

Descending Dove

Riding through
 over
 into
 and
down
 to us
mighty winds
flowing on waves
 of living water.
Parted lips,
Tongues wagging,
Throats open
 to slake the thirst
To KNOW God's Words.
The sensation of
 them flooding
 into our stream,
But rising to
 just taste.
Snapping shut our jaws,
Resisting Their escape
 into the atmosphere,
 the ether.
Lost to us?
Or to seek
 in the crevices,
 underneath the cornerstones,
 within the Rock
 upon which we stand,
To believe,
Have FAITH
that loving one another
 without reservation,
 without boundaries,
 without limits
IS possible,
 As "all things" are
 with God.

From Susan Ceely Philips

Pentecost

The “church” is born.

50 days of waiting.

First Fruits

to

Harvest Feast,

Weeks

pass

toward the Gathering.

Mighty winds shear

Multiplied voices

forged into

the

one and only

message

Needed to live

to care

to survive.

The Helper is here.

The “reminder” of

what you need

to KNOW,

That I AM

ALWAYS

With you.

Holy of Holies

in the Tabernacle

of your heart.

From Susan Ceely Philips

Whoever...

Designed,
Implemented
the Seasons
was so Smart.
Just when you long
to be warm outside -
as well as in,
Spring nudges Winter,
“out of my way!”.
She gradually -
most of the time -
Allows Sun’s light
to do his thing,
his warmth shedding
our shivers.
And then,
it’s Summer.
Sunny beach days
draw Sun’s worshipers
out and about.
We put up our feet,
sip icy cold sips,
dip into cooling dips,
And then,
complain.
Perspire becomes Sweat.
Flora’s domain becomes
irritating little brother,
Weed’s backyard.
With an occasional tease,
from August’s
late in the calendar’s days,
Or through September’s labors,
We sigh, “ahhh - relief”.

But, surprised frustration
from Sun’s
strong,
resisting
grasp,
yields heavy sighs of
“when will this end?”,
And, then,
It does.
Wind’s tidal
and
jet’s streaming
currents
Shift
to drag
what’s left of
Glacier’s frozen rivers
to swirl down and about us.
And, Autumn’s gown
of red, gold and tawny
slips to the floor.
A signal to “cover yourself”.
Snuggle under your comforter.
Toast marshmallows by the fire.
Have a cup of soup.
Inside, it’s warm and toasty.
Outside is not welcomed in.
And then,
just when the longing
begins to turn to an ache
To be warm outside -
as well as in -
Well...
you know.
Whoever
Designed,
Implemented
the Seasons
was really so Smart.

From Susan Ceely Philips