

Reflection Saturday Week 32 – 2021

Let us pray that, as in the book of Wisdom (18) the Lord came down to earth, that the Lord comes again: *to keep your children from all harm, the whole creation, obedient to your commands, was once more, and newly, fashioned in its nature. Overshadowing the camp there was the cloud, where water had been, dry land was seen to rise, the Red Sea became an unimpeded way, the tempestuous flood a green plain.* Let this be our prayer in the days ahead but also show in our efforts to live more simply and more sustainably, our deep desire for creation to be renewed. Jesus encourages us to pray and not to lose heart. Let's do that!!

"Futility" is a poem by Wilfred Owen, a British soldier during World War I. Written in 1918, the poem elegizes an unnamed soldier lying dead in the snow in France

*Move him into the sun—
gently its touch awoke him once,
at home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
the kind old sun will know.*

*Think how it wakes the seeds—
woke once the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides
full-nerved, still warm, too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
to break earth's sleep at all?
Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord!*