

## The Path

*By Marilyn Reeves*

You stumble through the forest  
With nothing to guide you.  
Giant trees hover above you,  
Deep shadows try to lure you,  
But you press on and on,  
Trying to find the right path home.

You cross many pathways  
As you go along.  
Which one should you take?  
You simply do not know.  
You just keep going forward,  
Confused, bewildered,  
Feeling scared and all alone.

People pass you by.  
Some of them don't see you,  
Others ignore you,  
A few wish you well  
As you go along your way.

You see someone off to the right  
Who seems to know where she's going,  
So you start to head that way.  
But she turns and says,  
"This is my path. Don't follow me.  
Find your own path. Go away."

So you continue on  
Moving forward all the same,  
Hoping for a word, a sign  
That you haven't been wandering  
All this time, in vain.

Finally, you come upon  
A bright green meadow  
Emerging from the gloom.  
The sun is shining,  
The birds are singing,  
And someone's shouting,  
"Welcome Home!"

"But how did I get here?  
How did I just happen upon  
The way that I should go?"  
And then suddenly you know  
That you were on the right path all along.

It was Faith that brought you  
To your destination  
And you forged it on your own.