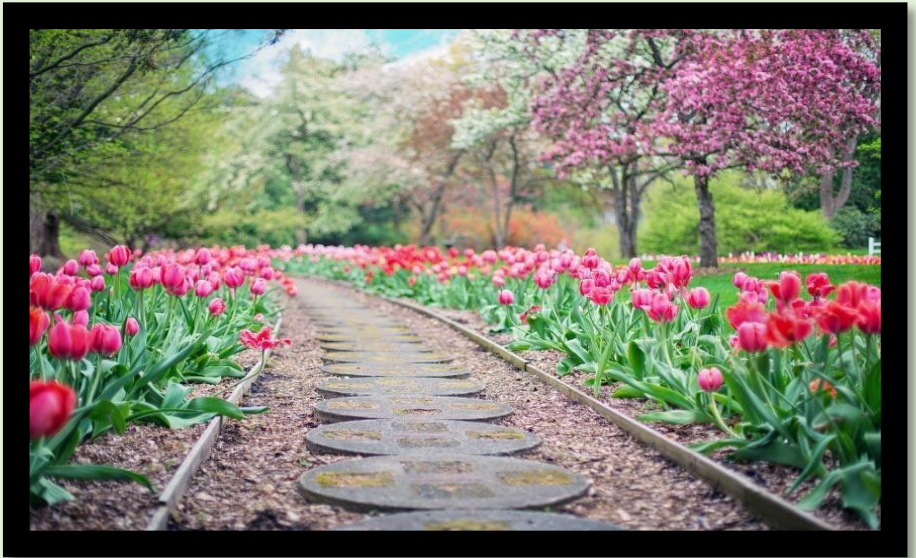


# *The Perfect Path*



*Toward the Beckoning Mountain*

May B. Morelight



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Blessings to you  
Who venture here,  
And also to those  
Whom you hold dear.



Much gratitude from the scribe  
to the true trio of authors—  
Grace, Faith and Hope—  
Gifts of the Spirit.

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## The Climb

Life is not base camp preparations  
Or the picnic at the plateau.  
Life is not altitude acclimation,  
Or marking how far we've yet to go.

Life is not even the view from the top,  
nor the footsteps we've left behind.  
Life is scaling the summit.  
Life, my friends, is the climb.

Life is not planning and packing.  
Life is the motion, the push, the drive.  
It's only when we are climbing  
that we're truly and fully alive.

Life is not pristine boots and gear,  
Life is the grit and grime.  
Life is not coasting or sailing along.  
Life, my friends, is the climb.

Those periods of calm  
When you sat upon the flats,  
Were just a chance to catch your breath  
Before the upcoming act.

After what seems moments of a break,  
The earth again begins to quake.  
The pebbles roll from underneath,  
as you grasp, you climb, you reach.

We beg for reprieve and respite,  
We pray for stillness sublime—  
But life is not such moments of pause.  
Life, my friends, is the climb.

Life is ascending  
the vertical face  
Where few are the footholds  
and constant the pace.

We think we've arrived when at last we land  
On a level plane where we may sleep.  
Then we find the ground is but shifting sand,  
So we rise to climb the mountain steep.

Now finally you're settled in,  
Having reached your goal,  
Believing struggle's at an end—  
Cashing chips and counting gold.

Then the base begins to rumble,  
Disquieting your mind.  
The clay gives way beneath your feet,  
And once again you climb.

Standing at the apex,  
You will surely find  
There are yet more peaks to claim,  
And so restarts the climb.

The view from the top may be grand  
and stunning from where we stand,  
But even in its magnificence,  
Our eyes are drawn to a faraway land.

Can the future hold more beauty still—  
To see, to feel, to know?  
The asking alone is all it takes.  
A new day dawns, and off we go.

Life is the beckoning mountain  
Which draws us one step at a time.  
There's no going around or through it,  
For the mountain must be climbed.

Now nothing is as it was, but  
when has that ever been so?  
Life is just forward motion,  
with ever more seeds to sow,  
and ever more ways to grow.

When the mountain is too harsh and high,  
without any reason or rhyme,  
Know that others have gone before you,  
And others will follow behind.

For Life is scaling the summit,  
and you, my friend, were Born to Climb.





## The Perfect Path

Pray for my comfort,  
and pray for my ease.  
Then pray for your own,  
as I am blessed with these.

But please don't pray for me to stay.  
My Soul will know when it's time to go,  
And I will want to be on my way.

If you wish away my cancer,  
how would you have me go,  
when the world has had enough of me,  
and Heaven calls me home?

Struck by a truck?  
Crushed by a bus?  
A lightning bolt, or even two?  
Which of these sound best to you?

God has already laid a path,  
and paved the perfect way.

I will glide with ease  
on a gentle breeze,  
come my Graduation Day.



## The Present

I was not surprised at all,  
the day that Cancer came to call.  
A family friend from far away,  
who visits me, at last, this day.

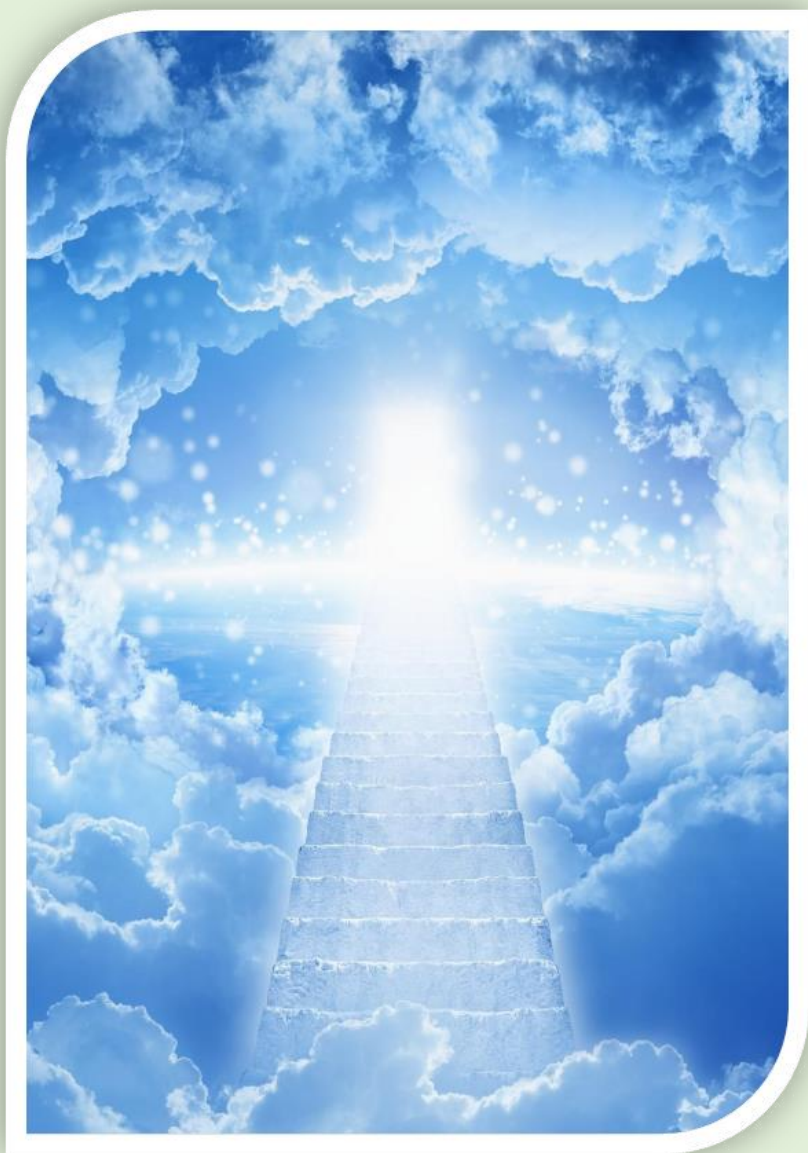
Why call him friend, instead of foe?  
He carries a gift, wrapped in a bow.

It's nothing new, but still so true,  
a pearl of wisdom we all should know:

“Life is brief, and Time is sweet.  
We only have Today.  
Tomorrow, too, may rise for you,  
But who are we to say?

“Another life awaits us,  
All different, yet all same.  
Those waiting there to greet us,  
Will know us each by name.”

Before I go, be sure you know...  
I'll be seeing you again.



## Acceptance

I understand that right now,  
you may feel the need  
to greet this with denial,  
and that's okay with me.

But I cannot dwell with you therein,  
for I have a clearer view  
and I see the doorway up ahead  
that I'll be passing through.

When you are ready, join with me  
in lifting up your eyes;  
and you'll know why I am peaceful  
as I gaze upon my prize.

We are not meant to fear the end,  
for it's truly a beginning.  
While death may claim its victory,  
'tis we who will be winning.

## Abundance

My life has been not wide but deep,  
for in my heart I'm soaring.  
I've never found the crowds and din  
to be the least alluring.

Quiet contemplation  
is where my pleasures lie—  
days spent strolling in the breeze,  
and gazing at the sky.

My life has been not long but full  
of smorgasbord delights.  
A tapas of our earthly treats—  
the tastes, the scents, the sights.

My life has been not high but rich,  
abounding in such treasures!  
A chair, a book, a lamp,  
a journal and a pen.

A cup of tea, a sweet or two,  
a visit from a friend.  
What greater gifts that one might ask  
or better hours to spend?

Some may say I while away  
the fleeting time I've got.  
Yet anything I've not attained  
is something I've not sought.

My life has been not wide but deep,  
and many harvests I have reaped.  
Taking good and leaving bad,  
I laugh, I love, I sometimes weep...

gathering bounty by the heap  
and choosing moments I will keep,  
from a life so full,  
so rich  
and deep.



## The Gallery

Now suddenly this gallery's  
A place we've never seen.  
Standing there since time began,  
And yet we'd never been.

Like an alien planet,  
The landscape is surreal,  
And we find the language lacking  
To express the way we feel.

There's a diptych in the lobby  
Framing both Denial and Shock.  
The exit's barred by Hardship,  
And we cannot turn the lock.

Those who stand outside these walls  
Cannot know what lies within.  
And the ticket of admission  
Has a price you would not spend.

We are drafted here without consent,  
And can only walk the maze,  
Moving slowly step by step  
In our confusion and our daze.

As we wander in and out of rooms  
We find no certain path.  
Every turn's a new unknown  
And there is no going back.



First, a wall called Hopefulness,  
Then a mural named Despair.  
Next a sculpture titled Gratitude,  
A tower rising in the air.

In the collection dubbed Anxiety,  
We find a portrait labeled Peace.  
We blink and it is suddenly  
The well-known face of Grief.

We're spinning in a house of mirrors,  
Where nothing here is fun.  
The floor's uneven, footing rough,  
Thus we cannot make a run.

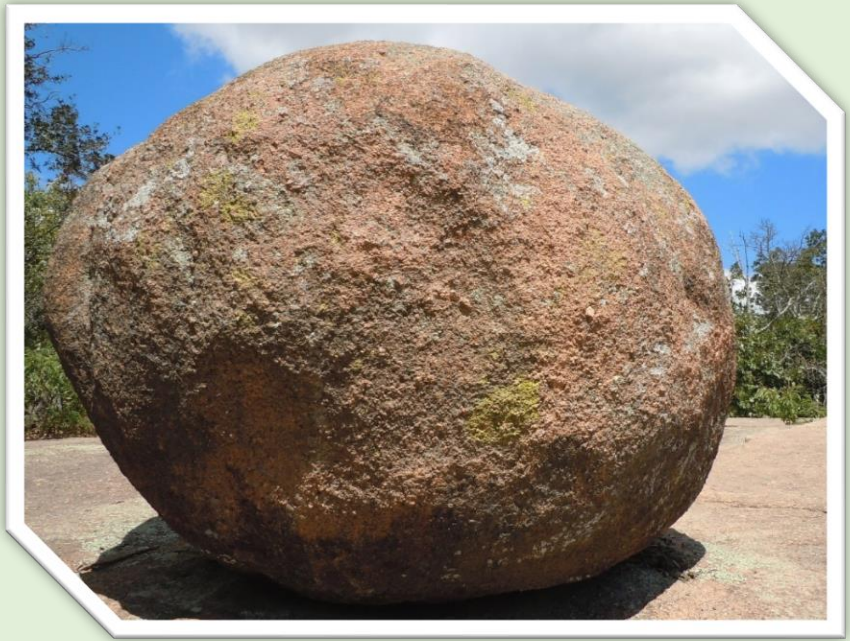
Now a dazzling tapestry  
Hangs high above our heads,  
Where both Anger and Acceptance  
Are woven in each thread.

Such sensory cacophony  
Our souls does keenly test.  
Like palm trees in the hurricane,  
We'll hold on until our rest.

Our view will never be the same  
As when we stood outside,  
Once we leave this gallery  
And are let off of this ride.



The Gallery



The Boulder

12-b

## The Boulder

There's been a boulder on my path  
That I could not get around,  
Causing angst and even wrath,  
The boulder claimed my ground.

I've used a lever and my legs,  
My arms and then a shoulder.  
And still no yielding of the rock—  
Why can't I move this boulder?

Dear God, I need your help.  
This boulder will not budge.  
I've tried and cried and tried again,  
Yet it will not give way.

Will you now move it for me?

And then I heard Him say,

*“Why would I move the boulder?  
Who do you think placed it there?  
That boulder has been keeping you  
from going over a cliff.”*

We may sometimes take for granted  
Our prayers' answers when they're swift,  
Time and time again forgetting,  
It's our perspective we must shift.

Every boulder has its purpose,  
On the road and on the hill.  
At times, its message to us  
Is "Be patient and be still."

The boulders placed before us  
Protect from hazards yet unseen.  
We push against this guardedness,  
Still struggling to roam free.

A fallow time must come to each  
For renewal and reflection,  
For only in the calmness  
Can we plot a course correction.

We may rest assured that  
When our passageway is safe,  
The boulder will make way for us,  
As we set out, stronger grown,

With ever more awareness  
That we are never on our own.

## Where Misery May Lead

I've done my time—years, in fact—  
In Misery's raging river.

Swept by strong currents, bashed against rocks,  
Pulled under and drowning, expecting to die.

Bruised and bleeding, in painful agony,  
I said, "River, you have won.  
You've conquered all the best of me."

"It's over," I said, beginning to pray,  
"please take me now, God,  
and bring me home this day."

"Your work's not done," I heard Him say,  
as I was swept around another bend.  
Yet I had no strength to flail my arms  
and stave off my certain end.

So I gave in to the current,  
Stopped trying to swim upstream,  
Turned on my back with my face to Heaven...  
Said, "Okay, God, now what's your scheme?"

In that Instant of Surrender,  
I began to lightly float.  
The rage became a ripple,  
which rescued me on a raft of hope.

And from that day, I can truly say,  
Many miracles have come my way.

As the days unfold before me now,  
I say, “so that’s what You’ve had in store!”  
And as I seek to serve another,  
My blessings increase even more.

Today it still amazes me  
that this is all it took—  
by giving in and letting go,  
from the torrent came a gentle brook.

If you think I must be graced with God’s very special favor,  
To be plucked from the river of my demise...  
I will admit, it’s true.

I am His beloved creation, deeply cherished —  
just as you.

## Waterfalls of Grace

My glass has always been half-full—  
A clear and inborn vision.  
It isn't something I have earned,  
But a blessing I've been given.

Being raised in faith and prayer  
Instills a higher view.  
For knowing God, is trusting Life,  
In spite of all that comes to you.

My glass had always been half-full,  
Until the tough times came.

I then saw it was wholly full,  
and had always been.

Half water, half air—  
the elements of life  
which fuel us through our struggles,  
our challenges and strife.

When things got rougher still,  
And I felt I could not cope...

My glass began to overflow,  
With peace, and love and hope.

Now, in the home stretch  
of my journey here,  
My glass has disappeared...



Endless Waterfalls of Grace,  
which wash away the pain,  
Pour over me and through me,  
And cannot be contained.

If ever you feel empty,  
needing to fill your cup,  
Just turn your eyes toward Heaven—  
Miracles start with looking up.

In desperate days of sorrow,  
We only have to ask.

Thus begins the flow,  
And soon you, too, will know...

There never was a glass.



## Who I Am

*affirmations to sing or chant aloud*

I am not my test results.  
I am not my scan.  
Whatever disease you ascribe to me,  
I Am Greater than.

I Am a child of Creation,  
Loved by Creator,  
Here to become  
All that is greater  
Than what has ever been before.  
This is Who I Am.

I Am an Agent of God,  
Messenger of Love,  
Conveyor of Healing—  
This is Who I Am.

I Am God's Infinite Love.  
I Am God's Eternal Light.

I Am God's Formed and Formless Beauty.  
This is Who I Am.

I Am Gratitude. I Am Grace.  
I Am Upliftment. I Am Joy.  
I Am Forgiveness.

I Am a Miracle every day.  
This is Who I Am.

I Am not my test results.  
I Am not my scan.  
Whatever disease you ascribe to me,  
I Am Greater than...

I Am Timeless and Enduring.  
I Live.



## When I Am Gone, I Won't Be

*song lyrics*

You might have heard I'm heading Home,  
and that it won't be long.  
So maybe you've been feeling sad,  
to think I will be gone.

Well, let me just assure you,  
that it simply isn't true...  
there could ever come a time  
when I'm far away from you.

When I am gone, I won't be.  
I'll live in every memory.  
I'll hug your heart when you think of me.  
When I am gone, I won't be.

When you look for beauty, you see for me.  
When you forgive, you love for me.  
When you say a prayer, you sing for me.  
When I am gone, I won't be.

When you laugh out loud, you laugh for me.  
When you share a smile, you smile for me.  
When you hold a hand, you touch for me.  
When I am gone, I won't be.

When you feel the breeze, it's a wave from me.  
Those goosebumps? Well, they came from me!  
That butterfly was sent by me.  
When I am gone, I won't be.

The times we shared, were Life for me.  
The fact you cared, has delighted me.  
As you live on, you live for me.  
When I am gone, I won't be.

I'll live in every memory.  
I'll hug your heart when you think of me.  
When I am gone, I won't be.  
When I am gone, I won't be.  
When I am gone, I won't be.



### Quiet Respite

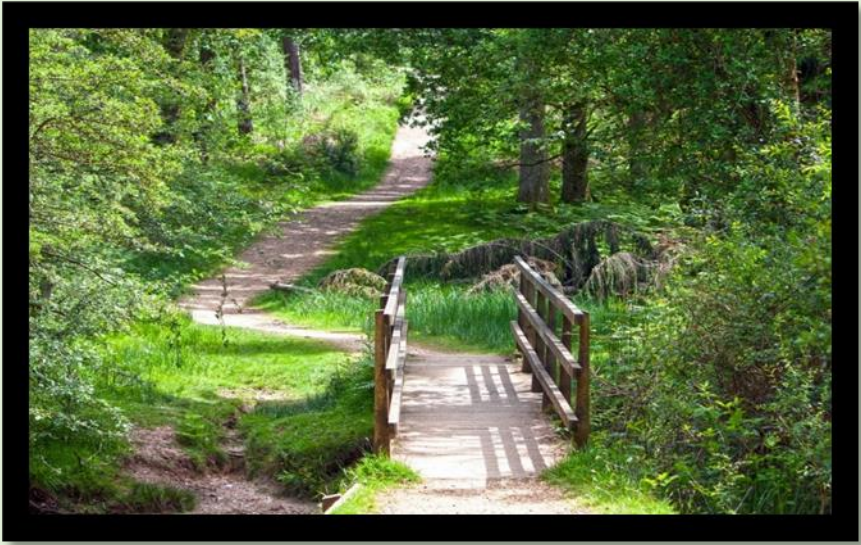
I saw a path, and heard it say,  
“Come follow me, and walk this way.”  
The sun was warm, the shade was sweet,  
the ground was cool beneath my feet.

The forest made me feel at home,  
as though a place I once had known;  
and with each step, I knew for sure  
that it would lead to something more.

The bridge that called, “come further still,”  
first led me down then up a hill.  
Sometimes narrow, and often steep,  
upon the pathway I did keep.

Then happened I was losing track,  
yet had no want of turning back.  
The shadows came, the day grew long.  
I heard my name called like a song.





*Who calls to me? (though not in fright)  
Shall I be lifted out of night,  
or waiting here for dawn's first light?*

“Tis we, the tiny fairies, who live among the trees.  
We're the ones who wave our wings to stir a gentle breeze.

“We love to watch our human friends—you never are alone.  
If ever you feel wary, be certain you are loved and known.”

And when I woke, the dream remained,  
and once again, I heard my name.  
“Goodbye for now,” the fairies said.  
“Come visit us again, dear friend.”

I saw the sparkling of their light,  
and warmed from such a lovely sight.  
The greens so lush, the air so fresh...  
the dream became my very best.

## Heaven Knows

Crystal Ball—  
I gaze, I see...  
What future do you see for me?  
What will happen? What will be?  
Crystal Ball, I ask of thee.

Starry Night—  
I gaze, I see...  
What is to become of me?  
What will happen? What will be?  
Starry Night, I ask of thee.

Lovely Human—  
You we see,  
Wondering what  
will come from thee.

Use your will—  
create and shine!

Click your heels,  
and you will find  
All the magic and power  
of Life are thine!

It is You who are Created  
In the Image of the Divine!



## Falling Like a Brick

There was an old woman  
who dreamed of adventure—  
Something more than  
a good-fitting denture.

She wanted the thrill of being up high,  
atop of a hill rising into the sky.

But the pain said, “no”  
and the legs wouldn’t go.  
Yet she was determined  
to get on with the show.

Her soul longed to soar--to reach a great height,  
to fly with the eagles, to know their delight.

The body said, “Stop.”  
The brain said, “Stay.”  
The heart said, “Kindly get out of my way.”

She called on the angels to send her a sign...  
beheld their radiance, and felt the Divine.

Then during a tumble  
out of her bed,  
she heard a whispering  
voice in her head.

“Perhaps you can’t climb,  
cannot hike or bike;  
but healthy or sick,  
you can fall like a brick!”

So into the clouds she commissioned a ride,  
and there, with the angels close by her side,  
she looked to the Heavens—  
then stepped out and fell.

And just like a brick,  
she did it quite well.

## In The Nothin' to Lose Lane

*song lyrics*

After years of misery,  
The diagnosis came to me,  
With a license to be free,  
And a gift of energy.

The test results are bad,  
There's nothing left to gain.  
I'm saying, "Don't be sad,  
"I'm in the Nothin' to Lose Lane!"

I've got no bags to pack—  
No point in being vain.  
The wind is at my back,  
I'm in the Nothin' to Lose Lane.

Don't need a boarding pass,  
But they will call my name.  
I'm getting out of class!  
I'm in the Nothin' to Lose Lane.

The road's paved with my gold,  
My fortune's getting drained.  
But there's no exit toll,  
In the Nothin' to Lose Lane.

Oh, what a way to go,  
When you are blessed to know...  
You can sing a new refrain,  
In the Nothin' to Lose Lane.

The ride is always smooth,  
With miracles every day;  
And you should see this view,  
In the Nothin' to Lose Lane.

And when my time is done,  
Remember all the fun...  
And you'll still hear my laughter,  
As I live on, ever after.

Don't need a boarding pass,  
But they will call my name.  
I'm getting out of class...  
I'm in the Nothin' to Lose Lane.

I'm in the Nothin' to Lose Lane.  
I'm in the Nothin' to Lose Lane.



## Eavesdropping on Angels

I heard some angels talking,  
and this is what they said.  
“We’re always near, so have no fear.  
We’re standing by your bed.

“It’s our job to guard and guide,  
And we are ever at your side.

“Furthermore, we know the way,  
And will lead you up ahead,  
When we are called to bring you home,  
To a place that you have known.

“In a flash you will remember—  
Amazed you could forget—  
that Heaven’s real, you’re still alive,  
and there’s no such thing as dead.

“Then you will see what we see—  
The Beauty of your Soul,  
The light and love which come from you,  
And in this knowing you are Whole.

“Your life’s been an adventure,  
And you have done your part,  
For just by living there on Earth,  
You’ve lifted many hearts.

“The joyfulness and blessings  
You’ve spread, though unaware,  
Will flood you at your welcome party,  
As Happiness beyond compare.

“Yes, even on your sad days,  
When you may have felt despair,  
Your presence touched another,  
And it Mattered you were there.”

## The Music Plays On

After the fourth and final encore,  
After the fade to black,  
After the rock star leaves the stage  
And the band begins to pack...

The crowd still raves,  
And the music plays.  
The energy remains—  
the sound, the beat,  
the feel, the heat—  
In resonant refrain.

What was created is never lost,  
It's a simple law of physics.  
And what was gained by untold cost  
Is ever more still with us.

For all of life is merely  
A mandala in the sand,  
Soon swept away most certainly  
By its own creator's hand.

So what is left as evidence  
To show that we were here?  
The hand itself and the memories,  
The eye that cries a tear,

The hearts which stay connected  
Whether far apart or near,  
The stories shared of feats we dared,  
And dreams we rose to meet.

It's only knowing bitter  
That we truly savor sweet.

And the universe is richer  
For our having lived and tried.  
What we have done, so shall others,  
And in our currents glide.

Many will follow the beaten path  
Once one has blazed a trail.  
And every journey is its own success—  
By motor, wings, or sail.

We leave our mark most surely  
As the earth orbits the sun.  
We're the fabric of the cosmos  
When all is said and done.

Nothing is missing  
Of what was built—  
All become patches  
Of creation's quilt.

Yes, the world is changed  
In every way,  
Come the end  
Of our long day.

But the fans still rave  
And the music plays  
When the rock star  
Finally leaves the stage.

Admit One

Birth and Death  
Are just the same—  
Weeping, worry,  
Fear or pain.

Happy Greetings  
From those who wait  
On the Other Side  
Of the swinging gate.

Here are things you must omit  
When writing my obit:  
Please don't say I lost the fight,  
Or battled bravely against the night.

Death is not my enemy,  
And Living's not a war.  
We simply leave this earthly realm,  
And move on to something more.



## You Matter

Life goes by  
In the blink  
of an eye—  
Pain and sadness,  
Joy and gladness.

Love and beauty,  
Grief and madness—  
All go by  
In the blink  
Of an eye.

Yet through it all,  
You Matter.  
Never doubt,  
You Matter.

You Matter  
More than you think you do.  
You Matter  
More than you know!

Whoever you are,  
You Matter.  
Wherever you've been,  
You Matter.

Whatever you have  
or haven't done,  
You Matter  
More than you know!



*Born to Climb*





*Each of us is Divinely led  
Along Our Perfect Path*