

 **Holden**

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Today I watched a chipmunk who was busy watching me
It took three days before I slowed my thoughts enough to see
She was standing up so straight and tall, her eyes were softest
brown
They held me with a question, and we never made a sound

I saw a man whose hands caressed and shaped a pot of clay
I watched soft as a whisper, then I smiled and stepped away
I heard a voice of wisdom who brought forth the best of me
I saw two people dancing with a grace I seldom see

And it was God on the mountain
Tho' that may sound strange to you
God was in that village, and I know it to be true
God, that Holy Conjurer - well, what else could I do
But talk to you - talk to you

Today I heard an old man laugh, and I heard the clink of steel
As a horseshoe left his steady hand and sailed across the field
Today I heard three young girls sing like God's own angel band
I heard the river singing as I held my daughter's hand

CHORUS

Instrumental verse

I don't think much of heaven - guess this world's enough for me
And hell must be the sorrow that can drive me to my knees
But if heaven is a place for souls to heal and hearts to rest
I'll think again of Holden, and I'll know that I've been blessed

CHORUS

Notes:

Written during a visit to Holden Village, a Lutheran retreat center in the mountains above Lake Chelan. It is truly a magical, mystical, holy place.