

# Asilomar

Frank Henninger

Come with me now, to a place I know,  
Come with me and be free

Free to be you, and free for me to be me,  
Free to be yourself, just as you are,  
However you came to be on this path you're on

Close your eyes and come with me now, to a place I know  
Close your eyes and wander with me, in a place out west  
A place I love

A place by the sea so blue  
A place of rock and dunes

Of sage and heather  
Of wood smoke and sea mist  
Of beach grass and pickle plant  
And of the twisted cypress and the sticky monkey flower

Come with me to a place of humans  
A place of ministry and treatment

Of speakers and songwriters  
Of pagans and goddesses  
Of angels and elders  
And of children and the inner child . . .

O come with me, my friends, to a place I know  
To a place of spirit

A place of prayer and passion  
Of intention and renewal  
Of commitment and purpose  
Of clarity and wholeness  
And of laughter and joy . . .

Come stay with me a while, in this place I know  
A place of action

A place of singing and dancing  
Of workshops and play  
Of drumming and journaling  
Of mudras and the labyrinth  
And of shooting stars and crashing ocean swells

Come with me now, in your waking dream  
To summer camp for seekers

A place of unity, of diversity  
A place of stillness, of peace  
A place of solitude, of vision  
A place of wisdom, of meditation  
A place of traditions, of freedom  
A place of fellowship, of old friends and new  
A place of open minds, of wide-eyed wonder  
A place of many voices, and a place of the still small voice within

Take a path with me now through the rolling dunes, in this place I know  
Walk with me now through the grounds,  
To Merrill Hall, and to Crocker, to Willow Inn and to Triton  
To Longview and to Scripps, to Spindrift and to Sanderling  
And to Nautilus and Embers

And come, come with me at last, to the "Sermon by the Sea"  
Recited in the same small wooden chapel where it was first spoken,  
Where the carved inscription proclaims  
"Sing o heavens, and be joyful o earth,  
And break forth into singing o mountains,  
Above the voices of many waters,  
The mighty breakers of the sea,  
The Lord on high is mighty"

And now, as our journey in this place we know comes to an end  
Hold this memory dear, my gentle friends  
Of that special feeling that only warm hearts and cool ocean breezes  
Can shape

And place

And hold there in your souls

For we have gone to Asil-o-mar  
That refuge by the sea  
And we will return  
In place or in spirit

Again and again  
And again and again

*Excerpted from "Asilomar" by Frank Henninger, ©2004. A member of the Greater Philadelphia Church of Religious Science in Paoli, PA, Frank is a college bookstore director, amateur mountaineer, writer, and poet.*