



Let the beauty we love be what we do. There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground. Rumi
Dear People of God: Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, Psalm 96, has become one of a few comforting mantras these days as I look for things which have not changed in the midst of so many which have.

Beauty and holiness are words which I dwell on and in; worship, however, has taken on new meaning as its form and place are no longer prescribed or predictable. One of the ironies of this Lent season of Covid19 is that beauty and holiness endure; worship seems to have increased and expanded into new territories. I am comforted by this steadfastness.

Beauty, holiness and worship are the markers of the practice of our faith. Beauty evokes gratitude and wonder. Holiness permeates with blessing. Worship focuses our attention on divine source.

I am finding beauty in unexpected places: in exquisite musical offerings, in people's faces and habitats on Zoom, in poetry, in art, in nature, and especially memories and photographs! Every time I am caught up short by a beautiful moment, I feel God's presence and I know a holiness in the blessing which comes from this awareness. And there it is, just as Mary Oliver called it, beauty to holiness calls us to pray; it is in the attention.

As we move into Holy Week with so much commotion about what to "do" and how to live stream!, let us not forget that worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness is what we have done, do, and will do with renewed energy and imagination in the days to come. Let's receive this beauty. Let's bless it. Let's pray with thanksgiving and plead for mercy. Let's not miss the mystery of it all, let's keep the presence of God at the center, and let's remember the beauty of salvation history that it might evoke enough to get us through.

As Rumi says: there are a hundred ways to kiss and touch the ground! God loves our trying and our creativity!

Below is a poem about beauty which is, well, beautiful!:

It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,-
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,-
Like memory of music fled,-
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.
Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, - where are thou gone?
Percy Bysshe Shelley, 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'

Rev. Dr. Martha Tucker

"And what does the Lord require of you? To act justly and to love mercy and walk humbly with your God"

--Micah 6:8

*"We seldom notice how each day is a holy place Where the eucharist of the ordinary happens,
Transforming our broken fragments Into an eternal continuity that keeps us."*

— John O'Donohue, To Bless the Space Between Us: A Book of Invocations and Blessings

I would love to live like a river flows, carried by the surprise of its own unfolding.

*— **John O'Donohue***