

THE CHAFF AND THE WHEAT



It doesn't need a whirlwind
to separate chaff from wheat:
Just a gentle breeze
lets the seed be gathered and complete.
It takes no force to understand
that Spirit reigns supreme,
That what we know of matter
is an empty mortal dream.
The mountains and the hills once large,
are simply now no more!
What remains is spiritual,
God's *eternal* treasure store!
And in the Breath of Spirit
the warmth of Love I feel,
Enveloping each seed of Truth
that demonstrates the real!

Awake O man to all you are,
from sleep and dust be free!
Awake to hear the Word of God:
“Dear Child, you're just like me!!”

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