



Looking Out My Window

October 28, 2022

Some of you often request copies of quotes and poems shared on Sundays.

Below, you will find some of those from recent homilies.

Jerusalem Is Walking in This World

This is a great happiness.
The air is silk.
There is milk in the looks
That come from strangers.
I could not be happier
If I were bread and you could eat me.

Joy is dangerous.
It fills me with secrets.
"Yes" hisses in my veins.
The pains I take to hide myself
Are sheer as glass.
Surely this will pass--
The wind like kisses,
The music in the soup,
The group of trees laughing
As I say their names.

It is all hosannah.
It is all prayer.
Jerusalem is walking in this world.
Jerusalem is walking in this world.
[Julia Cameron, *The Right to Write*, (New York: Tarcher/Putnam, 1998), pp. 124-125.]

From "The Window of Vulnerability"

My skin
is a window of vulnerability
without moisture, without touching
I must die

We need light
so we can think
we need air
so we can breathe
we need a window
open toward heaven.
[Dorothee Soelle, *The Window of Vulnerability: A Political Spirituality*. trans. Linda M. Maloney (Minneapolis: Fortress, 1990), vii.]

Vachel Lindsay:

"If you should wake up with a dollar in your pocket, give it away before lunchtime, lest it turn you into spiritual garbage."

[cited by his son Nick in an article by Curtis Worthington, "The Soul of an Island Through poetry and carpentry, Nick Lindsay preserves the spirit of Edisto." *Sandpiper* Magazine, Summer 2010.]

From "In a Dark Time"

What's madness but nobility of soul
At odds with circumstance? The day's on fire!
I know the purity of pure despair,
My shadow pinned against a sweating wall.
That place among the rocks--is it a cave,
Or winding path? The edge is what I have.

[*The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke* (New York: Doubleday, 1966), p. 231.]

"Thus it was"

I am being driven forward
Into an unknown land.
The pass grows steeper,
The air colder and sharper.
A wind from my unknown goal
Stirs the strings
Of expectation.

Still the question:
Shall I ever get there?
There where life resounds,
A clear pure note
In the silence.

[Dag Hammarskjöld, *Markings*, trans. Leif Sjöberg and W. H. Auden, foreword, W. H. Auden (New York: Knopf, 1964), p. 5]

"A Little Prayer"

Let us be thankful, Lord, for little things -
The song of birds, the rapture of the rose;
Cloud-dappled skies, the laugh of limpid springs,
Drowned sunbeams and the perfume April blows;
Bronze wheat a-shimmer, purple shade of trees -

Let us be thankful, Lord of Life, for these!
Let us be praiseful, Sire, for simple sights; -

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The blue smoke curling from a fire of peat;
Keen stars a-frolicking on frosty nights,
Prismatic pigeons strutting in a street;
Daisies dew-diamonded in smiling sward -
For simple sights let us be praiseful, Lord!

Let us be grateful, God, for health serene,
The hope to do a kindly deed each day;
The faith of fellowship, a conscience clean,
The will to worship and the gift to pray;
For all of worth in us, of You a part,
Let us be grateful, God, with humble heart.

[Robert Service, cited in https://www.best-poems.net/robert_w_service/a_little_prayer.html]

God's peace,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "David+".

David W. Perkins+
Interim Rector