

**[So there we were . . .]**

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So there we were and here we are  
Forging ahead sharpening our trust  
Kneading our faith

How else are we going to become silver forks  
Spearing meaty portions of justice for the poor  
How else are we going to become clay cooking pots  
Steaming with hope to feed the hungry

How else are we going to rise up and follow  
Telling our stories of transformation  
From mound of slimy clay to communion cup  
From chunk of ore to steeple bell

How else are we going to stare straight  
Into the world's face  
Shift our weight in the Creator's palms  
And cry out

*Fill me, Use me  
And really mean it*