

Friends of Silence

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"Is there enough Silence for the Word to be heard?"

Dear Friends ~ Rainbows may seem a rather glib focus for a March newsletter, but stick with me. Overplayed as they are in early Spring, I have the compounding factor of rainbow-enthusiast housemates; children pushing me to the next level of septacoloored semicircles, selecting every story rendering a rainbow. As my spiritual directors, my children implore me to read and reread favorite picture books ad nauseum; a Lectio Devina of a bedtime reading ritual.



Katie Jones Pomeroy

In truth, and not at all disingenuously, I find a deep well in children's literature. And rainbows, as both a physical phenomenon and illustrative image, offer seemingly endless edification, reaching back into our ancient stories and traditions around the globe and ahead into our scientific understanding of how we perceive our world on a narrow spectrum of visible light, with much to see beyond our means.

And so, drawing from the authors that write hope and aspiration into the lives of my children, alongside sonneteers and seekers of spirit and science whose words have made their way to me this waning winter, may we take a moment to hold these simple images and ideas with the same care and respect as the complex realities that often occupy our minds. May we all find something so trite and so radiant on which to ruminate, from which to luminate. ~ Katie

Let me, O let me bathe my soul in colours; let me swallow the sunset and drink the rainbow.

~ Khalil Gibran

There are mountains for climbing, journeys to take, dreams that are hopeful, decisions to make. Dark days may shake us, and worries creep in. With dragons to duel and battles to win. Thunder will rumble. Lightning will flash. The wind will start blowing, and tall waves will crash. But...there are footsteps to follow and words that are wise. There's a map that will guide us when troubles arise.

~ Smriti Prasadam-Halls in RAIN BEFORE RAINBOWS

Let's paint a big rainbow to put on display. When people pass by it they'll see it and say, "All rainstorms must end, and this rainstorm will, too."

~ Michelle Robinson in THE WORLD MADE A RAINBOW

There is no amount of darkness that can extinguish the inner light. The important thing is not to spend our lives trying to control the environment around us. The task is to control the environment within us.

~ Joan Chittister

The Sun said to the Clouds, "Remember when we used to be together all the time and make rainbows?"

The Clouds nodded. "I'm sorry for going *clap bang boom!* at you," said the Clouds.

"I'm sorry for going *sizzle sizzle sizzle!* at you," said the Sun.

"It's better being friends!" said the Sun, and the Clouds agreed. They hugged. The Sun shined brightly and the Clouds misted happy rain. Ever so slowly, rainbows reappeared near and far, turning the world colorful once again.

~ Monica Sweeney in

HOW THE CRAYONS SAVED THE RAINBOW



Katie Jones Pomeroy

Be someone's cardinal glimpsed between leaf-shadows, flit of brightness so startling they have to blink to believe their eyes. Be the reason someone looks up from the cracked blankness of concrete and remembers the world is so much larger than what's locked inside head and heart. Be the red swoop from free to tree, the thread that stitches one uncertain moment to the next.

~ James Crews, "Cardinal"

Two miles into
the sky, the snow
builds a mountain
unto itself.

Some drifts can be
thirty feet high.
Picture a house.
Then bury it.

Plows come from both
ends of the road,
foot by foot, month
by month. This year

they didn't meet
in the middle
until mid-June.
Maybe I'm not
expressing this
well. Every year,
snow erases
the highest road.

We must start near
the bottom and
plow toward each
other again.

~ Camille T. Dungy, "In her mostly white town, an hour from Rocky Mountain National Park,
a black poet considers centuries of protests against racialized violence"



Krasimir Andonov, Shutterstock Images

I too have known loneliness.
I too have known what it is to feel
misunderstood,
rejected, and suddenly
not at all beautiful.
Oh, mother earth,
your comfort is great, your arms never withhold.
It has saved my life to know this.
Your rivers flowing, your roses opening in the morning.
Oh, motions of tenderness!

~ Mary Oliver, "Loneliness," in BLUE HORSES: POEMS

Your days pass like rainbows, like
a flash of lightning, like a star at
dawn. Your life is short. How can
you quarrel?

~ Jack Kornfield in
A LAMP IN THE DARKNESS

What do we call visible light? We
call it color. But the
electromagnetic spectrum runs to
zero in one direction and infinity
in the other, so really, children,
mathematically, all of light is
invisible.

~ Anthony Doerr in
ALL THE LIGHT WE CANNOT SEE

We do not become fully human
until we give ourselves to each
other in love.

~ Thomas Merton in *LOVE AND LIVING*

Food is rarely in short supply for
Saskatoons but mobility is rare.
Movement is a gift of the
pollinators, but the energy
needed to support the buzzing
around is scarce. So the trees and
the insects create a relationship
of exchange that benefits both.

~ Robin Wall Kimmerer in
THE SERVICEBERRY



Katie Jones Pomeroy

One little bee peeks out to see
A world of grey and snow.
She's looking for bright colors.
And she needs you to help them grow.

~ Christie Matheson in *THE HIDDEN RAINBOW*

To give happiness to others is a great
happiness, too.

~ Marcus Pfister in *THE RAINBOW FISH*

*I've had so many rainbows in my clouds
I had a lot of clouds
So I don't ever feel
I have no help*

I've had rainbows in my clouds

*And the thing to do it seems to me
Is to prepare yourself
So that you can be a rainbow
In somebody else's cloud*

~ Maya Angelou from "Try to be a Rainbow in Someone's Cloud,"
in *RAINBOW IN THE CLOUD*