

Connecting New

June, 2023

I hope you know what I mean by consolation as pure gift. I hope you know because you have experienced it yourself. For instance, you may have been moved to tears of joy and love not by something that occurred by your own initiative (for instance during your prayer time), but instead it happened to you. And it could happen anywhere at any time, although sometimes it can be triggered by something unexpected. Like noticing for the first time the particular amazing beauty of a tree in your front yard, or when walking in your neighborhood you may feel completely one with all. The keys to discerning these experiences are that they happen to us, that they are of Love and that it is not in our power to recreate them. So I share with you two poems about consolation as pure gift, and invite you to share with me a favorite experience of yours if you wish.

God Hug

A God hug is waiting for you...
in the woods,
by the ocean,
in the mountains,
in the prairie.
Recall the last time you received it
and savor it again.
Let your spirit dance with The Spirit, again.
But if possible, take the journey in person
to where God waits
and receive the grace and affection anew.

Love and Beauty

Out for dinner, a family with a toddler our neighbor,
and the love and beauty of that young life,
the love and beauty of the parents and child
pierced me,
in the particular and the universal,
and as my eyes met the mother's, smiles
of recognition and tears flowed from me
as juice when slicing a ripe peach, uncontainable.
Consolation in all its majesty.
Yet the greater gift came upon reflection,
the realization that a mature, half-century of love
and beauty also resonates...
in the particular, in the universal and with

every stage of life.
My love, we are not old or aging,
instead alive and growing in love and beauty.

May we receive what our God is offering, always and in all ways.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

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