

Connecting New

January, 2023

Perhaps 2023 is the year to acknowledge our pain, to open to healing and to offer healing to others.

Hurt

If I hit my thumb with a hammer, I know what to do,
to yell and jig until the pain subsides.
But when John and Sally died,
when the chronic disease was diagnosed,
I didn't know where to shout,
who would listen,
or how consolation could ever come.
So a shadow on my heart remains,
and when I try to touch it, the shadow evades the love,
trying to avoid further hurt.
Yet I know your love, an enveloping,
all-encompassing love awaits for me,
to silently kiss the boo boo and to cry
with me until a mutual smile returns.
Now is the time I choose to share my pain with you,
that your love may be received,
that your love may come to fulfillment.

This Year

This year especially I could use the blessing.
Feeling bruised and lost, with a sadness hiding in the corners of my life.
This year, I could really use an unexpected call from a friend
or an invitation to get together for coffee.
I would benefit from more time in nature and spooning with my beloved,
more time in prayer, more time listening.
This year, I will make that silent retreat and enjoy travel with my family.
This year, I will schedule more time for play.
And though I truly pray that I may fully receive this blessing,
I pray also that I may be that blessing to others.

May we receive the blessing and be the blessing to others.

Peace and Joy,
Clarence

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