



Standing in the Mountain



## **Praying with the Creek**

**Every day I walk by the creek(s), the Stephenson Trail  
The Silver Creek meets the Brushy Fork  
I meditate and talk to the Creek;  
“How are my two lives going today?”, I ask.  
Sometimes flowing and clear, sometimes flowing and muddy,  
Sometimes barely flowing and rocky;  
but always at least a little trickle,  
flowing into the bigger of the One.**





**Corona 2**  
**Jennifer Elam**  
**April – July, 2020**

**During the Corona, I hear the voices of the wider world, I hear  
the voices of my outer world, then I settle and hear the inner  
voices of**

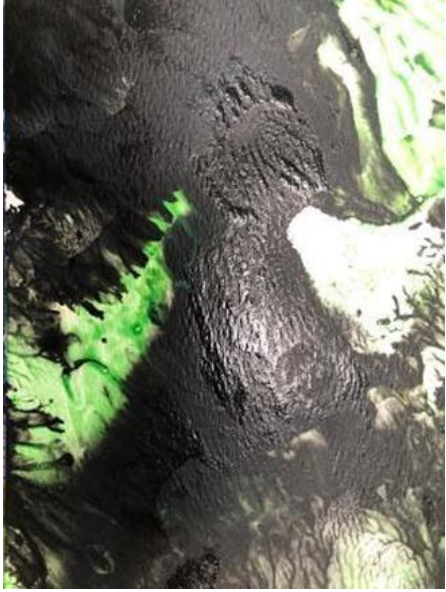
**communion with the Bigger**

Theresa's Poem – Voices of the Wider World



**Black, White and the Light Shines Through**





**We Stall**





**Then We Grow Amidst**

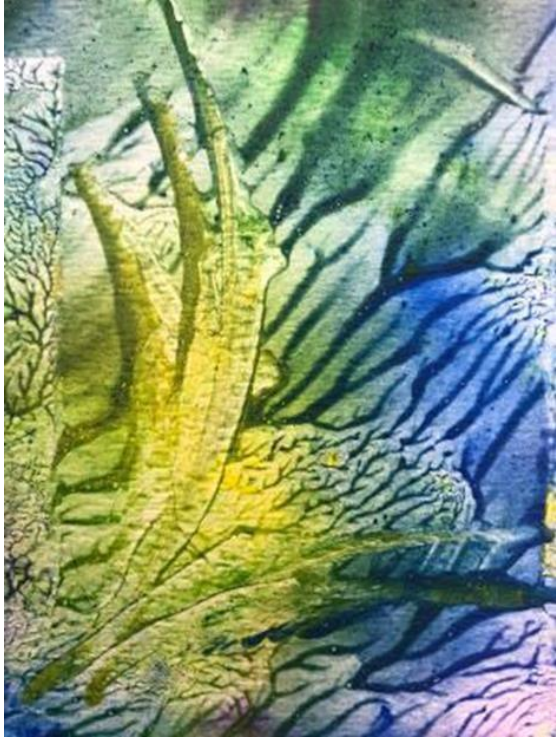


**Chaos Ensues Amidst the Growth; We falter**



**We Grow More and Sometimes Can Hear the Music**



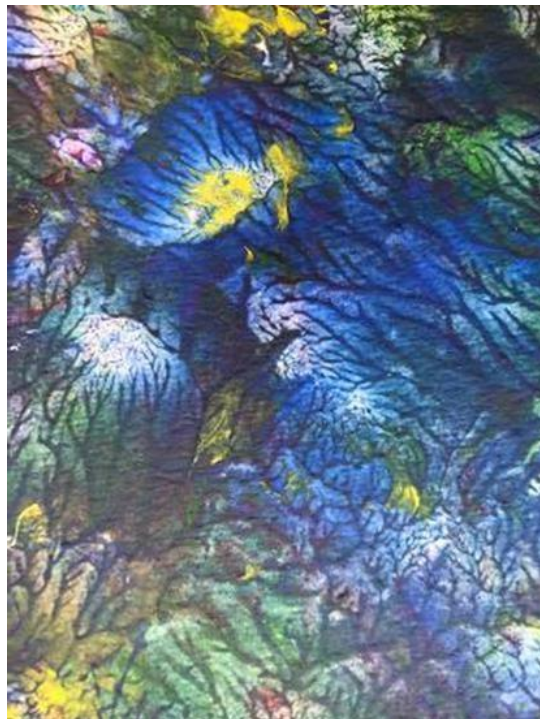


**So Grateful for the John Lewis voices**





**Voices of Hard Work, Non-violence, Change,  
Equality, and especially Good Trouble**





**Then there are the Inner Voices of My Outer World;  
Get that house sold, and hurry up  
Get yourself a place to live, and hurry up  
Get those workshops in order, and hurry up  
And don't forget all that estates settlement work, hurry up, NOW, no yesterday!!!  
All right already, stop those voices.**









**NOW!**



**Emotions Calm, Emotions Flare**







**OHHH, an offer amidst my panic.....**



**Soon, onto the FARM....**

**And then the voices of another realm take over**



**The voices that say, I am ok just as I am, I  
am enough and it does not depend on  
getting all that work done now.**

**It says my heart is good and depend on that. I  
will be ok, no matter what.**

**It says, listen to the music and make the art,  
CREATIVITY IS THE KEY TO SURVIVE and THRIVE.**

**My friend, Amy's poem comes to mind.**

Stop – read Amy's poem



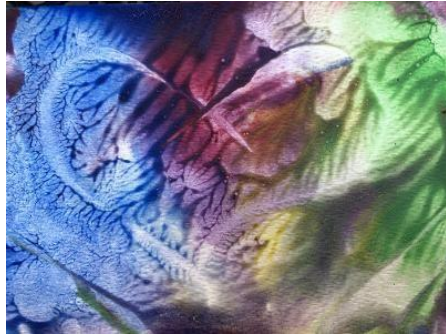








**Our Hearts Break for our Country**







**Then Our Hearts Find a Resting Place, for Now**





**And I Can See a Little Something New Growing in the Light**









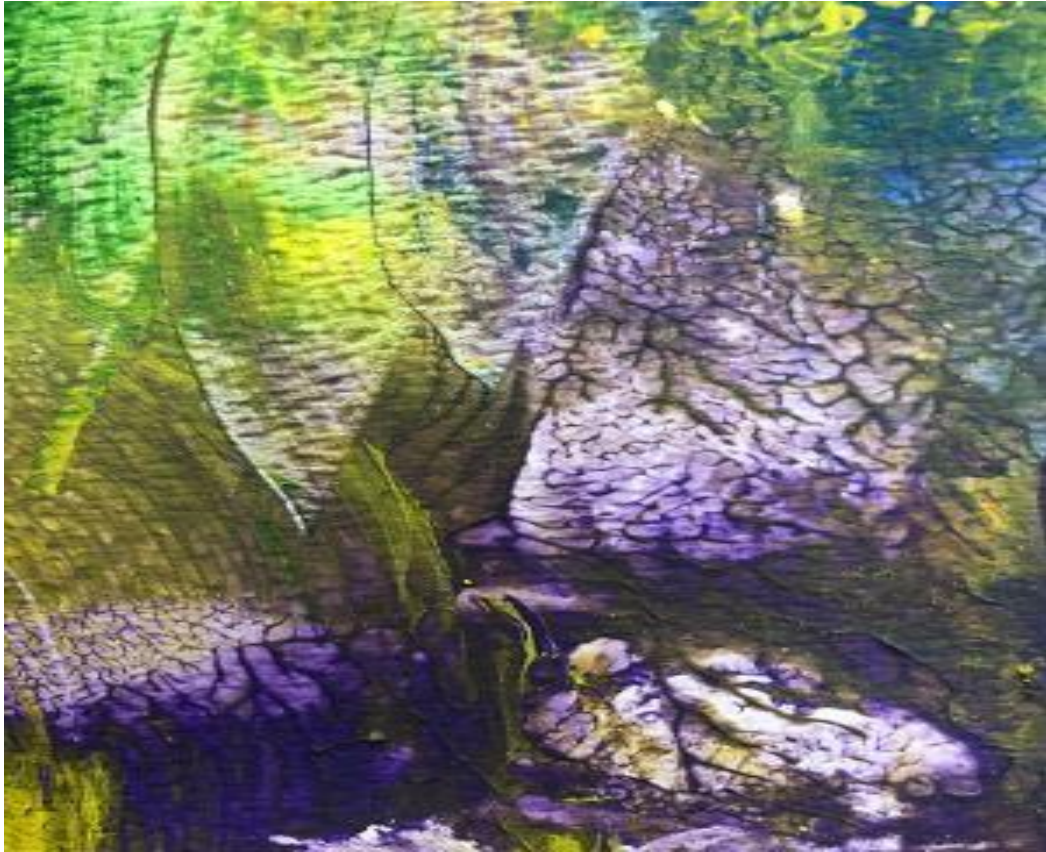












### **As the World Still Turns**

When I was a kid, Mon thru Friday at 1:30 pm, My  
Nana always watched As the World Turns.  
She seemed to need some added drama in her Quakerly/Methodist life.  
I do not need to add drama to my life. Enough is just there!

I ponder the larger world and my friend Theresa's poem comes to my mind. Read  
Theresa's poem below. No title.

--

It began in the time of  
covid which quickly  
became  
the time of the big terrible  
CDC forecasts Dr.  
Anthony Fauci guidelines  
stay at home wash your  
hands wear a mask testing

delays daily positives  
death counts denying  
lying leadership big city  
lock downs refrigeration  
trucks potter fields  
quarantines flattening the  
curve essential workers  
health care heroes  
without enough supplies  
or personnel to attend the  
nightmare.

Then the big awful... again  
televised over and over  
eye-to-eye begging for air  
time to breathe George  
Floyd Black Lives Matter  
peaceful protestors  
nationwide angry  
millennials too many  
black men young beautiful  
women forgotten victims  
shot in the name of law  
enforcement  
grief stricken families  
disenfranchised communities  
burning buildings looting of  
stores and still more cop  
killers yet some took a knee  
amid cries to defund the  
police reappropriations  
reparations rewrite US his-  
tory take down confederate  
statues unmask racist  
forefathers all the while...  
unemployment explodes daily  
death tolls soar.

More terrible and then more awful  
not necessarily in sequenced order  
out of order unnecessary violence  
by law and order Seattle  
encampments poor peoples camps  
on the Parkway Portland  
protestors disappeared into  
unmarked car by unidentified  
military tanks and tear gas impact  
bullets flash grenades Moms on  
front lines mayors pushing back



contrary governors contrived  
campaigns #it's all about me at a  
covid briefing wishing a \$20  
million, imprisoned sex  
trafficking, madam "well" while  
maskholes and repubs ignore  
common sense and science  
millions more test positive 1000  
deaths a day and counting.

Then this Sunday morning  
in Brown Chapel at  
A.M.E. Church in Selma,  
Alabama

it all seemed to stop... for a moment in  
time for today going forward we  
walked across a new bridge waiting to  
be renamed for Good Trouble a  
humble hero a truthful voice living out  
his legacy lifting us all up with his  
honest words step by thoughtful step  
inspiring commitment tenacity, brave  
hearts leaving behind Hope in a  
hopeless time for our children's  
children's dreams.

As we re-member ourselves  
across time and trouble  
from where we came  
uplifted by gentle giants  
and a young 30 year old  
who walked us through and  
over together leading with  
courage dignity and non-  
violence.

Thank you, Congressman John R. Lewis.  
You live in our hearts today and always.

In these times we continue for you  
and Martin and all those who stand  
up cross bridges march forward  
defy injustice work for equality a  
safer planet protect the children  
protest peacefully eradicate war  
continue our civil disobedience to  
make good trouble in your  
courageous spirit for peace, justice  
and non-violence.

Thank you, Congressman Lewis, Thank You.

May you find peace on your way.

\*\*\*\*\*

Theresa Camerota

Sunday, July 27, 2020 ©

Beloveds,

Listen! there's an older meaning of belief,

'to rest my heart on'

I invite you to notice and affirm what you rest yours on.

I rest my heart on the generous, abundant earth on

the life-giving cycles of day and night

I rest my heart on the gorgeous burning ball of generosity, the sun, that

gives and gives and gives its heat and light

making life on our planet possible

I rest my heart on Yeheshua and Miriyam

Healers and rebels of 2000 years ago

Who still bring healing to so many

I rest my heart on the Great Turning though it may

not happen in my lifetime, Humanity's turning, re-

turning to taking our place in the complex,

magnificent, interwoven web of life on the earth

When we live in ways that not only sustain life, but

regenerate biodiversity, create more abundance-

Yes, even as we never forget that to live requires the taking of life,

I rest my heart on the knowing

We can and will live connected to each other and all life

I rest my heart on the Big Heart

that holds all other hearts Our

hearts, my heart, your heart

So may it be Aho Ashe Hallelujah!

love and blessings, Amy Kietzman