

April 2, 2020

Here are a few moments of meditation from our neighborhood.



One of two Mallard pairs in the ponds next to Colonial Drive. Doing their Spring thing.

Turn your sound up to hear a few pond moments with the birds

I know this is repeating what I have told you before but this is always a good one. This is one of my favorite poems for times like these:

The Peace of Wild Things by Poet Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me and I wake in the night at the slightest sound, in fear of what my life and my children's life may be.

I go and lie down where the wood drake rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things who do not tax their lives with forethought of grief.

I come into the presence of still water. And I feel above me the day-blind stars waiting with their light.

For a time I rest in the grace of the world. And am free.



I have named this photo “Going with the Flow”. I hope you too can get out in our neighborhood and enjoy your “moments of meditation” through the beauty of nature this week.