

Take Off your Shoes

My bare feet walk the earth reverently
For everything keeps crying,
Take off your shoes
The ground you stand on is holy
The ground of your being is holy

When the wind sings through the pines
Like a breath of God
Awakening you to the sacred present
Calling your soul to new insights
Take off your shoes

When the sun rises above your rooftop
Coloring your world with dawn
Be receptive to this awesome beauty
Put on your garment of adoration
Take off your shoes

When sorrow presses close to your heart
Begging you to put your trust in God alone
Filling you with a quiet knowing
That God's hand is not too short to hear you
Take off your shoes

When a new person comes into your life
Like a mystery about to unfold
And you find yourself marveling over
The frailty and splendor of every human being
Take off your shoes

When, during the wee hours of the night
You drive slowly into the new day
And the morning's fog, like angel wings
Hovers mysteriously above you
Take off your shoes

Take off your shoes of distraction
Take off your shoes of ignorance and blindness
Take off your shoes of hurry and worry
Take off anything that prevents you
From being a child of wonder.

Take off your shoes;
The ground you stand on is holy.
The ground you are is holy.

Macrina Wiederkehr, *Seasons of your Heart*, pg 5-6

