



## VIA TRANSFORMATIVA 2023 SEEDS OF CELEBRATION

**March 26**  
**AWAKE to Earth**

**When I Am Among the Trees** by Mary Oliver

When I am among the trees,  
especially the willows and the honey locust,  
equally the beech, the oaks and the pines,  
they give off such hints of gladness.  
I would almost say that they save me, and daily.

I am so distant from the hope of myself,  
in which I have goodness, and discernment,  
and never hurry through the world  
but walk slowly, and bow often.

Around me the trees stir in their leaves and call out, "Stay awhile."  
The light flows from their branches.

And they call again, "It's simple," they say,  
"and you too have come  
into the world to do this, to go easy, to be filled  
with light, and to shine."

**Matthew 6:21, 25-26**

For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also. ... "Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothes? Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?"

**April 2**  
**AWAKE to Justice (Palm Sunday)**

**Jan Richardson**

There is a time for stillness, for waiting for Christ as he makes his dancing way toward us. And there is a time to be in motion, to set out on a path, knowing that although God is everywhere, and always with us, we sometimes need a journey in order to meet God—and ourselves—anew.

## **Matthew 21, selected**

When they neared Jerusalem, having arrived at Bethphage on Mount Olives, Jesus sent two disciples with these instructions: "Go over to the village across from you. You'll find a donkey tethered there, her colt with her. Untie her and bring them to me. If anyone asks what you're doing, say, 'The Master needs them!' He will send them with you." ...

The disciples went and did exactly what Jesus told them to do. They led the donkey and colt out, laid some of their clothes on them, and Jesus mounted. Nearly all the people in the crowd threw their garments down on the road, giving him a royal welcome. Others cut branches from the trees and threw them down as a welcome mat. Crowds went ahead and crowds followed, all of them calling out, "Hosanna to David's son!" "Blessed is he who comes in God's name!" "Hosanna in highest heaven!"

As he made his entrance into Jerusalem, the whole city was shaken. Unnerved, people were asking, "What's going on here? Who is this?"

The parade crowd answered, "This is the prophet Jesus, the one from Nazareth in Galilee."

*April 9*

*AWAKE to Life (Easter)*

**Jan Richardson:**

While it was still dark.  
While it was still night.  
While she could not see.  
While she thought death held sway.  
While she grieved.  
While she wept.  
While it was still dark, resurrection began.

**John 20: 1-18**

Early on the first day of the week, while it was still dark, Mary Magdalene came to the tomb and saw that the stone had been removed from the tomb. So she ran and went to Simon Peter and the other disciple, the one whom Jesus loved, and said to them, "They have taken the Lord out of the tomb, and we do not know where they have laid him." Then Peter and the other disciple set out and went toward the tomb. The two were running together, but the other disciple outran Peter and reached the tomb first. He bent down to look in and saw the linen wrappings lying there, but he did not go in. Then Simon Peter came, following him, and went into the tomb. He saw the linen wrappings lying there, and the cloth that had been on Jesus's head, not lying with the linen wrappings but rolled up in a place by itself. Then the other disciple, who reached the tomb first, also went in, and he saw and believed, for as yet they did not understand the scripture, that he must rise from the dead. Then the disciples returned to their homes.

But Mary stood weeping outside the tomb. As she wept, she bent over to look into the tomb, and she saw two angels in white sitting where the body of Jesus had been lying, one at the head and the other at

the feet. They said to her, “Woman, why are you weeping?” She said to them, “They have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid him.” When she had said this, she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, but she did not know that it was Jesus. Jesus said to her, “Woman, why are you weeping? Whom are you looking for?” Supposing him to be the gardener, she said to him, “Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away.” Jesus said to her, “Mary!” She turned and said to him in Hebrew, “Rabbouni!” (which means Teacher). Jesus said to her, “Do not touch me, because I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to my brothers and say to them, ‘I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.’” Mary Magdalene went and announced to the disciples, “I have seen the Lord,” and she told them that he had said these things to her.

*April 16*

*AWAKE to Faith*

### **The Avowal by Denise Levertov**

As swimmers dare  
to lie face to the sky  
and water bears them,  
as hawks rest upon air  
and air sustains them,  
so would I learn to attain  
free fall, and float  
into Creator Spirit’s deep embrace,  
knowing no effort earns  
that all-surrounding grace.

### **Acts 10: 34-36:**

Peter fairly exploded with his good news: “It’s God’s own truth, nothing could be plainer: God plays no favorites! It makes no difference who you are or where you’re from—if you want God and are ready to do as he says, the door is open. The Message he sent to the children of Israel—that through Jesus Christ everything is being put together again—well, he’s doing it everywhere, among everyone.”

*April 23*

*AWAKE to Sacred Activism*

### **The Buddha’s Last Instruction by Mary Oliver**

“Make of yourself a light,”  
Said the Buddha before he died.  
I think of this every morning  
As the East begins to tear off its many clouds  
Of darkness, to send up the first  
Signal – a white fan  
Streaked with pink and violet,  
Even green.  
An old man, he lay down  
Between two sala trees,

And he might have said anything  
Knowing it was his final hour.  
The light burns upward,  
It thickens and settles over the fields.  
Around him, the villagers gathered and  
Stretched forth to listen.  
Even before the sun itself  
Hangs, disattached in the blue air,  
I am touched everywhere  
By its ocean of yellow waves.  
No doubt he thought of everything  
That had happened in his difficult life.  
And then I feel the sun itself  
As it blazes over the hills,  
Like a million flowers on fire –  
Clearly I'm not needed,  
Yet I feel myself turning  
Into something of inexplicable value .  
Slowly, beneath the branches  
He raised his head.  
He looked into the faces of that frightened crowd.

#### **Matthew 25:35-40**

... for I was hungry and you gave me food; I was thirsty and you gave me drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; I was naked and you clothed me; I was sick and you visited me; I was in prison and you came to me.' Then the righteous will answer Christ, saying, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you drink? When did we see you a stranger and take you in, or naked and clothe you? Or when did we see you sick, or in prison, and come to you?' And the Master will answer and say to them, 'Assuredly, I say to you, inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me.'

*April 30*

*AWAKE to Courage*

#### **When Death Comes** by Mary Oliver

When death comes  
like the hungry bear in autumn;  
when death comes and takes all the bright coins from his purse  
to buy me, and snaps the purse shut;  
when death comes  
like the measles-pox  
when death comes  
like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,  
I want to step through the door full of curiosity, wondering:  
what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?

And therefore I look upon everything  
as a brotherhood and a sisterhood,  
and I look upon time as no more than an idea,  
and I consider eternity as another possibility,  
and I think of each life as a flower, as common  
as a field daisy, and as singular,  
and each name a comfortable music in the mouth,  
tending, as all music does, toward silence,  
and each body a lion of courage, and something  
precious to the earth.

When it's over, I want to say all my life  
I was a bride married to amazement.  
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.

When it's over, I don't want to wonder  
if I have made of my life something particular, and real.

I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,  
or full of argument.

I don't want to end up simply having visited this world.

*May 7*

*AWAKE to Your Living Temple*

*May 14*

*AWAKE to Mercy*

**Julian of Norwich:**

As truly as God is our Father,  
So just as truly is God our Mother.

In our Father, God Almighty,  
We have our being;  
In our merciful Mother  
We are re-made and restored.

Our fragmented lives are knit together;  
And by giving and yielding ourselves  
Through grace, to the holy spirit  
We are made whole.

It is I, the strength and goodness of Fatherhood.  
It is I, the wisdom of Motherhood.  
It is I, the light and grace of holy love.  
It is I, the Trinity, it is I, the unity.

I am the sovereign goodness in all things.  
It is I who teach you to love.  
It is I who teach you to desire.  
It is I who am the reward of all true desiring.

All shall be well,  
And all shall be well,  
And all manner of thing shall be well.  
Amen.

**May 21**  
***AWAKE to Generosity***

**Just a Little Difference** by Edwina Gateley

Ah — a resting place,  
where we come to understand  
it is not required of us  
to wrestle constantly and passionately  
with our God —  
nor pursue relentlessly  
all God's decrees as we understand them,  
but only that we listen and wonder  
and hope and pray,  
that we might, perhaps,  
make just a little difference,  
one quiet grey day.

**Galatians 5:22-23, 25**

... the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, generosity, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control. There is no law against such things. If we live by the Spirit, let us also be guided by the Spirit.

**May 28**  
***AWAKE to Spirit (Pentecost)***

**Rabindranath Tagore**

Thou has made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptyest again and again,  
and fillest it ever with fresh life.  
This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales,  
and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new.  
At the immortal touch of they hands my little heart loses its limits in joy  
and gives birth to utterance ineffable.  
They infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of mine.  
Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill.

### **Acts 2:1-11**

When the day of Pentecost came, they were all together in one place. Suddenly a sound like the blowing of a violent wind came from heaven and filled the whole house where they were sitting. They saw what seemed to be tongues of fire that separated and came to rest on each of them. All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit enabled them.

Now there were staying in Jerusalem God-fearing Jews from every nation under heaven. When they heard this sound, a crowd came together in bewilderment, because each one heard their own language being spoken. Utterly amazed, they asked: "Aren't all these who are speaking Galileans? Then how is it that each of us hears them in our native language? Parthians, Medes and Elamites; residents of Mesopotamia, Judea and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Libya near Cyrene; visitors from Rome (both Jews and converts to Judaism); Cretans and Arabs—we hear them declaring the wonders of God in our own tongues!"

### *June 4*

#### *AWAKE to Peace*

### **Psalm 23**

Holy One, you are my shepherd, I want nothing more.  
You let me lie down in green meadows;  
You lead me beside restful waters: you refresh my soul.  
You guide me to lush pastures, for the sake of your Name.  
Even if I'm surrounded by shadows of Death,  
I fear no danger, for you are with me.  
Your rod and your staff, they give me courage.  
You spread a table for me in the presence of my enemies,  
And you anoint my head with oil, my cup overflows!  
Only goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life,  
And I will dwell in your house, God, for days without end.

### *June 11*

#### *AWAKE to Hope*

### **God Speaks to Each of Us by Ranier Marie Rilke**

God speaks to each of us as he makes us,  
Then walks with us silently out of the night.

These are the words we dimly hear:

You, sent out beyond your recall,  
Go to the limits of your longing.  
Embody me.

Flare up like flame  
And make big shadows I can move in.

Let everything happen to you: beauty and terror.

Just keep going. No feeling is final.  
Don't let yourself lose me.

Nearby is the county they call life.  
You will know it by its seriousness.

Give me your hand.

**The Real Work** by Wendell Berry

It may be that when we no longer know what to do  
we have come to our real work,

and that when we no longer know which way to go  
we have come to our real journey.

The mind that is not baffled is not employed.

The impeded stream is the one that sings.

*June 18*

*AWAKE to Compassion*