

## SHOW UP

We here baby, our ancestors wildest dreams  
It's time to show up!  
We've each been called to this place  
This time and this season  
You may not yet know the rhyme of the reason  
You may not feel think or believe in the same things I believe in  
But we've been asked to show up  
Show up wherever you are from  
You can come here to be free  
Bring your full selves, both your head and your heart  
Your hands and your feet and anything and everything  
Infinitely beyond any duality or sexuality, gender, race, age, or ability we all have the ability to  
be  
Without you I'm incomplete  
Without you there is no we  
I need you not just to survive but to thrive  
To come fully awake and alive with potential and possibility  
We need you to show up  
Right here, right now, just as you are

You may be hurting or afraid  
Show up  
we'll gather Healing on the way  
Show up  
we will be strong we will be brave  
Show up  
dream of the world we will create  
Show up

Join me at the table for it is wide and there is lots of food to eat  
So show up and be fed and feed others satiating a different kind of hunger  
Fueling the fire in our bellies  
No matter what journey you're on, where you've been or what you've done  
All will be well when we're all welcome  
To laugh, cry, dance, write, breathe and bleed into the margins  
And follow the call to the farthest reaches of Who We Are  
Whether you run, walk, crawl, even if we fall  
We fall in love  
But just show up

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Show up to answer a call to Justice  
To transform both the soul and the body where the soul inhabits  
Show up with all your awkwardness and bad habits  
Show up with your wounds and your scars, we all have them  
Just know that together, we can unpack them  
Show up with all your questions, knowing here you can ask them  
You are not here by accident  
You are here to share the stories of your sacred Passage  
You are the only you there ever has been  
You are not the magician you are the magic  
So show up to this place here where there is no grace period  
There is only Grace, period.  
Bring your fears and insecurities  
Let us marvel in the mystery  
Let us listen to each other to life with deep holy listening  
Can you hear it? Can you hear it?  
That's the sound of the genuine within you  
The spirit is near you but if you don't show up, how can anyone hear you?  
Show up even if you don't know for certain  
You may have the truth in healing which this world is searching  
In this grand Universe we are but small workers but with a big purpose  
Because of our hearts widening the circle  
Hearts that are open hearts that are broken  
So a little light can shine through a little hope for the hopeless

Came with the swag that was so unique  
Fly the flag and embrace the free  
Bring your off pitch singing and you're ugly teeth  
You're a piece of the puzzle in the puzzle is peace  
It's like that y'all, that's all  
You don't have to act hard, you can just relax, kick back take the mask off  
That costume cost a lot  
Don't watch all your thoughts come off the top  
Don't wait till you got it all down  
You might dig it like a volleyball

Found life where you only thought death was  
Guess what you messed up thinking extra  
Don't miss the mystery  
Don't diss the disbelief  
Your history's history  
Without you this place is incomplete  
So show up!

Wherever you go, simply know the spirit of this place goes with you  
So go, ready with sleeves rolled up  
Always growing, never fulling growing up  
Ready with all your heart, mind, body, and soul  
Simply, to show up  
No matter who you are, no matter where you are  
Showing up is not about being in a physical location  
It's about being present in this moment  
Right here, right now and living as your fullest self  
Authentically, unapologetically  
All of who God created you to be  
So show up together

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## REAL CHRISTIAN

In my church, hymns and pipe organs were the jam to me  
In my church, we [.....] and the tamborine  
In my church, we read a sacred ancient prayer  
In my church, all the grandma's groans filled the air  
In my church they said the Lord be with you  
In my church, pews they yell Hallelujah  
In my church, a service 7 minutes may be 10  
In my church we never know when it's going to end  
About an hour in, he caught a second wind, he didn't even stop after we said amen  
Ahh man. That's called post-traumatic sermon syndrome, you going to be alright?

See at his church I never know when to lift my hands  
At his church I never know when to sit or stand  
At his church they eat catfish, at his church they eat noodle fish  
The question we are pursuing is are we real Christians?

Is he a real Christian?  
Is he a real Christian?  
Are they real Christians?  
Are yall real Christians?  
Say what does it take to be a real Christian?  
What does it take to be a real Christian?  
Is Linda a real Christian?  
Is she a real Christian?  
Are they real Christians?  
Are we real Christians?  
Say what does it take to be a real Christian?  
What does it take to be a real Christian?

Pastor Keke rocks a dashiki with an afro  
Pastor Steph looking fresh with a rainbow stool  
Grandma Tracy rolls to the alter in a chair  
Jenny's baby crawls down the aisle to get there  
Juan uses tortillas when he's breaking bread  
And Moni goes to worship and she covers up her hair  
Stacy uses sign language when the word is read  
So do you want to question that Christian and cred?

So, is she a real Christian?  
Is he a real Christian?  
Is Matt a real Christian?

Are yall real Christians?  
Say what does it take to be a real Christian?  
What does it take to be a real Christian?  
Is Brenden a real Christian?  
Are you a real Christian?  
Are you a real Christians?  
Are we real Christians?  
What does it take to be a real Christian?  
What does it take to be a real Christian?

How can the house of love be claimed by hate?  
How do we desegregate, reclaim, and celebrate?  
Are we saved by race are saved by grace?  
We conflate God's ways with a cultural taste  
Are we saved by a place or saved by our faith?  
These excuses we make, we fake, we don't relate  
No one will be embraced until history is face  
Walls obliterated by the Savior that we praise

Is he a real Christian?  
Is she a real Christian?  
Are you a real Christians?  
Are we real Christians?  
What does it take to be a real Christian?  
What does it take to be a real Christian?  
You're a real Christian  
We are real Christians  
You're a real Christian  
Y'all are real Christians  
You got what it takes to be a real Christian  
You got what it takes to be a real Christian

So if anybody tells you, "You're not a real Christian."  
You don't have to prove it  
This is God's movement  
Jesus chose us first  
That's why we choose him  
Jesus revelation will be the revolution

## ALL FLESH

Fall fresh fall fresh let your Spirit fall fresh  
To all who are weary let the Spirit give rest  
Fall fresh fall fresh let your Spirit fall fresh  
Fall "fresh" fresh fall "fresh" fresh  
Fall fresh fall fresh let your Spirit fall fresh  
Hearing no from the flesh but the Spirit says yes  
Fall fresh fall fresh let your Spirit fall fresh  
All "flesh" flesh all "flesh" flesh

On ugly flesh. On pretty flesh.  
On country flesh. On city flesh.  
On full flesh. On hungry flesh.  
On baby in a tummy flesh.  
On younger flesh on older flesh  
On politician and voter flesh  
On doctor flesh and lawyer flesh  
On artist flesh and soldier flesh  
On the downtrodden forgotten at the bottom flesh  
Those who've been struggling the hardest flesh.  
motherless and fatherless  
The survivor who can't go farther flesh.  
I'm talking all of that.  
On colonized flesh on traumatized flesh.  
On brutalized flesh dehumanized flesh.  
Dark flesh. Life behind bars flesh.  
Regardless of who you are flesh.  
Spirit fall fresh.

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The rainbow that God created we claim to celebrated  
But I hate it when we're congregated no one's melanated  
Our preacher is white our bible teacher is white  
If we think Jesus is white, then we're not reading it right  
If it's not all hues then it's not the good news  
If it's not every nation it's just an imitation  
We can't call unclean that which God blessed  
Spirit pouring not on some flesh most flesh but all flesh  
Even when I can't see it, can hear it, or don't feel it  
I'm asking that you fill me with your Holy Spirit  
Yes, even those I don't think deserve it  
Or when I'm that person, Yes bless even me  
Help me receive even when I don't believe  
Praying on my knees asking God please  
be present in every thought every breath that I breathe  
Your grace is what I want and your love is what I need

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## QUESTIONS IN THE TIME OF COVID

What am I holding that I need to keep holding?  
What am I holding that I need to let go of?  
What needs to stop or what needs to keep flowing?  
These are the questions I have in the time of covid.

What don't I don't know that I don't know that I don't know and  
What do I already know that I don't know that I know yet  
What doors are already closed?  
What doors need to be closing?

What doors are already open that I didn't even see opening?  
What seems to be glittering that isn't really golden?  
Am I an ocean in a drop or a drop in an ocean?  
And what am I putting my heart and my soul in?  
These are the questions I have in the time of covid.

Am I listening to the whispers of the words, unspoken?  
Am I making space in my body to feel my emotions?  
Why did it take so long to call my family and close friends?  
And when will I be able to hold them close again?  
Do I believe everything that the media is showing?  
Can I walk outside just to feel the sunshine and wind blowing?  
And what can I do to keep my melanin poppin and glowing?  
Without purpose or direction does it matter where I'm going?  
These are the questions I have in the time of covid.

How am I coping?  
What is my hope in?  
What am I letting die and what am I growing?  
Am I reaping the things from the seeds I've been sowing?  
Why do I miss the things I didn't know I miss?  
Can you please show me where more toilet paper and hand soap is?  
Can you hear me?  
Can you see me?  
Is my screen Frozen?  
How can I send a remote hug or a remote kiss?  
Is this bogus?  
Am I the only one who can't eat, sleep, or focus?  
Who feels like I am in a dark place, groping?  
What can I control and who controls this?  
These are the questions I have in the time of covid.



What can I do to support your local biz?  
Is everything canceled but my loans and rent?  
How can I send peace to families home with kids?  
What about all those experiencing homelessness?  
How can we care for those feeling depression or loneliness?  
Let them know that they are not alone in this.  
Can this be a time to mend what is bent and broken?  
Can we give space to check our intentions and motives?  
Move slow enough to notice what we haven't yet noticed.  
Like the sacrifice of the workers who were so heroic.  
We show up and show love in a world so sick.  
When at last can the whole world rest?  
Some days I wonder is there no end or can we start over again and keep going?  
Maybe our fear isn't as contagious as our hope is.  
These are the questions I have in the time of covid.