



Upper Waterton Lake



Upper Waterton Lake shore in early morning

Experiencing Grace

– *brother Michael*

VERY EARLY IN OUR STAY AT WATERTON, BROTHER Alvaro said to me, “I can’t fit the mountains into my camera!” With delight we noted the vastness of the majestic panoramas that embraced us. Writing in the early mornings on the rock beach by the 7.5 mile long, 450 foot deep lake, I realized that words would not be able to convey everything in my heart. I offer two short poems with commentary to paint a heart-word-picture.

Unity

We are kin
mountains, monk
and family.
Changing seasons, layered histories
life flows
familiar;
sometimes rising up
sometimes stumbling down
freely forming confidence
to practice loving
kind, and free!

Each mountain, every part of it and its whole ecosystem, of which we are an integral part, is connected. Some of us hike to high alpine lakes; some of us walk on level paths. Important questions are: “How do we journey?”, “In companionship or in isolation?”

Rising Sun

Calm surface of glacier fed lake
ancient ice transformed, transforming . . .
beneath
feeding fish rise
ripples
appear and expand

Honking fills the dawn air
high above, sunlight
reflecting
on wings of Canadian geese
flying over water
through the valley
going south

We sit still on the stone beach
quiet hearts, slow pulse
within
below, above, around
our common source
first light of day!

The winds in Waterton can gust to well over 70 mph. When we first entered the Park on September 2nd there was fresh snow on the mountain peaks. Our stay was basically windless with full sun. My parents, my sister and brother and their families were with us for many days. Experiencing grace! ■