



Shining Moment

By Glenn Currier

Oh, that shining moment
head emerging from the water
breaking forth into the Light
as from my mother's womb
this time the span of a life
beneath those ripples,
and I an old man
bathed in grace
rising, dripping joy.

Remembering that moment
a year ago
tears now drip
from these old eyes
my sight blurred by them
blurred by Spirit
by Jesus
who has not let go of me
still he holds on
grasping my heart
shaping it.
Is he a carpenter
or a stubborn sculptor,
his firm hands
building
chipping away?

Written on 28-2016 for the 1st anniversary of my baptism, my first rebirthday. Baptized and reborn August 30, 2015

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