PIGEON WALKING THE RIDGE CAP

I saw a pigeon on top of a building so high

He was walking on the ridge cap slowly

The small fowl did not hop like some of his kind

Instead he carefully walked step by step holding

Unsteadily at times like a man on a wire

On one foot fighting to keep his balance

Then on the other, I wonder do birds perspire?

He seemed concerned about losing his footing

So slowly he moved along the ridge

His sound was sort of sad like a cooing

He was inching along, his silhouette against the sky.

Maybe he’ll make it, maybe not.

But why I am worried? He can fly!

There was a man about many things concerned,

He worried over his past though forgiven by God.

Things he had said and done caused his heart to burn.

He could barely walk the path God had for him to trod

“I have hurt people that I love,

I have broken the trust that others had in me,

I spoke badly of God above,

How can he forgive me?”

The man like the pigeon was walking a narrow rope.

He struggled with the past and worried o’er the future days.

His was a difficult life.  Could he ever cope?

He does not have the wings of a pigeon but why should I worry? He can pray!

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram