

Prayers, Poems, & Reflections to know a Weeping Place





For the creatures and places that
have let me call them home and
shared their home with me,





Order

Fallen Nuts
Knowing Cows
Stormy Skies
Grandmother Tree
Dirty Dust
Forgotten Fields
Heavy Blooms





fallen nuts

Nuts are hard to crack — Pecans especially.

Their initial outer layer gives way to a harder, unpeelable layer which requires firm pressure to crack.

And, even after all of that, you still have to pick the shell out of the meat...

Pecans are such chore. To harvest them, they have to fall on the ground and be picked up - but if they fall too soon then they won't be ripe, and if you leave them on the ground too long they go bad.

I suppose this is why there is money — albeit very little compared to what they charge in the grocery stores — to be had in growing them, for those who are willing to wait and work hard to birth something as luscious as this particular nut.

It is the slow pace of Pecan harvesting that raised me. A small town with many an old Pecan tree and a patient person, the kind of person who takes the time to look up at trees, and down at the ground, and care about the fallen nuts...This is the Earthen attention that we have called “backwards” and forgotten.

knowing cows

Before the rain comes, the Cows gather together.
Before the rain comes, the Cows turn their backs.
Before the rain comes, the Cows stand in solidarity.

Through the storm, they lie down —
preserving a safe space for themselves and one another.
The Cows know one another and they know the Earth.
They heed her cries as a call for their herd to hold tight,
to sit and wait,
to contemplate and congregate.
The Cows know.
They know something we have forgotten.



stormy skies



Stormy Skies, stormy Skies —looking so ominous outside.
A thunderstorm to cool the heat, or to raise the humidity?
A shower to bring flowers, or to ring in the twisters?
A brief midday-rain, or a dayslong hurricane?
Every year, more and more, it is the later that we see.
Destruction and suffering brought in with a pitter-patter
and a breeze.

Homes destroyed and beings lost,
Trees uprooted and crops unearthed,
Lives and livelihoods thrown into chaos.
But don't worry - there isn't much there,
just some small communities who don't do much
economically —

Oh, and some farms and forests.
What do we need with such minute things?

grandmother tree



I used to sit under this Tree in the little seat she has ferns growing out the side of. I'd lean against her, resting in her embrace. I'd tell her about my day, my secrets, and the things I couldn't say to my own grandmothers. I would close my eyes and wait for her to respond. To offer me guidance, to reassure me, to pass on some sort of wisdom as someone who had witnessed the world before me. And she would. She speaks as someone who had dwelt in our home long before me, and has continued after me. She talks with a rootedness that so few of us know in today's transient world. She offers a model for loving a place well, and being willing to let that place love you back too.

dirty dust

Father,

Mother,

Holy Other,

You formed us from the Dust of the Earth. You spoke this world into existence and molded us from the clay. You called us “good” and have designated space as “holy ground.” It has been said that if we did not speak, “the stones would shout out.” The stones made of Dust, packed tightly together, just as we are made of Dust packed tightly together. In the dirty dirty Dust, the Dust we play in as children before so often forsaking it as adults, you found and imbued within it creativity, holiness, and life. Today, as the Earth cries out not in awe of your glory, but for your glory to be shown in the wake of our desecration and desertion of the Dust from



which we came and to which we shall return, may we find within ourselves the ability to listen to the dirty Dust which we have for so long written off. For the Dust, in all its perceived dirtiness, is our sibling in Christ, a co-sharer and creator in the harvest of living.

Amen



forgotten fields

Farmer God,

You remember the Fields long forgotten. The Fields that were once filled with such abundance, whose soil was tended and turned so thoughtfully by those who loved and sought to live on and with her. You know the pain of the Field and her caretakers, the one's who's lives and livelihoods were exploited by corporations looking to maximize their own profits and not to love her, or those who knew her, well. While they may have long forgotten her and those she mothered, you have not.

Amen

heavy blooms

Abundance is seen as scarce in our world, but the blooming Azaleas don't know that.

They never do.


They show up in full-force year after year.

In the aftermath of sweltering heat, destructive storms, and surprisingly snowy winters, they bloom — embodying resiliency and tenacity.


They do not seem to know a world in which they cannot exist fully, a world in which their blessed blooms are not heavy with possibility.

May we create a world like the one the Azaleas know, wherein we can all flourish fully and live life abundantly.





This project was inspired by my thoughts and learnings over the last several years of taking FEJ classes, the many years I spent living in rural Florida, and the harsh realities I have witnessed that land and the beings who inhabit that land experience throughout my life, but particularly in the past few years of environmental crisis. Special thanks to the beings and living Earth that posed so beautifully for these photographs and to Canva for this template/editing software.





Amen.