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Faith

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Faith || **SARA STOOKEY**

I went to church on Easter Sunday,
And as I stood watching the round priest in his
gold and white robes,
I cried.
I cried because I don't believe like the one I love.
I don't believe like the beautiful boy standing
next to me.
He can stand straight and tall and proudly
proclaim his faith.
But I cannot.
I stand in his shadow. In despair and desolation,
Because I can only believe in my own way.
I cannot stand in front of the priest and take the
Eucharist,
Because they say I am not worthy.
I cannot bow my head and fold my hands to
recite the age-old lines.
I cannot make the sign of the cross upon my
chest like those around me.

But,
I do believe,
Just not in the same way he does.
I can stand on a mountaintop and look down
upon a set of emerald hills, and see divinity.

I do believe.
I believe in love.
I believe in human grace.
I believe in beauty,
And the power of friendship and family.
I believe in all the essential things that faith says I
should believe in,
I just don't call it God.
I believe that I can love this beautiful boy who holds
my hand and whispers my way through mass,
So that I will understand.
I believe that I can love him with all my heart and soul.
And if our faiths should drive us apart,
Then it was not meant to be.
But if, in the essentials, they are the same,
Then together, forever, we shall remain.