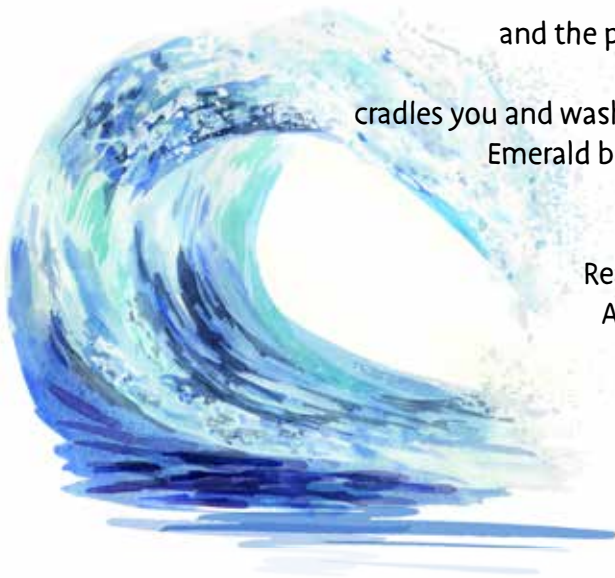


By Alice Granleese

A radiant purple haze.
 The sun leaves a path
 of golden light shimmering on the water.
 The ocean glistens blue and gold
 as an echo drifts to your ear.
 Now is the time, it says.
 Listen, feel.
 it is your turn.
 Though you feel heavy
 your hands pull strong in the water.
 You are caught.
 The force, the breath
 Is harnessed
 by a majestic ghost.
 You skim the surface as an eagle glides on the wind.
 The Spirit is upon you
 rushing past your ears and over your face.
 Your hands outstretched
 It carries you.
 JOY bursts forth
 as a beacon of **light** shines from inside.
 PEACE **flows** through you as you touch its face.
 HOPE is secured **in** you
 as **your** feet stand firm
 and the purest **LOVE** that is in you,
 all around you,
 cradles you and washes over you, as you stride forward in FAITH.
 Emerald blue bliss, as far as the eye can see
 Golden rays DANCE
 Waiting...
 Ready for the echo to return
 Always and forever more.
 Amen



I wrote this poem about surfing for a dear friend of mine. He showed me the joy and peace of meeting God out on your board, especially if things in life are feeling tough. As I got older, I found that I could reconnect to God in many other ways; on a bushwalk, meditating, looking up at the stars at night. We can also call this prayer. Returning and reconnecting to God, in times of joy, sadness and all in between, gives us a

sacred space in which we can speak and be present with the Spirit. It helps us to be open to the ways God is moving in our lives. We may feel alone and lost at times, but we can always take shelter in the Divine.

- Do you pray with your children?
- How can we help children talk to God?