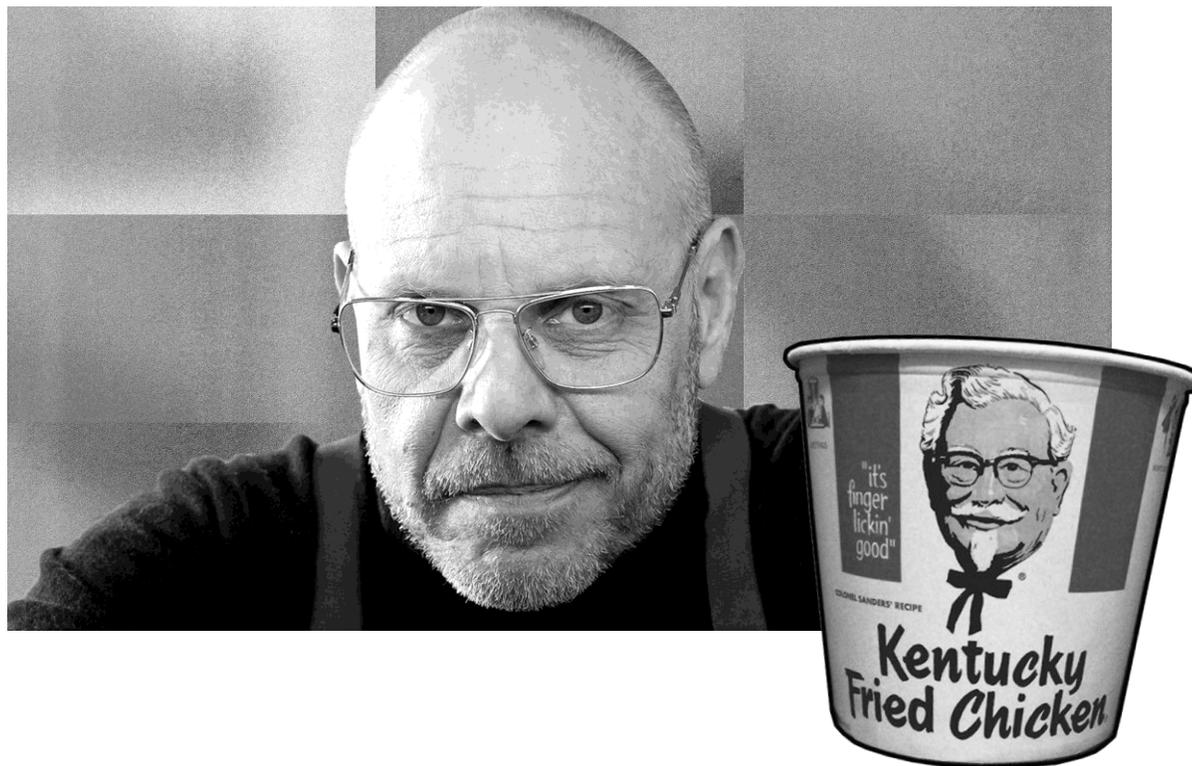
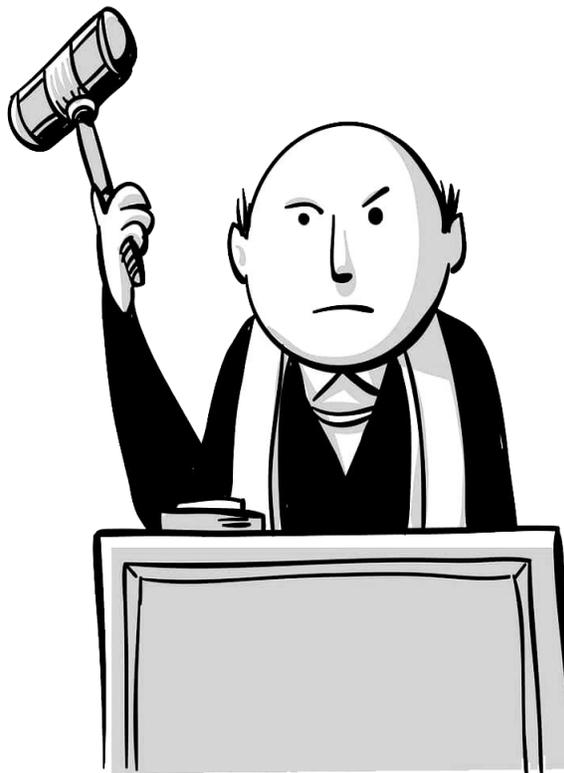
The soft reply:
No, your honor.

**Then you don't get
To plug your show,
No matter how much we love
Your culinary concoctions.**

Oh bother.

This Court stands adjourned.

Rise Up, Rise Up!



The Waiting

By Renée Lynn Milbrandt

We stopped at the door and The Boss fished a single key out of her pocket. “Just wait here with the others until I come back for you.”

I looked at Ashley and Miranda and our parents all in a cluster in the nondescript hallway. “When do you expect that to be?”

The Boss seemed to be consulting her mental calendar and then started counting on her fingers. “Hmm. I have three things I need to do first and then it will be your turn.”

She opened the door and we could see carpeted stairs lead down and hear what sounded like a dozen chairs scraping along laminate flooring as if a large group of people were all getting to their feet.

I looked at The Boss and tried to keep the fear out of my eyes. Before I could say anything she stepped on to the stairs bent forward and called down, “I’m just dropping off, not picking up. Be back soon.”

She shooed us all down the stairs with me in the lead and the rest of my family coming behind me. When we got to the bottom we heard the door close and lock. Out of the corner of my eye I could see my dad reflexively reach for his gun as if he were on a case and not retired from the FBI. A grungy looking teenaged girl sitting across a chess board from an equally grungy looking boy her age shouted in a posh British accent without taking her eyes off the game. “Kelsey and Lara, you’re up.”

Two women who appeared to be in their late-thirties approached us. The taller of the two reached out to shake my hand. “Hi, I’m Kelsey and this is my cousin Lara. We will introduce you to everyone.”

I looked back up the stairs and noticed that the door we just came through was gone. It was just a wall at the top of stairs going nowhere. I quickly pulled on my dad’s arm and nodded up at where the door had been. A saw a quick flash of disbelief, followed by fear, followed by firm resolve go across his lined face.

Kelsey and Lara started to lead us over to a group of people playing cards. I stopped and addressed the whole basement. “What is this place? What’s going on? Who are you? How do we get out?”

Their resigned faces told me that this wasn't the first time they had heard these questions which didn't instill me with hope. Kelsey came closer. "It's just easier if you let me introduce everyone and then you'll understand."

My heart rate was cranking up now and I point at the top of the stairs. "The door disappeared. I'm not moving another step until someone explains where we are and what's going on."

Kelsey looks at the ceiling and then blows out a breath. "Everyone stand when I call your name."

Lara scowls at me and then touches Kelsey's shoulder. "No, we are going to this the way we always do it. New people, you just be quiet and let my cousin say what she's supposed to say. We'll answer your questions after that."

Kelsey relaxes and starts to direct us toward the group playing cards. "This is Michelle and Craig and Michelle's sisters, Alexandra and Nicole. Michelle and Craig took DNA tests and now Michelle's family knows a secret her grandmother kept for 70 years. They got here just before us."

Next she pointed to a group dressed as if World War I was still in the news. "They don't have names yet and they are kind of touchy about it."

An elderly man in an expensive suit and a younger man dressed as a chauffeur approached Kelsey and Lara. "This is our grandfather and his driver. They bought some famous stolen art and Lara and I are going to return them to their rightful owners."

In the corner the largest of the groups sat on a sectional and bent over a sizable round coffee table where a puzzle with an image of baked goods was in process. "This is Shelby and Nick Bennett and their kids, Zoe and Luke." Shelby waved at us and introduced her sister Korey.

Kelsey picked back up with the introduction of Amanda, who worked at Shelby and Korey's bakery and coffee shop, and her fiancé, Bryce. "They live in Emerald Valley and solve mysteries. They have been here the longest next to Matilda and Stephen."

When we stood at the chess table neither of the teens looked up or acknowledged us in any way. "This is Matilda and Stephen. They're cousins who are going to fight a war over a throne."

Matilda looked up at me with an obnoxious sneer that only a teenager can manage. "Unlike the rest of you, we're not the figment of someone's imagination. We actually lived a long, long, time ago. We're just waiting for The Boss to get her library card for the Bodleian so she can research our lives to her heart's content and then we are out of here." Kelsey rolled her eyes, she clearly sick of this girl.

I couldn't stand it any longer. "Okay we've met everyone. What are we doing here and more importantly how do we get out?"

Shelby came over and tried to help. "You leave when The Boss comes back for you. That's it."

I huffed at her. "Clearly you haven't tried hard enough to get out of here. My dad was in the FBI for crying out loud and now our family solves mysteries. We will find a way out here."

Shelby used what I am sure was her "soothing mom voice" which just made me more angry. "We do the same thing and my husband used to be a cop before he got injured in the line of duty. We spent our first several months here looking for a way out. There isn't one."

I took a deep breath and told her in no uncertain terms that we would succeed where they failed. We had skill and grit. We would get out.

Shelby's shoulders slumped and she looked at Kelsey. "Sorry, I tried."

Now I was getting really upset. "Why are you guys giving up? I can't believe this."

Kelsey and Lara's grandfather walked up to my dad. "I understand that this is hard but we all gain depth while we are here. We grow and change and when the time is right The Boss comes back for us." "It sucks but it's true." Matilda called from the chess table. "There was a princess and her ladies-in-waiting who were here when Stephen and I arrived. Then The Boss came to get them. She took them away for a while but later they came back briefly along with a dozen or so others from their realm. We hung out for a few more months and then The Boss got them out of here for good. We just have to wait."

I had no idea whether to accept what I was hearing or not. "What is this place called anyway?"

In one voice they all whispered, "La chambre sous le poulet."

Teaching with the Chicken in my ESL Class

By Tom Allbaugh

Before I learned to teach the article and the preposition,
Those parts of speech absented from first tongues before me in class,
I dimly used them as I taught a lesson on invention
and found I would live long enough to reflect and say, alas.

“Here’s how to really begin,” I said and lifted my ceramic fowl
and placed it on my stack of unfinished poems, to many nods and smiles.
“What is this called?” I quizzed and saw hands raised amid one scowl.
“Over a chicken,” I heard, and then again, in another refrain, “On an Chicken while...”

This last I should have praised for its translation and good sense.
After all, who cares if over, under, or above, as long as the poem is left.
But “Up the chicken” and “By a chicken” just made things too intense,
and “In an chicken” and “At chicken by” did leave me feeling bereft.

“Enough,” I said, “you get the idea,” and made all hands to lower
and lifted my bird and made them all to follow me as mimics.
In silence then we understood by acting right that hour,
that practice soon could build these parts so missed in our linguistics.



For the revelation awaits an appointed
time; it speaks of the end and will not
prove false. Though it linger, wait for it;
it will certainly come and will not delay.
Habakkuk 2:3

Boxes

By Lynn Maudlin (ca. 1975)

I have been waiting to write you this song
You have been on my mind
 for quite some time,
 but not that long
Just every day, every day, every day,
In different ways
In different stages of my pain.

I have been looking for someone to touch me the way you can
I've been riding on the streetcars
 and drinking in the airport bars,
 looking for the man -ah, the man
Who can make me feel, make me feel, make me feel
Like a woman
Like a woman again.

I have more feelings and soft wantings inside me than I knew
I boxed them carefully
 and packed them all away
 but then came you, then came you
And now they're spilling and tumbling down,
Falling and crumbling down,
Breaking me,
Shaking me,
Waking me in my sleep with needs
 too deep for me.

I wait for the LORD, my whole being
waits, and in his word I put my hope.
Psalm 130:5



Waiting

By Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I've never heard?

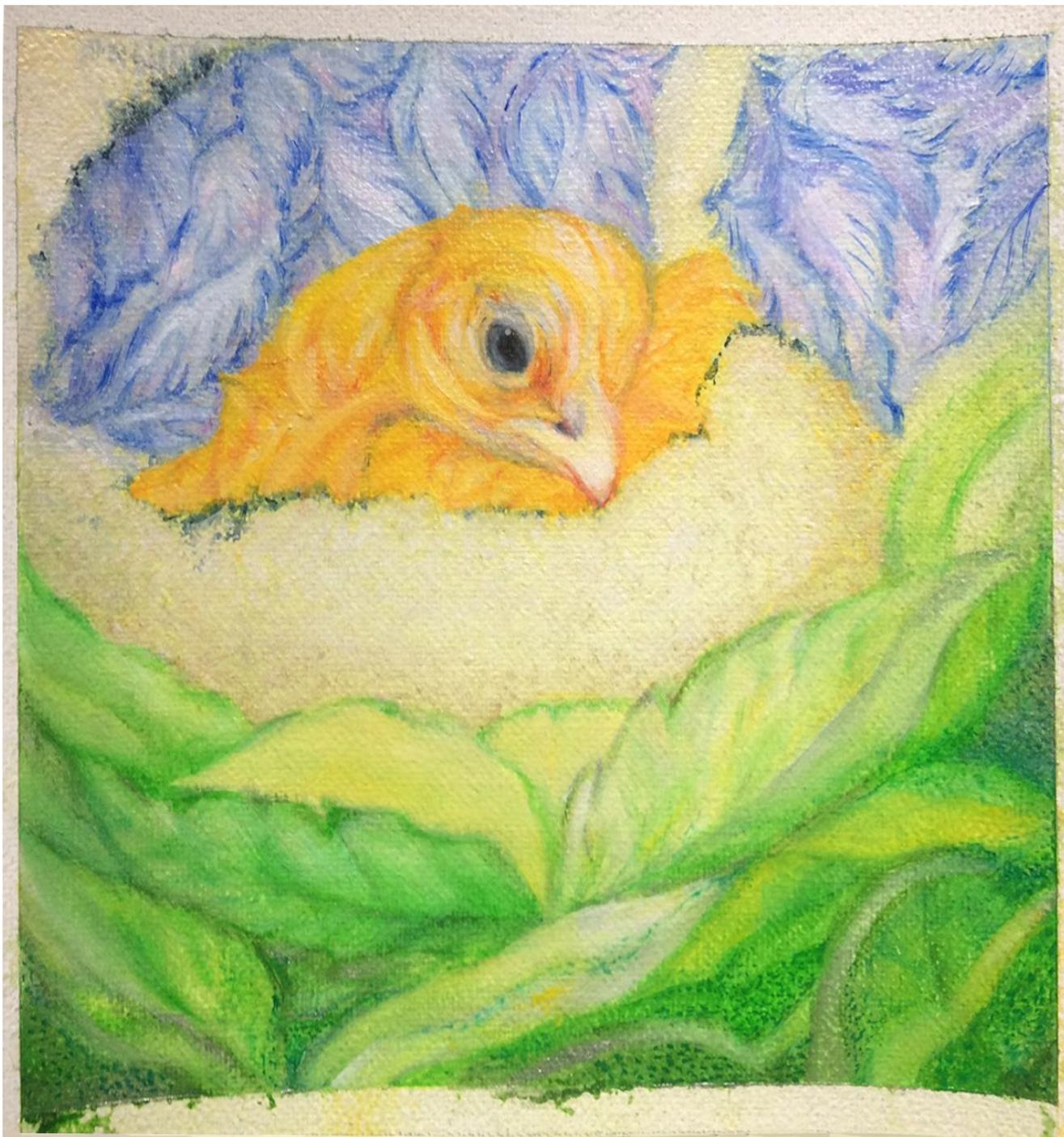
Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

Our Real Work

By Wendell Berry

It may be that when we no longer know what to do
we have come to our real work,
and that when we no longer know which way to go
we have come to our real journey.
The mind that is not baffled is not employed.
The impeded stream is the one that sings.





Proverbs 25:11--Hatched!

By Danielle Kirchman

In the morning, LORD, you hear my voice; in the morning I lay my requests before you and wait expectantly. Psalm 5:3