



August 2020
Number 107 (1)

What Canst Thou Say?

Friends • Mystical Experience • Contemplative Practice

*You will say, Christ saith this, and the apostles say this: but what canst thou say?
Art thou a child of Light and hast thou walked in the Light, and what thou speakest,
is it inwardly from God? —George Fox*

Poetry as Prayer

A Poetic Spiritual Journey

In my college Spanish class, way back in the 1940s, we were translating one of the Romances from *The Romances of St. John of the Cross*: “Romance on the Gospel ‘In the Beginning Was the Word’ regarding the Blessed Trinity”. I was far from any thoughts of spiritual life in those teenage years, but the opening lines intrigued me:

*In the beginning the Word
was; he lived in God
and possessed in him
his infinite happiness.
That same Word was God,
who is the Beginning;
he was in the beginning
and had no beginning.*

I began to give some thought to theology. In time I became a staunch Roman Catholic. I had been captivated by the reading of the opening words of John’s Gospel at the end of the then-Latin Catholic mass. The practice of marking my head and breast with the sign was reinforced by John Henry Cardinal Newman’s poem, “The Sign of the Cross”:

*Whene’er across this sinful flesh of mine
I draw the Holy Sign,
All good thoughts stir within me, and renew
Their slumbering strength divine;
Till there springs up a courage high and true
To suffer and to do.
And who shall say, but hateful spirits around,
For their brief hour unbound,
Shudder to see, and wail their overthrow?
While on far heathen ground
Some lonely Saint hails fresh odour, though
Its source he cannot know.*

Clarence Burley

After fifty years as an almost daily communicant and twenty-five serving as lector and Eucharistic minister, somehow the practice began to pall. Perhaps it was the scandal of pedophilia, perhaps the attitude of the hierarchy towards the ordination of women, probably just plain weariness from age, but the spark was gone. In the meantime, having retired from business, I found part-time employment as a historian at a living-history museum, Old Sturbridge Village, re-enacting an early nineteenth-century parson. While there I learned of an opportunity to volunteer for a fundraiser called “Snow-Bound Weekend” at the John Greenleaf Whittier birthplace in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

The program had the twelve-year-old Whittier and his family—father, mother, brother, sisters, Uncle Mose (a man innocent of books), Aunt Mercy (The sweetest woman ever Fate/Perverse denied a household mate, /Who, lonely, homeless, not the less/Found peace in love’s unselfishness)

From the Editors:

In this issue of WCTS birthed in this “Time of Coronovirus,” Quaker poets, past and present, raise their voices in prayers of praise and supplication: Friends on opposite sides of the globe find their prayers in stanzas written by Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier, while some echo contributor Richard Osler’s declaration that “Some mysterious other inside me creates the words.” How fortunate we have been to receive so many submissions for this issue that we have created a web version, featuring more poems and notes on Whittier’s life and work <whatcanstthousay.org/s/WCTS-2020-Aug-Poetry-web-final.pdf>.

—Janice Stensrude and Michael Resman, Editors

What Canst Thou Say? (WCTS)

is an independent publication co-operatively produced by Friends with an interest in mystical experience and contemplative practice. It is published in February, May, August, and November. The editorial and production team is Muriel Dimock, Lissa Field, Mariellen Gilpin, Judy Lumb, Grayce Mesner, Mike Resman, Earl Smith, Eleanor Warnock, and Rhonda Ashurst.

Tell us your stories! **WCTS** is a worship-sharing group in print. We hope to help Friends be tender and open to the Spirit. Articles that communicate best to our readers focus on specific events and are written in the first person.

Although there are themes announced for most issues, we accept any expressions of mystical experiences or contemplative practice at any time.

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the schoolmaster, and some other sheltering friends enduring the storm, while an elderly, bearded, black-suited man read salient passages from *Snow-Bound* for the family to act out. I wore the nineteenth-century costume. My job was to act as usher—the kitchen only held about ten viewers at a time—and to entertain folks waiting for the next performance by reading other Whittier poems.

I enjoyed the Saturday activity, and they invited me to sleep over and do it again on Sunday. After supper they put me in Aunt Mercy's bed chamber (she wasn't there) where I put myself to sleep looking over some of the other Whittier poems, especially the poems of Quaker spirituality like "First-Day Thoughts" with its ending lines:

*May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone.*

The poem that really grabbed me was "Trinitas":

*At morn I prayed, "I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me."*

*I wandered forth, the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.*

*No partial favor dropped the rain;
Alike the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.*

*And my heart murmured, "Is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus should treat
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"*

*A presence melted through my mood,—
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.*

*I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.*

*Upon her bosom snowy pure
The lost one clung, as if secure
From inward guilt or outward lure.*

*“Beware!” I said; “in this I see
No gain to her, but loss to thee
Who touches pitch defiled must be.”*

*I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
And a voice whispered, “Who therein
Shall these lost souls to Heaven’s peace win?”*

*“Who there shall hope and health dispense,
And lift the ladder up from thence
Whose rounds are prayers of penitence?”*

*I said, “No higher life they know;
These earth-worms love to have it so.
Who stoops to raise them sinks as low.”*

*That night with painful care I read
What Hippo’s saint and Calvin said;
The living seeking to the dead!*

*In vain I turned, in weary quest,
Old pages, where (God give them rest!)
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guessed.*

*And still I prayed, “Lord, let me see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me!*

*Then something whispered, “Dost thou pray
For what thou hast? This very day
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.*

*“Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike declare
The all-compassionate Father’s care?”*

*“In the white soul that stooped to raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou saw’st the Christ, whom angels praise!*

*“A bodiless Divinity,
The still small Voice that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit’s mystery!*

*“O blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father, and Son, and Holy Call
This day thou hast denied them all!*

*“Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.*

*“The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul;—and the Three are One!”*

*I shut my grave Aquinas fast;
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The schoolman’s creed aside I cast.*

*And my heart answered, “Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Thy riddle hath been read to me!”*

It perfectly suited my understanding of the Trinity of God: the Infinite, the Immanent, and the Intimate. I knew then that a Quaker could be a Trinitarian. I read some more about “those people called Quakers,” went to the Worcester Friends meetinghouse where I was cordially welcomed. I sought clearness for membership, was accepted, and—because of my age—was put on a fast track of three years on the Ministry and Counsel Committee followed by three years as clerk.

And it is as a Friend—a Friend with still an attachment to the more liturgical and prescriptive flavors of Christianity—that I hope to end my days on earth.

Clarence Burley is a member of Worcester Friends Meeting in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Poetry as Prayer — An Unexpected Grace

Richard Osler

I have been privileged during the past eight years to lead poetry-as-prayer retreats, where I have witnessed many people, almost all of whom are not practiced creative writers, write poems that are also deeply personal prayers. And when the retreatants share those poems they become part of a larger communal poem or prayer that feels like unexpected grace.

In the AA recovery community there is a wonderful question: Who's in charge? And that question for me, is at the heart of my understanding of poetry as prayer: that when I pray or write poetry at my truest, I am not in charge. Some mysterious other inside me creates the words.

This idea that a poem can hold wisdom or knowledge the writer isn't aware of may seem strange to some but as a poet I am constantly amazed how my poems write me, not the other way around! This is the remarkable nature of poetry! We don't write because we know. We know because we write.

American Poet Li-Young Lee writes, "You surrender to the will of the poem, you surrender to the divine will which a poem is." Not all poets are this direct in attributing the presence of the divine in their poems but many see the critical importance of paying attention as a link between poetry and prayer. Irish-American poet Eamon Grennan says, "Somebody said that God only wants our attention. Another way of putting it is that attention is a form of prayer."

I think many people understand that reading poetry can be prayer. The Psalms are the most obvious example. But I wonder how many of us would consider our own poetry as a way of praying as Grennan does? As a way, as Lee says, of giving up control. The way American poet Mary Oliver describes in her poem "Praying":

*Just pay attention, then patch
A few words together and don't try
to make them elaborate, this isn't
a contest but the doorway
into thanks, and a silence in which
another voice may speak.*

Breathe On Me

Marcia J. Jones

*Breathe on me oh Spirit of the living God,
Touch me amidst my pleas
During this plague make me fall,
On my trembling knees
In complete adoration and praise,
My hands will I gently raise
Blow the Spirit upon my earthly shell,
Let it be felt everywhere
That men will know your power is real,
than any fear you might feel.
Breathe on me again oh Spirit of the living God.*

Marcia Jones, a retired social worker/adoption specialist practicing in Missouri, currently lives in Fort Myers, Florida, where she has been a Hope Hospice volunteer for the past eleven years. Her writings include a 2010 memoir, *No Greater Love*, which records her journey through Alzheimer's with both her mother and husband.



Richard Osler's career that began as a business journalist led to years as a financial analyst and money manager until, in his fifties, serendipity pushed him along the path to becoming a poet and facilitator of poetry workshops and retreats. Reprinted with permission, a longer version of this short essay was published in the June 2017 issue of *Dialog: The Texas Episcopalian*.

My Poetry

David Blair

When my life was in turmoil, poetry threw me a lifeline. Rumi was particularly important to me, teaching me to welcome the unexpected, even the chaotic, as a necessary house cleaning; telling me I could let go, not know, not have control—and still be held, showing me freedom and joy in the flow of life.

Writing poems also became important. I still remember two poems from that time, because they expressed, in my own voice, what I came to know and trust. I have said them to myself hundreds of times over the past twenty-two years. They are mantras that remind and reassure me of who I am.

*Winter beech leaves still
hang on. As new leaves emerge,
last year's will let go.*

Last year's beech leaves are still rattling on the trees near my house in New Hampshire. They won't fall until the growing buds push them off. Why does the tree hang on to something that's of no apparent use to it? I don't know. The leaves fed the tree last year, they were essential to its survival, and now they are dead. I, too, have held on to ways of being and thinking that once were important to my survival but then were no longer useful, in fact could do harm. Yet over time those habits have dropped away as something else grew to take their place. The beech tree teaches patience, and the poem reminds me.

The second poem is based on a Buddhist mantra that expanded as I looked back over my first fifty years. Twenty years later, it still expresses the

heart of my journey as I understand it. It comforts me to recite it to myself. Like the poem on beech leaves, it is rooted in nature, where I have most often and most clearly encountered the divine.

I am not this body.

I am not these eyes.

I am not this voice.

I am not what dies.

I am not the places I have been

Or the work that I have done.

I am not the mistakes I've made

Or the prizes I have won.

I am not the children I have raised

Or the parents I have buried.

I am not the people I have loved

Or the women whom I married.

All are part of me

Yet I am none of these.

I am something more, beyond,

A dream carried on a breeze,

A tree bridging earth and sky,

An otter playing in the flow,

A soul reaching toward the light

And grounded here, below.

David Blair has lived and worked in China, the Philippines, and Vietnam. His inner journey has taken him to even more amazing places. David co-founded the Mariposa Museum and World Culture Center in Peterborough, New Hampshire, a museum that brings the world to New England's doorstep in service of a peaceful and connected world: www.mariposamuseum.org. He is now a student at the Boston University School of Theology.

Forgive Our Foolish Ways

Helen Bayes

My abiding favorite is "Dear Lord and Father of mankind, forgive our foolish ways" . . . and I don't much like it when people change the first line with their own words to something like "Dear source of life and all that is." But that's my love of the original whole poem/hymn.

Editor's Note: The words in the hymn "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" are four of the last five verses of Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier's 1872 poem "The Brewing of Soma." The first verse of the hymn (verse 12 in Whittier's poem) and the fifth (Whittier's seventeenth and last) are poignantly mindful in this time of coronavirus:

Verse 1:

*Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.*

Verse 5:

*Breathe through the heats of our
desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake,
wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!*

Helen Bayes is a member of Australia Yearly Meeting and a long-time crusader for human rights, presently embodied in her role as a founding member of Australia's Quaker Grannies for Peace.

Creating My Own Prayer Poems

Judy Leshefka

Full disclosure: I am not a poet. I rarely read poetry and only write it sporadically. However, I have had a journaling practice for over 30 years. At times when I was so depressed that I couldn't identify any feelings, even in my journal, I would try expressing my experience in a free form of poetry. This was surprisingly fruitful. I was able to reach an even deeper place than my journaling was able to access.

Last summer when I was on an eight-day silent retreat, my spiritual director introduced me to a form of poetry called French pantoum. I was happy to discover that I could write personal prayer poems using my own words from my journal. My creations have served as companions to me in my spiritual journey. I frequently will read them as a prelude to my daily meditations.

The technique is very simple. After journaling, reread your reflections and underline at least six phrases or images that stand out, seem surprising, or elicit an inner response. Write these out on a separate page. Pick out six phrases that you will use to create a pantoum. Assign each one a letter: A, B, C, D, E, and F. Then create three stanzas using the following format: Stanza 1 — A, B, C, D; Stanza 2 — B, E, D, F; Stanza 3 — E, C, F, A.

Now read the poem that has emerged. Notice the feelings that arise as you read it. You can edit it a bit for clarity and flow but allow it to be a raw, immediate expression of your reflections. I found these to be enormously helpful.

Here are two examples. This first was written during a time of confusion and turmoil. I took the phrases from my journal in which I was crying out to God for help. I altered the phrases to the first person so that God was speaking directly to me.

Trust

I see the crushing pressure of your despair.
I have already heard your heart's call.
I will guide your steps.
All your everyday human concerns will be met.

I have already heard your heart's call.
Be patient, wait it out.
All your everyday human concerns will be met.
I will give you the desires of your heart.

Be patient, wait it out.
I will guide your steps.
I will give you the desires of your heart.
I see the crushing pressure of your despair.

The second was written on retreat after walking in the nature garden. It was a time when I was trying to let go of all the "shoulds" in my life and searching for a more contemplative, creative way of being.

A New Season

My stone rests with St. Francis and God's creatures
I bury my need to prove my worth by deeds.
The sow bug tells me: "Slow down,"
The squirrel sprawled out on a rock says: "Just be."

I bury my need to prove my worth by deeds.
Jesus says: "Be patient and wait."
The squirrel sprawled out on a rock says: "Just be."
Jesus will answer all my human concerns.

Jesus says: "Be patient and wait."
The sow bug tells me: "Slow down."
Jesus will answer all my human concerns.
My stone rests with St. Francis and God's creatures.

I have also been reading short stanzas from the Psalms or sacred poetry as a prelude to my meditations. Here are two collections which have beautiful spiritual poems.

The Enlightened Heart: An Anthology of Sacred Poetry (edited by Stephen Mitchell, 1989) features selections from a wide expanse of the world's cultures and religious traditions. Here is an example by Uvanuk (mid nineteenth-early twentieth century):

The great sea has set me in motion,
set me adrift,
moving me like a weed in a river.
The sky and the strong wind
have moved the spirit inside me
til I am carried away
trembling in joy.

In *When Poets Pray* (2019) Marilyn McEntyre has selected some lovely poems and then has written very thoughtful meditations on them. "The Avowal" by Denise Levertov is one of the poems that speak to me:

As swimmers dare
to lie face to the sky
and water bears them,
as hawks rest upon air
and air sustains them,
so would I learn to attain
freefall, and float
into Creator Spirit's deep embrace,
knowing no effort earns
that all-surrounding grace.

In summary, this non-poet has discovered that my prayer life is greatly enriched by the sacred poetry of others or poems written by myself which speak to my condition. I would encourage others to explore these possibilities.

Judy Leshefka has been a member of La Jolla Monthly Meeting in San Diego for 34 years. Her spiritual practice has been enriched by her Catholic roots, Quakerism as her chosen religion, and Buddhist practices. She has taught mindfulness meditation for over 20 years.

We Wait Together

Adrian Glamorgan

Anxious heart disputes.
Hands fidget, eyes dart, seat shifts.
Waiting: but not yet.

Breathe now. Count soft breaths.
A prayer for each child. Each friend.
Heart dissolves into One.

Adrian Glamorgan is a peace, environment, and social justice activist in Fremantle, Western Australia, where he is a community broadcast journalist and lecturer in governance, law, and ethics, and an active member of the local Quaker meeting.

Birth of a Haiku

William Shetter

The wind blows wherever it pleases. You hear its sound, but you cannot tell where it comes from or where it is going. So it is with everyone born of the Spirit. John 3:8.

The gospel of John was written in Greek. In that language, the word *pneuma* meant both 'wind' and 'spirit', anything having to do with the imagination. So it seems fair to say – wouldn't you agree? – that this passage suggests a pun.

One day I was sitting quietly looking out the window at the trees. It was a rather breezy day. Was something like the quote above hidden deep in my subconscious? Suddenly there appeared in my mind a sort of haiku, with seventeen syllables; I have no memory of having composed it, it was just 'there', fully formed.

THE SWAYING OF
THE BIG TREE BRANCHES
IS THE PROMPTING
OF THE SPIRIT.

William Shetter has been a member of Bloomington (Indiana) Meeting for more than 50 years. His recent book, *My Conversation with Sophia: Reflections on Wisdom's Contemplative Path* is available on Amazon and iUniverse. More poems from William Shetter are in the web version <whatcansthou.org/s/WCTS-2020-Aug-Poetry-web-final.pdf>.

WCTS has a New Email Discussion Group

WCTS reader Roger Burns asked us to begin an email discussion group on mystical experience and contemplative practice. Mike Resman and Judy Lumb of **WCTS** worked with Roger, who has done the technical work of setting up the new email discussion group, which is now ready for our use. We are inviting **WCTS** community to join us in this new email discussion. To join, send an email request to <WCTS.Owner@gmail.com>.

God As Co-Author

Michael Resman

If prayer is communicating with God, then writing poems to and about God is a form of prayer.

When combined with contemplation—that is, a practice of passive communing with God—poetry can be a co-creation between the writer and God.

For some years, I have been writing poetry late at night while listening to sacred choral or instrumental music. Fatigue and beautiful songs (wordless because I don't know the language or they are instrumental) move me to a more passive state. I can settle in and let first my mind, then my soul, roam.

The results sometimes surprise me. I read something I've just written and think, "Where did that come from? I didn't know that was in me." At other times, I realize I have been shown truths that poetry has articulated. I could not have grasped them until they were placed in sequential images.

I have been working on comprehending several truths. One is that God is connected with each particle of the universe. Another is that creation was an act of love. Those truths were reinforced with the poem, ALL:

Life
all life
a miracle
Knitted by God's
presence
love
God created all
Stayed with
each particle
Created with love
Remains with love
Love is the foundation
of everything
How glorious
God is not merely with
speck of dust

Specks carry Divine Love
I walk in
Breathe in
See and hear
Love

If I were to sit down with you and attempt to explain God's connections and love, I would struggle. You would have to work through my disjointed, wandering sentences. This poem, that God and I wrote, says more than I can. I don't claim this as a truth for anyone else. It is a great comfort for me.

Michael Resman is an editor for **What Canst Thou Say** and a member of the Rochester (Minnesota) Friends Meeting. This topic and a number of others are discussed in his book *A Contemporary Mysticism*. There are more poems from Michael Resman in the web version <whatcanstthousay.org/s/WCTS-2020-Aug-Poetry-web-final.pdf>.

Rain House

Sandra Larkman Heindsmann

Rain house, rain house
Good for the garden.
Enough and we will be Eden —
No clothes but rain,
Fruit the mouth of rain.

Rain house, rain house,
The Gardener dances his circles
Around and around God's cherry trees;
He shivers inside the walls that shiver with their own cold,
Making rain house, rain house to keep warm again,
Making rain house, rain house, swallowing its halo of rain.

Rain house, rain house
Leaves cradle shining —
What walls to jump in and out again!
The Man dancer, listening,
Leaps Eden, lands Eden in Eden's
Rain house, rain house.
The Man dances and
God's tree's feet dance deep, under God's man,
God dances on the treetop roof,
And rain flies in a hoop, fast from
God's long
God's long hair.

Sandra Larkman Heindsmann has been making poems for more than 60 years. An editor and writer by profession, she is a convinced Friend and a member of University Friends Meeting in Seattle, Washington. This is her first appearance in WCTS, but she has been published in two previous Quaker magazines and two previous spiritual/mystical based literary journals. More poetry by Sandra Larkman Heindsmann is in the web version <whatcanstthousay.org/s/WCTS-2020-Aug-Poetry-web-final.pdf>.

Notice Joy

Bethany Lee

Notice joy
The way your heart
lifts in your chest
with hope at the robin's return
Perhaps this
is what the wishbone is for

Allow space for the pang
The hand around the heart
at the sight of a purpled leaf
A beauty too extravagant

This is how you can know
you are one of humanity
Build your tolerance
for what astounds you

Be amazed
even if kneeling on holy ground
means risking the thorns
in your bared soul
Do not fear the pain of being
wide awake to glory

Hear now, the chickadee call
Watch the fog
lift from the lake
There it is
in your own breath
sustenance and mystery

Bethany Lee is author of *The Breath Between from Fenwood Press*, which includes this poem. She lives in Lafayette, Oregon, in a house at the edge of the woods. Her writing is often inspired by the space at the edge of things—her experiences as a hospice harpist, the year she spent traveling by sea, and the deep silence of her Quaker practice. More poetry from Bethany Lee is in the web version <whatcanstthousay.org/s/WCTS-2020-Aug-Poetry-web-final.pdf>.

WCTS Subscription Manager Found!

Ask and ye shall receive. (*Matthew 7:7*)

George Hebben of Kalamazoo, Michigan, Friends Meeting, has volunteered to become our new Subscription Manager. He and Mike Resman are working together for a smooth turnover of data and responsibility.

Thanks to Mike Resman, who has faithfully kept track of our subscribers and generated mailing labels for many years.

Thanks, George, for volunteering to take over this very important function for *What Canst Thou Say?*

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The Hound of Heaven Book Review

Janice Stensrude

Robert Waldron, Poetry as Prayer: The Hound of Heaven. Boston: Pauline Books & Media, 1999.

"Poetry, like the mystical prayer of saints, plunges us into the spiritual depths where there can be a real encounter with the Divine," writes Waldron. It is poetry, he claims, that "led poets like T. S. Eliot from agnosticism to belief in God, Francis Thompson from the degradation of drug addiction to re-embracing his faith, and G. M. Hopkins to his conversion to Catholicism. . . . and Simone Weil to feel that she was possessed by Christ."

Before embarking on a recitation of Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," Waldron offers a brief and poignant biography of Thompson, detailing the poet's troubles in finding a profession that suited both himself and his family, as well as his lifelong on-again-off-again struggle with drug addiction. Waldron describes "Hound" as "a prayer-poem [that] speaks to the deepest longings of our spirits."

Waldron gives a thoughtful and thought-provoking phrase-by-phrase analysis of the poet's words, as he follows Thompson's flight from God, echoing the words of Psalm 138: "Where shall I go from your spirit? Where shall I flee from your face?"

I recommend both the poem and Waldron's analysis for those who, in Thomas Merton's words, find "spiritual vitality" in an art that "enables us to find ourselves and lose ourselves at the same time." As Waldron proposes, "For those with the eyes to see and the ears to hear, there is enough meditation material in The Hound of Heaven to last a lifetime."

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November 2020

Jesus: Love in Action

Editor: Rhonda Ashurst

The Religious Society of Friends is rooted in Christianity and has always found inspiration in the life and teachings of Jesus. How do you interpret your faith in the light of this heritage? How does Jesus speak to you today? Are you following Jesus' example of love in action? Are you learning from his life the reality and cost of obedience to God? How does his relationship with God challenge and inspire you? (Advices and Queries #4, Britain Yearly Meeting)

Deadline: August 15, 2020

February 2021

The Journey to Overcome

Editor: Judy Lumb

"The dark night of the soul is a journey into light, a journey from your darkness into the strength and hidden resources of your soul" (Carolyn Myss). How have you overcome adversity in your life? What strengthens your resilience? Who helped you find your way back to the Light from a dark night of the soul? How has this affected the rest of your life?

Deadline: November 15, 2020

May 2021

Grief

Editor: Earl Smith

There are so many reasons for grief. Grief is a sibling of loss. So also is love. We have loss of life, loss of position, loss of family through a divorce, loss of attachments, and loss through sudden changes in schedule. How has grief changed your life? What stage of grief (Denial, Anger, Bargaining, Depression, and Acceptance) was the hardest? Is it true that time heals? What helped the most in dealing with grief?

Deadline: February 15, 2021

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c/o George Hebben, Postal 2811,
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Address Service Requested



***Poetry as
Prayer***