

## The Earth Becoming Green

Once upon a despairing field of grass  
lay blades always brown and always tired  
grass seeking air from barren roots  
roots dry and lonesome underground  
The Great Landscaper coming along one day  
speaking Wonderful things  
loving the dry and brownly shreds  
The little blades, hoppers and seekers of the Green  
believing the words of this Speaking One  
A mist from heaven rising out from the earth  
laboring together with heaven's rain  
making dreams come true  
The little dry and wrinkled ones sensing a change  
reflecting green like the Green Landscaper  
They, now rejoicing and dancing in the field  
for their life had come  
Completeness evident, being self-explained  
Other fields taking notice  
whispering unbelief and jealous things  
knowing only things dry and brown  
color being only their moonlight dream  
Hedges and byways and fields all around  
denying this Source their neighbor had found  
declaring it illogical, based on pretense  
And the little field, being soon swayed by winds  
winds of doubt and rumors and lies  
drying out to its former state once again  
confirming the winds of jealous ones  
adjusting again to a place parched and brown  
feeling comfortable again while dying  
supposing it arrogant to have ever believed  
Wondering if the Landscaper ever actually was  
grasping for any remnant of memory  
defending their doubt to mindful ones  
inventing theories of color and mist  
presenting desirable but untouchable things  
concluding it a fantasy they were ever green  
Hoping when at last they are "laid to rest"  
something magic and green will come  
greenness waiting on the "other side"  
finding here in confusion respectable escape  
having surrendered truth to doubt  
exchanging truth for imagination  
dismissing sense and conscience

giving into the ancestry of all things brown  
laying aside all sense of refreshment  
denying that color and mist do exist  
Becoming passive, discouraged, falling into brownness  
joining in concession with neighboring fields  
fitting in once again  
feeling comfortable in old and miserable things  
Separated only by a memory  
remembering perhaps...just perhaps...but...  
fighting the culture of the blades of brown...  
The little once-green field  
appearing now like all the others in the brown  
feeling, though, a remnant of moistened residue  
yet, yielding to fear  
discouraging each other...  
Still, the little blades secretly wondering, asking  
surfacing on occasion with urgent breath  
Seeking more the unknown Green One of the skies  
begging that if He is real to bring mist again  
needing Him to bring freshness once more  
crisis upon crisis reminding them of waste  
dryness and disease and worthless lives  
despair reminding them to search again  
In chorus crying out once more to the skies  
calling that the God of Green might hear  
laying aside opposition of other fields  
admitting what they knew deeply to be theirs  
acknowledging mistings they once knew  
fighting strongly through the brownly culture  
Seeking, seeking, seeking...  
knowing the Great Source of Green truly is...  
refusing to surrender or again to fall  
waiting, declaring their share of truth  
Mysteriously refreshed, though not always aware of it  
leaving brown things further behind  
turning green again from the mist, in the rain  
The little green field, more calm, now lovely, so new  
finding the Great Green Landscaper again  
discovering He had always been there  
waiting for them to just be receivers each day  
yearning upon them to need His desire  
He, becoming their servant to every need  
being All to them each day in every way  
They, enjoying the normalcy of being green  
their neighbors taking more notice  
observing color and motion once more

realizing the lie of all they had assumed  
admitting liberty now was near them  
some believing, some receiving the mist  
some welcoming the rain  
many added to the company of the Green  
And the little green-again field, full of enjoyment  
reflecting hope in their enamored stability  
initiating so gladly a culture of green  
So, field by field as far as eyes could gladly see  
basking in the sunlight  
drinking of the mist and rain  
refreshing others beyond their sight  
becoming what the Landscaper  
had always wished for them to be  
From these few little blades so brown  
From these few little ones receiving supply  
coming a new idea  
coming a new life  
coming a lovely way  
coming hope and meaning and strength  
coming the flowing of earthward skies  
The Landscaper of Love spreading from the heavens  
finding in joy His garden on earth  
watering daily all His little thirsty ones  
celebrating, multiplying, being expressed  
Until one day it seems...  
lovely green things will fill the earth  
they, rejoicing in the lovely Green Supply  
He, smiling, for He in them is all they need  
they, in Him, making the earth so new