



The Journey

By Heather Bergevin

(Ether 3:23–25)

*I would not think alone to leave
this fertile valley. I know the harvest
here, know the seasons. I love
the springing blossoms and my goats and chicks.
But I place my hand, with my husband's,
in Thine, and together we board.
By the light of Thy finger's touch, I serve
from food prepared before this journey
as we toss below, above the waves.
At night I hear Thy beasts
singing against the bow,
yet I am unsoothed by their hymns.
In stone's light I kneel with my loves,
these few treasures come with me
toward the land my countrymen declare
does not, cannot exist. And yet,
we are driven,
wind tossed, over the horizon, beyond,
and there, pushed by furious storm—
There is our promise! There, our spring!
From my earthen jar I take
next year's harvest, confident
I too will blossom
where planted by God's hand.*