

Renewal





When the rigors of work overwhelm me, When the day-to-day strain is too much; I need a safe place I can go to, I need a safe harbor for rest.

I never thought much of respites, I was above needing them Until I got sick ... then I worried My life would be over too soon.

Now I take time when I need it -Though sometimes it isn't enough -To rest for a day or for a whole week. There are times when I need to escape.

I've found the safe harbor I turn to When work overwhelms my whole life. It's an island that's blessed with such beauty Only God could have made it that way.

The house stands on top of a mountain, The view leaves me speechless each time. The beach at its base is the best in the world; To me, this is God's paradise.

Each evening the sky is a sketchbook Of stars I am sure I can touch. When I stand at the window and stare up above I'm amazed I've been given so much.

I was changed at the end of the first week; The island's now part of my life. It pulls me back whenever I'm worn; I cannot resist its strong tug.

On this island of much matchless beauty I can rest without cares or concerns. Within a short time my strength is renewed; I'm ready to go back to work.

Yet ... I know the next time I'm tired, Overwhelmed with the day-to-day strain, I will go to the mountain where the view is superb. The island is beckoning me.

But when I can't get to the island, In the greater part of the year, I still need to carve-out a piece of each day For renewal, reflection and rest.

On normal days it's a struggle To find ten minutes to think About what I must do and where I must go; Life is a nonstop event.

But I need to resist the temptation To let outside influence control; My life is my own to direct and to guide; Inner strength will move me ahead.

If I don't give myself time to ponder About life and the people I love, I won't have the strength that I need for each day, I won't have the wisdom to lead.

I have felt the strength of renewal, I know its incredible force; The need is to make time where it doesn't exist, To develop learned habits of choice.

Credits:

The title poem from Life Is a Non-Stop Event, a book of poetry by Carole Bos.

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