

**“A Prayer In The Wilderness”  
by William Kirsch (NY MROP 06)**

We all yearn for the wilderness that place in our soul where we are truly free.  
That inner space often found only in the way out wild places is where I wish to be.  
That place of solitude where the rushing waters takes my cares to quietude.  
A place where "I Am" is, a place where I dwell and swim in his grace.

A place where solitude mystically allows me to enter in the Divine and peace abounds.  
It's not a place I can own, there is no price tag, and it is every-man's place to seek.  
Rocks and trees air and water some as old as time itself brings that place to me.  
God's Spirit eternally imbued in creation free for me to discover in all of nature.

I need only be open to be in the wilderness, open to the breath that forever breathes.  
In that blade of grass, that grain of sand, that tiny twig is the Spirit's presence.  
Oh Divine Creator and Spirit of life grant that I may be of open eye and open heart.  
That I might be absorbed in you, that I might let go, let God and just be.