

Pastor Ann's Ponderings
A Lenten Reflection 2017

Drawn outward by sunshine warm and inviting,
I prepare my bicycle.
My bicycle, seemingly waiting on the cement floor of my garage,
For my arrival,
As if it too was awakened by some energy of life.
I pump up the tires,
Placing my feet on the base to hold the pump firmly to the floor,
While the muscles in my arms, back and legs work to push and pull the pump,
Air forced into rubber tubing until firm and ready for my weight.
Water bottle in place,
Necessary water from the earth to refresh and revitalize
When dry, weak and thirsty.
My feet in the pedals and my seat on the seat,
The wheels begin to roll,
From the cement floor of the garage, to the driveway, to the roadway
Solid beneath me,
Holding me and my bike firmly as I balance and ride.
This same ground supporting
Homes I pass by,
Cars and trucks passing by me,
Trees, squirrels and other animals,
All life seeming to smile on an unusually warm winter day in February.
Outside our cocoons we arise,
Cocoons of four walls,
Cocoons of winter coats and boots,
Cocoons of depression,
Cocoons of loneliness,
Cocoons
Like yolks upon us,
Holding us captive,
A straight-jacket, handcuffs, lies, failures and grief
Emerging once again,
We move in spirit dance
Led onward and outward by some unknown force.
As I ride, I see, I observe
The world around me.
All along the way the ground beneath me holds steady.

I turn on a road less traveled,
A long row of inviting pines to my right.
Pulling off, I walk my bike out the deep dropping side of the road's edge,
Kickstand my bike
Walking toward the pines.
Feeling the ground seeking a dry bed,
I sit
Feeling the sun on my face.
Laying back the leaves crunch under my weight,
But the earth beneath holds fast.
Held, I rest,
Planted, I breath,
Weighted by gravity,
Calmed by the warmth of the sun,
Centered in the spinning of earth and its rotation.
All unseen
Forces of air
Energy
Movement
The cosmos
Blue sky – no color name can describe it
Infinite
Beyond my knowing
Here
The particles of dust
Touch
Form the ground
The ground beneath
The ground of being
The ground of our being
On which we are held surrounded
Cocooned
In warmth
In loving embrace
In interior silence of space and time
This is from where we come and will come
Formed out of
Particle and water
Matter and energy
By the force of Love's way

It is here
In Love's way
As we are held
We rest
We linger
With all we are
All we have done
All we have left undone
All that has been done to us
The particles,
The tears
Matter
The energy of the Spirit
Using the beauty of
Black earth
Brown dust
White sand
As our ground
From which we birth forth
Dust to dust
Ashes to ashes
Earth to earth
Sand to sand
Rock to rock
We are ONE
You and I
We are dust
To dust we shall return
And from the dust we shall rise again.
In this Lenten season
It is here we linger
Long