Music= Migration by Peter Krater and R. Carlos Nakai

Chant=
I know this rose will open
I know my fears will burn away
I know my soul will unfold its wings
I know my soul will open
Coleman’s Bed by David Whyte

Make a nesting now, a place to which the birds can come, think of Kevin’s prayerful palm holding the blackbird’s egg and be the one, looking out from this place who warms interior forms into light.
Feel the way the cliff at your back gives shelter to your outward view and then bring in from those horizons all discordant elements that seek a home.

Be taught now, among the trees and rocks, how the discarded is woven into shelter, learn the way things hidden and unspoken slowly proclaim their voice in the world.
Find that far inward symmetry to all outward appearances, apprentice yourself to yourself, begin to welcome back all you sent away, be a new annunciation, make yourself a door through which to be hospitable, even to the stranger in you.

See with every turning day, how each season makes a child of you again, wants you to become a seeker after rainfall and birdsong, watch now, how it weathers you to a testing in the tried and true, admonishes you with each falling leaf, to be courageous, to be something that has come through, to be the last thing you want to see before you leave the world.

Above all, be alone with it all, a hiving off, a corner of silence amidst the noise, refuse to talk, even to yourself, and stay in this place until the current of the story is strong enough to float you out.

Ghost then, to where others in this place have come before, under the hazel, by the ruined chapel, below the cave where Coleman slept, become the source that makes the river flow, and then the sea beyond. Live in this place as you were meant to and then, surprised by your abilities, become the ancestor of it all, the quiet, robust and blessed Saint that your future happiness will always remember.