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Beaches Closed - No Swimming

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A Terrible Privilege

David Drane

Pouring rain while the sun is shining,
 In rhythm, hearts and daisies dying,
 Failing hearts and newborns crying,
 Trauma caused and trauma bonding,
 Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring ...
 War-torn world's elusive peace,
 Manmade mysteries, famines, and feasts,
 Perfect shelter, pristine water, and peaceful sleep,
 Sun-withered crops for the underprivileged
 Conflicts, riots, and spirits pillaged
 Cheerful children build the future
 Laughing children sustain the village
 O' what a terrible privilege

O' this terrible privilege ...
 Of heart and heartaches,
 Brokenness and restoration,
 Sickness and health,
 The, "haves" and the "have-nots"
 The safe and the unsafe,
 The just and the unjust
 The kind and the unkind,
 The friendly and the friendless,
 The lost and the found,
 The wrong and the right,
 What privilege?
 O' the terrible privilege to
 Decide.



We struggle.
We strive.
We carry on.

Beaches Closed - No Swimming

Amanda Duncan

Live it, love it, respect it, and share it with an attitude of gratitude.

The privilege of the human condition,

The privilege of human experience,

Like riches out of reach of the poor. Like anxiety leaping out of the shadows. Like carrying the weight of depression. Like a tired body meeting the daily grind. Like injustice winking at justice. Like political promises unkept. Like a full stomach surrounded by hunger. Like the hungry at the table of gluttons. Like usury and the mishandling of money of others. Like the grooming of young bodies for the worldwide war machine. Like the healthy visiting the sick. Like birth beset by the reality of death. Like the living at the bedside of the dying.

We struggle.

We strive.

We carry on. Another day, another chance, another
Opportunity to relent, to be reconciled, and restored.

Life is bittersweet; life is a terrible privilege.