

Sojourn  
2019

## MORNING PRAYER

Leader: We begin our day together,  
We begin our day with hope...

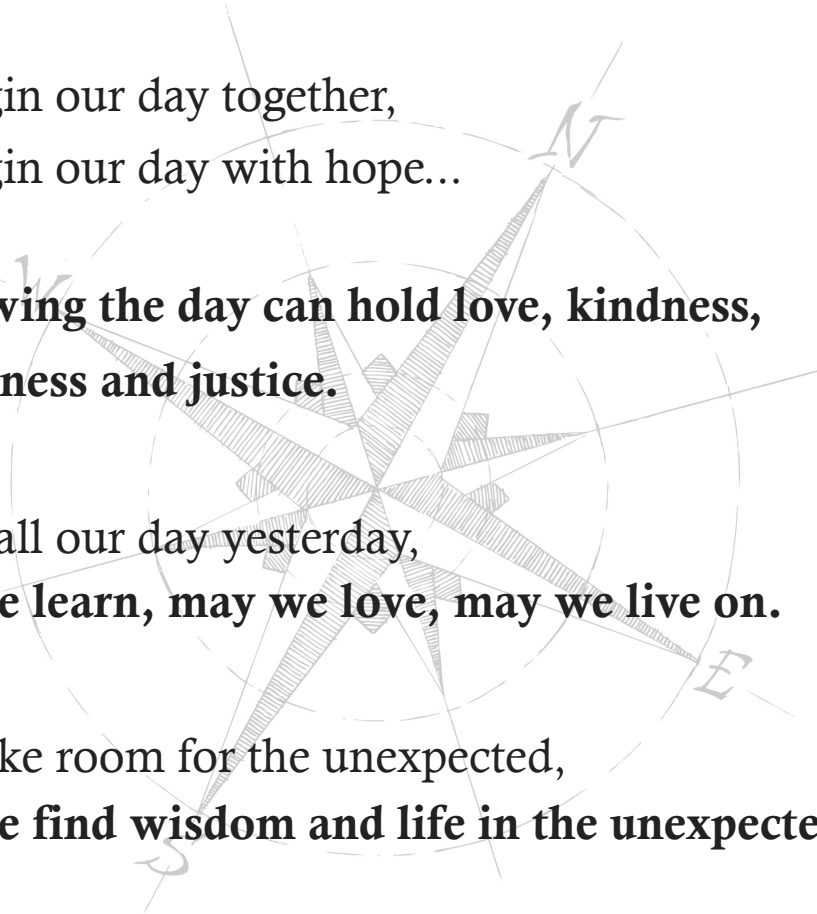
**All: ...knowing the day can hold love, kindness,  
forgiveness and justice.**

Leader: We recall our day yesterday,

**All: May we learn, may we love, may we live on.**

Leader: We make room for the unexpected,

**All: May we find wisdom and life in the unexpected.**



## MORNING PRAYER

Leader: We embrace possibility, and respond graciously to disappointment.

**All: May we find the wisdom we need.**

Leader: We greet holiness in ordinary and hidden moments.

**All: May we be fully present to the day.**

*Reading:*

*...one of the two poems on the next page...*



So let us pick up the stones over which we stumble, friends, and build altars.

Let us listen to the sound of breath in our bodies.

Let us listen to the sounds of our own voices, of our own names, of our own fears.

Let us name the harsh light and soft darkness that surround us.

Let's claw ourselves out from the graves we've dug,  
let's lick the earth from our fingers.


Let us look up, and out, and around.

The world is big, and wide, and wild and wonderful and wicked,  
and our lives are murky, magnificent, malleable and full of meaning.

Oremus.

Let us pray.

Pádraig Ó Tuama  
Corrymeela Community



Around me the trees stir in their leaves  
and call out, "Stay awhile."  
The light flows from their branches.  
And they call again, "It's simple," they say,  
"and you too have come  
into the world to do this,  
to go easy, to be filled  
with light, and to shine.

Mary Oliver

To all that is chaotic in you,  
let there come silence.  
Let there be a calming  
of the clamoring,  
a stilling  
of the voices that  
have laid their claim  
on you,  
that have made their  
home in you,  
that go with you  
even to the  
holy places  
but will not  
let you rest,  
will not let you  
hear your life  
with wholeness  
or feel the grace  
that fashioned you.  
Let what distracts you  
cease.

Let what divides you  
cease.  
Let there come an end  
to what diminishes  
and demeans,  
and let depart  
all that keeps you  
in its cage.  
Let there be  
an opening  
into the quiet  
that lies beneath  
the chaos,  
where you find  
the peace  
you did not think  
possible  
and see what shimmers  
within the storm.

Blessing in the Chaos  
Jan Richardson

August 7 Fly to Sun Valley, camp at North Fork Campground

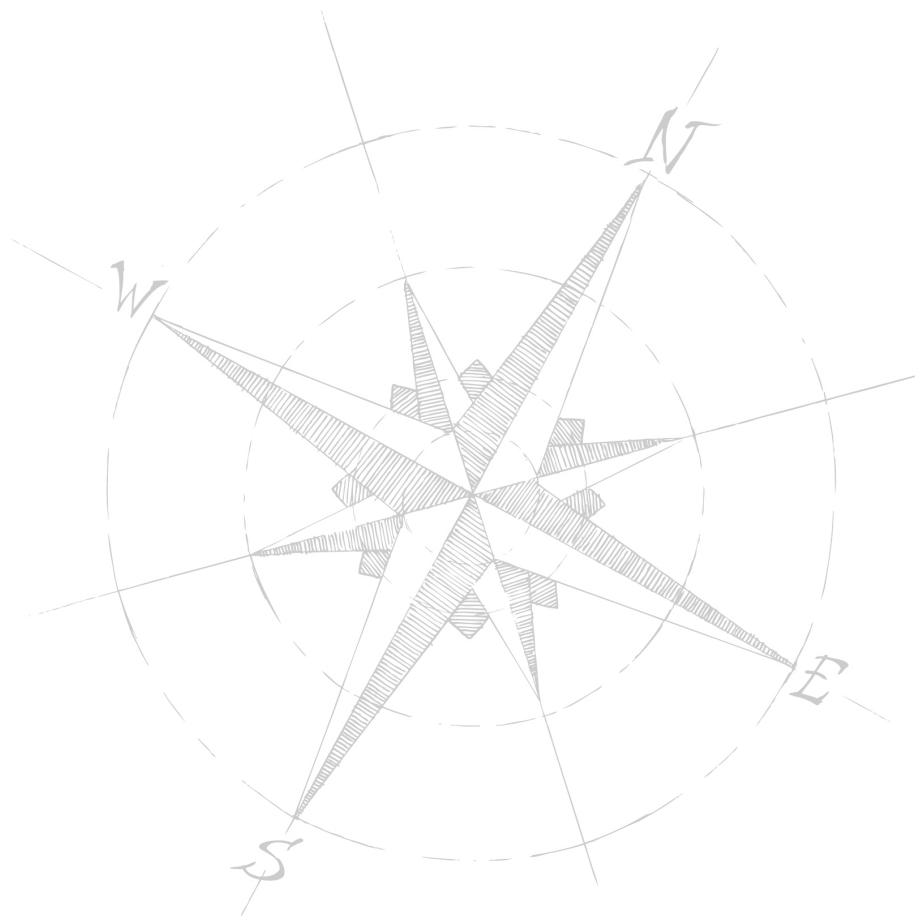
Neither I nor the poets I love found the keys to the kingdom of prayer and we cannot force God to stumble over us where we sit.

But I know that it's a good idea to sit anyway. So every morning I sit, I kneel, waiting, making friends with the habit of listening, hoping that I'm being listened to. There, I greet God in my own disorder.

I say hello to my chaos, my unmade decisions, my unmade bed, my desire and my trouble. I say hello to distraction and privilege, I greet the day and I greet my beloved and bewildering Gods.

Pádraig Ó Tuama





August 8 Drive to trailhead, hike to Lake 8165

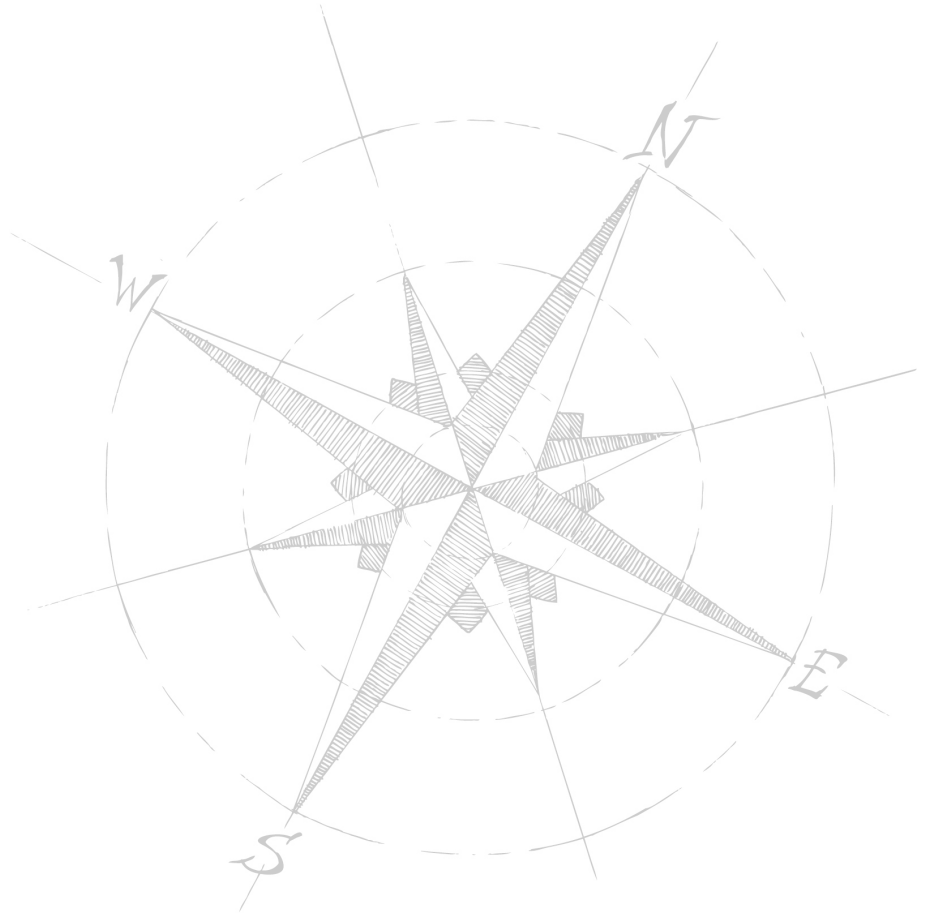
At some point, all the horizontal trips in the world stop  
compensating for the need to go deep, into somewhere  
challenging and unexpected;  
movement makes most sense when grounded in stillness.  
In an age of speed, I began to think, nothing could be  
more invigorating than going slow.  
In an age of distraction, nothing could feel more  
luxurious than paying attention.  
And in an age of constant movement, nothing is more  
urgent than sitting still.

Pico Iyer

August 9

I wonder if anyone else has an  
ear so tuned and sharpened as I  
have, to detect the music, not of  
the spheres, but of earth,  
subtleties of major and minor  
chord that the wind strikes upon  
the tree branches. Have you ever  
heard the earth breathe?

Kate Chopin  
1850-1904



August 10

May today there be peace within.  
May you use those gifts that you have received and  
pass on the love that has been given to you.  
May you be content knowing you are a child of God.  
Let this presence settle into your bones and allow  
your soul the freedom to sing, dance, praise and love.  
Amen.

St. Theresa of Avila

August 11

*Ar scáth a chéile a mhaireas na daoine.*

-It is in the shelter of each other that the people live.

-It is in the shadow of each other that the people live.

We know that sometimes we are alone,  
and sometimes we are in community.

Sometimes we are in shadow,  
and sometimes we are surrounded by shelter.

Sometimes we feel like exiles...

...

...And sometimes we feel surrounded by welcome.

As we seek to be human together,  
may we share the things that do not fade:  
generosity, truth-telling, silence, respect and love.  
And may the power we share be for the good of all.

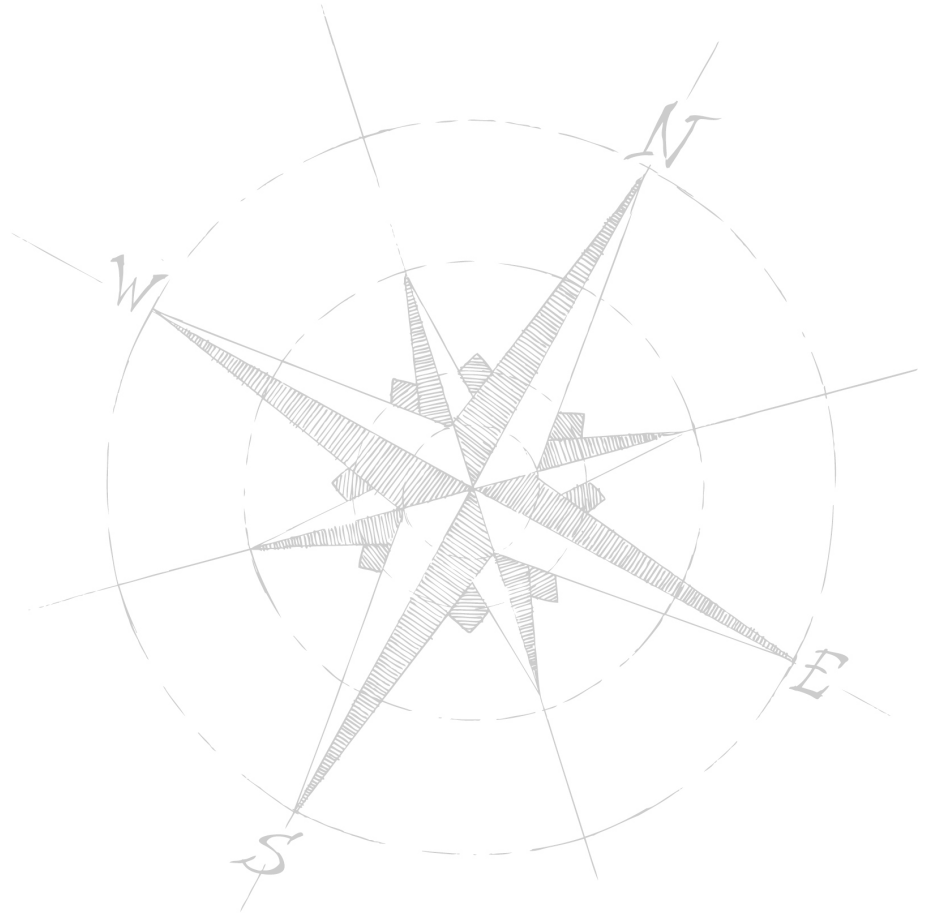
...

Whether in our shadow or in our shelter,  
may we live well and fully with each other.

A prayer of shelter and shadow

Pádraig Ó Tuama





August 12

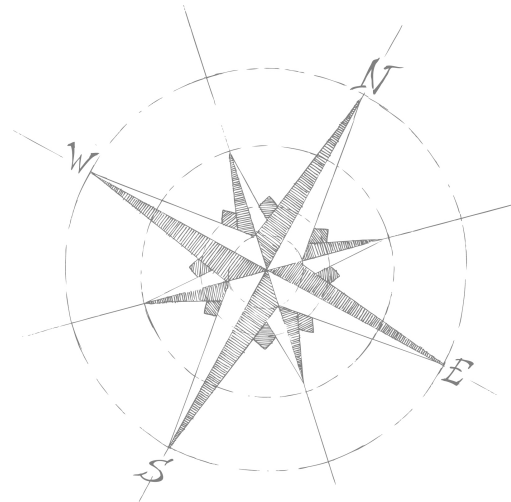
God of Yesterday,  
we knew you then:  
your promises; your words;  
your walking among us.  
But yesterday is gone.  
And so, today, we are in need of change.  
Change  
and change us.  
Help us see life now  
not through yesterday's stories  
but through today's.  
Amen.

Prayer in times of change  
Pádraig Ó Tuama

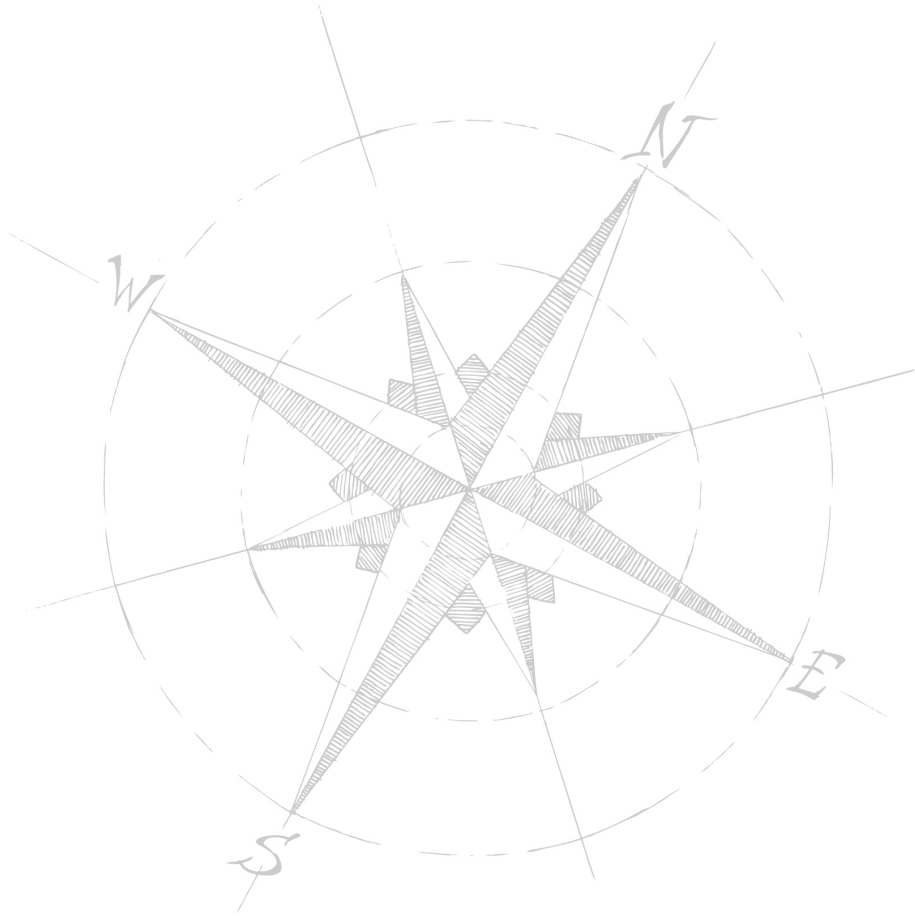
August 13 Hike out

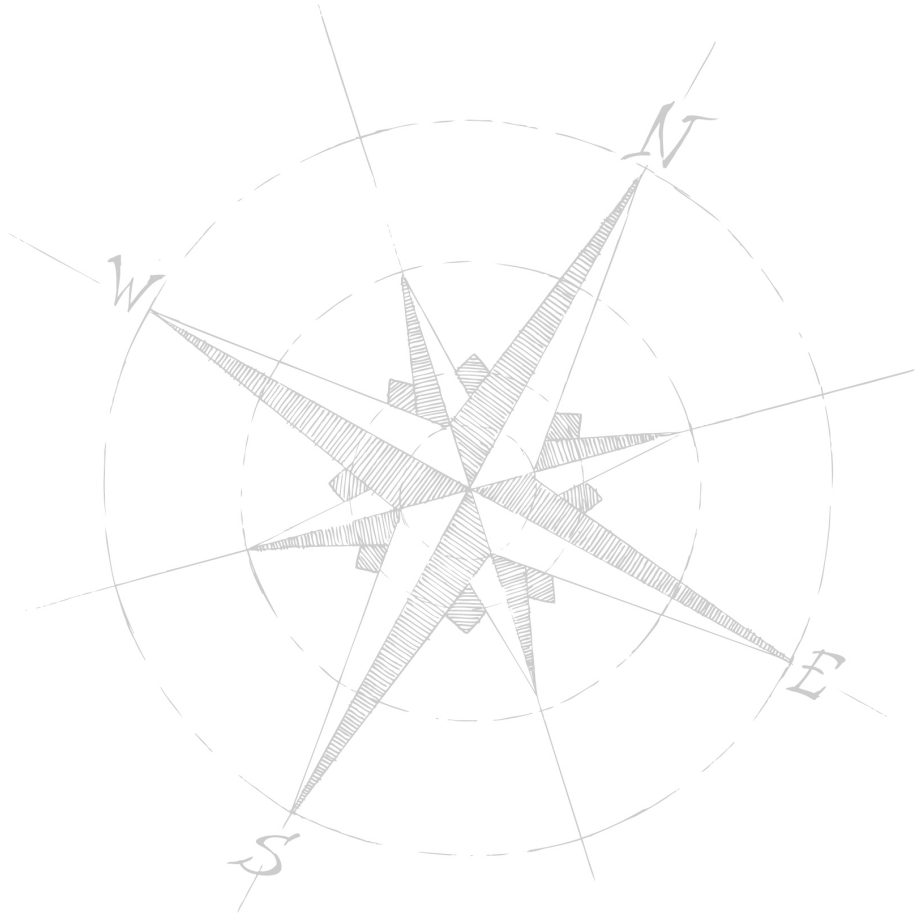
The longest journey is the journey inward.

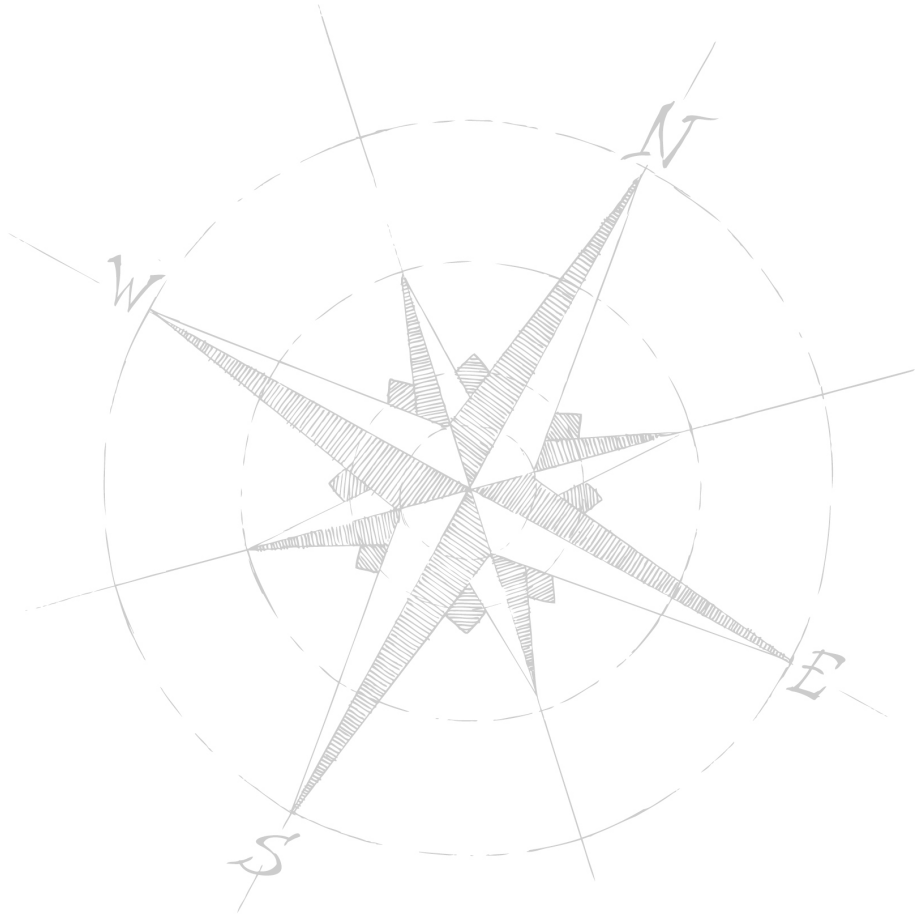
Dag Hammarskjöld



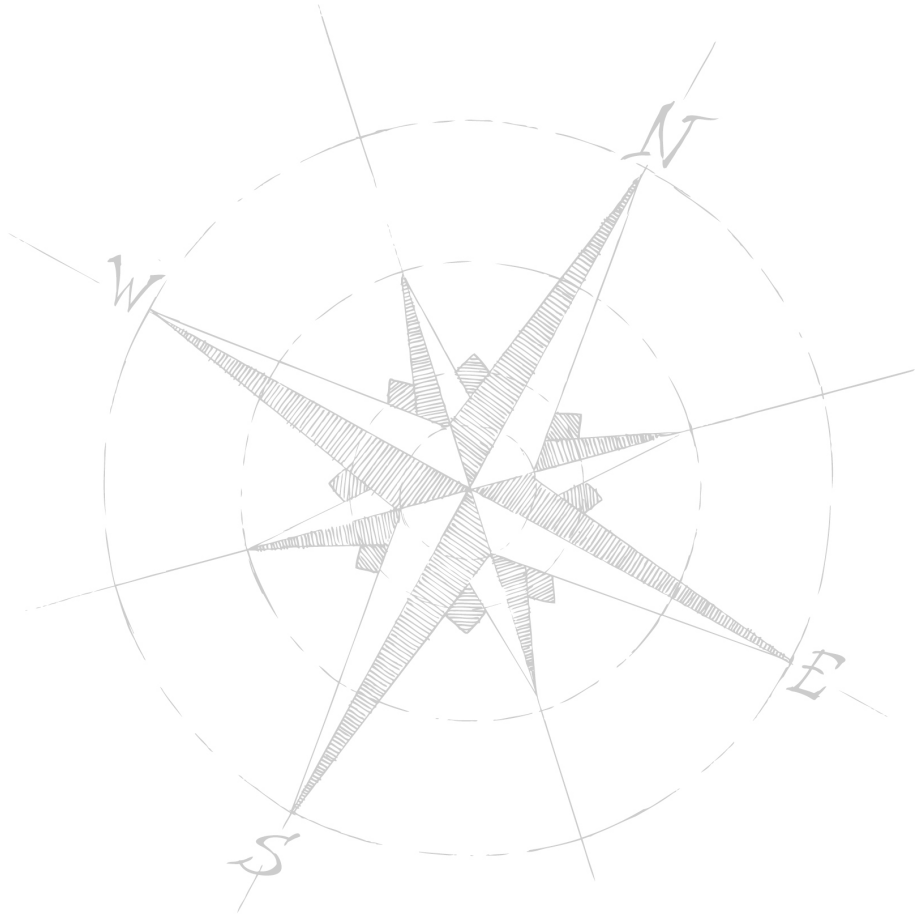
August 14 Fly home











At every moment you choose yourself.

But do you choose “your” self?

Body and soul contain a thousand possibilities out of which you can build many I's. But in one of them is there a congruence of the elector and the elected.

Only one--which you will never find until you have excluded all those superficial and fleeting possibilities of being and doing with which you toy, out of curiosity or wonder or greed, and which hinder you from casting anchor in the experience of the mystery of life, and the consciousness of the talent entrusted to you which is your “I”.

Dag Hammarskjöld

Who you are is so much more  
Than what you do. The essence  
Shining through heart, soul and  
Center, the bare and bold truth  
Of you does not lie in your  
To-do list. You are not just  
At the surface of your skin, not  
Just the impulse to arrange the  
Muscles of your face into a smile  
Or a frown, not just the boundless

Energy, or bone wearying fatigue.  
Delve deeper. You are divinity;  
The vast and open sky of Spirit  
It's the light of God, the ember  
At our core, the passion and the  
Presence, the timeless, deathless  
Essence of you that reaches out  
And touches me...

Donna Faulds

God does not die on the day when we cease  
to believe in a personal deity,  
but we die on the day when our lives cease  
to be illumined by the steady radiance,  
renewed daily, of a wonder, the source of  
which is beyond all reason.

Dag Hammarskjöld

It is possible, I suppose that sometime  
we will learn everything there is to learn:  
what the world is, for example,  
and what it means.  
I think this as I am crossing  
from one field to another, in summer, and the  
mockingbird is mocking me,  
as one who either  
knows enough already or knows enough to be  
perfectly content not knowing.  
Song being born of quest he knows this: he  
must turn silent  
were he suddenly assaulted with answers.  
Instead  
oh hear his wild, caustic, tender warbling  
ceaselessly unanswered.

At my feet the white-petalled daisies display  
the small suns of their center piece, their - if  
you don't mind my saying so - their hearts. Of  
course  
I could be wrong, perhaps their hearts are pale  
and narrow and hidden in the roots. What do I  
know?  
But this: it is heaven itself to take what is given,  
to see what is plain; what the sun lights up  
willingly;  
for example - I think this as I reach down, not  
to pick but merely to touch - the suitability of  
the field for the daisies, and the daisies for the  
field.

Daisies  
Mary Oliver

Walk upwind in a fierce rain  
and understand hope.  
Watch the river receive itself and  
give and know something  
about love.  
Ponder a stone and its memories  
and know your belonging.  
Witness the green shoot part the  
earth and see yourself.  
Sit under one tree in many seasons  
and learn death's other  
name.  
Listen to the desert's silences  
and let your heart fall open.  
Behold a lilac surrender its scent  
and become wise.

Listen to the bird's song  
and hear, hear your own.  
No part of this realm disputes its  
belonging. Learn, and  
rejoice.  
Let the ocean wear you down  
until you are sand and  
wind.  
Lie on the earth for she will receive  
you, and remember, always.  
You came from her, she loves you  
wildly. Learn what she can  
teach you.

Steve Garnaas-Holmes

Listen for the voice of One  
who gives voice to you when you cannot,  
who loves you for your sake alone,  
yet gathers you into a blessed flock,  
the quiet voice that rises from deep within,  
as naturally as grass in springtime,  
the sun in the morning,  
the voice of love, not fear.

Listen for the voice of the Beloved  
and follow that one alone  
into this day,  
into the gift of your life.

Steve Garnaas-Holmes

The body benefits from movement and the mind benefits from stillness.

Sakyong Mipham



I've thought so little of you that now  
you seek your revenge in the grinding  
of kneecaps, the tightening of hamstrings,  
loss of elasticity, the skin. So long neglected,  
you weren't even an afterthought. I apologize  
each morning with a handful of pills. Oh,  
scarred flesh of me in the mirror, as I turn the page  
on another decade, I bless the stretch marks  
on my stomach, evidence of those dead years  
when food was my one friend. I bless  
the crow's-feet at the corners of my eyes,  
proof of days spent under the sun. I bless the gray  
in my beard, reminder that sometimes,  
despite ourselves, wisdom appears.  
I bless our breaking down, dear body,  
pray the process is slow, that when time  
confronts us with its choices, you'll teach me  
when to hold on, when to let go.

Holy the Body  
Donovan McAbee

She's better than my "summer body"  
My sometimes body  
My body for a season only if I earned her

She's my sorrow body  
My sleepless night body  
My "let me shoulder this weight with you"  
body

She's my sinking body  
My sleepless night body  
My gorgeous, courageous, crash and burn  
body  
She's my showing up anyway body

Autumn body  
Winter body  
Spring body, blooming

She moves and sways and rolls with the  
punches  
Like the forged-in-the-fires-of-the-earth  
fighter that she is

She

Is my single body  
My sexual body  
My sacred-when-shared body

My screaming body  
My singing body  
My silent body  
My stronger body  
My sicker body  
My shrinking body  
My swelling body

My sometimes shattered body,  
She picks up  
She gets up  
She summons  
She stretches  
She sees

This summertime body is my body for all  
seasons  
All sizes  
All circumstance

She is bolder  
And brighter  
And better than three months and heat

She,  
My sunshine body, stardust body  
She,  
Energy of everything and everyone who  
has ever been before  
She,

Will wear whatever the fuck she wants to  
the goddamn beach

Jamie Lee Finch

Awaken to the mystery of being  
here and enter the quiet immensity  
of your own presence.

Have joy and peace in the temple of  
your senses.

Receive encouragement when new  
frontiers beckon.

Respond to the call of your gift and  
the courage to follow its path.

Let the flame of anger free you of  
all falsity.

May warmth of heart keep your  
presence aflame.

May anxiety never linger about you.

May your outer dignity mirror an  
inner dignity of soul.

Take time to celebrate the quiet  
miracles that seek no attention.

Be consoled in the secret symmetry  
of your soul.

May you experience each day as a  
sacred gift woven around the heart  
of wonder.

A Blessing For Presence  
John O'Donohue

May you know that absence is full  
of tender presence and that nothing is ever  
lost or forgotten.

May the absences in your life be full of  
eternal echo.

May you sense around you the secret  
elsewhere which holds the presences  
that have left your life.

May you be generous in your embrace of  
loss.

May the sore of your grief turn into a well  
of seamless presence.

May your compassion reach out to the  
ones we never hear from and may you

have the courage to speak out for the  
excluded ones.

May you become the gracious and  
passionate subject of your own life.

May you not disrespect your mystery  
through brittle words or false belonging.

May you be embraced by God in whom  
dawn and twilight are one and may  
your longing inhabit it's deepest dreams  
within the shelter of the Great  
Belonging.

A Blessing For Absence  
John O'Donohue

# EVENING PRAYER

*...Some stories from the day...*

Leader: Let packs and pots and tools be stored away.  
Let the work of today be over and done.

**All: Amen**

Leader: Let light and warmth gather us, let the darkness of  
night surround us.

**All: Amen**

Leader: Let moon and stars rise above us; let wind stir  
around us; let our hearts be glad and our minds  
calm for this day is done.

**All: Amen**

*...A reading of today's poem...*

# EVENING PRAYER

Leader: It is night. The night is for stillness.

**All: Let us be still in the presence of God.**

Voice 1 It is night after a long day. What has been done has been done; what has not been done has not been done. Let it be.

Voice 2 The night is dark. Let our fears of the darkness of the world, and of our own lives, rest.

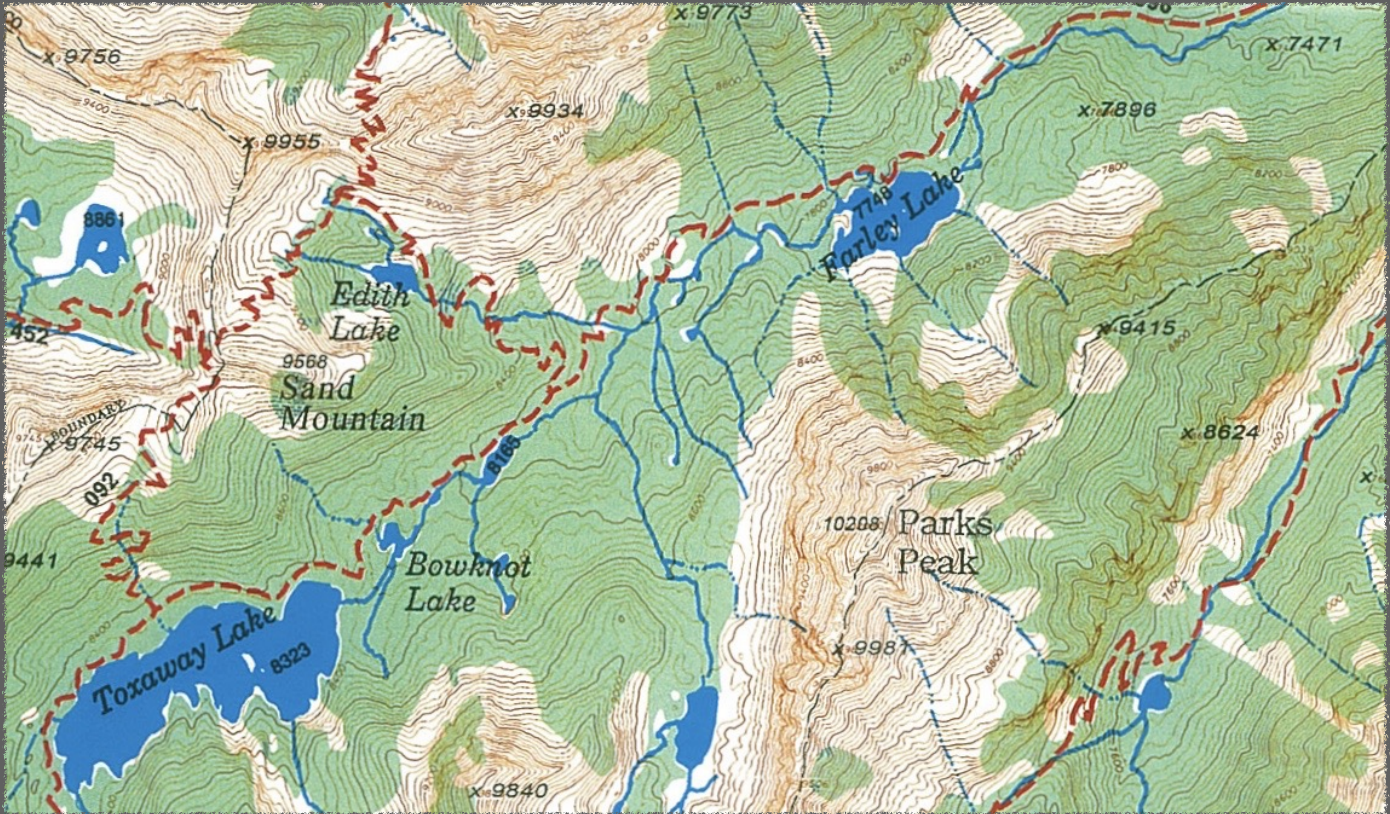
Voice 3 The night is quiet. Let the quietness of your peace enfold us, all dear to us, and all who have no peace.

Leader May the earth cradle you and sleep restore you as we rest in the goodness of creation.

**All: Amen**

*...All Shall be Well...*

Helen Burke Betsy Carroll Cami Holtmeir Amy Kruse  
Kathie McCarthy Kira McGieson Barbara Simonsen Shelby Van Gieson



Silver Sage Sojourns  
Sawtooth Wilderness, Idaho