

Solstice Psalm

*I sit on the swaying porch swing and steep in the essence of summer.
 The heat slowly drains away, as from bathwater during a long soak.
 The light drains away too, leaching all color with it,
 'til there is only a gray pink smear
 along the western edge of earth.
 But though even perennials are now shades of gray,
 shapes are not swallowed in darkness.
 This far from the equator,
 this near the solstice,
 every needle of every white pine stands in clear silhouette against the
 still bright sky.
 Venus winks open her eye.
 The earth exhales, but so gently not a leaf on the maple twitches,
 and her breath smells of damp and green and something held all day for
 this moment.
 The pendulum has stopped its swing.
 This is the peak toward which we lean all year.*



We will be spending the last month of summer, August, celebrating God's creation, and pondering our place in nature. It is a subject dear to my heart, since I grew up in the country, watching sunrise and sunset against a wide-open horizon, and wild strawberry and snowdrift fill the ditches, year after year. It is also a subject dear to my heart because I fear for the future of such a delicately balanced beauty. Will my grandchildren get to enjoy what I have? Or will they have to settle for a landscape of invasive weedy monocultures, and fouled water, and dangerous air? I hope not. More than that, I pray not. More than that, I need to work that that may not happen.

In addition to worship, our Vacation Bible School will be "Green", and each Sunday after worship, we will take a "field trip", to get us away from man-made buildings and out into God-made creation. I hope you will take part, and take a stab at writing your own Psalm of appreciation for God's earth.