

June 2021 Reflection

The Creator's Cathedral

Last Sunday morning I stepped into the Creator's cathedral, a place where all are recognized, all are welcome, and all are precious – where firm earth deeply roots the trees along with the grasses, the weeds, and the flowers. Every element of creation has its place. There is the breeze that blankets creation – swirling around then stopping to take a deep breath. The air, warm and fresh, allows its stillness to move over the land holding the songs of the birds, the staccato voices of dogs, the lobbing of a ball back and forth over a net, and dotted with the squeals and laughter of children. The depth of the Creator's love is richly displayed.

Dandelions dance in the breeze – the bright yellowed ones, the white topped ones, and the ones that are sowing the next crop of yellow. The ebb and flow of the leaves as the warm breeze ripples through their midst creates a soft swishing melody.

In a tree high above in an arc of safety a robin scurries to build the nesting spot – the male robin offering repeated mouths full of lovingly picked dried grasses. Safety for the soon-to-be family within a tree nestled away from the dangers on the ground. From another tree drops a fledgling robin eager to be nest-less; eager to soar like mom; eager for the independence of flapping wings, soon to be lifted on the breeze; soon to be free.

The intense brightness of the day moves as silently as the growth of nature, from the eastern to the western sky, lengthening and shortening shadows, from early dawn until dusk, then sharing with the other half of creation, before once again gracing us with its luminary presence.

These are the big participants in the field of creation.

Almost unnoticed until they become pesky are those little creatures that fly and crawl; the ones we don't appreciate – their hovering, their stinging, their presence around our food, their buzzing in our ears. But they are part of the Creator's litany of presence, song, and motion.

Noticed but unseen are the smells held on the breeze – the bacon tickling our tastebuds, the scent of the smoke from a campfire, the dustiness that permeates the dry air. All these are part of the camping experience; all are part of the Creator's cathedral; all are part of creation at its finest.

My mind begins to wander to (and wonder about) those tiny creatures that we all too often dismiss as pests. Each plays a role in the living out of the created order.

What do they see and feel and hear and sense? How do they perceive us?

Why do we as humans feel we have dominion over them.

Is it merely that we are bigger and hence survival of the fittest justifies our dominance?

Where does that feeling of dominance end?

How big does a creature have to become before we relinquish at least some of that dominance?

Jesus once said, "Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me." (Matthew 25:40)

I know that Jesus said this of the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick, and the imprisoned and all those excluded by society. But what if those words were applied to the whole of creation? Would we take better care of all the vulnerable aspects of creation itself? In Genesis, the Creator hands creation to the humans to lovingly tend and care for it as lovingly as the Creator did as creation was brought into being.

My time in the Creator's cathedral gave me time once again to drink in the beauty that surrounds me in the created order and find the Sunday morning liturgy moving in nature. In addition, it gave me pause to consider the smallest and most vulnerable aspects of this home called earth.

Thanks again for the gift of life that quenched my thirst (at least for the time being).

I close with a benediction that Cameron Trimble used in one of her recent emails.

May you live in this truth:

God beneath you

God in front of you

God behind you

God above you

God within you.

May this truth grant you peace.

Blessings,

Rev. Wanda