

Grinding Time

By Derek Evans

*These January days grow longer, but the cold is not yet spent.
Some say we will remember our past seasons as “the pre-war years”,
“the decade of delusion”.*

*No comforting horizon embraces these days.
These days of gloom are numbered, not named: “post-911”.
Limitless, the globalized frontier binds.*

*This is a grinding time.
Of tragedy and desperation and cold endless fear.
The weight of helplessness, the silence of shame.*

*At the northern tip of our lonely valley a family decides:
the burden of love and disability is simply and finally too much.
Holding hands, they loose their grip on life.*

*Ancient memories rage in sacred lands.
Differences define distinctions; distinctions prevail. Children are
destroyed.
Enemies are executed in their sleep. We are told we are safer.*

*And those who know the sharp scent of hatred
Choose shelters of sulphur and disease astride the volcano
rather than be refugees again in a neighbour’s land.*

*This is a grinding time. A new form struggles from the meal;
Like a secret prize, it will not be discerned or predicted.
Perhaps we will recognize it in birth, as it arrives, crowning.*

*We crane our necks in expectation.
Over heads and around corners we strain for a glimpse. Bound
together,
We hope and pray, and try to keep each other warm.*

*Derek Evans has been an attender for most of his adult life, and is currently residing in
Naramata, British Columbia.*

*The deep love
of God that
surrounds
us and holds us will
never end; we need to
live ever more deeply
into that unfailing
love, as the drought-
stricken trees send
their roots down to
drink from the deep
water that does not
fail.*

*To live in that life
and power that takes
away the occasion of
wars.*

*And to turn our
attention toward the
roots of wars -- in
our hearts and lives,
and in the violent
culture of greed, fear,
injustice, and deso-
lation that this war
grows in. When the
living Light shows
us the broad spread
of the corruption, it
also gives us the wis-
dom, hope, will, and
power to change our
lives. That work does
not end.*

*— Rachel Findley, daughter
of Tom Findley, is a member
of Strawberry Creek Monthly
Meeting in California.*