



THE SKATER

SKATE INTO THE FUTURE
OF YOUR BEGINNING TIME
DISCOVER, UNCOVER,
RECOVER,
THE BALL BEARINGZ
OF YOUR WHEELZ OF LIFE.

THE SKATER
A COLLECTION
OF PRIVATE THOUGHTS

Ron DelBene

CHEERING SECTION

Run the hallway
little boy.
Where else
can the corners of life
straighten out
and disappear
into forever?

No need to
turn!
or
watch out!
Run the hallway
little boy.

THEMES

Themes are essential for the gathering of my life into swallowable bites (at least tasting all that is on my plate, even if I can't finish it all). I'm aware that a theme of all my workshops and direction is to encourage people to identify their present journey song, or journey image, or journey word. Then you can take a step forward and not have to carry all the baggage of the past on your on back, but like in *Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, you can march over the mountains hour after hour, and day after day, singing your journey song, seeing your journey icon.

*I had this insight while reading a poet's book
of what seemed to be unthemed words.*

about *Inn of the Sixth Happiness*

FEAR

Freedom is an awesome thing
when for so long imprisoned been
and when the door is opened
wide
fear grips again in disbelief.

“Come out!” is the joyful call
and liberators smile and clap.
But tears are all I’ve worn
for clothes to cover shame.
So lips crack dry and
smiles are painful made.
The heart has known forever
that freedom would arrive.

“Come out!” is the repeated call
and my feet so slowly step
into sighs of freedom’s bliss
tender like the leaf of Spring.

WHAT I HEAR

Hearing my footprints
echo in my ears,
I am aware of
how close and connected
to the earth
I am.

Hearing my footprints
echo in my breath,
I am aware of
how close and connected
to my inner earth
I am.

Hearing my footprints
echo in to my being,
I am aware of
how close and connected
to doing
I am.

THE WATER HAS NEVER FEARED THE FIRE

Tender tidals
wave to me
and beckon me
to swim against them.

Diving deeper and deeper
into the frontal attack
I am empowered in
the mystery of fire
in the water
burning at the core
of the earth within me.

I die in the fire's womb water
and crash against the
rock of life when
birthed from the sea.

I lie exhausted
in the valley of placentafood
but awake
breathing freely
in my own lungs
now purified by God's mouth.

THE TRAIL

Running
walking
jogging
panting
sighing
talking or
reflecting
we are all
going and coming
for whatever reasons
on the
one path of life
here in the woodland
(with the cars racing by us
on the right and on the left.)
We know
we chose
to travel
the slower road today.

THE SALT
OF AFFIRMATION

Salt
enhances
the meal.

Salt
is not
the meal.

Affirmation
enhances
my life.

Affirmation
is not
my life.

“Twas not
always so!
I used to choke
on the saltblock.

THE MESSAGE

Tiny
delicate
lacy
script

speaks in whisssspers across the page
speaks in whisssspers across the page
of my heart.

“Live your dream!”

JUMPING

How long will I jump
from side to side
across the river of life
and never
touch the water?

I am not in life's current
when flying overhead
with eyes
not looking now
but only ahead
to then
when.

My bare feet are too dry!

IN THE MEANTIME

In the meantime of my life
I debate
the yes and nos
of who I am
and where I go
what I do
or
whether or not
why not
and even
with whom.
Inaction plays its song
and I dance
'round and 'round
not turning right
for what seems
forever.

Then finally
my meantime
becomes the next minute.

A FULL STOP

I had to pull-over
off the road
that led to somewhere,
or else
the blowing pieces
of my mind's words
would fly away
and scatter in a thousand places
rather than fall upon the plotted page
where letters come together
like stone upon stone
building the castles
where kings and queens make love
and bring forth countries
leafy green and lush and just,
proclaiming:
“The kingdom is in your midst!
Listen to the words.
for when we stop and hear
we are all free.”

FOUND OUT

The two way mirror
peaks over my shoulder
exploring
all the faces and numbers
of the cards
I seek to hide close to myself.

I am seen unexpectedly playing
as if alone unseen.

I see who I am now
face-to-face.

With my faces and numbers
I try to pull something over
on myself and others.

“GIN!”

I am left holding
a high-count hand.



MMMM GOOD

**Micro
macro
rush of
magical
mystical
memories.**

Holy mackerel.

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Ron DelBene is a poet, artist, author of books and videos and an Episcopal priest. He has been doing spiritual direction and leading programs in the area of spirituality and pastoral care across the country since 1963. He holds a Master's degree in Theology and a Doctor of Ministry degree in Spirituality and Organizational Systems. With his wife, Dr. Eleanor McKenzie DelBene, he directs The Hermitage, a non-profit corporation devoted to providing spiritual growth and direction. He was an assistant professor of theology, director of a campus ministry center, and the national consultant in religion for a CBS education division. Since 1980, Ron's leadership in organizational systems has been primarily in churches, empowering them in understanding their mission, goals and structure for effective and creative ministry. Ron and Eleanor have two grown children, Paul and Anne. Paul and his spouse, Gayle, have a daughter, Matsue, and a son, Luca.

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