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## **From the Clergy Associate for Family Ministries**

### **June Message from the Clergy Associate for Family Ministries**

Summer is upon us. And I have been enjoying spring cleaning.

Below are four poems I came across that speak to me about the blessing of our summer Sabbath time. I will be on vacation from July 21 to August 21. Happy summer. May you be blessed with quiet time for creative listening.

See you in September!

Faithfully,  
Cathy Quinn  
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### **The Lake of Beauty**

By Edward Carpenter

Let your mind be quiet, realizing the beauty of the world,  
and the immense, the boundless treasures that it holds in store.  
All that you have within you, all that your heart desires,  
all that your Nature so specially fits you for—that or the  
counterpart of it waits embedded in the great Whole, for you.  
It will surely come to you.  
Yet equally surely not one moment before its appointed time  
will it come. All your crying and fever and reaching out of  
hands will make no difference.  
Therefore do not begin that game at all.  
Do not recklessly spill the waters of your mind

in this direction and in that,  
lest you become like a spring lost and  
dissipated in the desert.

But draw them together into a little compass, and hold them  
still, so still;

And let them become clear, so clear—so limpid, so mirror-like;  
at last the mountains and sky shall glass themselves in  
peaceful beauty,  
and the antelope shall descend to drink and to gaze at her  
reflected image, and the lion to quench his thirst,  
and Love himself shall come and bend over and catch his  
own likeness in you.

—by **Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, S.J.** from *The Making of the Mind*

Above all, trust in the slow work of God.  
We are quite naturally  
impatient in everything to reach the end  
without delay.

We should like to skip  
the intermediate stages.

We are impatient of being  
on the way to something unknown,  
something new.  
Yet it is the law of all progress  
that it is made by passing through some stages of instability  
and that it may take a very long time.  
And so I think it is with you.  
Your ideas mature gradually.  
Let them grow.  
Let them shape themselves without undue haste.  
Do not try to force them on,  
as though you could be today  
what time (that is to say, grace and  
circumstances acting on your own good will)  
will make you tomorrow.

Only God could say what this new Spirit  
gradually forming in you will be.  
Give our Lord the benefit of believing  
that his hand is leading you,  
and accept the anxiety of feeling yourself  
in suspense and incomplete.

## **How to Be a Poet**

By Wendell Berry

(to remind myself)

i

Make a place to sit down.  
Sit down. Be quiet.  
You must depend upon  
affection, reading, knowledge,  
skill—more of each  
than you have—inspiration,  
work, growing older, patience,  
for patience joins time  
to eternity. Any readers  
who like your poems,  
doubt their judgment.

ii

Breathe with unconditional breath  
the unconditioned air.  
Shun electric wire.  
Communicate slowly. Live  
a three-dimensional life;  
stay away from screens.  
Stay away from anything  
that obscures the place it is in.  
There are no unsacred places;  
there are only sacred places  
and desecrated places.

iii

Accept what comes from silence.  
Make the best you can of it.  
Of the little words that come  
out of the silence, like prayers  
prayed back to the one who prays,  
make a poem that does not disturb  
the silence from which it came.

## **Kneeling**

By R.S. Thomas

Moments of great calm,  
Kneeling before an altar  
Of wood in a stone church  
In summer, waiting for the God  
To speak; the air a staircase  
For silence; the sun's light

Ring me, as though I acted  
A great role. And the audiences  
Still; all that close throng  
Of spirits waiting, as I,  
For the message.  
Prompt me, God;  
But not yet. When I speak,  
Though it be you who speak  
Through me, something is lost.  
The meaning is in the waiting.

Faithfully,  
Cathy Quinn  
*Clergy Associate for Family Ministries*