



Hallow The Mundane

*A Little Book for
Ordinary Time
2016*

Cover Art: Strength Within by Tim Erickson

Ordinary Time

From the Latin word *ordo*, “order.” Ordinary Time signifies the longest season of the Church calendar, between Pentecost and Advent, when our lives are lived in neither feast nor fast. For these long days, we taste the firstfruits of the Spirit, and look for the redemption of our bodies and our world.

Dear Beloveds of The Seattle School Community,

This booklet is for you, for Ordinary Time, for your ordinary days ahead. You are about to scatter in every direction for the summertime, and beyond our conclusions and departures, you will feel freshly distanced from the gift of each other's faces, the comfort of each other's voices, the rhythm of bells. This is the strange season when radiance crescendos and wanes, becomes mundane in the hum of heat and wings.

This summer, whatever land you press your feet to, we hope you are astonished. We hope for small glories to meet you there: the warmth of your palm on another palm; embers snapped loose like meteors into the dark; the crunch of seeds when you bite into a strawberry. Grand, but simple. Infinite, but brief. Bitter, but sweet.

Until we meet again, especially if tedium or trouble wearies you before then, we offer you this booklet. May these words and images remind you that we are thinking of you with kindness, we are praying for you, and we affirm "you belong, you belong, you belong."

Love,
Sacred Space



A Solitary Walk Around My Bridges
Anne C. Nelson

Come In
A world of storm
Raging circles form
Wind loops the globe
Blizzards in the brain
Then modifying hope
A hoisted sail
On the dream trail
Hummingbird's
greenIlluminant

Go Out
A life of waves
Tidy and icy caves
Sun scorching palms
Or deadening calms
A single summer day
Unfolds twinkling
Flinches past the eye
Bullet of gauze
Of primal cause

May Swenson



Bath
Erica Elan Ciganek

In modernity we experience a “flatness” in life. Lacking depth or height life is just one damn thing after another. Under the naturalizing eye of modern science no atom is any more sacred than any other atom. They are all the same, interchangeable...

Enchantment, then, is a hermeneutical activity, a way of re-reading, re-interpreting, re-describing and re-narrating our lives. Enchantment takes something “ordinary” and reads it as “extraordinary.” Enchantment takes something “common” and reads it as “sacred.”

From “The Charism of Charismatics”
Richard Beck

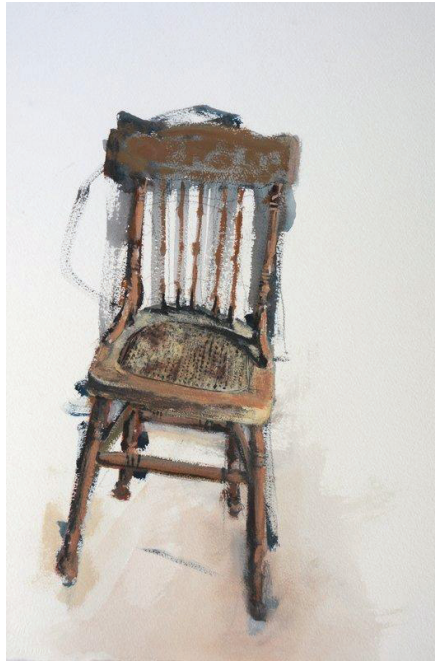


Grieving What I Know And Cannot Accept
Sara Macias

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

“God’s Grandeur”
Gerard Manley Hopkins



Chair With II
Maggie Hubbard



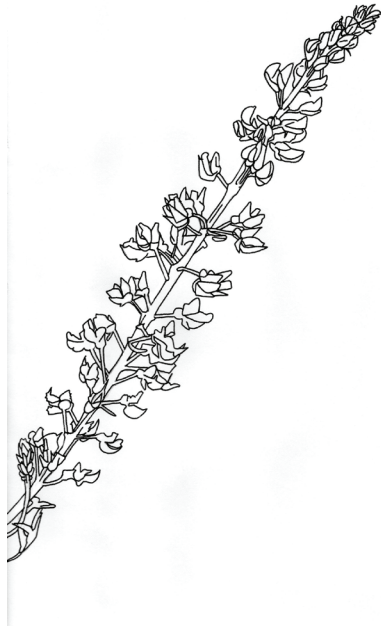
Chair With III
Maggie Hubbard

Una silla en la selva:	One chair, alone in the	Sí,	For the man who goes on
Bajo las lianas duras	jungle.	La silla	foot,
Cruje un tronco sagrado	In the vines' tight grip	Que ama el universo	A chair
Sube una enredadera,	A sacred tree groans.	Para el hombre que anda,	That embraces everything
Aúllan en la sombra	Other vines spiral	La fundación	The sound
Bestias ensangrentadas,	skyward,	Segura,	Ground and
Del cielo verde caen grandes	Bloodspattered creatures	La dignidad	Supreme
hojas,	Howl deep within the	Suprema	Dignity
Suenan los cascabeles	shadows,	Del reposo!	Of repose!
Secos de la serpiente,	Giant leaves drop from		
Como un flechazo contra una	the green sky.	Atrás tigres sedientos,	Get behind me, thirsty
bandera	A snake shakes	Muchedumbre	tigers
Atravesó un pájaro el follaje,	The dry rattles on its tail,	De moscas sanguinarias,	And swarms of
Las ramas levantaron sus	A bird flashes through the	Atrás negra espesura	bloodsucking flies--
violines,	foliage	De fantasmales hojas,	Behind me, black morass
Rezan inmóviles	Like an arrow aimed at a	Atrás aguas espesas,	Of ghostly fronds,
Los insectos	flag	Hojas ferruginosas,	Greasy waters
Sentados en sus flores,	While the branches	Sempiternas serpientes,	
Se hunden los pies	shoulder their violins	En medio	Leaves the color of rust,
en	Squatting on their	De los truenos,	Deathless snakes.
El sargazo negro	flowers,	Una silla,	Bring me a chair
	Insects	Una silla	In the midst of

De la selva marina,	Pray without stirring	Para mí, para todos,	Thunder,
En las nubes caídas de la	Our feet sink in the black	Una silla no sólo	A chair for me
selva,	weeds	Para alivio	And for everyone
Y sólo pido	Of the jungle era,	Del cuerpo fatigado,	Not only
Para el extranjero,	In the clouds fallen from	Sino	To relieve
Para el explorador	the forest canopy	Que para todo	An exhausted body
desesperado	And all I ask	Y para todos,	But
Una silla	For the foreigner,	Parap la fuerza perdida	For every purpose
En el árbol de las sillas,	For the despairing scout,	Y para el pensamiento.	And for every person,
Un trono	Is a seat		For squandered strength
De felpa desgredada,	In the sitting-tree,	La guerra es ancha como	And for meditation
El terciopelo de un sillón	A throne	selva oscura.	
profundo	Of unkempt velvet,	La paz	War is as vast as the
Carcomido por las	The lush of an overstuffed	Comienza	shadowy jungle
enredaderas.	chair	En	A single chair
	Torn up by the snaking	Una sola	is
	vines--	silla.	The first sign
	yes:		of
			Peace

“Oda a la Silla” (“Ode to the Chair”)

Pablo Neruda



Lupine
Bethany Wray

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird--
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still not half-perfect? Let me
keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,

which is mostly standing still and learning to be
astonished.
The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all the ingredients are here,

Which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy
to the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is
that we live forever.

“Messenger”
Mary Oliver



Recovery
Rick Sindt

Pick up the universe like a radio signal. Fall in love with white noise. Inspire and be inspired and realize it's only human to love so many at once. Love yourself. It's something that took me a long time to learn, but it's one of the most important things that no one has ever taught me but myself. Forget about the weight you need to lose and the way your skin doesn't yet fit your bones the way you want them to. Don't let your body dictate what your heart is made out of. Let the world in and sooner or later people will see the oceans pouring out of you. You'll walk down the street and someone will mistake you for the sky. You are beautiful because you let yourself feel, and that is a brave thing indeed.

From "Here is What I Wish They Said"
Shinji Moon



I Will Not Let Go Until You Bless Me
Davia Campbell

Then Jacob woke from his sleep and said,
“Surely the LORD is in this place—and I did not know it.”

Genesis 28:16



Named
Rachel Lindsay

Arjuna saw the whole universe
enfolded, with its countless billions
of life-forms, gathered together
in the body of the God of gods.

Arjuna said...I see you everywhere, with billions
of arms, eyes, bellies, faces,
without end, middle, or beginning,
your body the whole universe, Lord.

From "The Bhagavad-Gita"
as translated by Stephen Mitchell



The Table
Antonio Lopez-García

Earth, teach me stillness, as the grasses are stilled with light.
Earth, teach me suffering, as old stones suffer with memory.
Earth, teach me humility, as blossoms are humble with beginning.
Earth, teach me caring, as the mother who secures her young.
Earth, teach me courage, as the tree which stands alone.
Earth, teach me limitation, as the ant which crawls on the ground.
Earth, teach me freedom, as the eagle which soars in the sky.
Earth, teach me resignation, as the leaves which die in the fall.
Earth, teach me regeneration, as the seed which rises in the spring.
Earth, teach me to forget myself, as melted snow forgets its life.
Earth, teach me to remember kindness, as dry fields weep in the rain.

Ute American Prayer



Shattered Moon
Andy Ciulla

The world is wider in all directions, more dangerous and bitter,
more extravagant and bright. We are making hay when we should
be making whoopee; we are raising tomatoes when we should be
raising Cain and Lazarus.

From "Pilgrim at Tinker Creek"
Annie Dillard

The Seattle School
OF THEOLOGY & PSYCHOLOGY