

I Am

The Human mystery, non-being to consciousness

Life's journey begins,

Random the place and time of our awakening,

Destitute, rich, black, white,

Chance, not birthright, determines our first sight.

'Not so!' some say, 'We are under Providence's sway.'

Before we take our first step, imperceptibly the compass is set.

We learn from those who have gone before,

The maps, the road, the distant shore.

Who are we? We are not yet.

In our striving, is identity set.

Examine carefully the maps you are given, question, search, and find your own vision.

A poor man sits at your gate, sick and injured. Is that his fate?

Sacredness is found in deeds, Action validates your creed.

I AM is God's name, a child's life, in being the same.

At life's journey end, back to nothingness do we again descend?

Is there a meaning in our living? That depends on our giving.