



Looking Out My Window
December 16, 2022

Last Sunday I quoted a poem by Mary Oliver, a Pulitzer-prize winning American poet with links to the transcendentalist movement. Mary identified with American transcendentalist poets and writers like Walt Whitman and Ralph Waldo Emerson. She attended the Episcopal church later in life. The poem I cited arose out of that experience. Many of you have requested that I share poetry cited in sermons. In response, I hope you find this poem of hers meaningful.

The Vast Ocean Begins Just Outside Our Church: The Eucharist

Something has happened
to the bread
and the wine.

They have been blessed.
What now?
The body leans forward

to receive the gift
from the priest's hand,
then the chalice.

They are something else now
from what they were
before this began.

I want
to see Jesus
maybe in the clouds

or on the shore,
just walking,
beautiful man

and clearly
someone else
besides.

On the hard days
I ask myself
if I ever will.

Also there are times
my body whispers to me
that I have.

Mary Oliver, *Thirst*, (Boston: Beacon, 2006), pp. 24-25

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God's peace,

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

David W. Perkins+
Interim Rector