

Sherwood Island

September 23, 2020 ... The warmth of the autumn sun penetrates my skin as it sparkles on the water, squint-worthy, like millions of fireflies rolling on the tide.

I relax as my toes sink into hot sand.

Two little girls, three and four, strip to their undies and run to the water to throw stones and splash around. Their laughter carries on the wind like dandelion seeds, beckoning like music for me to go inward.

The jetties are dotted with boys and men, rods and reels, their lines stretched for that unassuming underwater creature. Shell-seekers carrying pails, heads bowed, intently search for a little treasure.

Dragon flies darting, gentle waves lapping, seagulls gliding: Joy in motion.

Peace is here, if only for an hour or two.

Everyone needs a little time away from the gravitational pull of the devices we use to rely on, and the 24-hour news cycles that are careening at us like a train wreck we can't get out of the way of.

In the midst of all this unrest, anger, fires in the west, division, lies and deceit we're bombarded with hourly like a round from an AK15, there is this place that one can come where the world stops shouting and we can remember that all of life isn't the crazy way it feels right now.

God is there in the brokenness, waiting to help us heal.

Amen.

—Reflection by Kimberly Miller, which she read at Morning Prayer, Thursday, September 24th