

I bow before this door that leads to life
My pride needs help from my body
Who am I to say that I can walk through any door?
Be my own master – set my own destiny.
What does this door look like?
It is small and somewhat hidden,
with luscious leaves draped over it.
Wood older than I am,
so rich and yet worn...like wisdom.
A door to make a person pause to wonder
all that it opens to and who has entered before me
Every door that leads to new places in life
Is holy - simply because it leads to sacred places
Created for me to be
This is why I must bow
Acknowledge my need for the grace
To not only open the door but walk on in these sacred places
To see the holy and not miss it because I rush
To be open to surrender should those places break my heart
Yes, I must bow before my Father
It is one way that I can say I still want to walk through the doors
He bids me walk through