

Salve Regina
[An. Grace #17]

Hello once ~~again~~^{more} on a Monday morning, as we join together for a few minutes to give praise & glory to God, in taking this little time to reflect a bit on divine things about our ordinary day's life. And having mentioned that it's Monday, why not just start off with the moon: yes, the moon from which our Mondays are named: the moon which this week, if you can see it, is growing towards the fulness of the harvest moon later in the week, the full moon of the mid-Autumn festival. Not only in Chinese culture is there still quite special about this full moon, which in the northern hemisphere seems always bigger, rounder, fuller, more yellow. It's connected with harvest time, when the last of the crops and the fruits were gathered in, and it seems appropriate to celebrate the good gifts of noble Earth and to thank the Lord of the harvest for the bounty and rich wealth of nature. There is a tradition of harvest festivals in some churches: in rural communities it's an obvious kind of celebration. But what about our modern cities, with our supermarkets that seem to have fresh harvests of fruit and vegetables & grain and honey and all these things all the year round? I'm reminded of the child preparing for first Holy Communion who told the chaplain that that bit of the Lord's Prayer asking for our daily bread was a bit silly, for running out had to go to the supermarket to get it every day. | It isn't only the rhythms or the words that's got lost in modern urban civilisation, does we now take so much for granted (even as our "right" somehow). Appreciation and gratefulness seem to drop out of our normal human activities. People whose lives & work are

close to the soil and the sea, the earth and the air, have a deep respect for nature and its power and its abundance, and know the limits of human interference. What would our world be like if it wasn't town-dwellers who made all the trade and politics & commerce? Perhaps in a roundabout way there is now the start of correcting the balance, with the emergence and growth of people's concern for environment and all the other "green" issues, as they're called: but there's still too little green news in the world's big cities and the waste-lands we've produced. So, what about the moon and harvests and things? It's only too easy to be romantic about rural life, ~~and~~^{forgetting} the harshness of it often: the moon too is maybe more often looked on romantically by people generally, than in any other way. But it remains one of our most prominent 'signs of the times', even though most of us maybe don't know how to read all the signs, about tides & weather and everything. At least we can all notice that ~~it~~^{the moon} does change and seem to have different qualities on the month [another "moon" word] rolls by, as the year goes around. We're not much used to being in contact with the real solid things of our earth — our feet, even, don't feel now because we wear shoes (a poet put that thought much more beautifully, but perhaps too cryptically, to be grasped in conversational speech). Unfortunately, it seems to need tragedies & disasters, natural and man-made, which destroy our delicate constructions of cities & power-lines and water-supplies and transport networks — such disasters to face us with our place in creation. Let the moon this week, then, be a reminder not

merch of beautiful and romantic things, but of fundamental things like who we are on this earth, respect for the world we live in and that supports us, gratefulness to the Lord of all creation and all harvests and all life. Think - pray this morning, this week. And for now, in music. "On this day, Earth shall ring"

Music
5 3:45

MUSIC - PRAYERS

I'd like to conclude today with a piece from Dostoiensky's "The Brothers Karamazov", the Discourse of Father Zossima

QQ. Seasons p 9