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“The Spirit Lives Next Door”

by Steven Charleston (Retired Episcopal bishop and Choctaw citizen)
published in Spirit Wheel: Meditations from an Indigenous Elder

I still have trouble believing the Spirit lives next door.
I thought Spirit lived far away, in a gated community.
But at times I find the Spirit shuffling around next door
Early in the morning, coffee cup in hand
Looking a lot like me.
Spirit waves, I wave
But this neighbor Spirit
Disconcerts me with such nearness.
Until I need a favor.
Then I am glad the Spirit lives nearby
And is always home when needed.
I peep over the fence for a chat
A time to borrow what I need
And never be asked to return it.

Remembering Our Earth, Even in a Wooden Bowl

by Steven Charleston (Retired Episcopal bishop and Choctaw citizen) from the opening page of Spirit Wheel—Meditations from an Indigenous Elder

What is spiritual is what is most ordinary,
The common threads of hope and mercy
The things we know best
Because we have lived them all
So I chant the turn of another day,
Spinning grace into the world
Spinning the four directions until they turn like a wheel.