

**March 28, 2020**

## **The Waking**

**I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.  
I learn by going where I have to go.**

**We think by feeling. What is there to know?  
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.**

**Of those so close beside me, which are you?  
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there,  
And learn by going where I have to go.**

**Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?  
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.**

**Great Nature has another thing to do  
To you and me, so take the lively air,  
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.**

**This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.  
What falls away is always. And is near.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I learn by going where I have to go.”**

This is a poem by Theodore Roethke (1908-1963) the poet who wrote the poem, Words for the Wind, which gave me the idea for my weekly Words which some of you find worth reading.

The poem I think correlates well with the Gospel for this weekend about Jesus and Martha and Mary and the dead Lazarus. Roethke claimed no religious faith and I do not want to give him one as he is long dead himself and “knows” in a manner of speaking more than I do about that but I find his poem to be almost what John the Gospel writer is trying to teach us this weekend.

The world that God created is was and always will be good, with moments that are hard to find goodness in, as we know well now. The world that God. Created was. Created in love, it is as natural as how light calls trees to grow tall and worms work the soil, it is just the way it is.

So too with us, it is just the way it is that no matter what the origin from which we come and the destiny to which we go is the same, Love, with an upper case L.