

Coronation--Feb 2, 2020

A corona is a circle of light around an object. The most magnificent corona in our universe is the corona around the sun. It is a fiery circular crown with occasional intense flare-ups. Its rays extend millions of miles into space. What a majestic body our sun is, the source of light and of life.

Looking at the heart, there is also a corona. The heart muscle has its own blood supply. It comes from a crown or corona of blood vessels that circle the heart. This corona can be defective, and then one speaks of coronary heart disease.

And now we have a corona-virus that has unleashed panic around the globe. Borders have been closed. Air travel has been partially suspended. Millions of people are under lockdown. The corona-viruses are named for the crown-like spikes on the surface of the virus. They usually cause mild to moderate upper-respiratory infections, like the common cold. But they can also cause more severe illnesses such as bronchitis and pneumonia, which can, of course, lead to death.

For some time now, people all over the world seem to have fallen under the spell of fear. Fear has entered our lives like a fast-spreading virus. It has become a corona of darkness around the globe.

Like the crown-like spikes of the corona-virus, the dark spikes of fear drive people apart. Fear drives people into isolation. Fear contracts and constricts the heart.

And is the heart of humanity not suffering from coronary heart disease, from constriction, and therefore from a lack of love supply? Infectious love and life and laughter are giving way to deadly infections of the soul and the spirit. The world needs healing. We need healing.

As I child I used to sing: 'The Sun is in my heart ...' We need to re-discover the sun-being in our hearts, in our midst, so that His corona can embrace our frightened humanity and drive away the cold and dark corona of fear, and so that we may find the courage to touch each other's soul with the contagious healing power of love.

--Rev. Gisela Wielki

Thoughts from Tom Tritschel, a Christian Community priest in Germany.

Word on Sunday

Dear Friends –

This will not be a sermon. The sermon is preached orally in the Act of Consecration. The preacher is visible, audible, acting at the moment, and simultaneously perceived, thought, and felt by the congregation present. The sermon is the organ of a living being—the consecration ceremony. This here is something different; I will call it "Word for Sunday" in reference to well-known forms, some thoughts, and suggestions in a changed time situation.

The Act of Consecration does take place, that is, it lives, but in secret. The priests celebrate at the usual times in the empty church; and the congregation is widely scattered in the city, the country. But everywhere in the world, there is the possibility to connect inwardly to the events in the protected church space. Everyone in his own place can connect with prayer, the Creed, the Gospel of the week. With us, there is also no live transmission on TV or as a live stream on the internet—with us, there is no virtual consecration. With us, there is only the real one. This is real live stream— stream of life—real thoughts, feelings, intentions flow together at the altar as well as far out into the room. *Urbi et orbi*— the city and the world. We have such a big church with the altar in the middle, and the congregation spread out in the world.

In the old church tradition, there is a custom of covering the altarpiece with a so-called fasting cloth during the Passion. The image becomes invisible. One could call it picture fasting. Now in this Passiontide, not only has the static altarpiece become invisible for us but the whole moving image of the consecration of humankind. In meditation practice, there is the step of erasing the images; a renunciation in favor of a higher perception.

For this is the law: every prevention has a "flip-side." And this is one of the most exciting questions in dealing with the hindrances: What appears? Which side of its essence does the Act of Consecration now show us, which we did not know before, or which only now comes into being through this process?

In this spirit, I wish you fruitful research on Sunday.

Yours,

Tom Tritschel

Dear Parents,

March 23, 2014

A soft snow is falling steadily this passion Monday morning - last Monday it was 70°. Mother Nature is letting us know Who is boss. It's actually quite beautiful - she is much, much more than boss - she is Mother and she is incomparable, infinitely surprising Artist. My wise teacher, Dr. Kenneth cautioned us - although the Earth is old, do not think she is feeble and frail. She is strong and so resilient and supple in her strength. We may hurt her - but most of the time the real damage we do is to ourselves. And if we rightly attend to her and stop doing the foolish things we often do - she heals herself. The ozone layer is coming back. Polluted rivers quickly recover if we just stop polluting. I wash our plastic bags so we can keep using them. and keep them out of the waste management process.

Maybe that is one thing that is beginning to dawn in us - in more and more of us - using, really strengthening and developing this pure, God-given, power of attention - to really attend to the earth like never before. To learn to care for her, to love her like never before. I think our children and grandchildren come down to earth now - being down with them - an innate feeling for her as a living being - and that has changed in the last 40 to 50 years. They already have this pre-disposition, this intuition - to wake up, to begin to grow-up as active, alert, responsible children of God and children who know how to attend to and care for their Mother. The more we cultivate that in ourselves and in our children - the more the Angels sing "Hallelujah" and join with us - in that attending - Take care - Richard Dancey

From Rev. Gisela Wielki's Facebook page, March 15, 2020

In times of uncertainty, of sudden disruptions and upheaval we look for indications, for signs that can help us to process all that is upending our lives. And it is natural to search frantically for any sign that promises safety, security and a return to normalcy. And when the kind of life raft needed to get us there is still unknown, fear takes over.

But what if the fear driven, frantically thrashing about should actually be the most exhausting part in trying to stand up to the gigantic wave of massive disruption of life as we have come to know it and expect it?

Maybe the very remedy, the most effective way to deal with the wave of disruption and of uncertainty is to dive down under in a kind of active, attentively perceiving surrender, and a soft but steady will to breathe while doing so? Not with frantic, pressing questions that exhaust us but with a gentle, heart motivated curiosity as to what it might all mean. With a desire to plumb and to fathom what might be found in the dark, in the deep of the unknown and to find a place of stillness in its center.

The wise have always known: to see the light we have to first go dark.

No answer is found without entering the unknown future, however frightening a prospect that may be. Or as the provocative philosopher Nietzsche put it: 'Without the grave there is no resurrection'. Joseph Beuys, the revolutionary and far sighted artist of the 20th century, said: 'Every creation begins with a cross'.

It is the sign. It is the way that will take us into a new reality, into a life as we have never known before.

Essential

Something very mysterious happens when we plant seeds.

After a short period of stillness, a green, fresh sprout breaks through the surface of black soil; erected and upright it emerges from the darkness, defying the law of gravity - it grows toward the light.

Before this miracle of life, the miracle of resurrection is possible - something happens deep beneath the surface, invisible to our eye. The seed, which carried and sheltered the essence of the plant within its hard, impenetrable husk, cracks open in the process of profound inner tension. What was non-essential for the future of the plant dies off and stays behind, buried in the grave of the Earth, while the essential component of the living plant – the tiny, green fresh sprout - emerges out of the depths of the darkness of the earth.

OUR hearts are like seeds - they carry and shelter the essence of our being. Therein we store our dreams, our wishes, and intentions, but also our awareness of our failures, of our wrongdoings - buried deep beneath the surface of our daily selves, hidden behind the mask of our social face.

And it is in times of hardship, in times of inner darkness, in times of crisis, when the seed of our heart cracks open and bleeds; when we experience what does it mean to be truly afraid. When we try to comprehend and seek the answer to the most profound of human questions: Who am I really? Why am I in this world? What is important to me? What do I decide is “essential” and “non-essential” to me and my fellow human beings who are in a particular moment of our earthly-spiritual evolution?

The time of Passion is the time when we elevate this deeply personal, albeit universally human experience to the level of a festival and contemplate the meaning of crisis, the meaning of darkness in our lives, as a community of Christ.

It is the time when we all have to ask ourselves what is “essential” and “non-essential”. And even though we are confronting these questions alone, in the moment of distress and under incredible pressure, it is the knowledge of Him walking the path before us as the helping guide that brings comfort and consolation. This experience is the foundation of our faith and religious freedom as the Community of Christians. And it is true that no authority, be it in heaven or on the earth, can answer these most fundamental questions for us and decide what is to be essential and non-essential for our spiritual-religious life and choices.

We can only know the answer out of our own confrontation with our fears, doubt, and despair – out of our inner work and truth.

Out of our experience of deep knowing that in order to move ahead, to grow, to resurrect - we must allow ourselves to truly die; to let go of our sense of identity, of our sense of comfort and control, of our current understanding of things - die to our past and

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to our version of future - and to experience ourselves completely exposed, completely vulnerable and open – in the present moment.

Like a crack opened seed, awaiting the touch of the ray of Sun.

And it is precisely in times like these, that we may experience the touch of Him, who himself went through passion and death of the hill of Golgotha; Him who made an eternal, existential commitment to us and our future and sealed it with His blood.

And it is precisely in times like these that we may come to the understanding that our suffering is, in essence, His suffering, that our crisis is His crisis; that our inward dying is His coming back to life in us!

And that the I AM - the name with which we all call ourselves even before we introduce our given names – is, in essence, this same which spoke:
I AM the Resurrection and the Life –
in HIM.

--Rev. Rafal Nowak

For You

We have our work cut out for us! Now is the time to intensify our efforts to bring an atmosphere of peace into the world situation. Fear increases our self-centeredness. Fear increases the chance of illness. So, let's spread peace. Below is an anonymous poem in a post from Italy.

"We come to understand that this is a struggle against our habits and not against a virus. This is an opportunity to turn an emergency into an opportunity of solidarity and unity. Let's change the way we see and think. I will no longer say "I'm afraid of this contagion" or "I don't care about this contagion", but it is I who will sacrifice for you.

I worry about you.
I keep a distance for you.
I wash my hands for you.
I give up that trip for you.
I'm not going to the concert for you.
I'm not going to the mall for you.

For you!

For you who are inside an ICU room.
For you who are old and frail, but whose life has value as much as mine.
For you who are struggling with cancer and can't fight this too.

Please, let's rise to this challenge! Come together...nothing else matters."

From Clarissa Pinkola Estes

This prayer contains cussing ["Cabron" is used as a fiery direct cuss word in Spanish]

Because I've heard it at least 100 times in the last many days, I wrote the following prayer as I've heard SO many people online and in media callously speculate about persons in my age group [I'm in 75th year on earth-- but 'old', I think, can be any age to those who are cruel] as being expendable regarding resources of food, medicine, shelter and more.

Also, Teresacita, one of our sister-commenters here wrote these words here earlier:

"...I was shocked today by the comment that we should just accept all our elders will die and stop accommodating preventive measures when it is mainly for that one, expendable group. Finally, I am awake. I am that expendable group...."

I tell you in all peace, that this 'elders ought be kicked to the side' is not the first time in my lifetime some political persons have hinted at the elders' "duty to die," -- the last being in the midst of the billion dollar health insurance industry wrangling with the government about "managed care" a crude euphemism meaning not wanting to allow elders reasoned treatments.

¡Ya Basta x 10!

We all have our own ways of staying strong in peace, and during duress. I tend toward devotional prayer, but regarding this 'death chisme' death-gossip flooding the internet, the fire woke me in the middle of the night and would not leave until I penned these words for whomsoever might find them useful, those who are vulnerable in any way, health wise, age wise, mind, heart, soul, spirit wise, all wise.

I offer in all gentleness but also with fire: May all remain well and may ALL receive care to the best that can be

Not to tempt fate, but with humility, that Creator is at the center, to slam home utter Faith: here is what I call "Rough Prayer."

Para La Vida por Las Viejas y Los Viejos, the Old Ones, the Vulnerable of Any Age:
Prayer About the Reality of the Length of Precious Life!

I am an elder,
in my 75th year on earth
And you suddenly say
As some greed hounds have done before,

'Let us leave the old behind.
Who are they?
Rocking chair fodder.
Muddled and doddering.'

¿You know who else said that Cabron?
Adolph Hitler and his flying monkeys!

Hitler called the souls of human beings,
“life not worthy of life”
because of age or affliction
or religious affiliation

I rise Cabron. We rise.
We frontliners rise.
We rise to speak for those
who have not yet heard
of your vile 'plans.'

Now from the bloody echoes
of an egregious 1940s history
of "Never again!!"

You dare to say I
And my brothers and sisters
in Their 70/ 80/90s,
the vulnerable, the ones in need,
Should die
Should be left aside
kept to the sidelines
Kept From helps
Refused interventions, medicines

You dare to try to cut the cloth
from the Weaver's loom
Before the weaving is fully done!

¡NO Cabron!
I say ¡Cabron!
I am speaking to you,
Your lowness

Let me set you derecho

You have no say so over our lives.
We live and we will live
and love to the last breath
decided not by you,
but by Greater.

For we were born
at the appointment of
El Dio y La Diosa...

And the time
of our leave-taking from Earth
Was decided before we were born;

¡Cabron!
I said ¡cabron!

We are divinely inspired
to be on planet Earth until
we walk onward
deigned ONLY by Greater...

¡Cabron!
You're on noticia:
I have news for you Cabron--
And I speak for many mis comadres,
los todos compadres, los todos
viejas y viejos, all our sister-mother-daughters, all our son-fathers--
brothers,
ALL our elders...

¡Be informed Cabron!
for this has ALWAYS been true
despite your many cheap imaginings.
Will ALWAYS be true!

¡Even BULLETS
CANNOT kill me
If it's NOT
my time
To die!

May this be understood by many
May it remain so
May it be enacted in good ways
as each person sees fit
according to their ways of Life.

Aymen
Aymen
Aymen

[and a little woman]