

June 22, 2023

A Tiny Voice

TIME FOR TESTING
FOR LOOKING BACK
ON YEARS OF STRUGGLE
TO CREATE A SOURCE OF LIGHT
OUT OF A PIT OF DARKNESS

HAVE I KEPT MY GRAVER SHARP
AT THE RIGHT ANGLE
A TINY VOICE
IN A SEA OF TROUBLE

LONGING TO BE HEARD
EAGER FOR FREINDSHIIP
FREELY GIVEN
TO WEARY PILGRIMS
SUCH AS YOU AND ME.

FRITZ EICHENBERG

WORKS OF MERCY

As a kid I was a sleepwalker. On many nights, my parents had to gently redirect me to my bed. They feared I would fall down the stairs. While I eventually outgrew my physical sleepwalking, I spent most of my adult life sleepwalking through life. I woke up in 1995, shortly before my 48th birthday. For the last 28 years, I have been mostly awake. However, for the last eight years, since I started a home for abandoned kids in Haiti, I have hardly slept. There was too much to do.

At the age of 76, I regret much of my life. There were too many screw-ups. While the last eight years have been hell, I regret none of them. While my life has become very stressful, very intense, I am, at long last, doing something that makes a positive difference in the lives of over forty discarded and battered kids and some impoverished adults who have endured a lifetime of crap . . . and that makes it all worthwhile.