

Of wondrous stuff are we here made,
Sharing substance with the universe,
Blending the same elements
As planets circling suns
And stars whirling through measureless
voids,
As light riding silent zephyrs
far from where it is born
For millennia after it has gone out,
Its richness not dependent upon being
seen,
As bubbling caldrons of boiling worth
And frosted chill as deep as exists,
As darkened shadow and radiant bright,
Both beyond our humble skill to see.
So what is time when a star's life is ten
thousand of our own,
And entire galaxies count eons for
seconds?
What is distance when a solar tempest
Swells farther than our voices may ever
reach,
Or our feet may in a lifetime walk?
Yet of these same wonders are we made.
Of this same wonder are we members.
To this great rhythm do we, too, dance.
We are made of stardust and moonglow!
We are sunshine and darkness!
We are timelessness and expansiveness
Greater than our ability to conceive,
And we are precious
As God's thoughts and loves.
So when the crowd beckons us be
burdened,
And when we are found tethered by the
fears of others,
When voices collide in cacophonies of
babble
And shout without listening or hearing,
May we be staid by being
In the presence of the divine creation we
are,
Knowing we are nestled in a larger whole
With rhythms of larger strides.

And if to ourselves we have striven to be
true
And accepted grace for when we have not
been,
If we have given of our deepest treasure at
any time
And received such sacredness from
others,
If from this well we may say we've sipped,
Then it has been enough
And more
And it is glorious!
And of all the wonders in the universe,
Of this is made the smile of God.

--Dominic G. Kollasch
for Mary