

## Thoughts from the Garden – November 2019

*Feed, burp, change, play, rock to sleep, repeat.*

*Feed.*

I live my life in 3-hour intervals. Dishes in the sink, mail in the box, unfolded laundry in the basket give me a chance to write during this one. The baby's resting in my arms, her gentle grunts and sighs of sleep provide the music of this moment. *Feed, burp, change, play, rock to sleep, repeat.* Squeeze in the rest of life in between, somehow.

*Burp.*

Activities like showering, responding to emails and washing dishes seem like moments stolen from my most fundamental task. Night and day revolve with little change though sun and moon alert me to the daily cycle. Time ticks by ever so slowly and weeks fly as days-old becomes a month old and then two.

*Change.*

I think of Rilke living life in "widening circles" and see how mine has become focused in, centered and small. Endless 3-hour revolutions within the longer-spaced cycles of days and months and seasons. The heat of summer days has already become the bright, coolness of autumn, and winter is reaching out with her frosty finger to let us know she is coming.

*Play.*

I have no sufficient words to reflect on this brand new being. This possibility of person, of world, of universe. How she came from the stars and the earth and water and soil. How she's made of Love.

*Rock to sleep.*

She is here because we said "yes, I do." Because the congregation said "yes, farm here." Because Helen said "yes, come back." Because Mary Lou said "yes, volunteer." Because Mary said "yes, come and see." Because our parents said "yes" and our grandparents and on and on and on. A cycle of "yes" back to the beginning and lived in each life in each moment.

*Repeat.*

These 3-hour cycles are made of magic and milk. The fold in her wrist. Gentle kisses on her cheeks. The sound of her breath. Tears and blankets and messy diapers and mess and sleep and spit-up and smiles. There's starlight in her skin. And I can say with Rilke, "I live my life in widening circles. That reach out across the world... I give myself to it."

*Feed.*

*Burp, change, play, rock to sleep, repeat.*

