

May 04

Summer comes not only to our hemisphere but also to our hearts. Countdowns begin toward the last day of school. Vacations are planned. Cottages are de-wintered and readied for a new summer of memories at the lake. It is the season of slower motion when we are released from the routines that claim us from September to June.

Just when we think the world will be brown forever, it clothes itself in a million shades of green. Just when we think flowers are born in vases, our lawn is carpeted with the yellow of dandelions. Just when our ears have adjusted to the hush of winter, we awaken again to the chorus of songbirds. It is the season that never fails to take me by surprise.

Summer is a season of the soul, too. It is the season when our hearts bend toward wonder. It is the season in which we answer the call to walk barefoot: to know our landscapes intimately, to feel the holiness of the ground beneath us, the ground which gives us being, the ground of our very being. It is the season when we are exposed to the wind without protection, feeling its gentle strength as divine breath refreshing earth's atmosphere and reawakening our awe. It is the season when rain replenishes earth's moisture and refreshes our spirits. It is the season when we recognize our movement around our great earth star. In our tilt toward its radiance our awe for the balance of being is renewed ... if we were any closer or any further from the sun, the conditions for life, as we know it, would not exist.

It is to the wintered state of the soul that the Psalmist offers the great wisdom: "Be still and know that I am God." (Psalm 46:10) Sound and motion fill our days and nights. But our spirits need stillness for sustenance. According to the Psalmist, where stillness is, God is. Where stillness is, God waits to be known. Summer in our hemisphere is an opportunity for summer in our souls. May this season open spaces for your spirit to feast in stillness. May you be still and come to know your God. May your summer be a blessed one!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Nancy Steeves'. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial 'N' and a long, sweeping underline.

Nancy Steeves