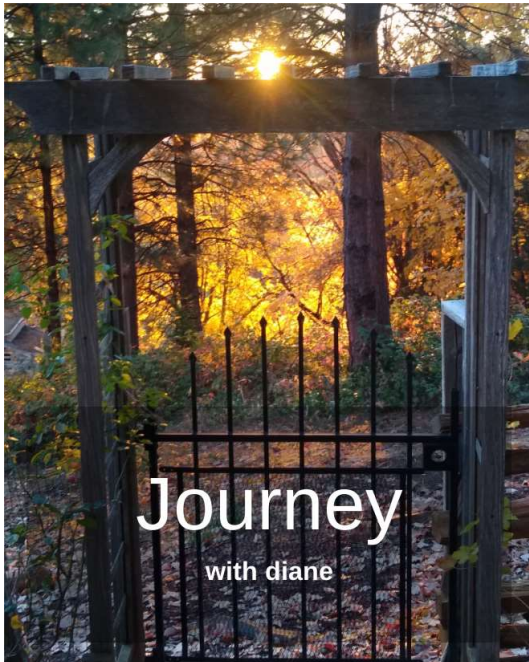


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Dear Friend,

I have been sending EARTHLINES quarterly for over twenty years now. And you have been faithful in your support of them. Thank you!

JOURNEY are writings that I want to share more frequently, and I have chosen to send them to people like you who regularly open our newsletters. My hope is you will find them of interest and will want to continue receiving them. If not, please let me know and I will take you off the JOURNEY list, and continue to send quarterly EARTHLINES your way.



Journey, contains my writings: reflections, meditations and poems. I hope you will find them meaningful, even inspiring. I invite you to read them and share them. And please let me know if any touch your heart or soul.

Gratefully,

Diane

Two Meditations

Do you love me?

The lines Jesus says three times to Peter:

Do you love me?

Do you love me more than these?

Do you love me more than these others love me?

Feed my lambs.

Feed my lambs.

Feed my sheep.

(John 21, ff)

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Do I love you more than I love any other? I love you in every other, as every other, as the *more*, the hidden mystery, the goodness and light in every 'thing', subject, being. Of course, I love you. Everything that has eyes to see and ears to hear responds to you. I have tried my best to feed your sheep, but now I come into my own poverty, my own need to be fed, shepherded and embraced. I am no longer protector. I am lamb. I am poor and oppressed. I weep and mourn. I hunger and thirst.*

Earth is in drought. Trees are thirsty. Though their needles are green, branches break like brittle bones. Rattlesnakes are coming out of rocky dens looking in our yards for water. Rodents are moving into our houses. Bears are moving to cities, adopting swimming pools as their private watering holes.

Like life all around me, I am in drought. Reservoirs of meaning have dried up. Green leaves of creativity lie dormant on limbs aching for moisture.

Like the rich young man who, in the wealth of his youth, the fullness of his capacities and burgeoning creativity asks, *What must I do to gain eternal life?****

You (Christ), say to him what you say to Peter, and to me:

Give it all away. Become poor, become thirsty, abandon your old home, be driven away like a refugee to an unknown/unknowable end. There are no maps. There is no trail. The forest is dense. Brush and thorny briars appear impenetrable.

The young man turned away. He had so much to lose. And the aging woman?

The time has come to stand still and let me find you.



Stand still. The forest knows where you are.

You must let it find you.

From "Lost" by David Waggoner

Stand still

Stand on earth.

Still in mind.

Open in heart.

I know where you are.

But you cannot know me if you do not

Stop. Listen.

Quiet your chatter, your litany of suffering.

Listen like your life depends on it, as though listening for sharp stomp of hooves on a deer path in deep woods; as though listening for a distant sound of water to quench your drought-stricken soul; as though listening for birdsong at the hidden spring.

Listen with the attention of the deer herself, stopped in her tracks by human scent; listen with the high sight of hawk soaring above. Listen with her wings and the way she trusts her whole self to one invisible current of breath.

Listen out of yourself into your broad, wise, deep wonder. Listen into awe, with no volition of your own until you fall to your knees in adoration and then, fall further, until prone on duff of forest floor. Smell my rich and pungent fragrance sweet as chanterelle mushrooms giving themselves to your fingertips.

Now your ear is close to my heart. Now my beating leads to spring where deer and songbirds gather. You are not outside this burgeoning, yielding life. You are within.

Listen.

I know where you are.

I already find you.

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My mailing address is:

PO Box 338
Camptonville, CA 95922

skyline@gotsky.com

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