

Grace Creation Care

The Season of Creation

September, 2023



Thoughts for reflection during this month of The Season of Creation!

A Reading attributed to Meister Eckhart
(1260-1328)

Apprehend God in all things,
for God is in all things.
Every single creature is full of God,
and is a book about God.
Every creature is a word of God.
If I spent enough time with the tiniest
creature— even a caterpillar—
I would never have to prepare a sermon,
so full of God
is every creature.



A Reading from the Mystic Treatises
(613-700)

What is a charitable heart? It is a heart
burning with love for the whole of
creation, for humans, for the birds, for the
beasts, for the demons—for all creatures.
One who has such a heart cannot see or
call to mind a creature without having
eyes being filled with tears by reason of
the immense compassion which seizes the
heart; a heart which is softened and can no
longer bear to see or learn from others of
any suffering, even the
smallest pain, being
inflicted on any creature.
That is why such a
person never ceases to
pray also for the animals, that they may be
preserved and purified. This person will
even pray for the reptiles, moved by the
infinite pity which reigns in the hearts of
those who are becoming united with God.



Dorothy Sayers (1893-1957), Why Work?

A society in which consumption has to be
artificially stimulated in order to keep
production going is a society founded on
trash and waste, and such a society is a
house built upon sand.

David Orr (b. 1944), Dangerous Years

Hope is a verb with its sleeves rolled up as
something we do in daily practice, not just
something that we wish for or talk about.
It is a discipline requiring skill,
competence, steadiness, and courage. It is
practical. It bonds us to each other, and to
real places, animals, trees, waters, and
landscapes. The hopeful are patient, not
passive. They are creators of the gyres of
positive change that could, in time,
redeem the human prospect. They are
people who will know how to connect us
to better possibilities waiting to be born.

Wendell Berry (b. 1934),
The Gift of Good Land

To live, we must daily break the body
and shed the blood of Creation. When
we do this knowingly, lovingly,
skillfully, reverently, it is a sacrament.
When we do it ignorantly, greedily,
clumsily, destructively, it is a
desecration. In such desecration we
condemn ourselves to spiritual and
moral loneliness, and others to want.