

God Knew

A crisp September morning, a solo hike
The Colorado Trail, four miles to Gudy's Rest* and back felt right.
I started out, sandwich in the pack, early light

Air crisp, cool and clean, spruce forest shady blue
Creekside trail damp with dew
Sun promising to warm things up anew

A quarter mile start . . . but wait, what's this?

A dozen black slugs stretched out across the trail,
Their tender cold-blooded bodies just too frail
To reach their leaf-mold sheltered grail.

I marveled for a bit and then I felt what I'd never felt before
Everything was perfect . . . blue sky, green trees, cold slugs and more
And I was meant to be there, perfect too; I felt it to my core.

God knew.

Stepping gingerly across I continued on and ate my lunch at Gudy's Rest
Back down the slugs were gone, but not the zest
For life in God's world, slugs and me, and all the rest.

God knew

And I did too.

– Ross A. Worley
Durango Monthly Meeting (IMYM)
(circa 2009)

* Named for Gudy Gaskill, the "mother" of the Colorado Trail