



First glance

We don't know
How many they were
Or the name of each one

Were they young or older?
Were they born in this region?

Did they know Mary?
Or the One who spoke with authority?

When they heard the commands
Did they think the orders were absurd?

Did they obey while fearing the consequences
Of what they were doing?

Pouring...

Presenting...

Water

None of that
Is told

Because...

None of that
Matters...really

Only their obedience does

It also provided them

First glance

As they did
What they were told
The transformation occurred

As they obeyed
They were the first ones
To witness...

The change in the colour

The exquisiteness of the bouquet
As they poured
The perfect nectar

The no longer water
But excellency
In the cup of the master of ceremonies

The absolute finest wine

In abundance

I grant you
What choice
Did the servants
At the wedding at Cana have
Besides to obey

But they did
And the miracle
Took place

We
On the other hand
Have a choice

But He
Hasn't changed

4 Louise Bélanger

We can choose
To obey or not
All-loving God
Who still consents
Who still performs
Miracles
With
And through
The obedience
Of His servants

We can choose
To be instrumental

To magnificent goodness

Absolute finest

Poured out on this world

In abundance

And like the servants
At the wedding at Cana

Have the privilege of

First glance



There's room

The sign on the door
In big bold gold letters
Reads
Vacancy

There's room

Inside

Ample

Always

No sincere hearts
Will be turned away
For lack of any kind

The door is invisible
To the naked eye
But that doesn't null its existence

We clearly see the results
In the lives of those
Who decided
To walk through that door

To be part of
To work for
To make it grow

Each has a place
Designed for them

The sign on the door
To the Kingdom of God
That exists on Earth
Reads
Vacancy

There's room

Inside

Ample

Always

Have you
Like me
Tried the knob
And found the door
Unlocked?

You were welcomed in
Just as you are
To become...

Did you find your room
Inside?

I'm showing you part of mine

I write





There is a tear in the fabric

There is a tear in the fabric

At the end of the narrow road

As You
Exhaled
Your last breath
On the cross

Loud
Ripping noise
Was heard
In the temple

The thick veil
That took days
To create
Was being torn

In an instant

Perfectly slit
From top
To bottom

Perfectly slit
From Heaven
To Earth

By God

A new era
Had begun

There is a tear in the fabric

At the end of the narrow road

I can't see Heaven
From here

Nor do I know
What will happen today
Or all the tomorrows to come

It's kind of like...

Standing
Behind a thick veil
Where the future
Hides

This curtain
Blocking the view
Was also pierced
By Jesus on the cross

Light
Shines through
The tiny tear

On the other side

Lies...

Heaven

Jesus is the way

And He taught us
All we need to know

Jesus made the tear in the fabric

At the end of the narrow road

Where He invites us
To walk on
As we follow Him
Each day

I don't know
What will happen today
Or all the tomorrows to come

Except...

On the day
When I reach...

The curtain

The end of the narrow road

I know
What will happen next

My faith, hope and trust
Are in Him

As I
Will exhale
My last breath
On this Earth

Loud
Ripping noise
I will hear

As the tear
Will explode
Shredding the veil

In an instant

From Heaven
To Earth

By God

A new era
Will begin

I will see You
And be with You
Forever
In Heaven

There is a tear in the fabric

At the end of the narrow road

