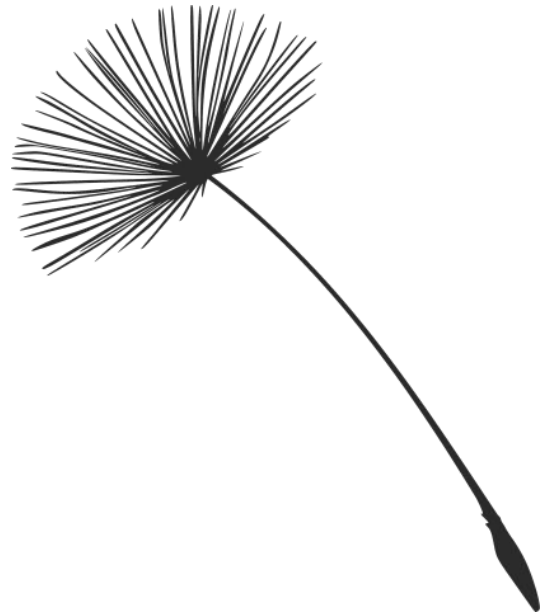


MY SOUL IS EAGER AND AWAITING
CHRISTINE MOORE ©2024
ST. SIMON PARISH SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION RETREAT

In the soft, blacker than black soil
a seed's future is already known.
Known to the hands that
gently placed this life just
where it was meant to be.
It is an everyday, miraculous
miracle – how all of the planet
will unite for the sake of this single
seed. Indeed, for every seed.
The sun, the earth, rain from
above and shade of neighboring plants
all present to this one life.
I too am seed.
Each breath,
each heartbeat,
each anticipatory moment
of my life is rooted in
God, who smiles in wonderful
joy at all that I am.
Who nourishes me in all things.
When life is spacious, I rest in God.
When life is precarious, I lean into Him.
He is the very starting point of my soul.
God has brought me to this moment
of yearning for unyielding unity with Him,
of desiring the future He formed me for,
of bearing loving witness
to the goodness of my life.
My soul is eager and awaiting.
May I rest in His love ever more deeply.
May I see with my heart's loving eye all that is
my life.
May I love as I am loved
I am love.
I am loved.

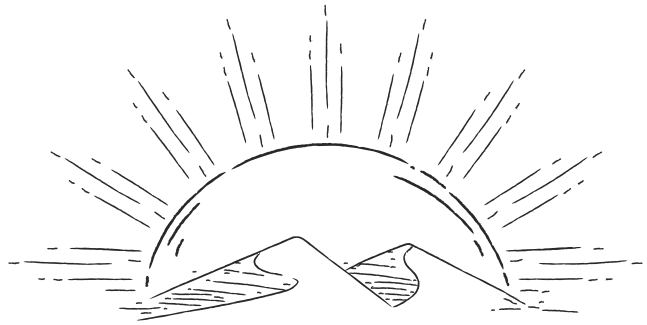


MY SOUL IS RESTFUL AND STILL

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ST. SIMON PARISH SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION RETREAT

In the calm of early day,
in that precious hour
when morning is not quite morning yet,
darkness fills my room
and I hear the earth awaken.
I do not rush from my senses,
but instead let them languish
in the glory of this new day.
I take note of the way the birds
welcome the arriving light.
Their chorus of singing beckons
the sun and readies their domain
for another beginning.
So too, I reach my spirit out
to the Lord and feel His
warming glow upon my flesh.
I know that whatever the day
holds, I am held in His love.
I inhale comfort and solace.
I notice the limitlessness of
God in each moment.
My soul is restful and still.
Though I cannot predict what
may come my way, I know I can return to
this ever-flowing love
to find peace in my hours
and renewal in my heart.



MY SOUL IS AWAKE AND AWARE

CHRISTINE MOORE ©2024

ST. SIMON PARISH SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION RETREAT

In the deepest forest, the earth
holds me. The trail whispers:
Come now. I have a way for you.
A calligraphy of craggily tree roots
reminds me to take each step mindfully.
Ferns, with stories of their own
to tell, fan up the hills framing
my path. I eagerly move forward.
The wind arrives just on time –
a breeze cooling my skin as
I pause to catch a
breath of this freshest,
oldest air. Air that has
seen stars come and go.
Air that has been with and
through generations.
I inhale. I look up.
Above, redwoods soar to the sky,
with branches stretched out and
spread open. A safe place to land. A
softness to view.
Evergreen needles, delicate
as lace, dress mighty limbs.
Light dazzles through – a kaleidoscope in the
sky.
I feel in God's most glorious cathedral.
My soul is awake and aware.
I know not where the path will lead,
but I am not alone.
My God is beside me.
My God is before me.
My God is within me.



MY SOUL IS IN LOVING UNION

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ST. SIMON PARISH SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION RETREAT

In the coastline of the sea,
where the waves reach
shore again and again,
for all eternity,
I am one with my God.
I see Him in the movement
of the water, feel Him in
sunlight's warmth,
know Him in the steady
ground that holds me.
His is my way and my light.
I am made abundant in Him.
And He is abundant in me.
Just as water finds way to
nourish and refresh all,
so too God's love flows
into every crevice of my being.
The moments of restorative ease,
the moments of doubt and restlessness,
are made clearer to me in God's love.
My soul is in loving union.
I look to farthest horizons knowing
I will never be without Him.
I feel my belonging to Him and
I look toward others. I see they too
are of God. He is overflowing love,
and we are His vessel.
May we be one.
May we be one.
May we be one.

