**Esopus is…**

Getting scrapes and bruises while your

soul is being healed.

It’s going to bed hot and

Exhausted only to wake up one hour early

To feel the same way.

It’s being unsure of what to do

And always asking what needs to be done.

It’s meeting new people with different histories, philosophies and

Experiences, but more importantly, its meeting the person you call

Yourself…possibly for the first time.

It’s being a little stressed, running a little ragged and occasionally

Being beyond the point of frustration.

It’s swimming in the pool,

Taking walks to the river,

Playing in the playground and

Sitting around a campfire.

It’s passing up the bug juice, green eggs and overcooked pasta

While our souls are simultaneously being filled until another bit

Cannot be consumed.

It’s changing diapers, cutting food, getting meds, giving showers

And coming back for more.

Esopus is volunteer.

It’s being in constant search of answers that can only be possessed

By a child’s smile, hug or giggle.

It’s having your heart left wide open

While closing yourself off to the rest of the world.

It’s having no time for yourself…

It’s not wanting anytime for yourself…

It’s being alive in a world that oftentimes does not know how to live.

It’s a promise to humanity.

It’s a place where the disadvantaged and needy give twice as much as we ever expect to give them.

It’s a place where God works

In mysterious ways.

It’s where God is tangible.

It’s a place to explore externally,

But more importantly internally.

It’s a place where people know and enjoy who you are

And what you’re becoming.

It’s a place we’ve come to call home.

Esopus is…Ours.