

Is Mother Earth trying to tell us something at this time of plague?

She holds us and feeds us.

Seldom we look at her.

Rarely we touch her.

She weeps. She groans. She trembles.

Yet when she is wounded, we are wounded too.

She is stripped, poisoned, abused.

yet she labors forth life.

Her gift is our birth.

The Pope kisses her.

She is whence we all came.

And to whom we all go.

She is our Mother, the Earth.

She is ours.

We are her's.

from Beyond Easter,

WJF