

Within each man dwell his own god.

Supremacy, righteousness and all knowing -
these are the tools the mind conceives
when thoughts of god or God are
conceived - Who is the mind?
I maginations or reality? Matter or
spirit? And who am I to say?
I am my mind - My mind
embraces that which it surmises
consciously. And that which is
subconsciously conceived will dawn
a tomorrow.

A life wrecked by church and
faith for twenty years - from babe to woman

Our acceptance is unconceivable when
mind and soul become tolerant of someone
other than our own - Men even -
all of us today molded by those that
guided and showed the way.

And now bold, fearful not,
unrepentant; and thus I take on
a new, warmer and more vibrant.

God I have turned to, the who helped
in each crisis, the who kept my
mind peace amidst utter confusion.

I will not regress, nor become stagnant.
I must progress - not as a supreme
lunan, but one in search for knowledge,
in search of the only!

21! How can there be more.

21! Like a babe whose eyes are
firmly grasping the light about him -
and there is so much more.

Peace as is now known never was
as it is now.

A dull deep joy arises through
my being - that I, being so knowing,
take life within my thoughts and
feels and feel it as if I were more.
And yet, there is peace.

Is it the lack of fear! - That
might be it.

And amidst all these thoughts
the mind each time is aware of this
being most joyous moment -
part of the sacrament of Holy Eucharist.
Patricia Lee