

April 13, 2020

Our church grounds were beautiful yesterday, just simply beautiful. The daffodils, crocus, and hyacinths were in full bloom all over the place. If you are passing by, please feel free to cut some and take them home, that way we are making our physical distances closer through the beauty of those flowers.

Those flowers just can do one thing and that is to draw on the earth and sun and spend about 11 months making flowers that may last 6-10 days in perfect conditions as we have had this year so far, perfect for bulb flowers, that is.

A conspiracy of sorts, the planets around the sun, the weather patterns in the lower great lake called Michigan in North America gave us an Easter Sunday with temperature, length of day, and mild breezes all in harmony except for the fact that we weren't there.

I rarely think about our interdependence because I don't have to but now, I do, we all do. Going forward I feat things will get tougher for all of us because while we are interdependent, we like to be interdependent on our own terms and in this situation with this virus, we cannot do that.

Wisława Szymborska (1923-2012), a Polish poet in 1996 won the Nobel Prize "***for poetry that with ironic precision allows the historical and biological context to come to light in fragments of human reality.***"

The following poem is set in a museum and the comments are from a guide.

**DINOSAUR SKELETON**

*Beloved Brethren,  
we have before us an example of incorrect proportions.  
Behold! the dinosaur's skeleton looms above--*

*Dear Friends,  
on the left we see the tail trailing into one infinity,  
on the right, the neck juts into another--*

*Esteemed Comrades,  
in between, four legs that finally mired in the slime  
beneath this hillock of a trunk--*

*Gentle Citizens,  
nature does not err, but it loves its little joke:  
please note the laughably small head--*

*Ladies, Gentlemen,  
a head this size does not have room for foresight,  
and that is why its owner is extinct--*

*Honored Dignitaries,  
a mind too small, an appetite too large,  
more senseless sleep than prudent apprehension--*

*Distinguished Guests,  
we're in far better shape in this regard,  
life is beautiful and the world is ours--*

*Venerated Delegation,  
the starry sky above the thinking reed  
and moral law within it--*

*Most Reverend Deputation,  
such success does not come twice*

*and perhaps beneath this single sun alone--*

*Inestimable Council,  
how deft the hands,  
how eloquent the lips,  
what a head on these shoulders--*

*Supremest of Courts,  
so much responsibility in place of a vanished tail—*

She questions the assumptions many of us used to bring to the reality of our interdependence but that can be no more, those assumptions as the story goes are just assumptions because biological nature is not subject to what we may think or want but operates with an internal process not subject to our world views.

A tough lesson in a beautiful world that, also, operates with painful and internal and unfair law not subject to a veto.