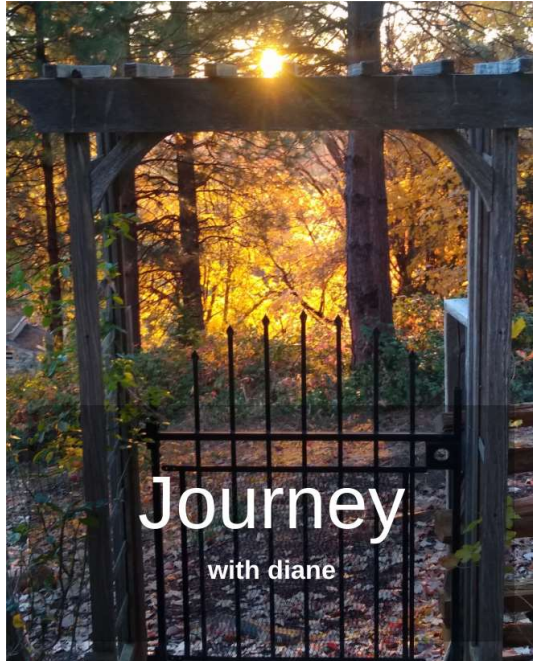


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Dear Friend,



*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*

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## Impasse

Smoke is thick this morning. Fires burning out of control across the western states. Flying from Sacramento to Portland the scene is apocalyptic. And we know the meaning of apocalypse is not about the end times, but about the times we are in: the *unveiling* of a consciousness that separates us from the living and sacred web of life, revealing the ensuing consequences of our severed sense of belonging. We are in a time of collective impasse, a situation in which there seems to be no escape. It is hard to be optimistic for humans, and non-humans, alike.

I do know the only hope is in God, not the anthropomorphic God that the word conjures in so many minds, but the LOVE/LIGHT/LIFE which is greater than the sum of the parts: the WHOLE. Yet I find it challenging to believe that there is anything more than this suffering, this catastrophe. We are in a collective dark night which mirrors our personal ones. All our vessels of meaning have been emptied. We are driving in the dark. We are navigating without compass. We are afraid, collectively afraid. We are grasping for security where there is none. We are desperately holding on to our defense mechanisms to support us: denial, doubt, projection, disassociation, narcissism, etc. We want to scapegoat, blame, detach, or act without reason.

We are vulnerable. Our homes are burned by fire, devastated by hurricanes or floods, tornadoes, or earthquakes. We feel culpable. Yet we feel beyond our capacity to rectify our mistakes. As a species we are so smart that we have found ways to live outside the natural checks and balances of an interconnected web of life. We have changed the chemistry of the planet. We are on the verge of planetary collapse. And still we deny, blame and project our responsibility onto others.

The situation appears hopeless. So, where do we go, personally, in times of such impasse and despair? As the poet, ee cummings says, "Love is the whole and more than all." I know that witnessing kindness is what stirs my heart and moves me to tears. On TV I see a mother in Afghanistan pass her baby over a crowd of strangers, hand over hand to a soldier, and eventually to an aircraft that might possibly carry her into a better life. It is a mother's desperate love — her utterly powerless, vulnerable love — and hope for a future for her child, (a future she may not share), that compels her. There is so much love in the

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Love suffers. Love gives itself. Love is no victor. Love is water that disappears into earth emerging somehow/somewhere as new life, life we may never personally see—life that is tender and green as it begins again, as that child on a plane out of Afghanistan.



Reuters

\*Recommended reading: [Desire, Darkness and Hope: Theology in a Time of Impasse](#), by Carmelite, Constance FitzGerald

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