

“Half-Acre” by Hem

I am holding half an acre
torn from the map of Michigan
and folded in this scrap of paper
is a land I grew in

Think of every town you've lived in
every room you lay your head
and what is it that you remember?

Do you carry every sadness with you
every hour your heart was broken
every night the fear and darkness
lay down with you

A man is walking on the highway
A woman stares out at the sea
and light is only now just breaking

So we carry every sadness with us
every hour our hearts were broken
every night the fear and darkness
lay down with us

(over)

But I am holding half an acre
torn from the map of Michigan
I am carrying this scrap of paper
that can crack the darkest sky wide open
every burden taken from me
every night my heart unfolding
my home

Discussion:

1. Without breaking a confidence, share a difficult truth you've had to name aloud in a pastoral care setting—home, hospital, church office. What changed as a result of naming this truth?
2. What images of Jesus are most helpful for you as a pastoral care provider?