HIGHLANDS JOURNEY [10-01]

The mountains are temples for seekers of truth, Old testaments chiseled in stone. Here seraphs come winging from fountains of youth, And we are no longer alone.

The toil of the climb, heart-pounding, the drum, A realm of the here and the now. Old memories past, sunrises to come, We falter to cradle our brow.

We cling to a dream; we struggle and grope;We worry and trouble the trail.While all the time doubting, yet hoping on hope,While all the time fearing to fail.

Comes now the true journey, a proving of mind. The days pass so fleetingly fast. What joy to see clearly, where once we were blind; Our prayers are all answered at last.

How can there be sorrowful suffering and war? A quandary to you and to me. For up here with Nature, no window or door, From trouble we're sheltered and free.

The highlands, a sanctity welcoming all, The bosom of God's Holy Grace. Where gathereth creatures both mighty and small, In Nature's demurring embrace.

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For here nearest heaven the days are so sweet, The essence of peacefulness, joy. And all the true goodness we ever could meet, Our senses are keen to employ.

There's rolling green meadows where breezes drop in, To linger and dance in the grass. And here rest we down all our burden from sin To the trail...'neath our feet as we pass.

Glad waterfalls leap, to the heavens exclaim, Free last from the clutches of earth. Cast out here our heartbreak, our sorrow, our shame, Rejoicing a life of rebirth.

Oh what is this tugging we feel in our heart, That's calling so clear and so loud; And what is this instinct that sets us apart, From the masses, the rest of the crowd?

We might as well ask for the secret to time, And solve then the mystery of space. For man can find neither the riddle or rhyme, To puzzle the pieces in place.

So, journ we the highlands, near heaven on earth, Truth-testing our mettle and mind. A pathway to wisdom, right judgment and worth... That's eluded near all of mankind.

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