

## Sailing My Ship



**i stood on the Beaches of my Existence  
and i looked out upon the Seas of Life  
my heart desired and longed  
that i too one day may go forth**

**So . . .**

**my Father taught me how to build a Ship**

**i put my Ship upon the waters  
and i drifted here and there  
i was aimlessly tossed to and fro  
so i sought through the prayer of intent  
that i may come to learn to direct my course**

**So . . .**

**my Father taught me how to build a Rudder**

**i was bemuse and pleased  
as time went on and on . . .  
the Sea was the Sea  
but time continually went on.  
some days went peaceably slow,  
and some treacherously fast and Stormy.  
the currents of life dictated my days instead of me.  
being troubled from within**

**for my lack of control**



**and . . .**

**my Father intuitively seeing this  
gave me the visions of Wings of a Gull.**



**He taught me to capture the Breath of Life  
and build a Sail. thus doing so,  
i found that my Sailing and Navigating  
of the Seas of my life  
was completely within my control.**



**Days went on,  
which turned to Months  
and to Years of many.  
i, over this time grew weary.  
though i have experienced many things,  
i had no purpose  
other than the discovery of new things.  
this is what i dedicated my life to.  
i collected these discoveries as my treasures.  
i do not complain . . .  
however . . .  
i soon tired of the seemingly redundancy.  
i wanted my purpose to have more . . .  
more substantive meaning.  
i wanted to leave a Legacy.**

**i wanted to have an Ultimate Destination  
where in my weariness of Sailing  
the Seas of my Life,  
i could find Meaning, Solace and Rest.**



**Being very troubled within,  
again my Father came to me . . .  
and said . . .**



**My Son . . .  
you have always had purpose . . .  
that is but be My Child.**

**You have always had a Destination . . .  
that was all you times of trouble . . .  
ME !  
I AM your Destination !**



**the Comfort you now seek,  
the Meaning, Solace and Rest . . .  
is in MY Hands . . .  
the Hands that has  
Guided you . . .  
Held you . . .**



**through all of your Life's Aspirations . . .  
Trials and Tribulations ;  
through your Joys and Sorrows ;  
through all of your Discoveries . . .  
and Disappointments  
you encountered on the Seas of Life**



**Come my Son . . .  
Come and sit with me  
Sit on My Beach**

**and . . .**

**let us watch the Young and Restless  
build their Ships .**

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