

windsong John Denver

The wind is the whisper of our mother the earth.
The wind is the hand of our father the sky.
The wind watches over our struggles and pleasures.
The wind is the goddess who first learned to fly.

The wind is the bearer of bad and good tidings,
the weaver of darkness, the bringer of dawn.
The wind gives the rain, then builds us a rainbow,
the wind is the singer who sang the first song.

The wind is a twister of anger and warming,
the wind brings the fragrance of freshly mown hay.
The wind is a racer, a wild stallion running
and the sweet taste of love on a slow summer's day.

The wind knows the songs of cities and canyons,
the thunder of mountains, the roar of the sea.
The wind is the taker and giver of mornings,
the wind is the symbol of all that is free.

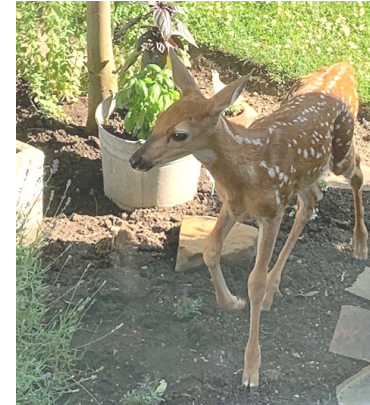
So welcome the wind and the wisdom she offers,
follow her summons when she calls again.
In your heart and your spirit, let the breezes surround you.
Lift up your voice then and sing with the wind.

Prayer Leader:

Betsy Nero
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The Ground is Holy



Our prayer is characterized by silence ~

Be still and know that I am God!

In that silence we listen for a new word.

God is present in all our lives.

God cares for us, and
our life experiences are a source
of deepening knowledge of God and self.

Inspired by God's Word in the silence
we share from our hearts.

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

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An Interfaith Ministry of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine

To Ponder:

Quotes from *Braiding Sweetgrass* Robin
Wall Kimmerer

"The land knows you, even when you are lost."

"Knowing that you love the earth changes you, activates you to defend and protect and celebrate. But when you feel that the earth loves you in return, that feeling transforms the relationship from a one-way street into a sacred bond."

"To love a place is not enough.
We must find ways to heal it."

"Joanna Macy writes that until we can grieve for our planet we cannot love it—grieving is a sign of spiritual health. But it is not enough to weep for our lost landscapes; we have to put our hands in the earth to make ourselves whole again. Even a wounded world is feeding us. Even a wounded world holds us, giving us moments of wonder and joy. I choose joy over despair."

"The land is the real teacher.
All we need as students is mindfulness."

"I want to stand by the river in my finest dress. I want to sing, strong and hard, and stomp my feet with a hundred others so that the waters hum with our happiness. I want to dance for the renewal of the world."

Reading: Mary de La Valette

I do not have to go
to Sacred Places
in far-off lands.
The ground I stand on
is holy.

Here, in this little garden
I tend
my pilgrimage ends.
The wild honeybees
the hummingbird moths
the flickering fireflies at dusk
are a microcosm
of the Universe.
Each seed that grows
each spade of soil
is full of miracles.

And I toil and sweat
and watch and wonder
and am full of love.
Living in place
in this place
For truth and beauty

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...