

Here at Holy Trinity Church
Stratford upon Avon

Here I stand on sacred ground.

I walk in the footsteps of Shakespeare;
where he worshipped; and rests for all of eternity.

I reach out to caress centuries-old wood; the energy of thousands of lives
and millions of heartbeats warm my hand. I am called to write.

Sunlight pierces stained glass windows;
ancient stories shine upon me. Inspiration lights my way.

This is where dreams and fears are released to the heavens.

Lost souls lurk in gothic arches; they whisper to me. If I recount their woes
they may finally rest.

Broken hearts beg for a new ending.

Weary heads hope for a new beginning.

I draw ink from this well.

My worship is my pen on paper.