



## The waterfall

Rain falls on hills, and slowly gathering momentum , makes its way downwards.

Grass

Bracken

Moss

Peat

Pebbles

Stones

Rocks

Nothing stops the water falling ever downwards towards the sea.

We are unaware,

until in a moment of hiatus,

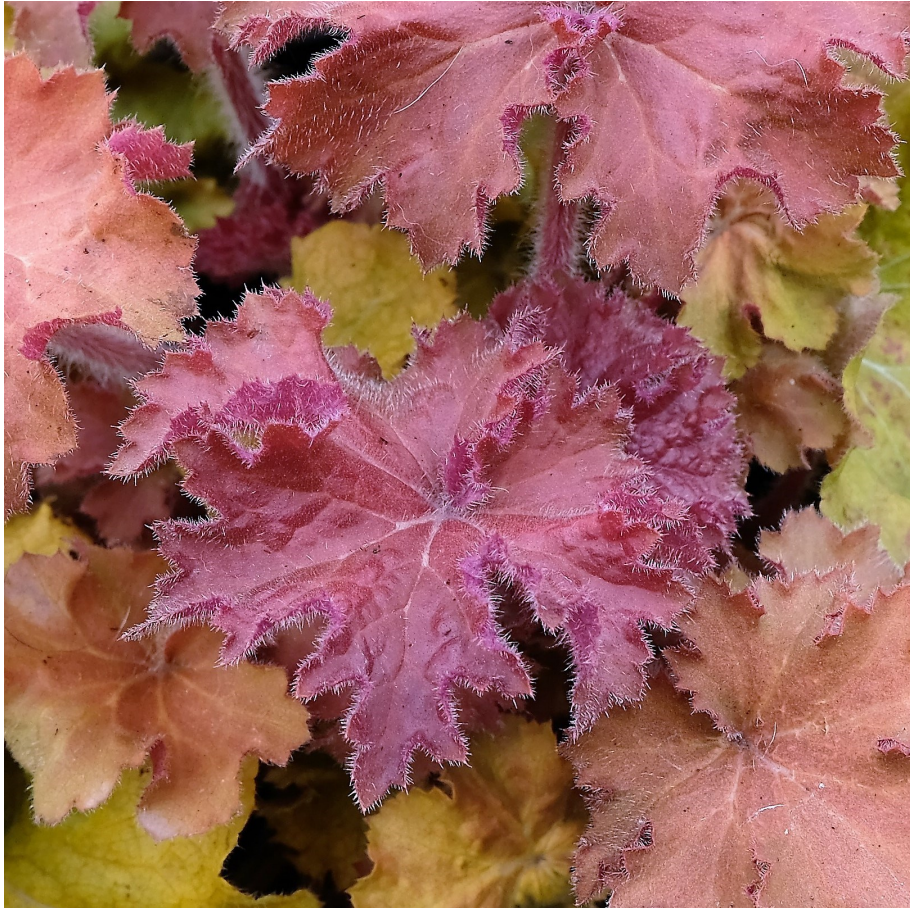
it bursts from its hiding place to cascade downwards over a precipice.

The water falls and we are reminded of the perpetual journey from land to sea.

We journey also, from me to we, from singularity to unity,

Tumbling over obstacles, sliding smoothly through pastures, and ready to fall to reach new ground in our journey to know and be one with creation, with the source of all being, God.





### **Water is life**

Rich velvet foliage, plump with water, vibrant colours reflecting the light, and the life, small hairs, almost invisible a sign of health.

Without water, plants die.

Their colour fades, they shrivel, wilting until they can live no more.

Life depends on water, we are water, and without water we cannot live.

The planet needs water, creation needs water.

Our gardens, whether for beauty or produce, are a place of life, a microcosm of creation and without water they die.

As we continue to threaten the balance of creation through pollution in all its forms, why do we then wonder when the weather and the seasons change?

We are the problem and we are the solution.

Our lives, and those of future generations, are in our hands.



### Estuary wetlands

Around our coasts between land and sea we witness the wetlands. Home to a multitude of life, both large and small, crawling, swimming, wading, flying and plodding. Seasonal visitors from far off lands and the regulars there all year round.

They are a place of peace, a place of refuge, a resting place on a journey.

We are visitors, invited to share in this place of peace, this place of life in all its varieties.

To sit, hidden from view, watching patiently as life unfolds, is to be at one with creation. The rhythm of life is soothing as we watch the wading, the swimming, and the flying, we become one and our hearts beat to the pace of peace.

A sudden arrival, a sudden glimpse of a rare visitor lifts our souls and our heartbeat, as we experience a moment of unexpected privilege, as we witness something out of the ordinary.

We are reminded that creation is one and we are part of creation, part of the rich tapestry of life.

Let our hearts beat to the rhythm of life, slow or fast, as we treasure creation.





## Flowers of the harvest

Flowers are everywhere, wild, weeds, sown and nurtured.

The suppliers of food and the forerunners of produce, flowers abound around.

Without flowers there are no crops, without bees and insects there are no crops.

The success of the harvest is a team event and we are just one player.

Creation provides the theatre for food.

The garden teems with life, a perfect balance of nature when we give it time.

Why then do we rush to protect plants when nature will do the job.

Why do we rush to spray chemicals that pollute and kill,  
disrupting the balance that provides so much life.

We are called to share this planet, to live in harmony with creation.

We are one player amongst many

and the love of God is witness to the value of all creation.

Creation is good.

The harvest of flowers is food,

we take what we need and leave the rest to be food for others.

The seeds of life to feed creation through the seasons.

There is beauty all around and the harmony of creation is the harmony of life.



### **The damselfly**

Above the water, on the water, in the water,  
life in so many shades and hues, life in so many varieties.

The sun glistens on the pool, diamonds of light lifting our hearts.  
The sun warms the air,  
and life which is dormant responds  
and all around is the quiet hum of life emerging.

At the edge of the pool,  
amidst the plants resplendent in their shades of green,  
play the damselflies, themselves a myriad of colours.  
They flit and fly, they land and hover, they shine,  
catching our eye and drawing us into their play.  
Fragile and fleeting, they live for just a week or two  
but in that time they fly free, mate and life continues.

When we feel weighed down, our wings become furled  
and we forget how to fly let us reflect on nature,  
sitting still and letting our hearts emerge from their cocoon of care.  
Let nature inspire, nourish and prompt a different approach,  
a simple approach.

We are one with creation and though our days are unknown  
may we use each day to spread the love that is God,  
and may we sparkle with light to lift the hearts of those we meet.





## **Nature resplendent**

Is it just a year ago that August was a riot of colour, every bush ablaze with flowers.

Now bushes are ablaze in different ways as across lands, near and far,  
nature is threatened, lives and livelihoods lost,  
and swathes of forest lie no more than skeletons in the dust.

Elijah dreamt of life restored, of bones being fleshed and life returning,  
and nature will recover, for now ,  
but our ways threaten nature, threaten life.

The climate is changing and we experience more heat and less rain,  
more drought and weaker harvests,  
and the splendour of creation is a victim of our ways.

If we are to dream Elijah's dream then we must change our ways, you and me, now.  
We cannot keep blaming others and expecting others to change if we do not change,  
such action mirrors the injustice we shout against.

If we are to live and our planet is to sustain that life we must change our ways.

We complain , we debate, we discuss, we fear  
but nothing changes except the planet's chances,  
and with them our descendants chances of life as we know it.

Nature resplendent a sign of the Kingdom.

Nature distressed a sign of our weakness.

Let us hold onto the dream

and be strong in our resolve to work together for the kingdom.