

# Earth Matters, Faith Matters

1<sup>st</sup> November 2015

The Old Deanery, The Cloisters, Exeter, EX1 1HS

## Participants' poems

*A fragrant rose  
dew soaked grass  
bird call  
peace harmony all belong  
I wait  
Stillness surrounds all  
I'll remember I'll recall  
Hold the treasure within me  
When I fall.*

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*Grey, Wet, Atmosphere  
Green grass, trees  
Sounds, seagulls, Noise  
Silence, Inner, Me*

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### Today in the Garden

*I am soil  
Today they stood on me and thought  
to be grounded.  
One day they will return and be part  
of me – unknowing?*

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*Strong young oak  
Stronger old Cathedral  
Dying roses but...  
Fresh new cyclamen  
Strength, youth, age  
Dying and new growth  
All mixed together –  
As in LIFE*

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*In Autumn mode  
The growth of springs  
Life and blossom  
Still lingers with the dew  
Defying death  
And still displaying  
All things new.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*It is appropriate that this tree be called an elder  
The leaves are embedded with networks too complex for my eyes  
Its branches sprout hairs swaying with a breeze I never knew  
The berries harbouring its next, show a texture I only feel as smooth  
It is appropriate that this tree be called an elder*

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*Inside and outside*

*Nature and man's construction*

*Old trunks split open - overgrown with creepers, leaves brown, crisp, dry, dull New, rough  
barked growth twisting upward, sky patches, cawing, new green leaf growth and a nest in  
the crook.*

*Nature's power and intimacy*

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## Quotations and Poetry referenced by Richard Dealler

If I spent enough time with the tiniest creature – even a caterpillar, I would never have to prepare a sermon. So full of God is every creature. (Meister Eckhart)

Silence is like a cradle, holding our endeavours and our will. A silent spaciousness sustains us in our work and at the same time connects us to larger worlds that in the busyness of our daily struggle to achieve, we have not yet investigated. Silence is the soul's break for freedom. (David Whyte)

Your entire life journey ultimately consists of the step you are taking at this moment. There is always only this one step, so you give it your fullest attention. This doesn't mean you don't know where you are going, it just means this step is primary, the destination secondary. What you encounter at your destination once you get there depends on the quality of this one step. (Eckhart Tolle)

## "KEEPING QUIET" BY PABLO NERUDA

Now we will count to twelve  
and we will all keep still.

For once on the face of the earth,  
let's not speak in any language;  
let's stop for one second,  
and not move our arms so much.

It would be an exotic moment  
without rush, without engines;  
we would all be together  
in a sudden strangeness.

Fisherman in the cold sea  
would not harm whales  
and the man gathering salt  
would look at his hurt hands.

Those who prepare green wars,  
wars with gas, wars with fire,  
victories with no survivors,  
would put on clean clothes  
and walk about with their brothers  
in the shade, doing nothing.

What I want should not be confused  
with total inactivity.

Life is what it is about;  
I want no truck with death.

If we were not so single-minded  
about keeping our lives moving,  
and for once could do nothing,  
perhaps a huge silence  
might interrupt this sadness  
of never understanding ourselves  
and of threatening ourselves with death.  
Perhaps the earth can teach us  
as when everything seems dead  
and later proves to be alive.

Now I'll count up to twelve  
and you keep quiet and I will go.

“ Wherever you are is home  
And the earth is paradise.  
Wherever you set your feet is holy ground.  
You don't live off it like a parasite  
You live in it, and it in you.  
Or you don't survive.  
And that is the only worship of God there is.”  
(Wilfrid Peltier/ Ted Poole – North American Indian Tradition)

“Grant me the ability to be alone.  
May it be my custom to go outdoors each day.  
Among the trees and grasses  
Among all growing things  
And there may I be alone  
And enter into prayer  
To talk to the one  
That I belong to.”  
(Rabbi Nachman of Breslav – Hasidic Jewish Tradition)

Praying - *by Mary Oliver*

It doesn't have to be  
the blue iris, it could be  
weeds in a vacant lot, or a few  
small stones; just  
pay attention, then patch

a few words together and don't try  
to make them elaborate, this isn't  
a contest but the doorway

into thanks, and a silence in which  
another voice may speak.

*A hunting party  
Sometimes has a greater chance  
Of flushing love and God  
Out into the open  
Than a warrior  
All Alone*

(Hafez. Sufi poet. Persian Islamic Tradition)