

**See how the flowers of the field grow
Part 5 - Flourishing**

Psalm 65: 5-13 (NIV)

You answer us with awesome and righteous deeds,
God our Saviour,
the hope of all the ends of the earth
and of the farthest seas,
who formed the mountains by your power,
having armed yourself with strength,
who stilled the roaring of the seas,
the roaring of their waves,
and the turmoil of the nations.
The whole earth is filled with awe at your wonders;
where morning dawns, where evening fades,
you call forth songs of joy.

You care for the land and water it;
you enrich it abundantly.
The streams of God are filled with water
to provide the people with corn,
for so you have ordained it.
You drench its furrows and level its ridges;
you soften it with showers and bless its crops.
You crown the year with your bounty,
and your carts overflow with abundance.
The grasslands of the wilderness overflow;
the hills are clothed with gladness.
The meadows are covered with flocks
and the valleys are mantled with corn;
they shout for joy and sing.

John 10:10 (NIV)

I have come that they may have life and have it to the full.

Happiness

There's just no accounting for happiness,
or the way it turns up like a prodigal
who comes back to the dust at your feet
having squandered a fortune far away.

And how can you not forgive?
You make a feast in honour of what
was lost, and take from its place the finest
garment, which you saved for an occasion
you could not imagine, and you weep night and day
to know that you were not abandoned,
that happiness saved its most extreme form
for you alone.

No, happiness is the uncle you never
knew about, who flies a single-engine plane
onto the grassy landing strip, hitchhikes
into town, and inquires at every door
until he finds you asleep midafternoon
as you so often are during the unmerciful
hours of your despair.

It comes to the monk in his cell.
It comes to the woman sweeping the street
with a birch broom, to the child
whose mother has passed out from drink.
It comes to the lover, to the dog chewing
a sock, to the pusher, to the basket maker,
and to the clerk stacking cans of carrots
in the night.

It even comes to the boulder
in the perpetual shade of pine barrens,
to rain falling on the open sea,
to the wineglass, weary of holding wine.

Jane Kenyon

An invitation to the table

There is a table to which we are invited each day. It offers us trees and stones, sunshine and stars, eagles and angels, roots and water, joy and sorrow, earth and fire, flesh and blood, storms and memories, words and silence, spiders and webs, night and day, death and life, crusts, crumbs, and loaves. It is the table that Love prepared for us each moment. It is the table of daily life. Freely we are invited to come and eat.

We do not have to be worthy to be present at this table. We only have to be willing to taste life and let God serve us.

from Macrina Wiederkehr, *A Tree Full of Angels*, HarperCollins 1990

Living in the moment

The best teachers to help us enjoy summer are little children. They do not yet work in offices. They do not own calendars with tasks crying out to be done. I love to see the parks fill up with young life each summer. The children's return to the earth is a good example for their elders. And so, when school is out, summer's children swarm the streets, parks, pools, lakes and campsites. I am joining them for a day, lest I grow old before my time...

Some grownups tend to be obsessed with making a living rather than making a life. They become preoccupied with having a reason for doing whatever they do. Children need no reason. Life is the reason. Thus children can more easily live from the centre, from the heart. It is a purer kind of living. It is living in the moment.

From Joyce Rupp & Macrina Wiederkehr, *The Circle of Life*, Sorin Books, 2005.

A portrait of joy

Robert himself feels as if he too is neon, lightning zagging through him, he is shining, look at his arms, his hands, he is a source of light too because of her. No, he is light, actual light, light itself. Not just that — he is the kind of light that's in the word delight.

He is filled with a word from childhood. It's the word joy. It is not a word he has ever given a moment's thought before, never in his life, and now he is a self shot out of the dark into the light, arms out wide as if to take everything into them, the whole world, the universe round it with all its galaxies, and hold them up to the light, his light, because now nothing will ever end, everything is infinite. It is like smashed light imprisoned in him till now, in pieces, sharp fragments like smashed lightbulb in the pit of his gut, has been understood, known for what it was, is and could be all at once and is now assembling itself and turning him into a BALL OF LIGHT... his whole body's become a pointed twig on a tree whose branches are a network of pure light.

From Ali Smith, *Summer*, Penguin, 2020.

God bless the grass
that grows through the crack they roll the concrete over it
to try to keep it back the concrete gets tired
of what it has to do it breaks and it buckles
and the grass grows through.
God bless the grass.

Malvina Reynolds

A PAGE TO PONDER

Between the cracks of daily life
I find you waiting
to be adored.

Macrina Wiederkehr



Where do I find whispers of joy when
I don't expect them?
What do they tell me?