

One Love, One Earth

Today is a celebration of Oneness. It is sitting in the midst of the separation of a pandemic and knowing the oneness of the entire planet in the midst of a pandemic. It is feeling the isolation and knowing the divine connection that is beneath **every** perception of isolation we have ever experienced. We are a part of one Love, eternally holding us and weaving this mysterious tapestry of life.

As our planet rests and breathes in the stillness created by our quarantine, it is time for us to focus our attention on healing the wounds in us and in our earth. The wounds are not separate. We are one—with each other, with our ancestors and our great, great grandchildren, with the eco-system we call earth and all the kin it contains and with the Divine Life expressing through it all.

I have a few books that I go to over and over. I found a poem in my Earth Prayers book that I'd like to share. It has no title but it is by John Soos.

*To be of the Earth is to know
The restlessness of being a seed
The darkness of being planted
The struggle toward the light
The pain of growth into the light
The joy of bursting and bearing fruit
The love of being food for someone
The scattering of your seeds
The decay of the seasons
The mystery of death
And the miracle of birth.*

The prayer lays out all the dualities, the light and dark, the joy and pain, the birth and death. Yet each is its own gift. The restlessness, the struggle, the questioning, the mystery are all gifts. The receiving is as sacred as the sacrifice and the giving. The decay is as worthy as the growth and the bearing of fruit. We are spiritual beings having an earthly experience and all of it is a part of the wholeness of this experience.

Begin to transform the way you use your mind's tendency towards duality. Imagine you are out in space, looking back at the earth. As it turns, one part is always illuminated by the sun and the other part lies in darkness. The earth is whole. The dark part is not separate from the light part and as the earth turns, each part experiences light and dark in endless cycles.

In this same way, allow your mind to contemplate the wholeness of our experience on earth. Celebrate the lines on the faces of those who have lived many years with the same appreciation we have for the smooth skin of the young. Give thanks for the armadillo and skunk as well as the pets that nestle close to us. See the snow and cold as part of the turning that gives us sun and warmth. As we begin to value everything, we become good stewards of it all. When we reject nothing, we heal everything. When we reject nothing, we heal everything and as we heal, we return to that wholeness we are created to be.

Native Americans have a tradition of seeing symbolism in the four directions we call East, North, West and South. Then there is above, below and within. This takes us out of a duality and becomes a whole globe of energy all around. I'd like to take us on a journey to explore our directions, bless our earth and feel a healing we are a part of. If you'd like to identify where East is, we will begin there.

Facing East we take a breath. We feel the energy of Spring and the vibrancy of the color Red. This is the season of healing and renewed life through love. Connecting with the East we bless the resilient life in Mother Earth. We celebrate her ability to bring forth blooms and babies and we are grateful. We pray that we are able to nurture Mother Earth with the same love she nurtures us with. The divine love that flows through us all. May we never take life for granted as we are reminded in this time of quiet. May tiny sister hummingbird carry that joy of renewing life and our love quickly and easily all about.

We take one quarter turn to the left and we are facing North. We feel the lingering cold of Winter and the calming color of blue. North speaks to us of hardships and sadness but also of waiting and survival. Now in this season of loss, we feel the sadness of injury we have caused Mother Earth. We forgive ourselves for our ignorant ways and we commit ourselves to the discipline of stewardship—for our kin, for our waters and trees, for our future generations. Brother Bear rests in hibernation and reminds us to be patient, trusting the healing process to unfold in Mother Earth, even if we don't see it right away.

One more quarter turn to the left and we face West. The color is black as autumn ends the season of growth and anticipates the decay and transformation of fallen leaves and rotting vines. Mother Earth uses everything in our experience for good. The old becomes new again.

We pray we never cause such injury that transformation becomes out of reach. We are gentle with ourselves when we try to resist the very processes Mother Earth needs for renewal. When the floods come and the fires rage, we release our belief in control and allow the transformation to unfold. We cooperate with the rhythms of Mother Earth and our nonresistance becomes a healing balm. Brother snake sheds his skin without clinging to the discarded and reminds us, the Earth and our lives are ever evolving.

One final quarter turn and we face the South, the warmth of Summer and the color white. With the energy of growth and passion and fertility, we become zealous. We pray that pride will not be our downfall and cause us to be the source of destructive growth, mistaking what is good for us as power. We pray that we find the courage and strength to nurture what is the highest and best for Mother Earth and all our kin. May we take pride in creating a planet of peace and harmony. May sister wolf remind us we are part of a greater whole.

We stand still and look up, at the sky and stars and the color yellow. May we always lift our vision up. May we know the precious nature of Mother Earth exists in a galaxy of possibilities. Our Spirit reaches far beyond the embrace of gravity but out of all the stars, she is our home. We pray our vision inspires us in new ways to tend the Earth.

We stand still and feel the foundation of earth beneath our feet and the color brown. Like the trees and stalks of corn, we are rooted in the earth. We are able to stretch and grow because we are fed by the earth. We are able to soar in Spirit because we are grounded in Earth. We pray we walk with gentle feet on Mother Earth, never taking more than we need and giving back to assure future generations will find firm foundation.

We stand still and feel the breath of Spirit in us and the color green. This breath is the same breath that breathes the hummingbird and bear and snake and wolf. It is the same breath that moves over the earth and whispers in the stars. It is the same breath that breathes the trees and swirls the waters and wears down the mountains. We pray the breath of Spirit continues to flow through all that is, with freedom, with purity and with a sense of the sacred.

And now for blessings you have contributed:

From Mary Etta: Please honor and protect our sacred Mother.

From Mark: I bless the Earth Which is greater than my little hands can create,

And apologize for the parts that my little hands have destroyed.

From Renay: Blessings of gratitude to the Earth as an expression of God with all the seasons and the songs of life!

From Beverly S: Oh, beautiful Earth, may you be blessed by our love today and everyday day!

And so we take all this beauty and love into a time of meditation.