

Our Sure Blossoming

Flower Communion

May 18, 2008

Some say it was Solomon, the son of King David, who first said, “There is nothing new under the sun.” He may have said it but I don’t believe it. Do you? I believe each day is new. And you and you and you, every single one of us is new. Maybe Solomon, who we’re told was very wise, didn’t really mean it. Maybe he was having a bad day. Maybe he was bored. Maybe he had just lost track of all the love and beauty, which surrounds us. It happens. Even the wisest people we know will sometimes forget what they know.

That’s why we come to church. We come to be reminded of some things that we know but too easily forget. For example, the wisest among us understand that the only thing that doesn’t change is change itself. Everything changes. Nothing lasts for long. But when we’re having a bad day it’s easy to forget and fall into imagining that that bad day will last forever. Or when we’re bored and it seems like nothing exciting will ever happen again we just shut down, harummp and then we’re not only bored but also, unhappy. The church helps us remember. That bad day won’t last forever. Joy is always right around the corner. And as for boredom...some of you already know what the Zen masters say about that. They say, “If you’re bored, do it again.”

That’s hard for kids to understand. It means, if you’re bored you must be missing something because everything and everyone is full of life and promise. Here is a favorite poem of mine. I’m sure many of you know it. It’s called, “A Blessing” and it was written by James Wright.

Just off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,
Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies
Darken with kindness.
They have come gladly out of the willows
To welcome my friend and me.
We step over the barbed wire into the pasture
Where they have been grazing all day, alone.
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their
 happiness
That we have come.
They bow shyly as wet swans. They love each other.
There is no loneliness like theirs.
At home once more,
They begin munching the young tufts of spring in the darkness.
I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,
For she has walked over to me
And nuzzled my left hand.
She is black and white,
Her mane falls wild on her forehead
And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear
That is delicate as the skin over a girls' wrist.
Suddenly I realize
That if I stepped out of my body, I would break
Into blossom.

He could have driven right on by. He could have let his bad mood get the better of him. He could have been too bored to bother. But he stopped. He and his friend pulled off the highway, parked and got out of the car. They heard beauty calling and something inside them said yes.

That's all the church really asks of us. Say yes. Say yes to every new day. Say yes to beauty within and among and beyond us. Say yes to the unfolding your own beauty. Don't be embarrassed. No false humility here. Looking out at you I see a world awash in color, harmonious and radiant. Don't tell me there's nothing new under the sun. Looking out at you I know it can't be true. For we, each and all are beautiful and worthy and on our way to a place we've heard about but never seen. Come on, I'll meet you there.

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