



Voices

Newsletter of EMMANUEL CHURCH in the City of Boston

SUMMER 2013

Drinking from Miriam's Well



Baruch atah adonai elohenu melech haolam hatov vehamativ: blessed are you, o holy one our god, sovereign of the universe; the good and the source of good.

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Cover credit: "Drinking from Miriam's Well" title and artwork by Pam Wertz.

From the Editor

As I sit writing on this hot, hot day, it's pleasant to contemplate drinking from Miriam's well. Many legends (and fewer Biblical references) describe two women who share the same name. According to Hebrew legends, when Miriam the Prophet sang, water would spring forth from rocks in the desert to bring refreshment and clarity and to make soft grasses and herbs grow. The other Miriam, Miriam of Migdal, also called Mary Magdalen, is said to be a wealthy supporter of Jesus, wife of Jesus, one of the Marys at the foot of the cross, and companion to Mary the mother of Jesus. Thanks to a generous grant from the Lilly Endowment, Pam travelled to Iona, Ephesus, Southern France, and Israel in search of the Miriams. Meanwhile, those of us at 15 Newbury also found many sources of refreshment. Aided by the inspiration of our priest and artist in residence, Susan Ackley, we gained an inside view of composition at a seminar with John Harbison and four Emmanuel composers, joined with faculty and students of Lesley University to transform Lindsey Chapel into a neighborhood art studio, painted with liquid watercolors and assembled a collage of Miriam's Well, and created and



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performed a puppet version of the medieval Digby Play of Mary Magdalen.

In this issue of Voices, we focus on creativity. Susan's advice to Pam for her sabbatical was to do something creative every day. Pam's piece Image and Pilgrimage reveals the insights and joy she found following that advice. Jill Silverstein describes the Miriam Seder, which Central Reform Temple celebrated in April, featuring stories of Miriam and other strong women, historic and contemporary. Also in April, Joy Howard wrote a blog post called "Be Love", a beautiful response in the aftermath of the Marathon tragedy. We include a version that she edited for this issue. She asks if we're with her, and I am. Jaylyn Olivo muses on Pam's trip and the concurrent journey we found at Emmanuel.

Gail Abbey reports on the exciting progress of the "Together Now" campaign, while Frank Bunn contributes a piece about the event we called "When Words Are Not Enough", the art experience provided as part of our continuing collaboration with Lesley University. Carolyn Roosevelt reviews *Speaking of Faith* by Krista Tippett, the host of the public radio program by the same name. She'll convince you to read the book and listen to the radio.

In keeping with the theme, we include "Fresh Pond", a poem by Ivanna Yi. Tom Barber offers a poem based upon the Prayer Book collects. There is a refreshing perspective in these very personal prayers. Even though the title is "Collects for Me", he generously shares them with us all.

Be refreshed. Be restored. Be Love.
☪ Margo



“A Miriam Seder”

As Pam went in search of Miriam's legacy, the Central Reform Temple Seder featured the Miriam story in 'solidarity' with her. It was called "A Miriam Seder: Remembering and Celebrating the Heroines of Passover". The familiar rituals of the Seder service were there, but they were infused with the voices of our forefathers AND our foremothers. The presence of many Emmanuel Church members celebrating with us filled the evening with the beauty of sharing with our interfaith 'family'.

The texts that Rabbi Berman chose highlighted the quiet role that women past (and present) often play in the background of so many of our family celebrations. Six women from CRT read meaningful passages from contemporary and ancient texts. The focus was on Miriam's Cup, filled with water rather than wine. "These are living waters, God's gift to Miriam, which gave new life to our people as we struggled with ourselves in the wilderness".

Water is the source of life. The juxtaposition of Elijah's Cup, a symbol of future universal redemption, and Miriam's Cup, a symbol of hope and renewal in each of our lives today, provides us with the reminder that there is the need for both in our daily round.

And, of course, because it was Miriam...We sang!!!

– Jill Silverstein

On page 2: On May 26, The Digby Play of Mary Magdalen was presented through puppets, amazing scenery, and props. To the delight of the audience, a "merry ship" carries Mary Magdalen to the Land of Marcyll. Photo by Matt Griffing. *At left:* Nancy Granert with her prayer flag at the "When Words Are Not Enough" session on May 11. Photo by Michael Scanlon

Be Love

Last September, after more than a year of working with a committee to plan and write a grant application, Pam received a big fat grant for her sabbatical, which enabled her to do a lot of travelling this spring. On the morning of April 15, I dropped Pam off at the airport for a month of journeying through Israel, Turkey, and Provence.

When I arrived at my office around mid-day after leaving her at the airport, the neighborhood was abuzz with typical Boston Marathon activities. My building is two blocks from the finish line for the race. My hospital sponsors a team of more than 60 runners every year and this year two people from my office were running. Our events team is heavily involved in making sure that all our runners are well cared for, before, during, and after the race. Many people from my office stroll down near the finish line to cheer for runners throughout the day.

Well, unless you live under a rock, you know that shortly before 3 pm on April 15, two bombs went off about 50-100 yards apart near the finish line for the marathon. In our 9th floor offices, two blocks away, we heard the two loud explosions, and our building shuddered with each one. As we gathered at the windows to look for smoke from our 9th floor vantage point, what we saw instead were waves of people running in panic away from Boylston Street. It seemed to take forever for the sirens to start, but once they did, it seemed like they never stopped. By the end of the workday, the street in front of my building was locked down to cars and pedestrians, and we were directed to leave via the basement, finding ourselves in the alley behind the building.

All my co-workers were accounted for. The two who were running both checked in safe. Safety. Be safe. All over the book of faces, people were telling each other to be safe. The most persistent thing I was struck by was the question I heard repeatedly on the radio as I drove home on the Mass Pike, which had so little traffic on it at 5:30 pm that it looked more like it was a Saturday morning: "Will we ever feel safe again?" I found myself wondering: What does "be safe" even mean?

Safety is one of those things that is so subjective, I tend to think that it's beyond my control. I mean, a year and a half ago, I was sitting at a red light at Comm Ave and St. Paul Street, minding my own business, and another driver rammed into my car with such force, going so fast, that his car went airborne over mine and landed on its side in front of my car. I was unhurt, but my car (that is, Pam's car) was totaled. It was yet another reminder, in a world that teems with them, that even when we think we're being completely and totally safe, we are at risk.

Pam is much more sensible about safety issues. Before she left that April morning, we reviewed the two big things I'm never



Back Bay residents and volunteers from Emmanuel and Lesley University walked from Lindsey Chapel to the Marathon Memorial. See the story on page 10. Photo by Michael Scanlon

allowed to do when I'm home alone: get up on a ladder and get on the roof. It wouldn't otherwise occur to me to avoid those things just because I'm home alone. This is just one of the many aspects of our relationship in which we complete each other. For all I know, it's why I'm still alive.

"Be safe." People tell each other that all the time. And even though I don't get on ladders or roofs when I'm home alone, I'll confess that "be safe" doesn't fit as a watchword for me. It's not that I want to endanger myself needlessly. But the bombings on Marathon Monday were yet another reminder that you can be doing everything right to be safe and end up cut down by senseless violence and mayhem.

So I think I'd rather Be Love than Be Safe. Be Love is what I want to live by, if for no other reason than the simple fact that it's a charge I can be completely responsible for, right down to the last breath that I take, regardless of when or how I take it. My ultimate goal is to evolve to the point of choosing to Be Love over every other possible option, at every point of every day. I don't know exactly what that will look like, or how long it will take me to get there, but I'm pretty sure I need to be in much better shape.

Be Love out there, people. Be Love. Who's with me?

— Joy Howard

Read more entries from Joy's blog, *The Crooked Line*:
<http://joyhowie.wordpress.com>



Above at left: Susan Ackley and Susanne George maneuver the larger (nearer) Mary Magdalene puppet to the place where the angel Rafael appears, instructing her to travel to Marcyll and convert the king. *Right:* the smaller (distant) Mary Magdalene puppet approaches the king. Photos by Matt Griffing

Musings on Travel

It seems only a moment ago I was thinking about Pam's upcoming sabbatical and how we were going to get through it and whether the spirit of Emmanuel would sag in her absence and who could possibly preach as well as she does and on and on and on. And then we received the gift of Susan Ackley, and in spite of missing PLW sorely, our spirits did the opposite of sagging, what with challenges to build puppets and produce a play and create music for Miriam/Magdalene and just carry on in good Emmanuel style. So Pam's reappearance a few short weeks ago, refreshed from her travels, energized and engaged by where she'd been and what she'd seen/heard/done, was joy piled on joy, gift upon gift. What I knew about Mary of Migdala was not much more than I'd been taught in Sunday school. The emphasis was not on Mary's discipleship or her support of Jesus in his ministry and travels or her intelligence or spirituality or position among the followers of Jesus. We of course glossed over what may have been an intimate relationship between her and her Lord; there was always the lingering but unspoken suggestion that she was not a woman of high moral fiber. But really, she was a minor player in what we were taught. Pam's riveting presentation on 16 June could have gone on for hours more as far as I was concerned.

The photos, Pam's amazing artwork, the narrative of her "search" for Mary's footsteps, and her realization that Mary had been with her, in her all along. I want to know more, and I'm certain there's more for Pam to tell and for us to learn. Maybe the greatest gift of all – though well earned – was the Lily Endowment's gift to Pam and to Emmanuel that afforded us all this time of travel, reflection, growth, and reunion.

– Jaylyn Olivo

Image, Pilgrimage, and the Journey Home

“How was your sabbatical?”

That most often asked question completely stumps me in these weeks following my return to Emmanuel Church. I haven't come up with a word or a phrase or even an hour-long presentation that adequately answers that question. My best response has become a question, “what is it that you are wondering, more specifically?” I find myself returning to a favorite bit of wisdom famously given by Rainer Maria Rilke in *Letters to a Young Poet*: “Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart. And try to love the questions themselves.”

“I am listening for and hearing ways in which you, too, have drunk from Miriam's Well, for ways that you, too, have seen the Lord, even though you don't use those exact words!”



“Put out into the deep”, Luke 5:4, an illustration by Pam Werntz employing zentangle methods

One of the questions I have loved is “what are three discoveries that you want to hold up, honor, live into as you return from sabbatical?” Here are my initial thoughts. First is, how much I love Emmanuel Church and how deeply I feel called to minister with you. Second, my new experience of playfulness, whimsy, and pleasure in prayer and meditation makes me want to find more ways for all of us to lighten up in our relationships with one another and the Divine, even as we acknowledge the heaviness of our burdens. Third, that one way to increase one's range is to engage one's imagination. This gem of an idea, articulated to me by Suzanne Ehly in a voice lesson near Ephesus in Turkey, seems applicable in all kinds of circumstances. I'm particularly interested in how we can engage our imaginations to increase our competence, compassion and capacity in our mission of the repairing the world – tikkun olam. I'm aware that my “answers” just lead to more questions.

In her newly released book, *Pilgrimage – the Sacred Art*, Sheryl Kujawa-Holbrook writes, “Pilgrimage is a transformational experience, which moves the pilgrim from home and back again in order to view the self and the world differently. For pilgrims



Pam painted this watercolor of the springs at Ephesus.

merely to reach their destination is not enough, unless upon returning home they are compelled to make changes.” One of those changes has been to immerse myself in visits with Emmanuelites like I did when I arrived nearly six years ago. (If you haven’t made an appointment for a visit yet, please do!) I am listening for and hearing ways in which you, too, have drunk from Miriam’s Well, for ways that you, too, have seen the Lord, even though you don’t use those exact words! Like Père Marie-Etienne Vayssière, Dominican guardian of the Ste. Marie-Madeleine grotto from 1900 to 1932 once said, “Mary Magdalen? I don’t know whether she came or whether she didn’t. What I know is that she is here!” Although sometimes very hard to find, she was in all the places I traveled and she is in my journey home. She is still speaking.

Cynthia Bourgeault’s book, *The Meaning of Mary Magdalene*, concludes with this marvelous paragraph:

The Risen Lord is indeed risen. Present, intimate, creative, “closer than your own heartbeat,” accessed through your vulnerability, your capacity for intimacy. The imaginal realm is real, and through it you will never be separated from any one or anything you have ever loved, for love is the ground in which you live and move and have your being. This is the message that Mary Magdalene has perennially to bring. This is the message we most need to hear.

– plw



Stained glass window in the Kilmore Church on the Isle of Mull. A very pregnant Mary Magdalene holds Jesus’ right hand. This pose symbolizes the marriage contract. Text reads, “Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her” Luke 10:42
Photo by Shiela Charlott. Courtesy of www.lightrivermedia.com

All Together Now

Though we are only in the first year of our five-year Together Now capital campaign, we are already making a difference, at our home on 15 Newbury Street, throughout the Diocese of Massachusetts and around the globe. Thank you to everyone who made a pledge!

As of this writing, Emmanuel has received payments totaling \$227,764.94 of the \$715,982.50 pledged, and your dollars are already being put to good work.

Emmanuel's campaign was designed to raise funds for much needed repairs to the alley wall of our beautiful historic building. The wall represents nearly half the structure of our church. It holds the roof over our heads, and provides the space for all of our many programs. The glorious building with which we have been entrusted stands for the challenge we face: the challenge to see ourselves as a viable community with a future to protect.

Last winter preservation architect Lynne Spencer was hired to survey the condition of the wall, decide reasonable phasing of the work and establish a specification that could be bid in order to determine a budget. Her work also included a final report and technical advice and support for a grant writing effort.

Emmanuel Church submitted an application to the Massachusetts Historic Commission for a grant from its Preservation Projects Fund. A condition of the application was that we commit to match any monies we might receive dollar-for-dollar. At the time of the grant application, we had received payments from the Together Now campaign that allowed us to make that commitment without hesitation, and in late June, we were notified that we had been awarded a \$50,000 grant. Ours was the only project in Boston to receive an award from the fund this year! This grant is for the first phase of the alley wall project, which consists of the center section of the wall, the original 1861 construction.

At a Chapel Camp event on August 25, Lynne Spencer presented preliminary drawings and discussed the preparations of the drawings and bid specifications. Lynne also described the involvement of the Massachusetts Historical Commission, and how this relationship has affected our process as we engage and respond to them.

Together Now is a collaborative campaign with the Massachusetts parishes in the Diocese. On the diocesan side, your dollars are making a difference around the globe...

From the Together Now Newsletter (March Issue) ... monies have been distributed as an embodiment of the "first fruits" of the campaign to support mission partners across the globe. To date, these include:

- ✦ the Bishop Masereka Christian Foundation for the building of a new medical center in the Kasese district of western Uganda;
- ✦ the Friends of the Episcopal Diocese of Jerusalem to build a training kitchen at the Episcopal Technological and Vocational Training Center in Ramallah in the West Bank of Israel/Palestine;
- ✦ the Friends of the Episcopal Diocese of Jerusalem for that diocese's health care ministry initiatives;
- ✦ Be the Change-Kenya as it works toward the eradication of child poverty by building the capacity of local leaders and organizations.

And right here at home...

- ✦ Together Now funds provide Green Grants to help congregations purchase energy-saving equipment. Emmanuel Church applied for one of those grants, and was awarded \$7,500 which will be used to insulate heating pipes in the basement, to complete fabrication of interior storm windows in the church and offices, and to begin replacing the toilets with new water-saving dual-flush models.
- ✦ Other local missions supported by Together Now funds include B-SAFE, Urban Residencies, Life Together interns and the Barbara C. Harris Camp and Conference Center. For more information about diocesan Together Now projects, visit www.diomass.org/together-now-campaign.

Our participation in the Together Now campaign has had positive effects beyond that which can be measured in dollars, or even bricks and mortar. Together as a community we have demonstrated a commitment to and belief in the future of Emmanuel at 15 Newbury St. And we have deepened our understanding of the place we occupy in the history of our incredible building, as well as the important place we occupy in the gathering of parishes that call themselves the Diocese of Massachusetts.

Thank you to all who served on the Together Now campaign committee: Gail Abbey and Jim Bradley, co-chairs, Tom Bartlett, Jennifer Coes, Barbara DeVries, Nadja Gould, Clark Grew, Paul Guttry, Dan Hazen, Joy Howard, Margaret



Frank Bunn reads with children during a B-SAFE DEAR (Drop Everything And Read) session at St. Mary's Church, Dorchester. B-SAFE is one of the local missions supported by Together Now. Photo courtesy of St. Stephen's Youth Programs

Johnson, Peter Johnson, Frank Kelley, Susan Kelley, Pat Krol, Penelope Lane, Martha Mutrie, Shan Overton, Elizabeth Richardson, Michael Scanlon, Jill Silverstein, Rick Stone and Pam Werntz. And very special thanks to Julian Bullitt, Barbara DeVries, Don Firth, Paul Guttry, Penny Lane, Nancy Mueller, Nancy Peabody, Michael Scanlon, Mary Ann Upton and Pam Werntz, who helped with the successful Mass. Historical Commission and Green Grant applications on our behalf. And last but certainly not least, thank you so much to all who have pledged so generously to the campaign!

– *Gail Abbey*

The diocese administers the campaign pledges for all of the participating congregations (something our small, overworked staff could not have added to their already full plates). Gail Abbey and Jim Bradley have agreed to serve as co-chairs of a continuation committee for the duration of the five-year campaign. Please feel free to contact Gail or Jim if you have any questions or concerns about the campaign or your statements from the diocese, to make adjustments to your pledge or to make a pledge if you haven't already made one.

“When Words are not Enough”: Emmanuel’s Partnership with Lesley University in Expressive Arts Therapy

An important objective of Pam’s three-month sabbatical leave early this year was the opportunity for congregational development. To that end, a portion of a grant from the Lilly Foundation was earmarked for bringing art therapy to Emmanuel.

On February 20, a group of us met with Catherine Koverola, Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Social Sciences at Lesley University, to discuss the possibility of developing a program in expressive arts at Emmanuel, both for congregational enrichment and for outreach to those in our community who are in need. Lesley offers graduate students masters degrees and licenses in mental health therapy that is centered on graphic arts, music, dance and drama.

Dean Koverola responded wholeheartedly to Emmanuel’s past and present commitment to community outreach as well as our passion for the arts and the power of art to inform and reinforce our spirituality. We stressed our strong relationship with Central Reform Temple and that Susanne Ackley, our acting priest in charge during Pam’s absence, has very strong interest and expertise in the arts. Dean Koverola reacted to this information about Emmanuel with considerable interest and enthusiasm and envisioned that Emmanuel might be a logical and fulfilling site for interns who seek experience in arts therapy outside Lesley University.

On April 7 Dean Koverola and three members of her faculty came to Emmanuel and, after our worship service, and gave us a compelling visual and musical presentation of the scope of expressive arts therapy at Lesley.

Our collaboration with Lesley was brought into sharp focus by the terrorist attack on Patriots’ Day. Both Michael Scanlon and Mitchell Kossak at Lesley suggested that we have a collaborative event offering art therapy to those in our community who are struggling in the aftermath of this tragedy. Mike designed and distributed a poster “When words are not enough”. Mitchell arranged for art materials to be shipped to Emmanuel in time for the event.

On Saturday, May 11, Lindsey Chapel was opened up to all comers. People came in from bustling Newbury St to the repose of our chapel and took the opportunity to express themselves in art, under the expert guidance of six faculty members and students from Lesley. Continuous music was provided by flutist Ellen Hinkle and Nancy Granert at the organ as well as others playing Irish harp and guitar. Over a three-hour period, participants created about 60 7x4 inch drawings of remarkable depth and beauty, expressing their



Mitchell Kossak, Lesley University, and Susan Ackley, Emmanuel, join the procession taking flags to the Boston Marathon Memorial. Photo by Michael Scanlon

innermost feelings. These vivid and highly personal “flags” were then assembled on a long cord and displayed outside on Newbury St. At the end of the afternoon, accompanied by a drum and guitar, many of us transported the flags two blocks over to Copley Square, where they were deposited as part of the very moving memorial to those who died or have suffered on that fateful day.

Those who attended this “happening” received Emails or letters thanking them for their participation and inviting them to come back to Emmanuel.

We hope that this is the beginning of a productive and fulfilling collaboration with Lesley. On June 27, Pam met with Dean Koverola, Mitchell Kossak and others at Lesley to discuss pairs of masters students coming to Emmanuel and participating in one or more of our outreach programs.

– Frank Bunn

Any Good Books Lately

Speaking of Faith

Krista Tippett (2007, Viking)

Speaking of Faith is the public radio program which has, for the past decade, brought issues of faith, spirituality and religion to public radio. The host, Krista Tippett, interviews all kinds of people, from all walks of religious life. Her guests include theologians, philosophers, environmentalists, physicists, nuns and monks; they speak from Buddhist, humanist and atheist perspectives, as well as from within the Abrahamic faiths in all their variety.

Tippett's book *Speaking of Faith* provides a valuable introduction to those thinkers and those conversations, in the framework of a memoir, the story of what made her the perfect person for such a job. Like most such stories, it would have been quite unpredictable, yet it makes sense in hindsight: the granddaughter of a Baptist minister, Tippett went to Brown University, then spent her twenties in Germany, in the last decade of the Cold War. She was religiously disengaged in those days, but she was fascinated by the rich spiritual life she found in some of her East German friends, at a time when it was not reasonable for them to have much hope for their futures. "Germany's division was about the world's brokenness, and my passion – now secularized and recast in political terms – was for salvation."

It was a time of high political and diplomatic drama, but Tippett couldn't help noticing the human element: "...where did the resilience of the human spirit express itself at this level of policy, I wondered, and could this level of policy address the spiritual underpinnings of human experience?" She moved on, to a restorative time on a Mediterranean island, and then to a small village in England, always continuing to contemplate the ironies and paradoxes that arise when finite, mortal humanity tries to confront the infinite and eternal.

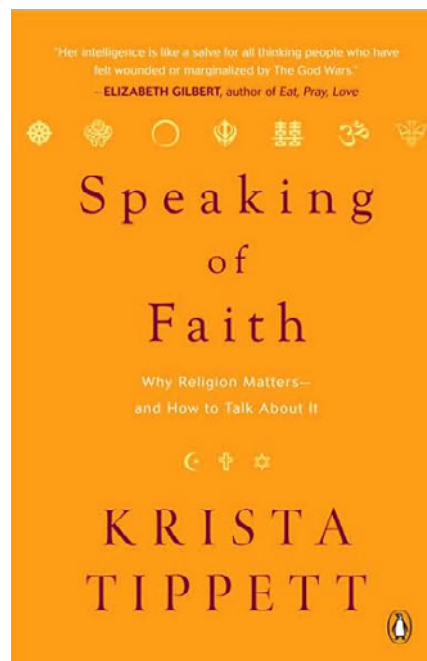
The works of Rilke, Bonhoeffer, and T. S. Eliot were among her guides on the way back to the Bible of her youth, with new questions and a more open attitude. Unable to leave the subject alone, she went on to the Yale Divinity School.

"The Bible, as I read it now, ... is an ancient record of an ongoing encounter with God in the darkness as well as the light of human experience. Like all sacred texts, it employs multiple forms of language to convey truth: poetry, narrative, legend, parable, echoing imagery, wordplay, prophecy, metaphor, didactics, wisdom saying."

The Bible is too big, and too important, to be read as literal history, or science. Such readings put religion at odds with history, science, and reason; but, read as story and poetry, the Bible has everything in common with science. Tippett says, "Science like religion – about questions more than answers – questions and more questions that meet every new answer as soon as it is hatched."

St. John's Abbey, a Benedictine monastery in Minnesota, hosted a center for ecumenical conversation and research called the Collegeville Institute. In 1995, Tippett was engaged to conduct an oral history of the Institute, work that set a pattern for the work in radio that would come next. "I did not invite people of faith to pronounce. I asked them to trace the intersection of religious ideas with time and space and the color and complexity of real lives – not just the trajectory of their lives, but what they knew of the world, the work they did, who and what they loved. This both grounded and exalted what they had to say, and it let me in."

The habit of speaking and listening this way permeates *Speaking of Faith*; Tippett is both grounded and exalted, and she lets us in. The book has that delightful



Pandora's box quality, of leading on to other books; but Tippett's life doesn't let her be purely bookish. She says, "If holiness is happening, it is happening in the thick of reality, not replacing the world we know, not banishing death, but defying its terror as the last word. And here is the task that fills my days: how to speak of this together and make it more visible, audible and tangible in the world."

Amen, amen.

– CTR

Read more reviews on Carolyn's blog:
anygoodbooks-mixedreviews.blogspot.com

Collects for me

O God, who delights in creation, let me live here with grace, that I might magnify your works, through all that is good. Amen.

O Creator, who anticipates creation, sustain me in approaching the threshold, that in arriving I might savor its beauty. And may I remember your mediation. Amen.

O Builder, that formed mountains and seas and populated them, lift me up as I cross the threshold and climb the stairs to my home, that I may abide with you. Amen.

O Householder, who dwells with me always, stay as I sit and lie and cook, wait as I read and listen, sit in the company of friends and family, that I might live in your presence, now and forever. Amen.

O Companion, with whom secrets are kept and unlocked, hear my worries, lift me from bad habits, for your peace is my refuge and in you I trust. Amen.

O Quencher of thirst, who provides water and wine, lead me to drink moderately, that I might feel relief and peace, and not drunkenness, and be grateful. Amen.

O Author, who has written our history, lead me to read and to hear, to think and to write, in celebration of your word. Amen.

O Music, which inspires our souls, through which we give praise and thanksgiving, sound in my heart, inhabit my body, that I may feel and hear your beauty and truth. Amen.

O Weather, which surrounds us in this time, remind me of your wonder and power, that with humility and awe I may experience this moment in your presence. Amen.

O Time, great teacher, be with me in past, present and future. Teach me to wait, and to act when the moment is right. Let me always remember. Amen.

– *Tom Barber*

Fresh Pond

Out of the dense wind of unknowing and the low horn of the ship of nowhere
happiness pierces me suddenly like a dove driving its beak
into my breast, just a blur of white before I was hurt, unbelievably blessed.

I almost want it to go away, as it will require many adjustments.
Leaves have color again: I notice them. Green, once a familiar shade,
rushes towards me like the light of annunciation.

I catch myself looking at the clouds, defining the shapes
to ride them as I did when I was a child:
brontosaurus, humpbacked whale, snowy appaloosa.

Wind unravels around me and I shiver from the dearth of cold.
The machines have stopped whirring and now I worry that I don't hear them.
At the pond today, the sound of water folding over water.

– *Ivanna Yi*