

## My New Temples

*Mette Ivie Harrison*

The beach is my temple,  
The water the voice of God shooshing toward me, inviting, calm,  
The stones the decorations that light the fire of the pillar,  
The sand the handshake that draws me to the holy of holies.

The forest is my temple, cool and dark and safe and quiet.  
I know what parts will lead me up hills, but I don't always know  
Where the new rocks will have lodged, or what parts of the trail  
Will have been cut out by water—but I know I will stumble and pick  
myself up after I fall.

The couch is my temple, where I sit and breathe deeply  
And feel God's presence rest upon me as I type His words,  
And My words together, joined as with a handshake  
That pulls me forward to my next step in life.

My son's bed is my temple, where I sit and hold his hand  
And tell him that he is good and kind and that  
Anyone who tells him otherwise is wrong  
And also that there is nothing wrong with the tears that fall down his face.

The nursery is my temple, with all the toys and sounds of laughter,  
Crying, and tugs of war. The little cups of water and napkins  
And goldfish and graham crackers that we would serve Christ if  
He were there, waiting for His sacrament.