

The Beginning of Wonders



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Published by Dootsa Power Press
First Edition*

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Printed and bound in the United States of
America*

ISBN# 0-9715890-5-4

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Return to Shine

Return to shine
Come back again
Return to thine
Beginning when

Summer days
Of grass and sky
Dandelions
Ants and flies

Secret jewels
Of mica stone
Wondering eyes
That sparkled and shone

Pink rubber balls
For Spalding throws
Home runs and doubles
Arched high, then low

Hit the curb on the corner
Go straight for the heart
Then you remember
Remember the start

Lawnmower sounds
From far down the street
That Saturday morning
Sun was so sweet

Return to the shine
To your God-given help
The one that you ran from
You found in yourself

Only Speak Blessings

Only speak blessings
Answer some prayers
Speak inspirations
Vanquishing fears

Call for the Light
Make haste from the foe
Answer with kindness
Love even woe

Only hear goodness
Let go the old know
See with the dawning
Soft morning glow

Only speak rightly
Cast notes up the path
Tune up your heart
God's ventures at last!

And it Was Still God

I saw God in the sky
He had a Blakian eye
Eyes of deep clouds
Almost shy
But almighty strong
Amazing, that

He was lonesome, it seemed

Then the sky changed again
And it was still God

Over That Rooftop

Over that rooftop
Past the rooster vane red
And tree tops afar
“It’s a dream,” you once said

The windows are smudged
But the light—it still glows
The reception is clear
Where God really goes

He’s over that hilltop
And sits next to you
He waits in the stillness
For when we can be true

Seeker

I'm just a seeker,
not a saint.
I should be meeker,
but I ain't.

I get my lessons,
shown to me.
A kick in the gut,
or stuck up a tree.

But God takes me back,
He's merciful, true.
He's always there waiting,
waiting for you.

Smile by Faith

Smile by faith
until it's true.
Smile a way,
when you are blue.

Smile through the projector—
It comes back to you.

There's a little man
who runs the show.
He's back of your head,
and he's quiet like snow.

He takes what God gives us,
what gets through all the red.
And the green and the blue—
“any color,” he said.

It's an interesting picture,
and scary to know
That this life's our own making—
That it's all the same show.

Technicolor dreams
and a new life to sow.

The Fire's Out

It's strange and beautiful
That part's true
When we empty the vessel
Is when we renew

Fresh water from the river
Comes up when we're still

Make a place for Creator
Open space for the new
Stop, drop, and roll
Ah! the fire's out too

Wanted

When God wanted me
to run
He broke my foot

When He wanted me
to stretch
He broke my back

When He wanted me
to be still
He broke my mind

And each time He called me
I got up off the ground
and picked up my bed
and got on my way

Because I really wanted
to be made well

Dancing with Father

First breath we cry,
a lament for what's lost.

Later we sigh,
in deep river tossed.

I don't remember asking for life,
but maybe I did.

Could be I pleaded,
let me just be a kid.

I don't remember mama,
and the papa here's blue.

So dance with who brung ya,
He never left you.

Dance with Creator
spin joyful, renew.

Last breath, our father
take us home too.

Hands Up at Roll Call

There's a roll call in the morning,
and we all raise our hands—
Reaching to report,
No, we're not feeling sad.

It's the Lord's call at dawning
when the clouds sway o'er the land
Sun through God's awning—
and we're up rising glad.

There's a song comes in the morning,
and we all hear, we stand.
Yes, we're singing in the morning—
and we praise,
praise His hand.

Hand of corrections,
and mercies too.
Hand of forgiveness—
and orders few.

Justice come a'morning—
and grace,
grace for you.

Begin Again

What would happen if you could let go
of all your prejudices and preconceptions?

What would it feel like to
slip away from the old hurts
and repressions
and shames
kept deep inside
like the rotting treasures
of a flightless dragon's haunt?

What a day to release insecurities and fears!

What would happen if you truly believed God
was in control of your life
and stopped worrying?

What a day to begin again!

A heavy weight falls away.
Your hair grows back.
Your eyes clear.
The world looks fresh and vital
down to the smallest drop of rain.

What a day for rain!

The Hollywood lights finally go on in the bathroom
and you realize you're a star.
Cast into the firmament by Almighty God
why wouldn't you shine?

What a day for the Son's fiery light!
It pierces every atom.
Circles every circumstance.
Encompasses creation.

God's blessings roll you over
Rushing down in torrents

Like baptism again
And the child in your heart returns.

Simple pleasures
that you overlooked yesterday
now seem new-fantastic
A veil is drawn away,
and the unseen world manifests a truer light.

You believe
and you see the world:

Begin again.

The Hissing Air of a Thousand Days

A blue light dances in a middle-muddle
of grayish yellow-green
smoke or sins
(I can't tell which.)
endlessly pulsating in the canyon
of my subconscious mind.

It's a sign that my concentration is strong enough
to uncover the hurts kept deep inside,
like fat tissue saved for a rainy-day burn in hell.
It all has to come out.
That's what the recipe said.

This is how we expel the hissing air of a thousand days
and endure the remembered pain
Add nothing, subtract nothing.
Just observe from a distance.

Nothing stays unless we refuse it.
Then it breeds deep in the basement,
and sends its monster-mind to the surface
in a gash of loathing,
later, at a bad time.

Back to the breath now.
In and out it goes,
like the sea.

Time now to let the old things pass away,
"Everything passes away except God."

Wait and watch,
and let them show.
When they do,
we let them go.

