

# Connecting New

August, 2020

Many of us experience interaction with our pets as one of the ways we encounter God's presence. In these times of stifled physical touch with other people, I imagine the affection shared with our furry friends means that much more. This month I share a poem speaking to that. If you have experienced God in this way, I invite you to savor a particular instance and, if you wish, to share it with me.

Empath

My dog feels the sadness in me though all I feel is numb.  
Deep grief and gloom the undercurrent of particular pulses of despair,  
and the tears begin to leak yet refuse to flow.  
If I had energy I would scream in anger and protest,  
so instead I keep moving to the next distraction of mindless activity  
or seek the consolation of what used to renew my spirit  
only to experience more emptiness.  
Lost in lostness, alone in aloneness.

My dog insists on my attention and my affection,  
much more now than when life was normal.  
Truth is he is the one more attentive.  
He is the one more affectionate,  
offering himself as a medium of God's healing.  
So I pray that I may receive what he offers,  
pure and obscure as it is,  
that I may make it through these unwelcome times,  
wishing that I may know connection and the joy it brings again one day,  
that I may know and be myself again one day.

May we continue to receive and share what God is offering.

Peace and Blessings,  
Clarence

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