

# *Not Counting Sundays*

*A Lenten Journey of Forty Days*

*Poetry by David Kaiser*

*Illustration by C. f. Armistead*



*Not  
Counting  
Sundays*

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Of  
Forty Days*

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*Book design and production by David Solheim*

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## shrove tuesday

i stand on sun hardened mud mixed with straw  
the last brick of thousands i have made  
the fading fragrance of baked bread  
slathered in rich butter in my nose  
the taste of sweet fruit on my tongue

now a wilderness awaits  
i balance between yesterday's slavery  
which seems strangely safe and secure  
and tomorrow's unknown shimmering white  
horizon marked by distant empty sky

the brick tips  
i fall forward more than step  
believing that though the truth hurts  
promises set me free  
the journey begins



*SHROVE TUESDAY  
WHERE WE STAND  
BEFORE TOMORROW'S SIMMERING WHITE HORIZON  
AND UNKNOWN PATHS*

# day 1

ash wednesday

we venture out with mincing chicken steps

we cross from past to promise

kicking up ashes dust and memories

old stories

whose words still speak catalogues

under tears and truth

we move slowly

away from broken window panes scattered

among dreams lost or shattered

away from memories of watermelon ripe and red

away from dust

before the day's bricks are demanded



*WE CROSS WITH MINCING  
CHICKEN STEPS*



between the weekends  
we are afraid to walk down streets where roofs have blown  
up and away and umbrellas have turned inside out  
from winds blowing from all directions  
at once  
torn tissues wipe our dust-filled eyes  
tears drop wet connection to other cries  
of children slaves making sweaters shoes and shirts



only two days into the wilderness  
what's left behind  
follows us  
haunts us more  
than what's ahead  
should we have gone?  
stayed?  
prayed?  
for easier miracles  
simpler satisfaction  
from leeks and cucumbers

WHAT'S LEFT BEHIND ...  
HAUNTS US MORE THAN WHAT'S AHEAD



**day 3**  
friday

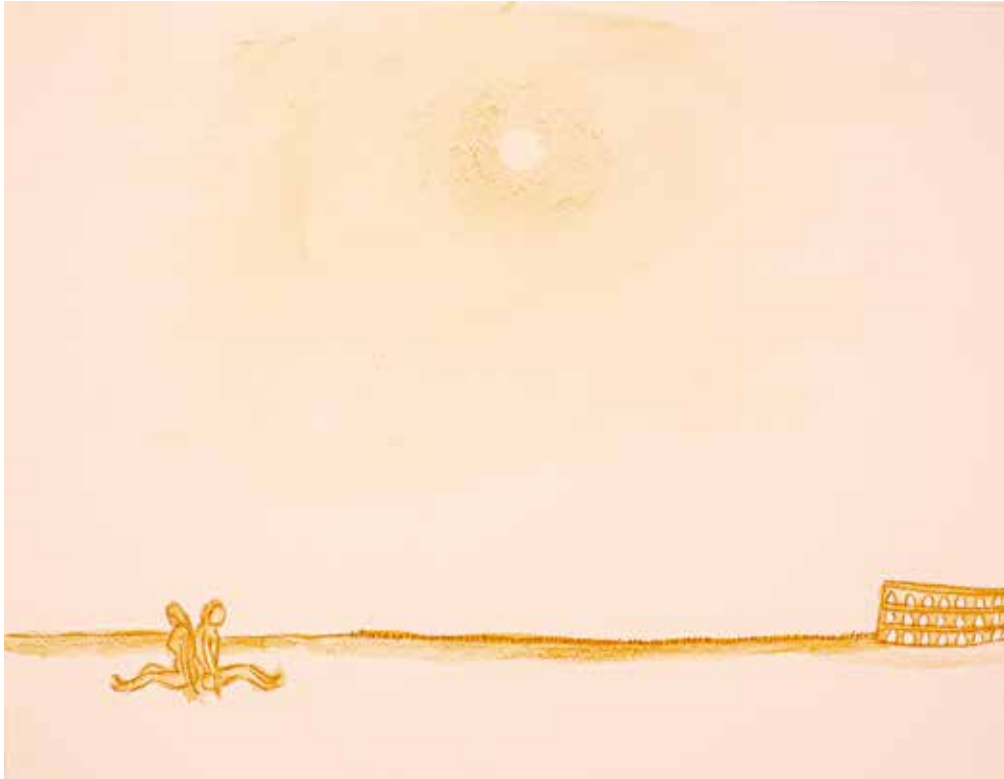
today the doctrines footnoted with quotes pass over me  
i wish i had made some determined plan for denial  
but the immediate is as close as s(k)in  
for what i liked on tuesday i still like today  
so what's the use  
tomorrow's saturday anyway when i sleep in  
and nothing's scheduled  
but cartoons



WHAT I LIKED ON TUESDAY ...  
WHEN THERE'S NOTHING ON



day 4  
saturday



*A SHORT DAY IN THE WILDERNESS ISN'T BAD*

today

no pillar of fire

no cloud

no alarm wakes me

sports on television take me

where virtual medals are won

and autographs are signed by athletes

who always give 110%

a short day in the wilderness is not bad

except around noon

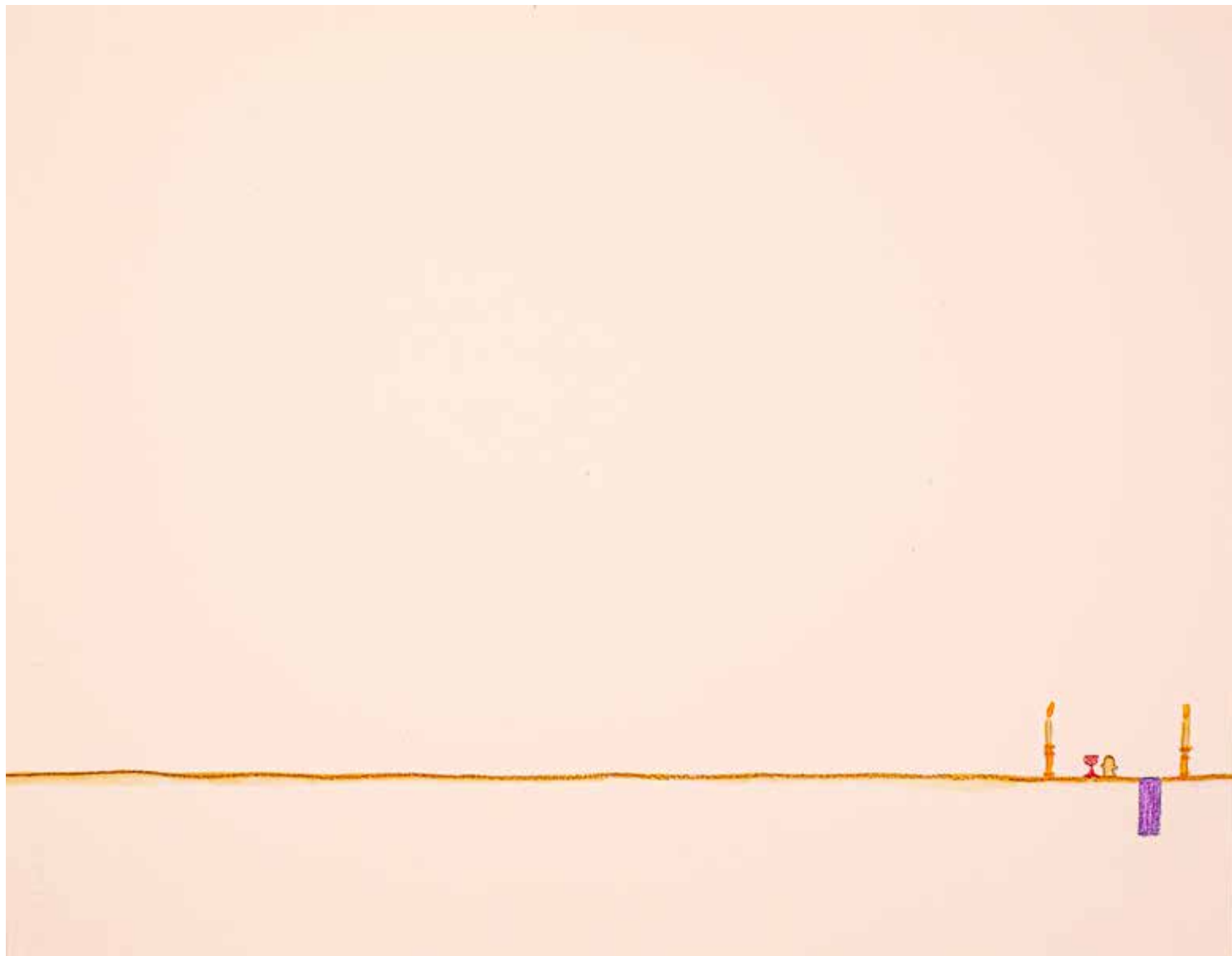
when the sun is hot

and the water is lukewarm



# *Sunday One*

*Praise God from whom all blessings flow  
Like manna relief,  
Which, contrary to popular belief,  
Is tasty  
Especially compared to sand*



MANNA ... IS TASTY  
COMPARED TO SAND

day 5  
monday

i've always been a counter  
sticks steps dimes sometimes  
it makes time go faster  
adds excitement and possibility  
or slower like waiting a birthday  
or finding the way home in the dark

today's count  
(one-tenth down nine to go  
'til the nineveh call  
repent/repaint/rethink  
the color)



*I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A COUNTER*



day 6  
tuesday



THE JOURNEY DISTANCE SEEMS FARTHER

i dislike tuesday most  
too close to the previous weekend  
too far until the cusp of the next  
the journey distance seems further  
the possibilities for error endless  
it is too far  
with dunes as far as the eye can see  
the only assurance  
is the announcement of the next station  
so i know when to get off the train



day 7  
wednesday

halfway down the escalator i consider  
whether to buy a paper or not  
since the only news i heard at breakfast  
was soccer scores from england  
i wonder if a paperless lent is denial  
or if

tossing the business sections and classifieds  
means sacrifice

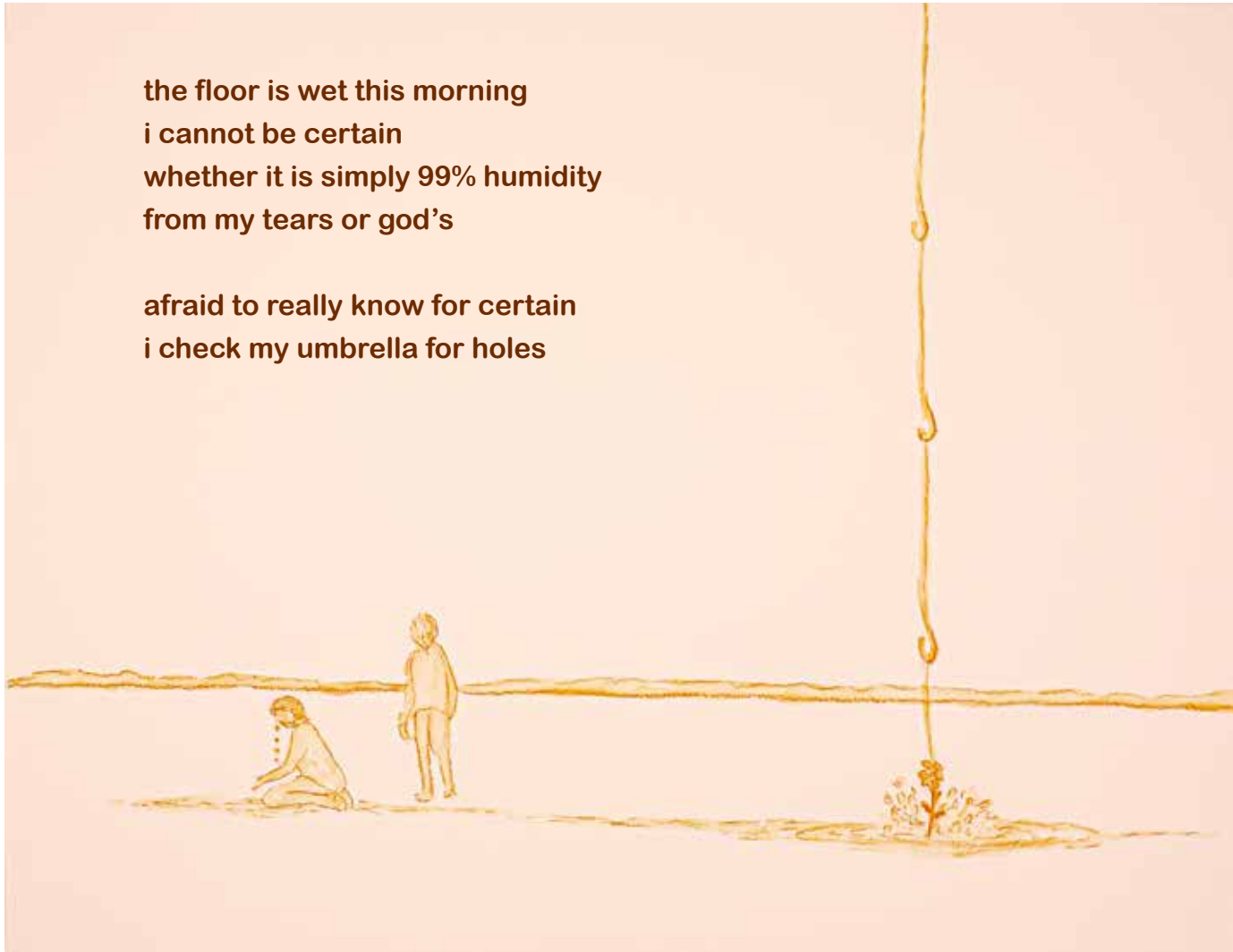
i buy  
read of corruption and coups  
turn the page to movie reviews  
where fantasy is rated zero or five  
then to the comics where truth balloons  
give answers to who's or why's  
and no one ever ever dies



*I BUY, I READ*

the floor is wet this morning  
i cannot be certain  
whether it is simply 99% humidity  
from my tears or god's

afraid to really know for certain  
i check my umbrella for holes

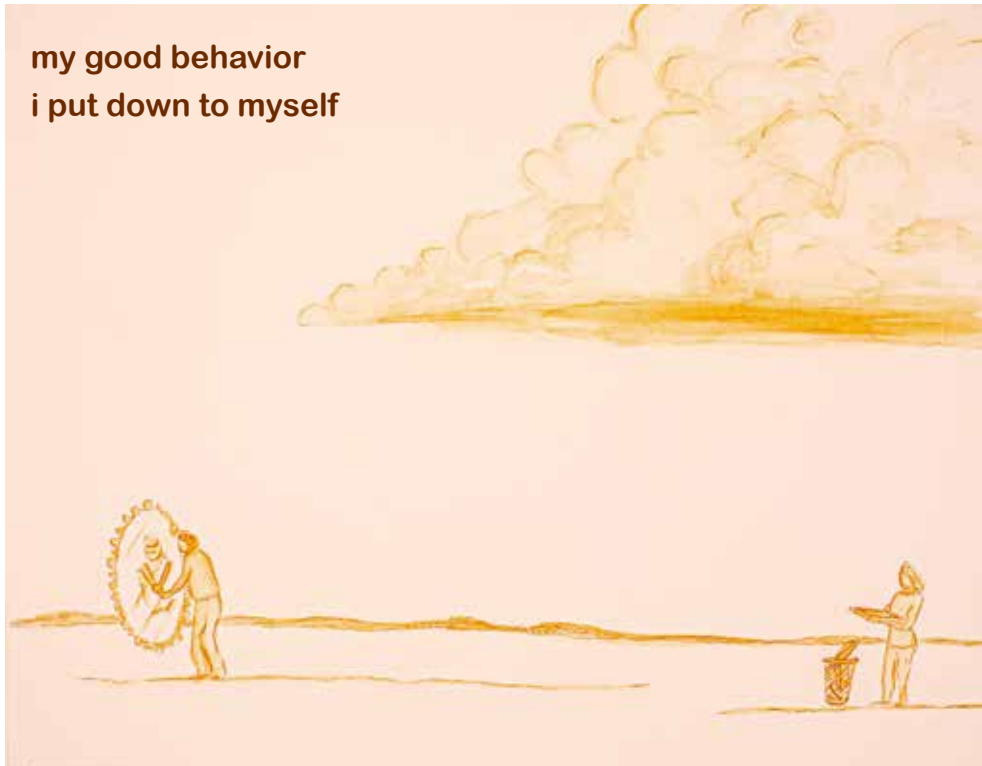


MY TEARS OR GOD'S

**day 9**  
friday

who the dickens am i anyway  
that i excuse myself with  
misunderstandings  
misinterpretations  
miserable weather  
missed sleep  
displaced discs  
or eating pizza every friday

my good behavior  
i put down to myself



MY GOOD BEHAVIOUR I PUT DOWN TO MYSELF  
PIZZA EVERY FRIDAY





day 10  
saturday



*I SAW TWO PATHS*

i wake from a sweat dream  
where i saw two paths heading off  
in opposite directions  
the concepts confuse me  
when i try religiously to solve  
the contradiction between them  
my frantic attempts mere self-righteous efforts  
never love joy or peace  
simply contrivance  
either for myself or others for that matter  
i roll over the thoughts too deep for saturday

A small, stylized signature or mark, possibly a cursive 'M' or a similar abstract form, located in the bottom right corner of the page.

## *Sunday Two*

*Today I remembered Sundays  
Grandpa and I fished.  
Bamboo poles and a can of worms,  
We left the hay unmade;  
Dropped it all hook line and sinker;  
Lounged there on the creek bank  
In the shade of the huge white oak  
Almost wished no fish  
Would take the bait  
And interrupt our doing nothing.  
Today, I wished again a swallow of that soft drink  
We drank in agreement of  
“A pause that refreshes!”  
Today, I will speak no words under the blue sky.  
Today, I wished again to fish.*



TODAY I WISHED AGAIN

day 11  
monday

strange how this journey passes people i knew  
today uncle louie stood there looking down  
his shoulders humped high from uncounted shrugs  
his usual answers to questions he cared nothing for  
bent under tiresome tasks laid on him  
by bosses who got cheap work from him for two days  
justified because he could not hold a job  
and everyone needs a little dignity and spending money  
now and then  
i closed the distance to him  
he pulled up his eye and a marble from his pocket  
handed the glassie to me  
smiled then wiped his face with the red kerchief  
a gift from last christmas or the year before  
he faded then as he always did sunday afternoons  
after the chicken and potatoes were eaten  
the marble burning my hand  
with questions about life and gifts



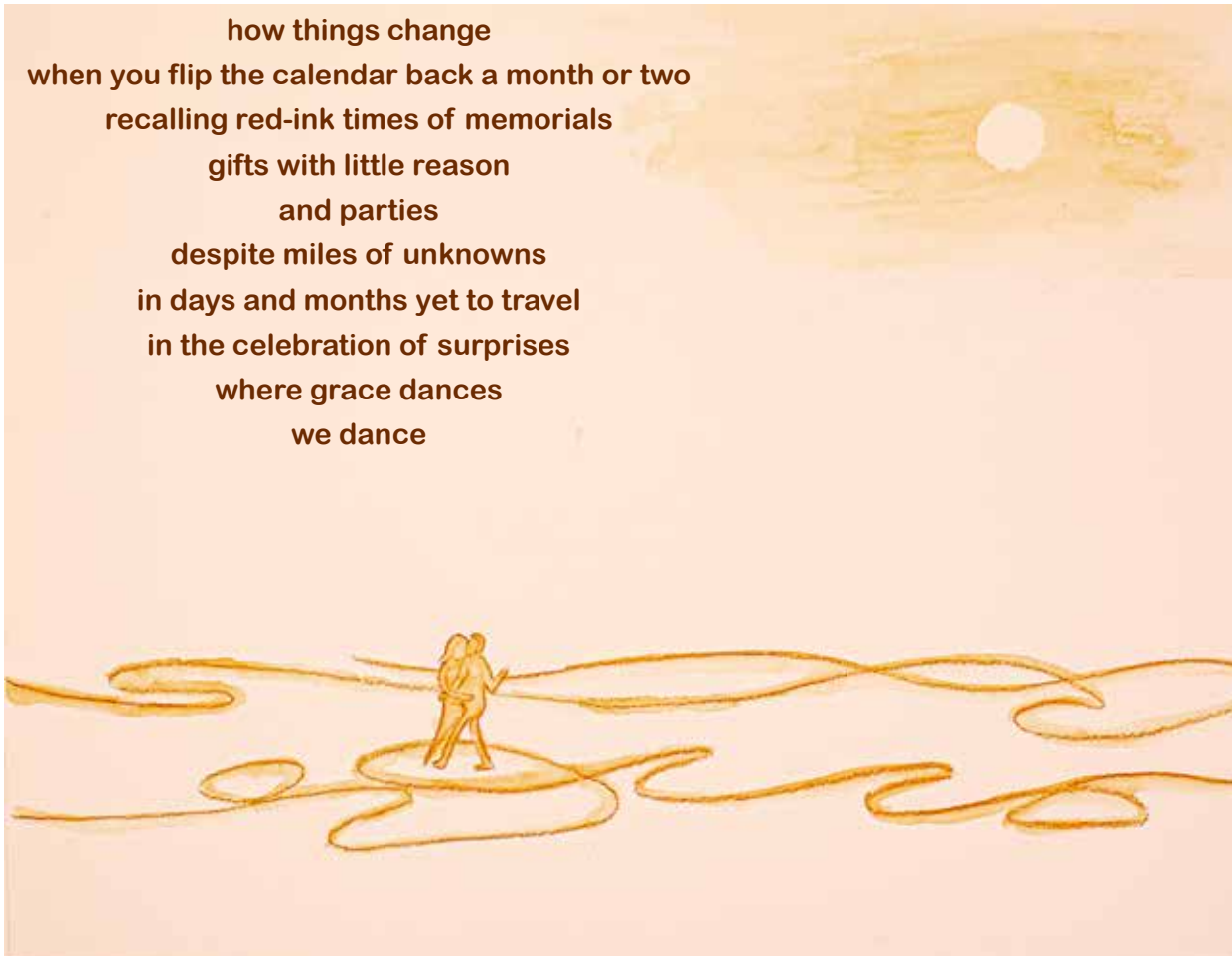
STRANGE HOW ... HE FADED  
AS HE ALWAYS DID ...



day 12  
tuesday  
(the feast of purim)

when lots are cast  
months in advance of actual events  
the wait far more painful than a simple what next  
which at least has the benefit of being shrouded  
and secret

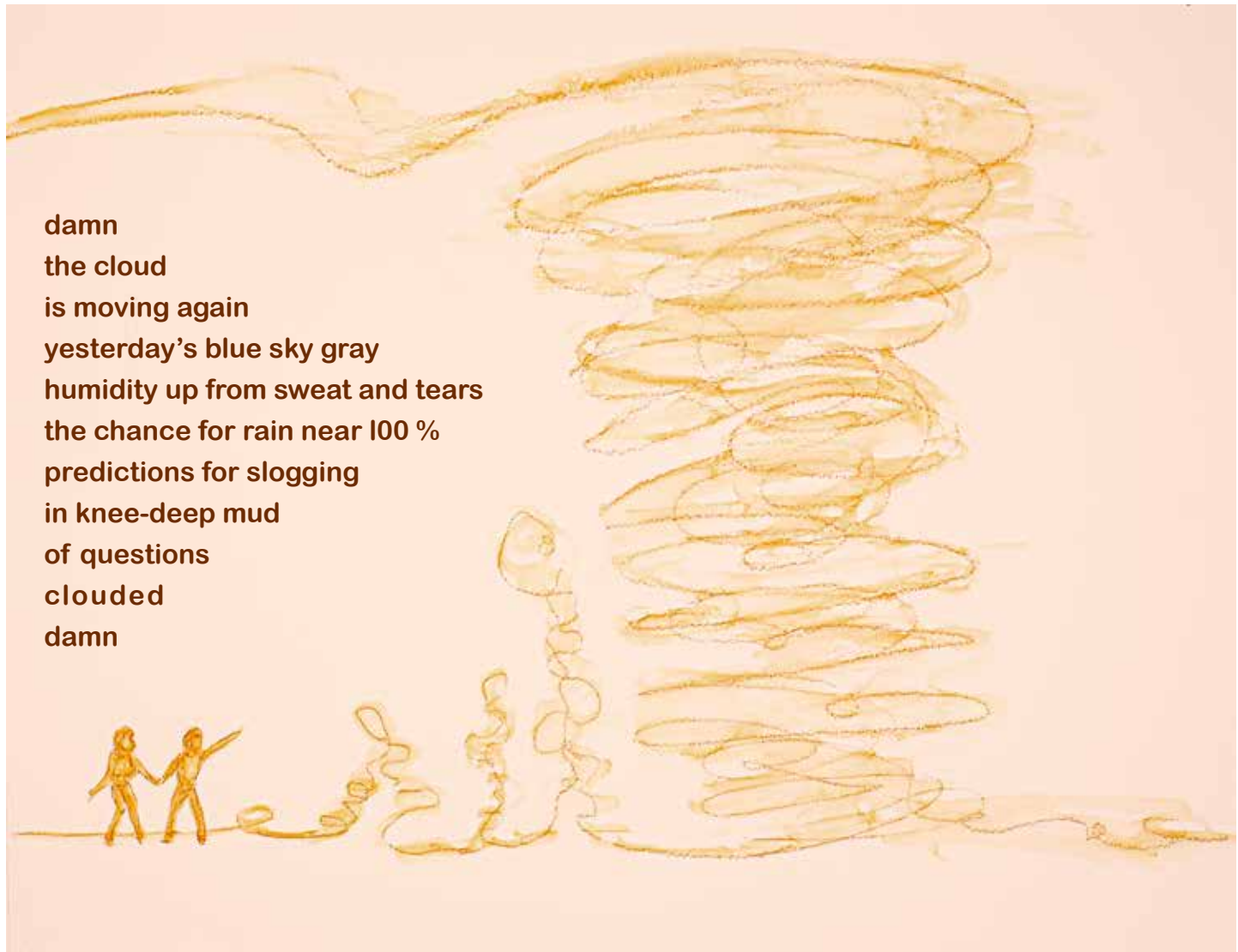
how things change  
when you flip the calendar back a month or two  
recalling red-ink times of memorials  
gifts with little reason  
and parties  
despite miles of unknowns  
in days and months yet to travel  
in the celebration of surprises  
where grace dances  
we dance



THE FEAST OF PURIM  
WHERE GRACE DANCES ... WE DANCE



day 13  
wednesday



DAMN



well said poet well said  
the alarm of war appears normal now  
disaster follows disaster  
every curtain torn from inside out  
as insults fly from within  
ripped from outside in  
by retaliatory blasts and rebuttals  
well said poet well said  
the people are stupid  
without understanding  
skilled in doing evil  
they have no skill for good



OH POET, I THINK I SAW A STAR

ahead the mountains quake  
the hills move back and forth  
not a bird is visible  
behind the land is a desert  
cities piled in heaps of memories  
above it all in the deep black

oh poet  
i think i saw a star



**day 15**  
friday

i notice that when one does the same thing  
over and over and over ad infinitum  
the steps shuffle get shorter slower  
the notes flatter even for those of perfect pitch  
i notice that good mornings said to strangers  
fade to less than mumbles and meaninglessness



*GOOD MORNINGS SAID TO STRANGERS  
FADE TO ... MEANINGLESSNESS*





that old rhyme came to me today  
hark hark the dogs do bark  
the beggars are coming to town



*SPLITTING THE CROWD  
TEARING AT THE CONSCIENCE*

three of them did this saturday  
strategically splitting the crowd  
in the middle  
then tearing at the conscience  
with handless arms  
kicking out at circumstance  
with legs shortened at the knee  
boring deep into souls  
focused on the concrete

one plays the two stringed erdu  
two shape questions



# *Sunday Three*

*Thank God!*

*This is my Sunday*

*Given for you.*

*Do this*

*As often as you can,*

*+ remember me.*

*Then a nap this afternoon  
for rest.*



*THANK GOD! THIS IS MY SUNDAY*

# day 17

monday

on mondays the wish for an oasis is strongest  
but one with portable shade a fruit tree on wheels  
and cool fresh potable water  
on mondays everything looks far  
christmas past april and spring  
even noon and five thirty  
on mondays with the dust of the next days  
anticipated  
weakness is real  
with a single question  
what will be  
three four five days hence

on mondays it seems best  
to stay in bed  
a pillow over my head



THE WISH FOR ... OASIS IS STRONGEST



as i approach the wall  
a judge stands in the benjamin gate  
shouts no to all who carry burdens  
in refusal of the sabbath law  
i stiffen my neck  
stuff my ears  
avoid his eyes and the rules  
piling up on both sides of the road  
i pass the gate quickly  
empty-handed  
with two eggs in my pockets



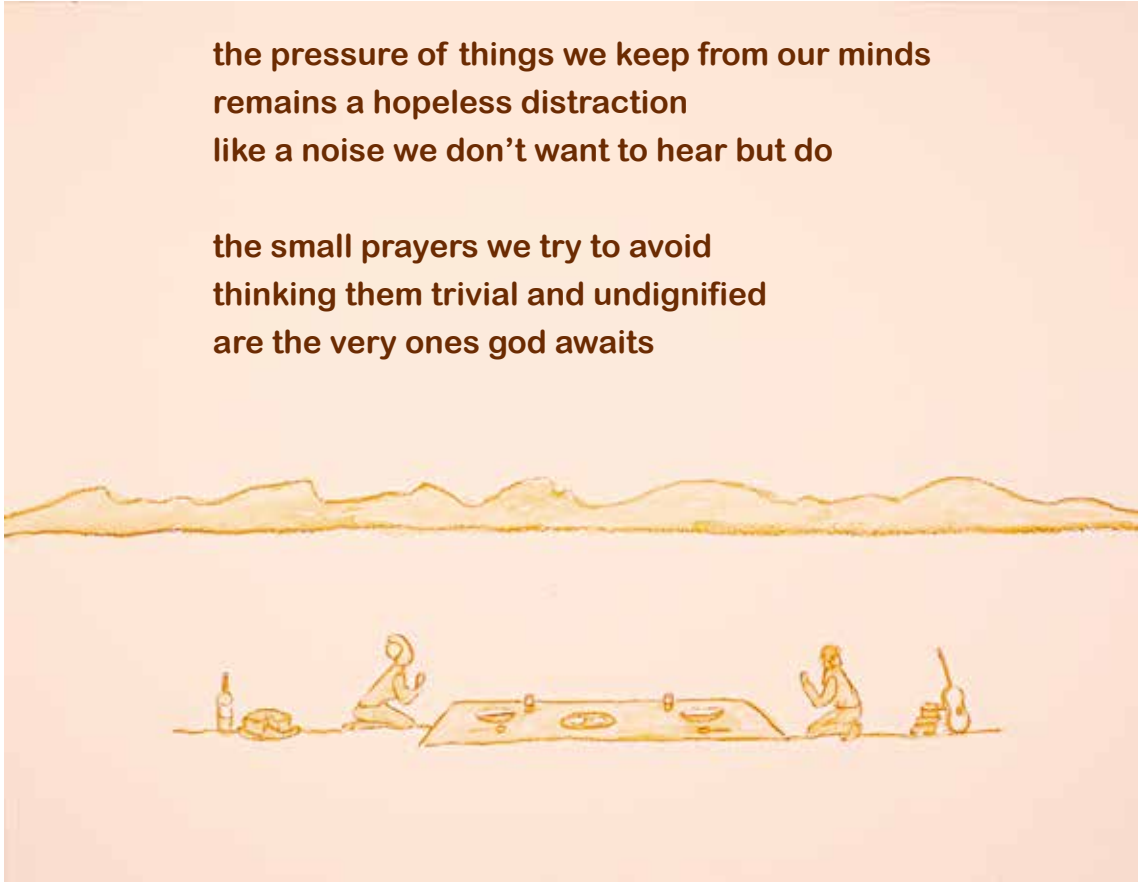
I ... AVOID ... THE RULES



**day 19**  
wednesday

the pressure of things we keep from our minds  
remains a hopeless distraction  
like a noise we don't want to hear but do

the small prayers we try to avoid  
thinking them trivial and undignified  
are the very ones god awaits



*THE PRESSURE OF THINGS  
WE KEEP FROM OUR MINDS*



day 20  
thursday



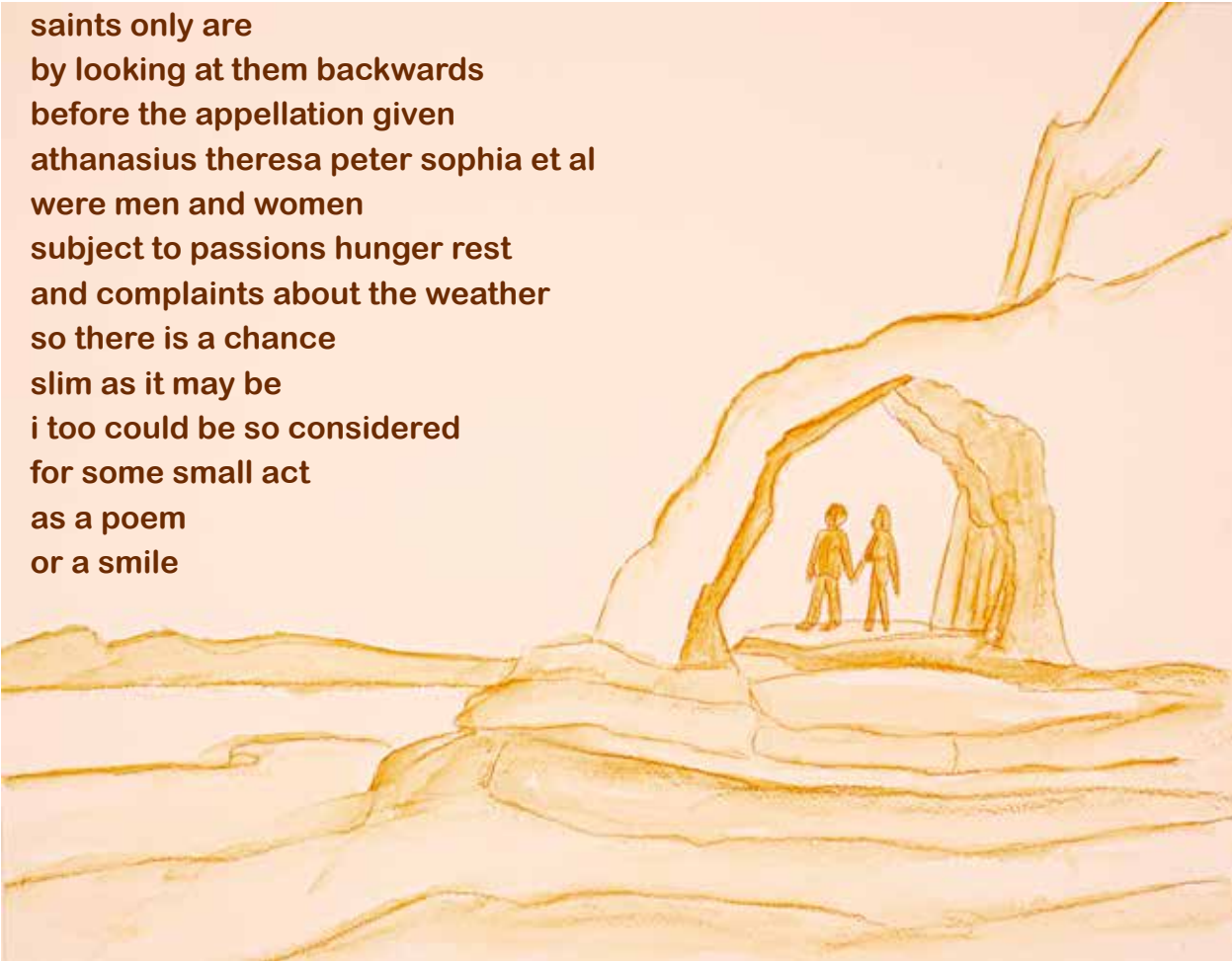
JOURNEYS ... ARE MOSTLY RECURRING STEPS

journeys are made best in memories  
when travel diaries and photos recall  
sights sounds and delights without  
the poor visibility in fog  
the black ice surprises  
deer crossing  
and plastic bills two weeks later  
journeys are best made in memories  
for journeys when taken  
are mostly recurring steps  
with few if any leaps at all



day 21  
friday

saints only are  
by looking at them backwards  
before the appellation given  
athanasius theresa peter sophia et al  
were men and women  
subject to passions hunger rest  
and complaints about the weather  
so there is a chance  
slim as it may be  
i too could be so considered  
for some small act  
as a poem  
or a smile



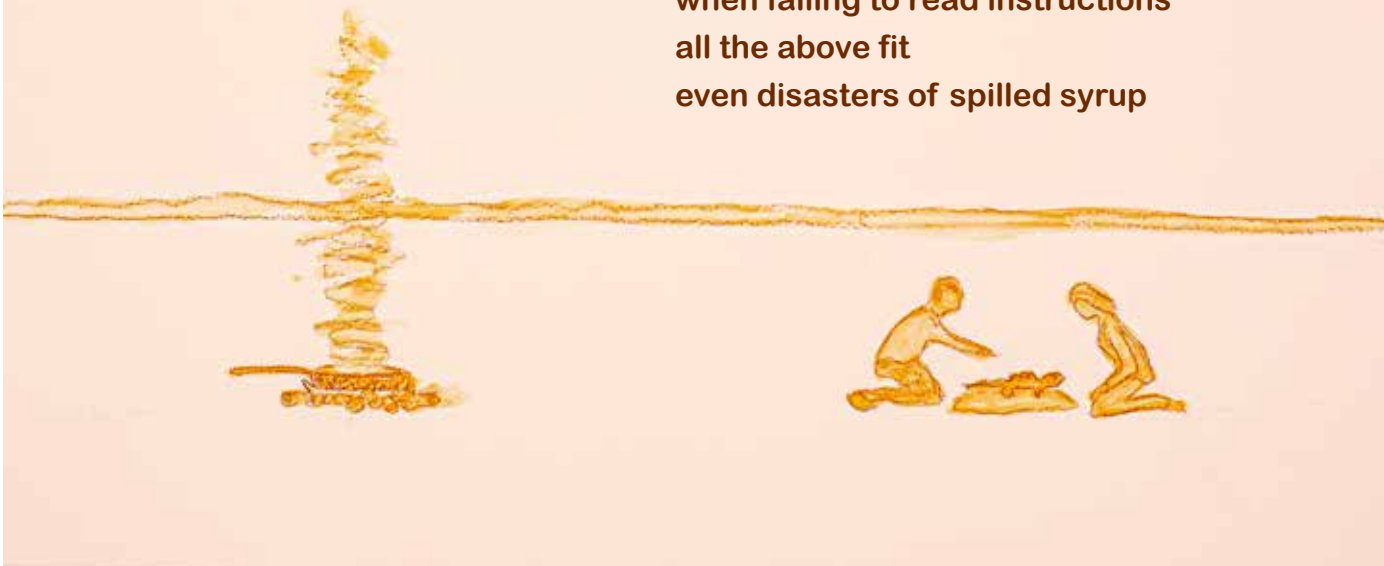
*I, TOO*





saturday so i made waffles  
a simple task actually  
clear instructions  
inscribed on the cardboard box  
three commandments  
if followed exactly i cannot fail  
unless i get distracted  
unless i leave the kitchen  
unless i consider my way better

when failing to read instructions  
all the above fit  
even disasters of spilled syrup



UNLESS I LEAVE THE KITCHEN



# *Sunday Four*

*If church architecture symbolizes emphases  
Then the clock on the wall  
And the electric amps and drums  
Say much about wilderness wanderers  
Walking with schedules,  
Yet ready to dance at the drop of a song;  
Reminiscent of a people  
Whose God tented among them  
Moved with them  
Unrestricted by altars pulpits  
And other careful blueprints.*



WHOSE GOD ... MOVED WITH THEM

day 23  
monday

if as lukan said  
nothing was certain but uncertain wandering of chance  
which goes this way and that  
i would not drag the monday bags under my eyes out of bed  
except this monday there was a difference  
a frog song  
sure sign of something spring



*A FROG SONG ... SIGN OF SPRING*



day 24  
tuesday

transients  
we move  
in increments



TRANSIENTS ALL

LARGE  
FROM RURAL  
THROUGH TOWN  
UNTO URBANITY  
WITH FOUR BEDROOMS  
AND FLUSH TOILETS

and small  
from bed  
through bath  
to breakfast  
and constant change  
of channels

good news  
there is a promised land  
out there somewhere



**day 25**  
wednesday

my only hope to stop my sneering pious criticism  
is to capture a criminal or terrorist  
put on his hat  
see the world through his squinted hate  
then as the last drop of pharisee is squeezed from me  
to see that the road is level  
the gutters empty  
under a cross



THROUGH HIS SQUINTED HATE  
TO SEE ... THE ROAD IS LEVEL



day 26  
thursday



*IN THE ... DARKNESS  
I NOTICE TINY STARS*

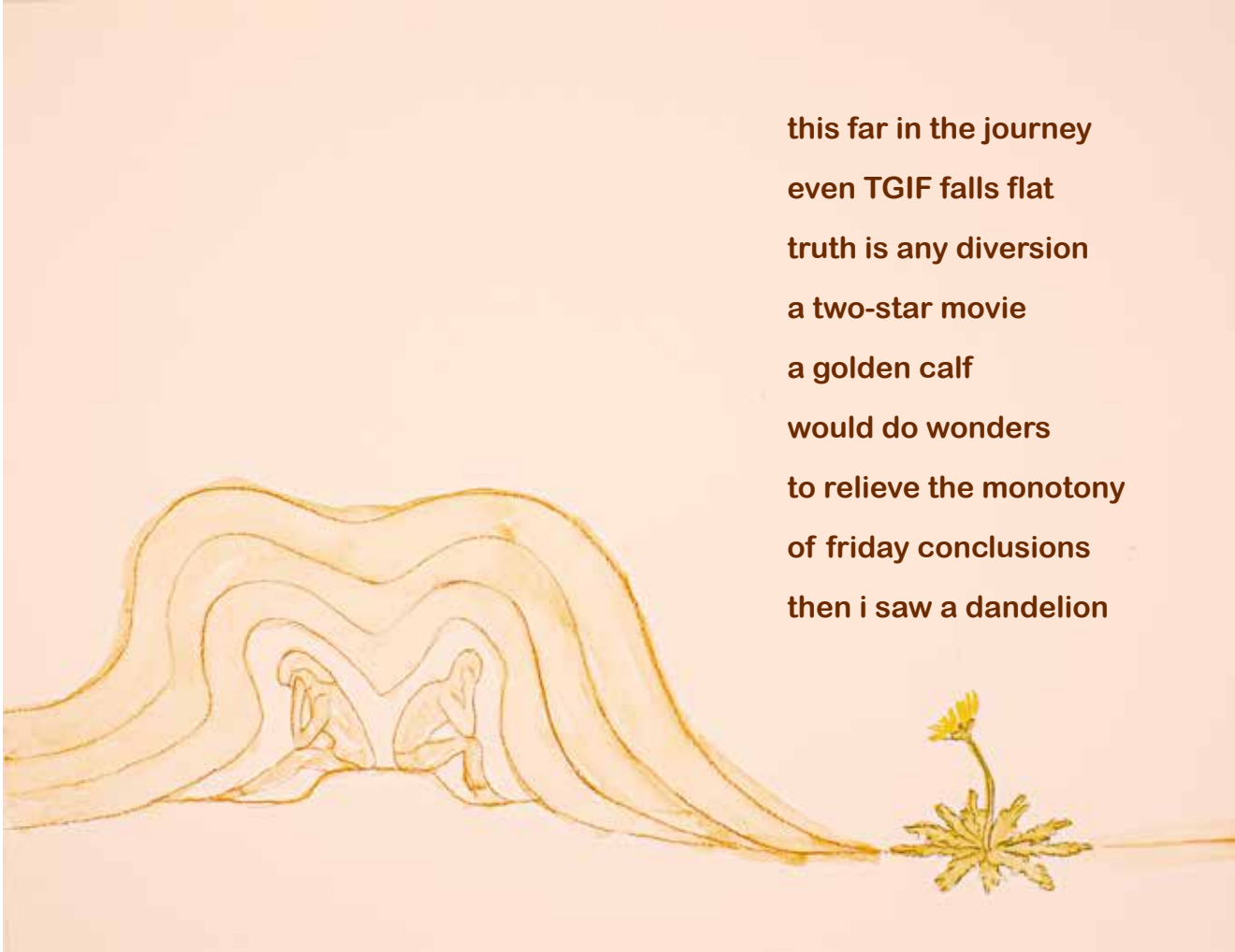
the first and only new moon tonight  
of the whole journey  
in the pitch darkness  
fear takes over  
on the road no shadows  
or footprints  
give evidence where i've been  
on the road no reflectors  
or signs  
give directions to where i'm headed  
then directly above  
i notice tiny stars visible  
that were not there two nights ago





day 27  
friday

this far in the journey  
even TGIF falls flat  
truth is any diversion  
a two-star movie  
a golden calf  
would do wonders  
to relieve the monotony  
of friday conclusions  
then i saw a dandelion

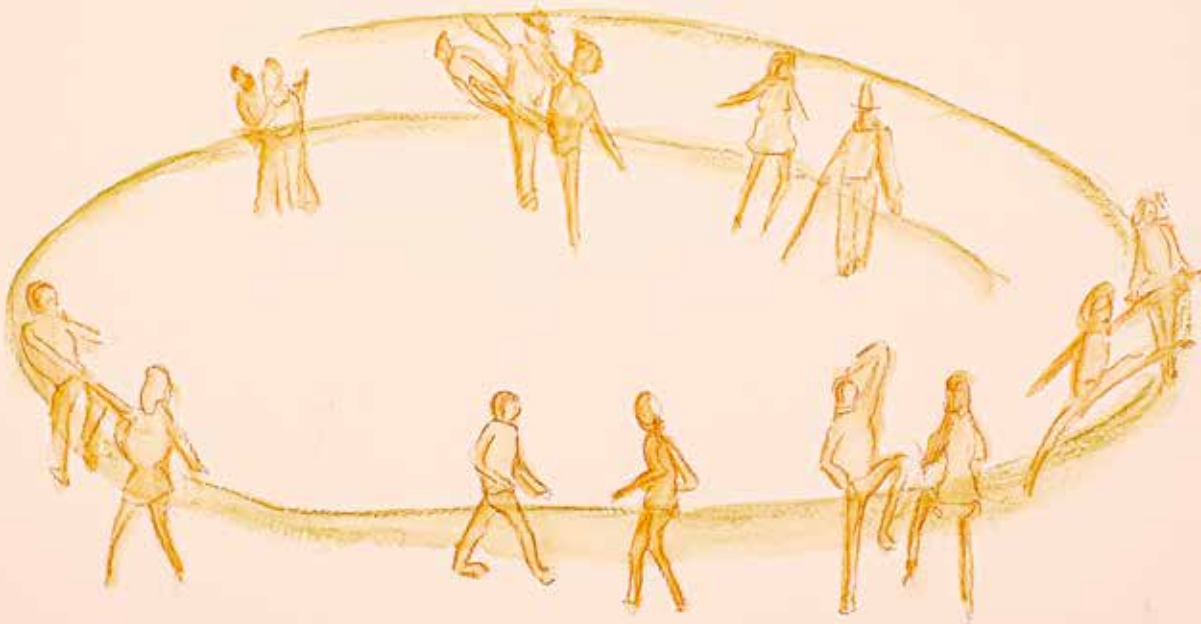


THEN I SAW A DANDELION





no one really rests on saturdays  
especially after noon  
we just go in circles  
which sometimes (if we go fast enough)  
feels like we are dancing



*IF WE GO FAST ENOUGH*



# ***Sunday Five***

*Saint Patrick's Day*

*It is good to know the snakes are gone;*

*That the path is safe for children.*

*It is pleasant relief after the interminable plodding*

*To skip and dance without ever having to look.*

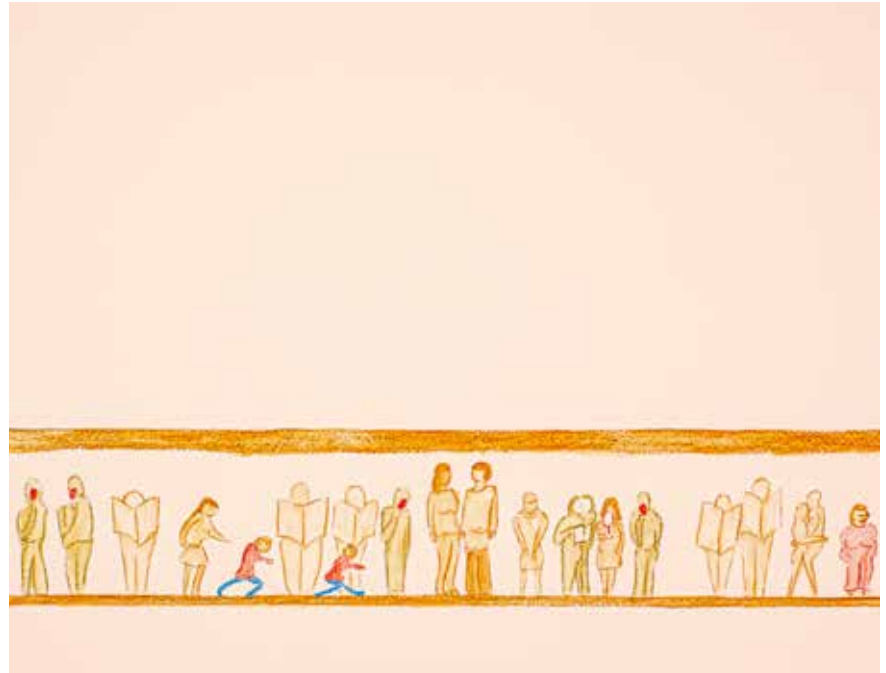


IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THE SNAKES ARE GONE

# day 29

monday

it is monday morning  
on the aluminum electric KCR  
the doors whoosh  
and suck in the commuters  
six hide in newspapers  
four speak tight into their phones  
the one nearest me closes her eyes  
wordlessly saying let me alone  
two students review their notes  
two more crush in morning passion  
oblivious to all but the other  
one woman ducks behind a tiny mirror  
straightens her lips  
two children run circles  
around the center pole  
ignore their mother's words  
their laughter echoes  
a grandmother looks up and smiles  
in three languages  
a voice announces the next stop



MONDAY MORNING ... COMMUTERS



75% through the relevance  
there is a certain high-mindedness about our denials  
a pressure that keeps what we determined not to do or be  
in our minds like wilderness wanderers looking for water  
our desires become hopeless distractions and less trivial  
so taking the lead of Martin Luther  
(though the interpretation may be skewed)

i sinned 100%  
i went to mickey-d's for a honey dew milkshake  
bought a chocolate bar containing 25% of the recommended  
daily fat intake  
then ate 2 bags of shrimp crackers on the way home  
finished the day with a bottle of wine  
wondering all the while with a smile on my face  
if the water from the rock tasted as sweet



I SINNED 100%



# day 31

wednesday

(first day of spring)

contrary to evidence broadcast on the daily news  
and a popular tendency to pessimism  
the shorter nights and skirts express a different view  
enough said



SHORTER NIGHTS  
SHORTER SKIRTS



that temptation facing jesus to change stones into bread  
obviously would not cut it today no matter how you slice it  
given the vast variety of crackers crisps and croissants available  
today the offer would need twelve courses served with silver  
linen complete with server standing ready  
to pour fresh water without being asked  
to sell one's soul for such a minimal offering absolutely N...O...  
W....A.....Y(t) got anything still warm in twelve grains



TO SELL ONE'S SOUL FOR SUCH  
A MINIMAL OFFERING?



**day 33**  
friday



*FRIDAY'S PHYSICAL COMMUNION*

the train is jammed full by four  
friday's physical communion  
of shoulders, elbows hips  
sardined in with help of pushers  
in safety vests  
faces flattened against each door  
peer out in hope and anticipation  
of promised milk and honey  
rum and coke  
or a few hours of peace quiet  
and a change of pace





day 34  
saturday

the grandsons and i go out the door  
soccer ball in hand  
for a saturday game  
that runs back and forth  
across the grass  
with no designated goal  
and keeps no score  
or time

when i stepped on the ball  
fell flat on my back  
pain jolted and jangled every joint  
like bells tolling my age

under the blue sky  
i determined then  
to skip and run  
as long as i can

to stop counting minutes  
cancel a few appointments  
and carry a ball in my briefcase  
in case a game breaks out



IN CASE A GAME BREAKS OUT



# *PASSION Sunday*

*Oh Mad Lover!*

*Who can begin to know your passion?*

*You thought it not enough to be born,*

*To keep company with us,*

*To tent among us.*

*Now to open yourself even to our opinions,*

*Our quickly changed allegiance,*

*To risk even our rejection.*

*You come again.*

*You walk our main streets.*

*Wet our back alleys with your tears.*

*For it is only enough also to die.*

*Oh Mad Lover!*

*How can we know your passion?*



YOU WET OUR BACK ALLEYS WITH YOUR TEARS

# day 35

monday in holy week

monday morning  
sunday's parade is over  
street sweepers bagged  
the slightest memory  
i eat breakfast standing up  
choking down too hot coffee  
take the down escalator two steps at a time  
race the closing train door  
just to save two minutes  
enter the argument with james and john  
about promotions and chairs  
wondering all the while if we actually  
are supposed to save the world  
i delete that idea  
along with thirty-seven  
junk e-mail messages



*STREET SWEEPERS BAGGED ... THE MEMORY*



# day 36

tuesday in holy week



NEAR THE END NOW

near the end now  
the journey recorded  
sweet memories shot in 35mm  
to fill shelves of albums  
with no details but dates  
places and names  
delightful evidence  
in two dimensions  
for the creative additions later  
of imaginative exaggerations  
designed to make the stories fit  
for coffee breaks  
where one-upmanship  
breaks out  
the storms stronger  
the hills higher  
the dangers more incredible  
the denials denied  
complaints candied  
with the subtle implication it is all gospel truth



# day 37

wednesday in holy week

false words

where deceit is considered clever  
greed masked as mere survival  
hatred justified as zeal for truth

crucifixions of one

for the sake of many

all subtle excuses

for doing nothing



*CRUCIFIXIONS FOR THE SAKE OF MANY*



# day 38

maunday thursday

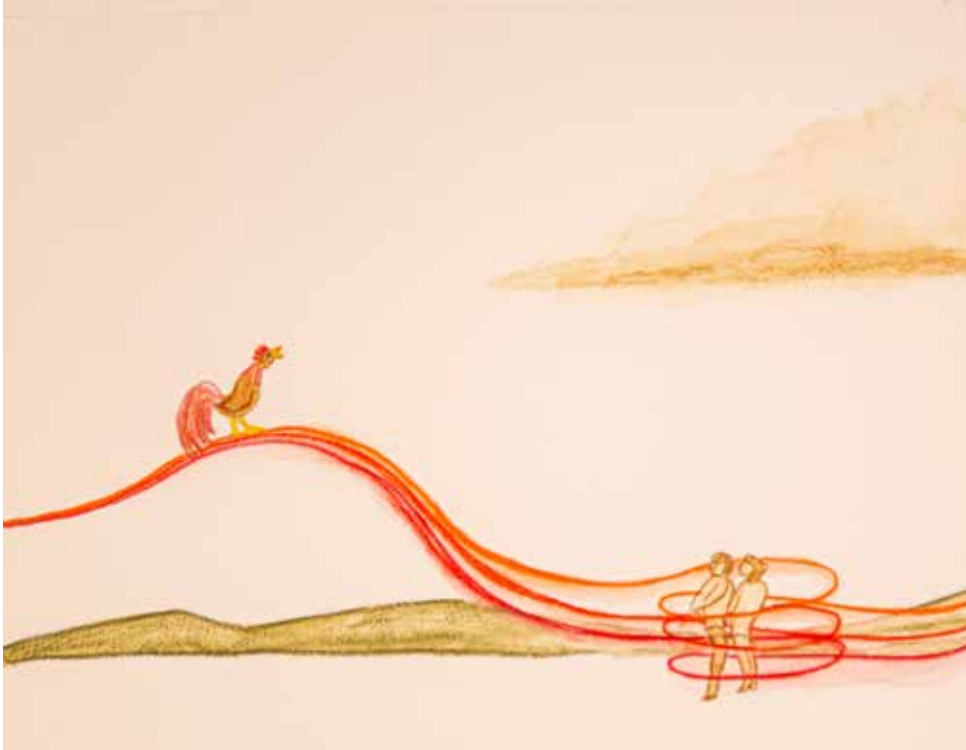


BREAD AND WINE - FARE SIMPLE

thursday's dinner is served  
a final meal before moving on  
bread and wine  
fare simple  
as manna and spring water  
yet i am glad to be here  
even the crumbs lord  
that fall from your table  
are sufficient



day 39  
good friday



ROOSTER SHUT UP

rooster shut up you blithering idiot  
what do you know about anything  
the sun is dark eclipsing everything  
midnight at three in the afternoon  
a comforting interruption of sorts  
afforded this convenient moment  
i run and hide  
to avoid this awkward moment  
what do you know about anything  
save your noise for morning  
dare to crow again i'll cock-a-doodle you





stopped dead in my tracks  
no mincing chicken steps now  
i am suspended  
finished  
the word a parenthesis on the right  
a lop-sided smile of relief and end  
yet ellipsis marking the steps  
ahead into promised lands

filled with sheer hope  
i wait to the steady hum of locusts  
watch birds carrying red yarn to their nests  
see a salamander sunning  
all evidence that life may yet be  
found  
among the stones



*LIFE MAY YET BE FOUND AMONG THE STONES*



## *EASTER Sunday*

In some mysterious but sure way  
his mercy finds us in our wanderings,  
his grace forgives our many sins,  
his Spirit refuses to give up on us,  
and something of his love flows  
through us to others.



***HIS LOVE FLOWS***

# seven easter haiku

pure white lilies bloom  
spring colors the hillsides green  
gold bells tip out sound

stone is rolled away  
women and men run to see  
believe the story

loud sunday city  
bargain price on meals and phones  
miss the miracles

worried deep in heart  
she cried her fear, "where is he?"  
then he said her name

light returns with spring  
life arrives with wintered birds  
new nests made with hope

oxymorons stand  
opposites are one the same  
black white death is life

alleluias ring  
in cemeteries birds sing  
death has lost its sting

## STATEMENTS FROM POET AND ARTIST

The season of Lent has long been a meaningful part of the church year for me. The forty days, not counting Sundays as the title of this collection notes, recalls the story of the forty years of wandering which the Israelites experienced following their escape from Egypt. That story is recorded in the biblical book Exodus. Recorded are the trials, troubles, the ups and downs of a remarkable journey.

Journey is an appropriate description of the poems. As in the wilderness journey, we too experience days of surety, doubt, joy, and sadness. Some days memories of the past resurface much like the Israelites who remembered leeks and watermelon they had enjoyed back in Egypt (day 11). Some days are reflective and repentant (16, 22). Some speak of immediate experiences which look different in memory (31). Other days focus on unexpected surprises that cause us to see things in new ways (12, 14). Each individual journey will have unique stories to tell. There is no one right interpretation of any of the poems. In the words of Archibald MacLeish "a poem should not mean but be."

The poems in this collection were written during the season of Lent in 2002. I was teaching at Lutheran Theological Seminary, Hong Kong. Our daily worship focused primarily on texts for Lent. For my personal Lenten journey, I decided to write or at least start a poem each day reflecting on the day's events, conversations, people, and the daily news.

Since then, the poems were rewritten and edited many times. Finally, I felt ready to "set the poems free". I contacted Frank Armistead, a long-time friend. I asked him if he would like to illustrate them. He agreed. We added a caveat. If he did not like my poems and if I felt his art did not fit the poetry, we could say so and decline.

One day Frank invited me to his studio. What a delightful surprise greeted me. There posted on two walls were forty-six illustrations. Beneath each was a word or phrase that Frank felt was the central thought of each poem. I too had in mind a word or phrase that I felt was central to the poem. With no communication between us Frank and I had picked the same words for all but one poem.

The drawings which are on 22½x15 art paper are quite large and follow two people on a journey through an arid place. It is hoped that each reader will identify with the couple both in the trials of life's journey as well as the experience of the glimmer of colourful hope which culminates in a full-colour resurrection.

Frank and I discussed ways of presenting the work. We discussed creating a large table-top book showing the artwork with an oral presentation of the poetry on a CD. There is also the option of performing the work live. Finally, with the help of David Solheim we opted for this published form.

Frank and I wish dear reader that the poems and illustrations help you find your way through whatever wilderness you face and come ultimately to life and hope.

*David Kaiser, Regina 2020*

David and I, as colleagues, are not two peas in a pod. David is Lutheran by birth and prudent by nature. We first met in 1970 when David, already known for his puppetry through local TV, was leading Kuriakos, a youth touring group introducing a folk liturgy. When I showed up to be the bus driver, I had just cut 2 feet off my still shoulder length hair, was wearing wild acrylic prints and sandals, and was definitely more familiar with anti-war protests, Eastern philosophies and Blues than liturgies, Bonhoeffer and the kyrie. But, at our cores, Dave and I share a deep concern for others, a compulsion for teaching, and a creative restlessness to explore new glimpses of truth.

Dave and I had often remarked that we had never combined our individual creativities in a project of our own. So when David asked if I would consider illustrating a volume of his poems, I immediately dedicated my studio to the task.

Dave's Lenten journey is tentative. I chose Inktense pencils, mostly on 300 pound Arches paper for a sense of transparency that allows for both line and wash, monochrome and touches of brilliant color. As Dave has mentioned, I read, reread and meditated on each poem to distill its core and discover its visual essence. For better print reproduction, I worked at 150%. Most of the pieces are first drafts to maintain a sense of fragility. The illustrations feature a couple because I find it impossible to think of Dave without Marlys, who has supported his life journey every step of the way.

Dave had envisioned some kind of line that would develop as one moved through the poems. The black line drawings of the growing flower were meant as a flip book for the facing pages but I love how Dave Solheim has included them here.

I think we have created a biography of friendship – Not Counting Differences.

*Frank Armistead, Regina 2020*

## A NOTE ON LAYOUT AND DESIGN

Thanks to David and Frank for their unique collaboration. I am honoured to have worked with them and with their complementary art forms in creating this book.

I have chosen to make David's poetry primary in this design. David's poetry with its pastoral gentleness shows the way to some deeply probing honesty. His unique first-person experience of Lent prompts me to notice the details of my own journey.

There were choices that needed to be made in recreating the artwork and pairing it with the poetry. Frank's artwork is all one large size, detailed and stunning in the original. While I made the choice to make the poetry primary in the available page spaces, the detail of the original artwork is still there when you look closely.

To bring the poetry and images together I used a colour for the text of the poems that is sampled from Frank's images, and for the Sundays, the texts are in the liturgical colour for the day, often reflected in colours in the artwork. The poetry flows next to the images, sometimes intimately sharing the space and sometimes standing off a ways, but always, for me, connected.

I hope the result encourages you in your Lenten journey.

*David Solheim*



David Kaiser is a retired Evangelical Lutheran Church in Canada (ELCIC) pastor, a teacher and an active poet. He has spent quite a bit of time in Hong Kong in the last 20 years, including time during the SARS outbreak there. Much of this poetry was written while he was in Hong Kong.

C. F. (Frank) Armistead is an ELCIC pastor who has worked with indigenous people in Regina. Frank has studied fine arts at the University of Regina, is presently pursuing a degree in Indigenous studies, and is a member of the Aurora Art Guild.



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A heartfelt thanks to Frank for his imaginative approach to the poems.

Much thanks to David Solheim who did the work of layout and design bringing a unity to the diversity of word and art.

A loving thanks to Marlys, my wife. She, in Frank's mind, is the reason for his depiction of the journey being taken by two. She has been my companion throughout and has willingly and patiently put up with the many times I've searched for the right word or phrase.

Finally, I give glory to God for the journey with us in our wilderness wanderings. As John writes in his Gospel, God in Christ "tents" among us always.

*David Kaiser*







