Connecting New

September, 2020

Over the past several months, I have found a new favorite place to pray - a cemetery on the top of a hill about a mile from my house. I share with you two of the poems that came to me during my times there and a painting as well. What I particularly notice about the painting is how well the image of the person sitting under the tree (me) blends in with the ground and grass. I think it connotes how safe I feel there, perhaps invisible to other people who could spread the virus to me and for a moment connected with the deeper existence that reaches beyond our finite time on earth.

Remembrance

Plastic flowers also die, a protracted death of faded color and disintegration.

I much prefer what is natural.

Two empty beer bottles on a headstone capture my eye and my curiosity...

perhaps honoring a loved one in a particularly personal way, or teens enjoying the safety of the solitude.

Both seem natural to me.

Grounded

Sitting in the shade of a cemetery tree, the breeze blows my hair on a warm summer afternoon, a solitary cloud in the sky. It feels safer to be away from the living and comforting to be in the welcome of many. Peace is here indeed... in the nature, in those buried, in myself... all grounded in the Divine.



If you have found a new place to pray, rediscovered a place to pray, or a place to pray has found you, I welcome you to share it with me. May we continue to rest in the one who loves us beyond measure and without condition.

Peace and Blessings, Clarence

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