always remain small
give others a chance to breathe
GOD will not forget

 Cheryl

Morning sun breaks open

Blue Jays fly out, screech loud

My soul stops to listen

New day has arrived!

Earth moist and fragrant

Fog lifts for sun to pass

My soul welcomes the day

Birds fly high above!

 Maria

Along Scatter Creek

*The pebble in the brook secretly*

*thinks itself a precious stone.*

Japanese proverb

And aren’t we each a pebble,

stone broken long ago,

one piece of great formation,

purified in mountain melt,

ground by glacier flow,

tumbled, rushed into eddies,

under rapids, shaped, polished,

magnified in water, jewel among

jewels, as light as the weight of god?

 Susan Johnson

 *Cirque Journal*/Winter 2019

**Matins**

May soft womb of night

Soothe our souls’ uncertainties

Still our stormy hearts

~

**Lauds**

First light gilds the pines

Lifts us to begin again

Sing praises of day

~

**Prime**

Bells chime, morning prayer

Heron sighs at river’s edge

Yes to breath of God

~

**Sext**

Listen—Spirit sings

All earth joins in holy hymn

Day’s sacred refrain

~

**None**

Raven calls above

New breeze quivers aspen leaves

We gather as one

~

**Vespers**

Pearl moon lights the pines

Three chimes summon evening prayer

Silence stills our minds

~

**Compline**

May night bind our prayers

May gratitude bless our day

May angels guard sleep

Susan Johnson

|  |
| --- |
| <https://malcolmguite.wordpress.com/2018/05/08/a-sonnet-for-julian-of-norwich-6/> |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  |  |
|  |

Mother Julian

Show me O anchoress, your anchor-hold

Deep in the love of God, and hold me fast.

Show me again in whose hands we are held,

Speak to me from your window in the past,

Tell me again the tale of Love’s compassion

For all of us who fall onto the mire,

How he is wounded with us, how his passion

Quickens the love that haunted our desire.

Show me again the wonder of at-one-ment

Of Christ-in-us distinct and yet the same,

Who makes, and loves, and keeps us in each moment,

And looks on us with pity not with blame.

Keep telling me, for all my faith may waver,

Love is his meaning, only love, forever.

<https://malcolmguite.wordpress.com/2021/03/13/delight-in-all-his-works-a-response-to-psalm-92/>

[**XCII *Bonum est confiteri***](https://malcolmguite.files.wordpress.com/2021/03/bonum-est-confiteri.m4a)

My Lord will bring me through my darkest hour,

And I will praise him in the morning light

And contemplate his wisdom and his power

Meeting together on the cross. By night

His truth will nurse and nurture me in dreams

And in the day my mind will still delight

In all his works and wisdom. The rich themes

Of his wise teaching shine through all I see:

The rushing winds and swiftly flowing streams

Will teach me of his spirit, the green tree

Will show his rooted fruitfulness, and I

Myself will flourish in his house and be

A tree that lifts its branches to the sky

Still bearing fruit for him in my old age

And trusting him until the day I die.

Taken from [David's Crown: Sounding the Psalms](https://www.amazon.com/Davids-Crown-Sounding-Malcolm-Guite-ebook/dp/B08V99MX98/ref%3Dtmm_kin_swatch_0?_encoding=UTF8&qid=1615759290&sr=8-1)

 Malcolm Guite, contributed by Suzanne Johnson

Compacted matter

bursting open in the big bang

Divine Love breaks in

Matter is time bound

within space Spirit breathes us

lush, green, eternal

On this round green Earth

we recognize our smallness

yet love connects us

Enough Life for all

because Love has found a way

to make all things New

 Saima

***Celtic Blessing from Hawaii***

Deep Peace,

  of the dormant volcano,

  resting now

  after millennia of transforming the earth.

Deep Peace,

  of the ocean currents,

  moving unseen,

  affecting life and weather around the world,

  greeting us in tides and the forever flowing waves.

Deep Peace,

  of the strength of the trees,

  standing upright in even the strongest winds,

  branches ever lifted in praise of their creator.

Deep Peace,

  of the clouds and wind,

  ever moving,

  ever changing,

  ever constant in their presence.

Deep Peace,

  of the force of gravity,

  that holds us,

  centers us on the earth,

  holds our earth around the life-giving sun

  and the sun in our glorious-t--behold galaxy.

Deep Peace,

  of the ever-flowing glacier,

  patient and persistent as it approaches its destination.

Deep Peace,

  of the vastness of the universe,

  with its thousand billion galaxies,

  each with their hundreds of billions of stars-

  numbers too great to grasp.

Thanks, and praise to the Creator of such wonders

  and the ability to comprehend them!

                                                       Brian E Peterson, April, Earth month, 2021

**Blessing of the Ocean**

I know we come from the sea

     that the water in our bodies is salty.

I also think the Creator dipped my

     spirit into the depths of the ocean

     like dipping a teabag into water

And I steeped there long enough

    that - body and soul -

     I am saturated with your salty spirit.

I hear the tinkly sounds of small rocks as you wash over them

I hear the splashing as your waves tumble onto the sandy shore

And I hear your deep voice

the one like rolling thunder

that vibrates in my gut

that calls me back to you.

And we both answer the call of the Creator, the Beloved

Steeped in the spirit of your salty waters from birth.

And that is why I must return to you

to be washed clean of my self-centeredness,

to be purified by the salt

then refilled, refreshed, recreated, renewed

For yet another birth, another mission

another opportunity to be a mirror of the divine.

And so, I thank you and bless you

 for your presence in my life.

when you call to me to return to you

when you teach me about accepting the ebb and flow of life

when you become a storm within me

when you are calm within me

I bless you

for you connect me with Divine Presence.

 Anna Peterson

