

# A Small Sanctuary

By Glenn Currier

This room a sanctuary where we meet  
if I but pause a while and stay,  
put away pretense and conceit,  
open my mind, let plans fly away

if I speak from the heart  
plainly share what troubles me  
tell what's pulling me apart  
ask you where you want me to be

soon your breath joins with mine  
your whispers are a gentle force  
you speak the trace of your design,  
a thin golden strand to the Source.

These moments in this sacred place  
these conversations suffuse my soul  
with spirit, light and grace.  
Father, thank you for making me whole.

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