

Dear Beloveds:

We invite you all to share anything you may be creating in these days. Some folks are writing psalms of lament, based on the pattern of the biblical Psalms. Here is one I wrote a few minutes ago, and I share it in hopes that it touches your spirit. If you are creating things, please share them!



A Lament for Watering Plants Outside the Empty Church

O God of winter and springtime and harvest,

You ever create in shadow and in sunlight.

Most spring mornings I see You here, waiting in patience,

leaning into the breeze like the heron on the shore.

Now after too much news and fear, my soul shrivels

like blooms too newly transplanted in summer,

Scorched over with worry and waiting.

But you are God of water, pouring down,

Easing in through root systems and awakening seeds.

You have made everything beautiful in its time,

and though, when I pour the showers through the watering can

and into the dirt, I can see nothing that has changed, still

I will call upon you in silence, agree to remain in faith,

And to refill the watering can with gratitude.

With so much love, Shelly