

Readings and Meditations Late April into May
Eastertide Compline Celebrating the Earth.

From *Psalm 118:23-24*

This is the Lord's doing,
and it is marvelous in our eyes.

On this day that the Lord has acted,
we will rejoice and be glad in it.

An Excerpt from Walking the Coast, by Kenneth White

the pebble of rough
and unprepossessing stone
the harsh dull case
splits open
to reveal
the lovely agate crystal
the boulder
cut asunder
shows a blue-gleaming layer of amethyst –
there is a principle
of beauty and order
at the heart of chaos
within life there is life.

Silence

*We are invited to consider: What are we rejoicing in this day?
Where do we find life?*

From *Psalm 118:23-24*

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and it is marvelous in our eyes.

On this day that the Lord has acted,
we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Annie Dillard, Teaching a Stone to Talk

The creator goes off on one wild, specific tangent after another, or millions simultaneously, with an exuberance that would seem to be unwarranted, and with an abandoned energy sprung from an unfathomable font. What is going on here? The point of the dragonfly's terrible lip, the giant water bug, birdsong, or the beautiful dazzle and flash of sunlighted minnows, is not that it all fits together like clockwork—for it doesn't, particularly, not even inside the goldfish bowl—but that it all flows so freely wild, like the creek, that it all surges in such a free fringed tangle. Freedom is the world's water and weather, the world's nourishment freely given, its soil and sap: and the creator loves pizzazz.

Silence

We are invited to consider: What are we rejoicing in this day? Where are we experiencing the Creator's pizzazz?

From *Psalms 118:23-24*

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and it is marvelous in our eyes.

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we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Wendell Berry, Sabbaths 2001

VI

Sit and be still
until in the time
of no rain you hear
beneath the dry wind's
commotion in the trees
the sound of flowing
water among the rocks,
a stream unheard before,
and you are where
breathing is prayer.

Silence

We are invited to consider: What are we rejoicing in this day? Where do we discover breathing as prayer?

From *Psalm 118:23-24*

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and it is marvelous in our eyes.

On this day that the Lord has acted,
we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Mary Oliver, "Messenger"

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird —
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still not half-perfect? Let me
keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,

which is mostly standing still and learning to be
astonished.
The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all ingredients are here,

which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy
to the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is
that we live forever.

Silence

We are invited to consider: What are we rejoicing in this day? If our work is loving the world, where have we found "work" this day?
