

The background features a soft gradient from light purple at the top to light blue at the bottom. Scattered throughout are realistic water droplets of various sizes, some with highlights and shadows. A faint, circular sunburst or halo effect is visible in the upper center.

WALKING IN THE BODY OF GOD


A POEM SHARED BY BRENDA PEDDIGREW RSM



Welcome to a contemplative moment...

A mix of lectio and visio Divina allow the words
and images to wash over you...

“This Body births me; breathes me – what would
happen, what would the world be like if we all
remembered that we are walking in the Body of
God?”



Walking *in* the Body of God

Everyday I walk *in* the Body of God.

No white-haired sky-god for me

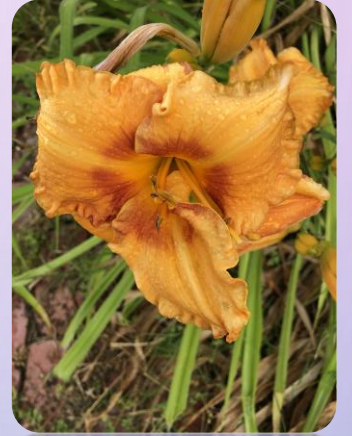
Full of brimstone and vengeance

Killing enemies in their thousands

No Father, demanding sacrifice,

Demeaning women.

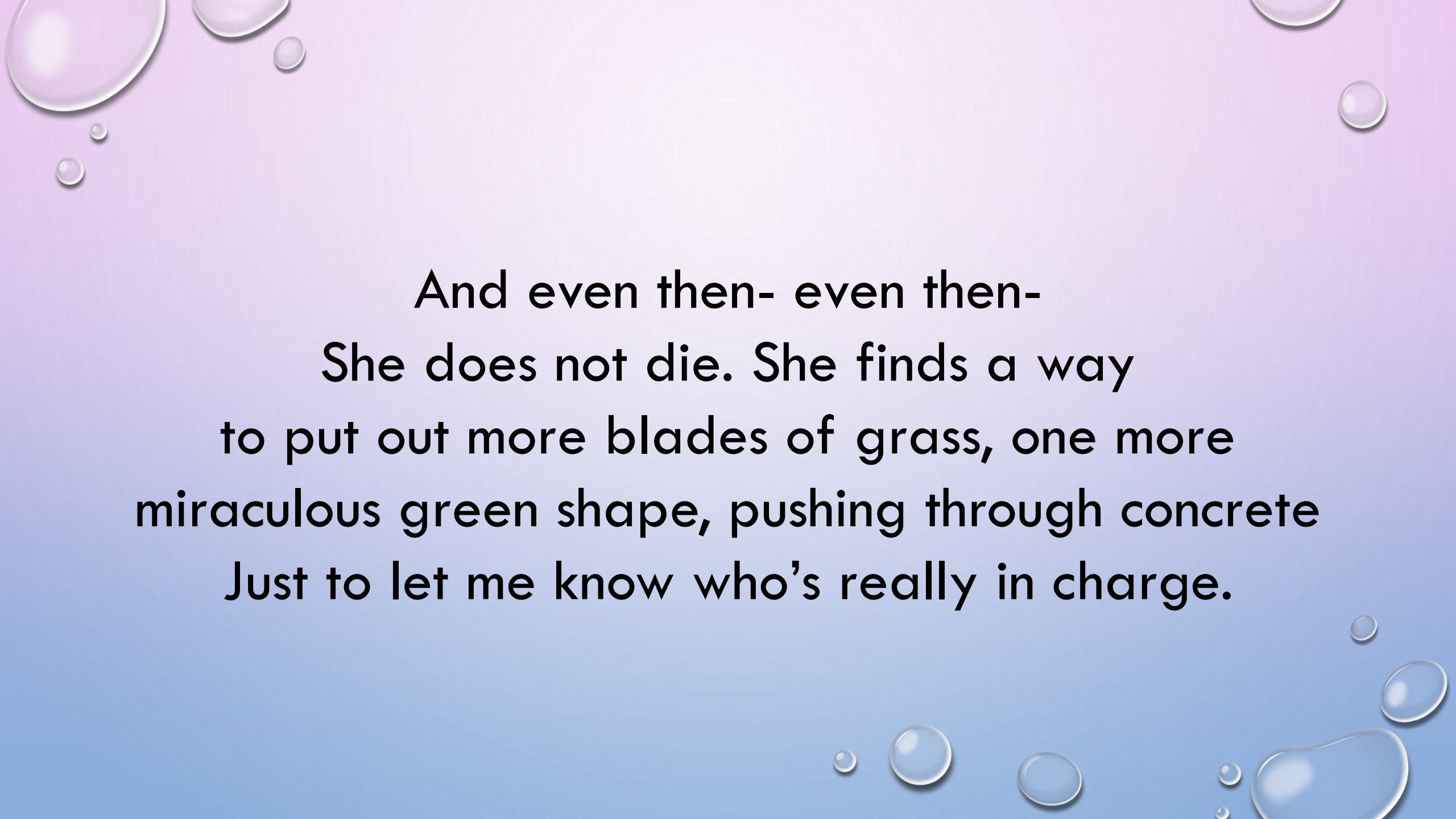




The god I know pretends to sleep under a white blanket,
Then delicately rises in green shoots, achingly vulnerable,
No less surprising for coming up every year.

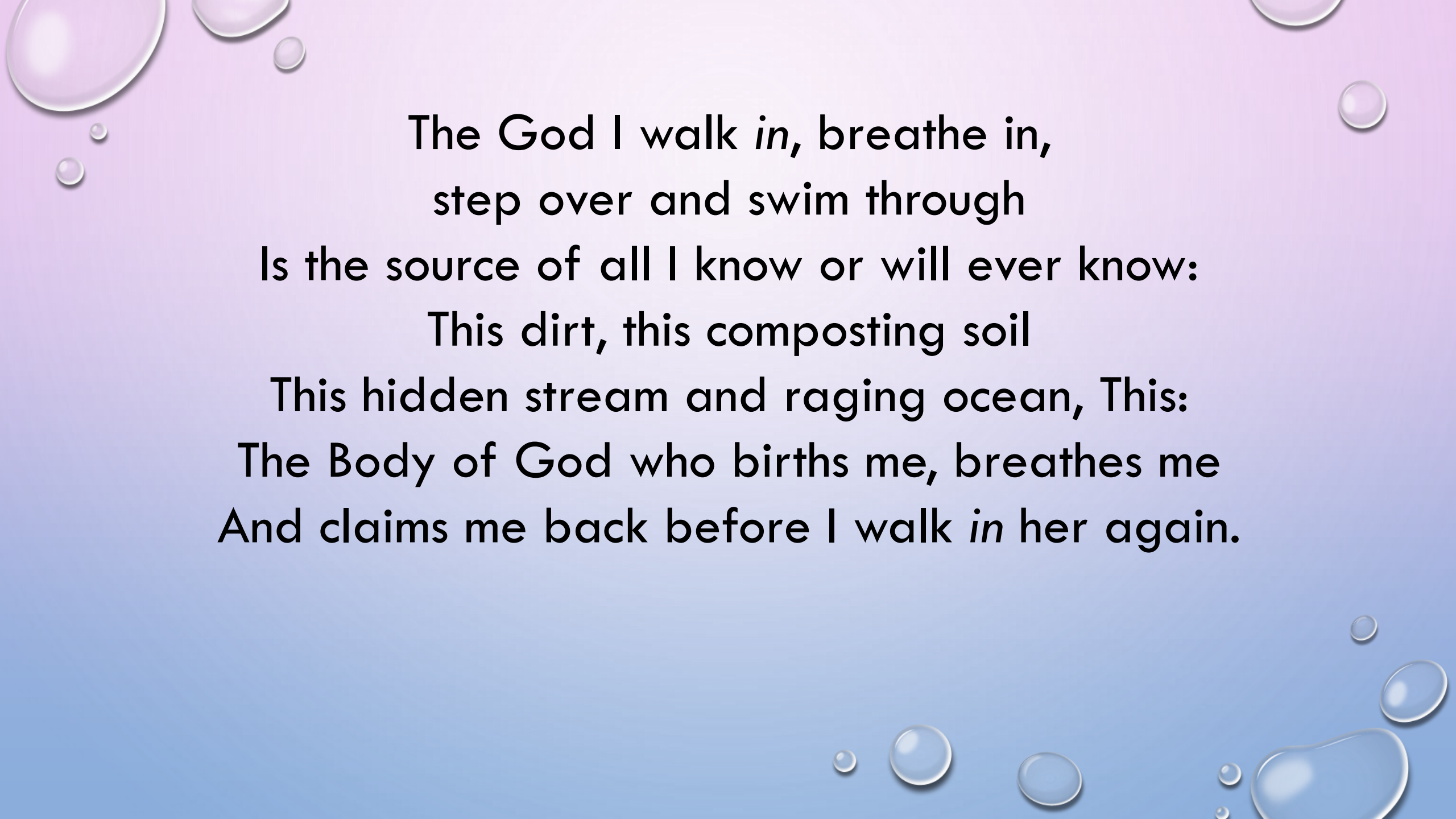
The God I know is abundant
that colour bursts out everywhere-everywhere that her Body isn't
Bulldozed, paved, sprayed, dug, or filled with chemical trash
that goes on killing and killing





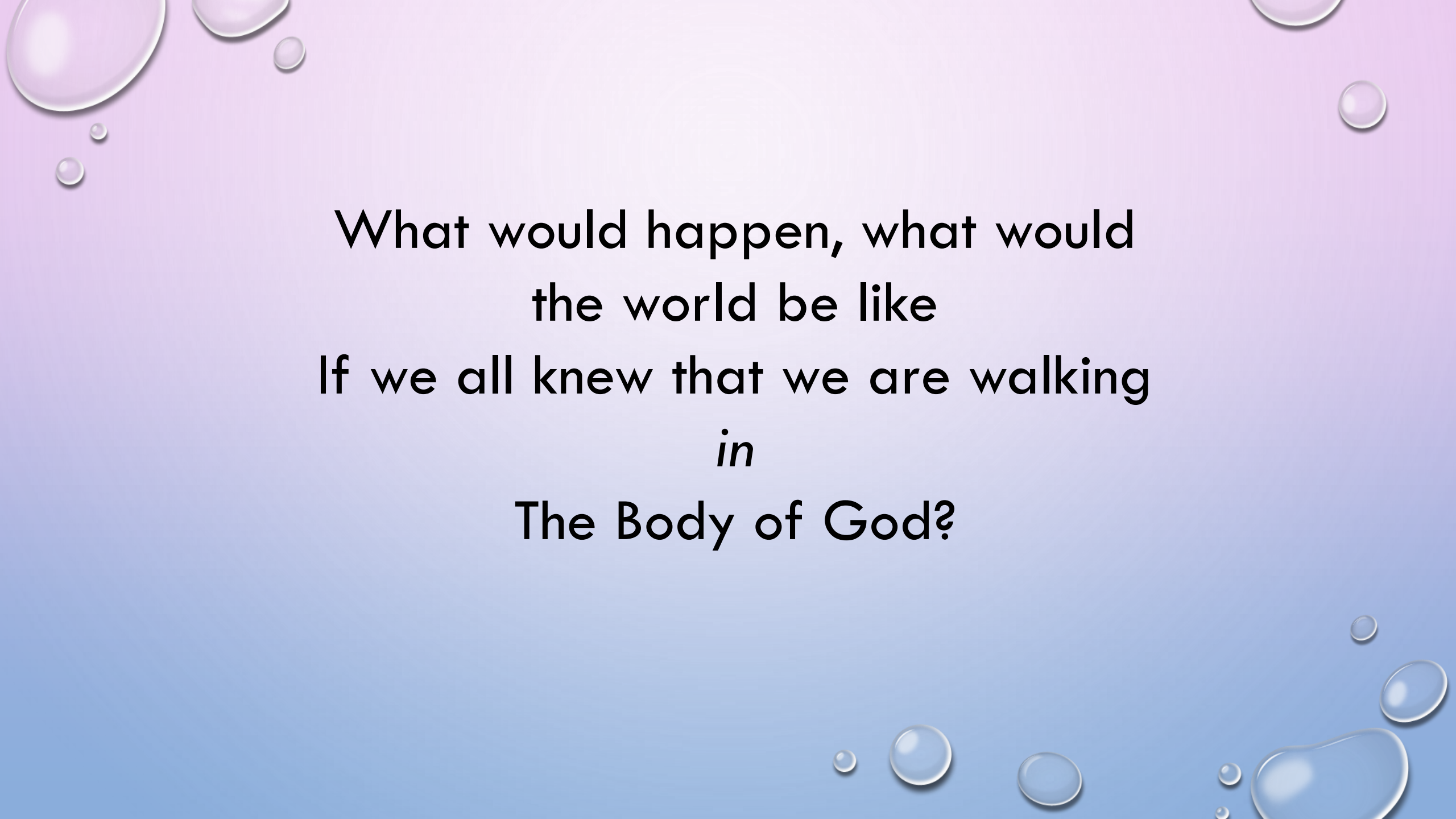
And even then- even then-
She does not die. She finds a way
to put out more blades of grass, one more
miraculous green shape, pushing through concrete
Just to let me know who's really in charge.





The God I walk *in*, breathe in,
step over and swim through
Is the source of all I know or will ever know:
This dirt, this composting soil
This hidden stream and raging ocean, This:
The Body of God who births me, breathes me
And claims me back before I walk *in* her again.





What would happen, what would
the world be like
If we all knew that we are walking
in
The Body of God?

