

Reflections from the Spring Seekers Silent Retreat

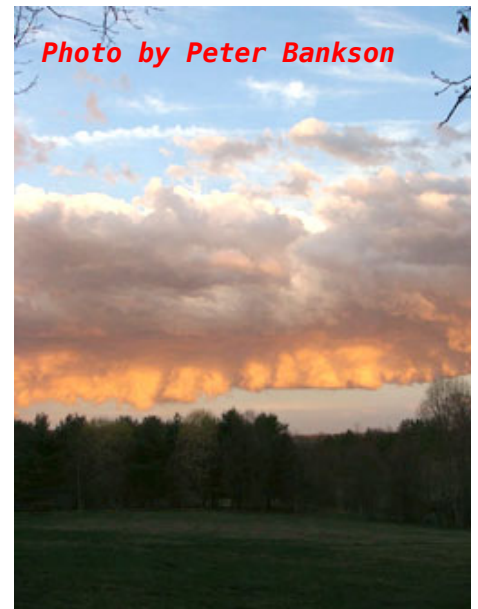


In the spring and fall Seekers holds silent retreats at Dayspring retreat center.

Enjoy photos and poems created on the latest silent retreat.

Featuring poems by:

Pat Conover, Aeren Martinez, and Muriel Lipp



**See
more
photos
of
Dayspr
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here.**

Rotting Hulk

Rotting hulk,
thick and heavy at forty degrees,
perturbing three living trees,
still standing,
reaching for your sun space.

You couldn't even die well,
had to hurt as you fell,
claiming support from those who couldn't deny you,
denying the greedy molds of earth,
if only for awhile,
as counted by greedy molds.

Slowly softening anyhow,
absorbing the punishment of wind, rain, and sun,
and insects,
and woodpeckers.

Fading, rotting anyhow,
bit still proclaiming the strength of carbon chains,
still connecting three trees that would otherwise be mere
competitors.

Still showing the art of creation,
bearing witness despite yourself,
and beyond your motives or intentions.
Just being into becoming anyhow.
Just possibility beyond your knowing.

Pat Conover

April, 2008

Third eye

The naked eye is wonderful, but through the camera's eye a new world emerges...

Spring jumping to life, big and small, leaves and flowers, gentle pedals, buds on trees

Quick, there are deer strolling through the woods behind our lodge! They stare back as if to wonder "who's that one eyed creature looking at me?" before they move on.

The labyrinth is one of my favorite spots to meet the holy in this sacred space.

I sit at the bench looking at the daylilies and spot something out of corner of my eye – a chipmunk watching me watching him from the safety of his hidey-hole

I stealthily reach out for the camera and get a few pictures before he retreats and I move on.

Walking along the path to the Lake of Saints a lone hawk circles high above while geese practice take offs and landings with outstretched wings of grace and beauty but their squawking voices pierce the silence sounding like



cars on a freeway

and yet as I sit on a bench they are drowned by the melodious tunes of a mockingbird singing a repertoire of other birds songs.

I continue my wanderlust and see a fox up ahead stalking cautiously through the brush;

could he be an adult from the litter of three foxes we saw last year?

I get one shot off as he looks back and sees us and then a quick one as he hops and runs,

hops and runs up the hill with his white tipped tail up in the air.

In a day that started off foggy and dreary, by midday it was bright and sunny

The evening yielded a spectacular sky of blues, pinks, oranges, and bright white clouds

God was surely watching and I could almost hear, "Behold all this I made for you"

I don't think I say it enough, but "Thank you God for this day and all my days."

Aeren Martinez

April, 2008

To a dead oak leaf



Were I to watch you
all this April day
as you dance on a
twig in the breeze

would I see you detach
and waltz
gracefully
to earth?

You are dead,
dear brown one.
You bloomed green and shapely
one spring and summer.

A new generation twitches.
Let the breeze
blow you to Eternity.

-Muriel Lipp (from porch, Dayspring Lodge)

April, 2008