



The Sunday Journal: The Sky and the Chipping Sparrow

Sun, 05/06/2012 - 07:35 -- rvisser

Perhaps I am never so happy as when I am on my knees digging in the soil. For, only when I am on my knees do the distances feel right?and the proportions. On my knees with my hands in the soil, I feel a sense of intimacy with life, an intimacy that cannot be found in any other way. At the same time, I feel more in touch with the vast sky above. Do we forget that the sky is part of our gardens? Is the sky up above us, or does it reach all the way to the earth? Or does it extend even further? Does it mingle and play with the earth, caress the earth?

Today, as I planted marigolds in the moist soil, I heard a chipping sparrow in the trees nearby. It, too, caresses the earth. It, too, mingles and plays with the earth. May we, each day, let the sky and the chipping sparrows tell us where our gardens are?and where we are.

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