

## Psalm XXX cont'd

It is not His will.  
I acknowledge the  
meaninglessness of this world with a yes,  
only that I may say yes to the meaning  
offered in Christ.  
I am learning hope:  
At all times, no matter how sick,  
Christ has been present.  
Dialysis at 8 am, plasmapheresis at 12 pm,  
these are marathon days.  
Benadryl for itching,  
puts me out.  
I read Psalm XXX for some reason today.

A third kidney biopsy,  
This time the  
giant needle enters through my stomach.  
During plasmapheresis  
I reach a calm not my own.  
The doctors come in as a group: solemn, stricken.  
Results.  
Bad, three weeks and half the kidney is permanently  
scarred. I am  
fine. I am ok. I know tomorrow I will be fine  
as well.  
Transplant nephrectomy,  
indefinite dialysis.  
I read Psalm XXX again.

I heal quickly, three kidneys  
have now been removed from my body.  
A welcoming calm, a  
presence overwhelms me.  
I am not yet joy, but  
I am hope. Dialysis  
has its own issues.  
I learn joy, I think  
about seminary. Possibilities.  
Presence.  
*You have turned my mourning into  
dancing;  
you have taken off my sackcloth  
and clothed me with joy*  
Psalm XXX, my Psalm.

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## The Guide

Carol Faith Warren

You were there to guide  
When I did not know the way  
The rocks were oh so high  
And dark clouds hid the day  
Each step took me closer to the edge  
To the broken sea below  
The midnight sky was closing in  
There was no place left to go

You did not tell me what to do  
Or even point the way  
You listened to my tumbled speech  
You listen to me pray  
Still afraid to take a step  
I fell upon my knees  
Yet in those words the clouds did part  
And let me stand at ease

A flood of tears has washed the scales  
Of grief and pain I wore  
My eyes were open now  
Much clearer than before  
I see a path that takes me back  
The brink is not so near  
I take a step and take a breath  
I now can face the fear

Upon the rocky cliff I stand  
And welcome salt and spray  
I see the far horizon now  
So you must have known the way  
Your silent presence spoke  
You did not let me stray  
My feet are still upon the path  
Tomorrow and today

No one can build a life again  
Except the one inside  
The work is yours  
The guide will walk beside  
As ever onward goes the trek  
The world goes ever on  
We walk within its' walls of glass  
To touch the rosy dawn