

NATURE CONTEMPLATION | *Mindful*

I want to read a poem to you called *Mindful* by Mary Oliver. And then following that, we're actually just going to sit for a few minutes and gaze at some gorgeous nature; and drink it in.

We often fill this space with a lot of words and a lot of thoughts, and in that, sometimes we can miss the presence and beauty of God so often found more deeply in silence, in stillness, in the quiet spaces. And we do the same thing a lot, when we walk through this world, which is filled from earth to sky with glimpses of the beauty, and peace, and holiness, and wild wonder of who this God is, who loves you very much.

So we're gonna get our poetry on, for a minute, to help guide us into a quieter headspace. And then just let your **body**, your **mind**, and your **soul** take some deep breaths, as you contemplate the beauty of God in nature.

POEM | *Mindful* by Mary Oliver

Every day
I see or hear
something
that more or less

kills me
with delight,
that leaves me
like a needle

in the haystack
of light.
It was what I was born for –
to look, to listen,

to lose myself
inside this soft world –
to instruct myself
over and over

in joy,
and acclamation.
Nor am I talking
about the exceptional,

the fearful, the dreadful,
the very extravagant –
but of the ordinary,

the common, the very drab,

the daily presentations.

Oh, good scholar,

I say to myself,

how can you help

but grow wise

with such teachings

as these - the untrimmable light

of the world,

the ocean's shine,

the prayers that are made

out of grass?