

[At Family Camp 2008, in a session on spiritual sharing and development, participants were asked to choose an object from the selection of natural items that had been brought in from out-of-doors, spend some time with it, and see what it had to say to us. I chose an uprooted stalk of Queen Anne's Lace.]

What the Queen Anne's Lace Told Me

by Beverly Shepard

"I was alive not long ago. I could live still, if I were returned to the earth in the proper order - my roots covered and protected, my blooms in the air and light. These blooms might fade without achieving their destiny - to produce seeds of the next generation - but I could live as a plant capable of more blooms, with yet another promise, one to be fulfilled. The death of these few blooms, in the end, would not be significant. My life would continue.

"But this is unlikely. More likely is that I will die here, my roots dried beyond hope of revival, my stems limp, my blossoms faded and shattered. This, too, would not be significant. Near where I grew in the ground are many other plants of Queen Anne's Lace. Not far away is another patch of plants like me. Strewn over the fields are many such patches. We add brightness to the slopes and finery to the roadsides. In our season we produce innumerable seeds, each one capable, if not thwarted, of producing another plant like me.

"And so goes the world. One day, the sort of plant known as Queen Anne's Lace may be gone - all my people perished. There will be other plants to take our place, other finery to bedeck the fields and forests. We are all of the same spirit. The death of Queen Anne's lace would not, in the end, be significant.

"And the person who pulled me from the earth, and those around her, and all her kind, generation on generation - all may some day be gone, no one of their kind remaining to view whatever flowers may be blooming. Other creatures will live, or come to be, all of the same spirit. The end of any one would not be significant. The spirit is eternal, and will endure in all things that are.

"As for my own life, ever lessening, we shall see..."

*Beverly Shepard
Hamilton Monthly Meeting*



*Queen Anne's Lace. Photo by Roger Davies
Halifax Monthly Meeting*

Layers Of Silence

by Reta Hatfield

What do you hear in the silence
What do you hear my friend
Do you hear the birds singing
Or maybe the patter of rain
Do you hear the bark of a dog
Or the drone of a nearby plane

What do you hear in the silence
What do you hear my friend
Do you hear the voices of children
Or the buzz of a bee or fly
Do you hear the pain of a neighbor
Or maybe a little child's cry

What do you hear in the silence
What do you hear my friend
Do you hear joy and laughter
That brings peace of mind
Do you hear the voice of a brother
Or maybe the voice of mankind

What do you hear in the silence
What do you hear my friend
Down in the depth of your being
Down where your core is lit
God playing the harp strings of the soul
Bringing music to your spirit

*Reta Hatfield,
New Brunswick Monthly Meeting*