

Connecting New

April, 2022

With Easter upon us, we are once again encountering the post-resurrection accounts of Jesus' friends not recognizing him at first, assuming that he was a gardener, a cook or a fellow traveler oblivious to current events. It occurred to me that perhaps his friends could only recognize Jesus when they allowed Jesus to be who he really truly was rather than who they thought he was. Further, it occurred to me that we do this with each other all too often, judging based upon so many factors, presuming who the other is or who we wish the other would be. So I share the following poem and painting hoping to become freer to welcome others to be themselves, authentic.



Promise

Hearing the gentle weeping I looked up to see a disrespected tree,
trimmed to fit someone else's image of what is authentic,
every single branch amputated,
dreams of reaching for the sky in freedom, joy and fulfillment dashed.
Beaten down like an abused prisoner, it pondered giving up entirely.
If it could not live as it was meant to live, what was the purpose?

Then I heard it whisper, "There is still hope for you,
so open your heart and open your life to love...and help others do the same.
If you do this in memory of me, that's the best that could be."

And as my spirit, the clouds broke with the light shining through,
saying "Yes, thank you, I promise. I will be your promise."

May we experience the gift of Easter as being free and authentic and may we offer
that gift to others.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

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