

Connecting New

January, 2022

It may feel like sharing a poem and painting about Christmas in January is a month late or eleven months early, but for me it is not. I am a fan of Christmas every day, that each day we are indeed in need of a savior, that this savior invites us every single day deeper into love and freedom, and that these invitations occur in the very sacred yet ordinary events in our lives. Thus the poem and painting I share this month.

Savior

I wouldn't feel comfortable kneeling before a king,
but I am quite at home tender touching an infant in the crib,
for long, deeply sacred, silent night moments
with angelic singing in my heart filling the room.

Another mystery revealed...that surely God is a gentle presence,
loving, connected, intimate,
that God is not at all about power, authority, glory or control.

To you, Dear One, I open my heart, my life
and I confess that each time I am with my grandsons,
Love saves me, saves us.



May we all recognize and receive the sacred, loving, healing moments offered throughout the coming year, whether it be alone in nature, with our grandchildren, having coffee with a friend, in church or in a stadium full of people.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

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