

John Ford Chapel

By Jacquelyn Craven

This small, beautiful chapel is for me
A sacred sanctuary,
after my property in Malibu
was reduced to ashes
Here is an oasis of calm.

I sit and meditate on gratitude
for what gifts still remain in my life.
I see, I hear, I read, I write, I dream.

I walk here before breakfast
in the first soft falling
benediction of rain,
breathing scents of fresh damp earth
And earthy smell of morning.

In the chapel rain drizzles down
exquisite stained glass windows.
Silence reigns as soft sounds
sink into my soul.

I leave embraced by sanctity
to start a new day
with peace and gratitude.