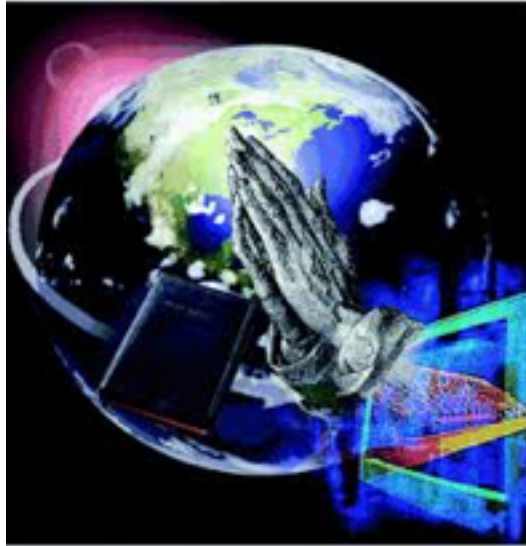


Wednesday, April 10



Message From Reclaiming Earth Committee

Lent is a time of reflection and contemplation. In that spirit, I share the following poem.

Silence

The occasional bleat of a sheep,
bang of a bell,
a snatch of song by a villager harvesting her field
are all that one can hear.

Otherwise, silence.

Silence, like an infinity view down the spreading valley.
Silence, like the clouds gathering momentarily above it.
Silence, like the sandy gullies that turn into boiling torrents
when the heavy rains eventually come.
Silence, like the narrow lane curling around one mountain's base then the next.
Silence, like the wildflowers subtly swaying to the touch of an unseen breeze.
Silence, golden like the sun now beginning to flood the landscape
with warmth, bringing life wherever it goes.
Silence, in solitude, brings one great solace atop the altar of the earth.

Peter Gold, "Earth and All the Stars" (Pg 29)

