

BEATITUDE

David Sparenberg

Blessed indeed are the poor and the wild things of the Earth, although pushed to the edge of existence and extinction sniffs and looks into our eyes with deadly indifference, day after day and minute by minute. For the wretched of the Earth and the wild are made homeless in common. And without habitation, multitudes are driven by the betrayal of greed into the abomination of desolation.

Yet One there is who watches. And after much suffering, the scales out of balance shall rise with a mighty ringing. And justice will abide everywhere. For there is no mending but by preserving unity through diversity; no healing but in the bestowal of dignity. And there is no salvation, except by the wayside, in the ghettos of the forgotten, where the vulnerable await the unfulfilled promises of welcoming love.

Blessed indeed are the peacemakers. For such shall teach and lead us out of the terror and confusion of deception and destruction, and away from the wars of men against men, and the warring of men on nature. But the day of peace will come with the dismantling of walls and the dissolving of boundaries and borders. And the gentle and visionary—whose palms are as their souls, and both are without bloodstain—will surely show us the shade of a life-bearing tree and seat us among lions and lambs. And we will come to share of who we are in harmony and without hatred.

Blessed indeed are the innocent and pure of heart. And those who time cannot stoop and wither into bitterness; and who are not skillful with the wiles of shallowness and success, but for whom both prairie stars and daybreak star remain embracing miracles. And for whom the pattern of a spider's web in autumn garden is a form of scripture. And for whom a cloud of yellow pollen blown over the desert in springtime is a breath of mystery. And for whom the soaring flight of an eagle is the utterance of a holy word.

For all such are of the Kingdom of God and are beloved of creation, even as children are loved in the eyes of elders.

Blessed indeed are those among us today and tomorrow who walk the good talk and who are Earth-walkers. For such have seen with the eyes of the soul and know in the knowledge of experience that soul-seeing is truth. And this truth is simple and belongs to life.

Blessed indeed are those disciplined and profound with silence, and respectful in their measured words. In the chaos of upheaval and in the ordeals of betrayal, still they value honesty above profit and integrity, which bestows freedom, above possessions and enslavement to things.

Blessed indeed are the myth-singers, who have gone down into the ancient and recovered the medicine of sanity, and the storytellers and poets, and those who re-enchanted us and initiate our bodies into dancing with the rhythms of the Earth.

For such celebrants give bone and living tissue to the dreams of God, but shake off disfiguring shadows and blow away, with chanting breath, the dun smoke of nightmares and misdirecting lies. For those who are deep are collectors of power. And beauty is most precious among the gifts we come giving.

Blessed indeed are you who have prayed with these words. And are pregnant now and are nurturing them inside, as words of your own. For you shall drop upon the Earth in your seasons as seeds of the Tree of Life. And the fruit that ripens from your roots shall be the food of salvation.

In those days, even angels will enter your orchards, smiling the smile of grace, and with the open hands of holy beggars. And you who are but of the Earth will feed them and satisfy the hunger of Heaven.