

Ashney Patricks

"Urantia"

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I have given birth to my own children and suckled them.
I welcomed the foreigners and protected them.
I have given hope to princes and buried them inside myself
I too was responsible for the slave, I set him free
And although some have tried to weaken my resolve,
I shall endure, for though my history be stained with misery,
I have known joy and my future is hope.
I come to you, begging you, mercy, my sons
For I am your mother; I am Urantia
She seems to be asleep at this time
Dreaming of realms left behind
Sorrow fills my seas of pain
Fields of grain hit by the rain
Acts of love struggled in vain
Reality fakes in refrain
The misty wind begins to roam
My (our) mother is trying to wake us to grow
Below our feet she wants to be free
From the scars of dishonesty
In darkened years of shameful fears
Can we be free from this tragedy
Soon there will be an end
The vanish of all kind
We should open our eyes
Till we still have the time
To save thy land
Sons forgive me
For I am gone
You never tried to be
What I've made you once
Why?
"We are not human beings having spiritual experiences,
We are spiritual beings having human experiences"

