

"I See the Moon ..."

Summer reflection & reading offered by Reverend Carolyn Patierno
July 27, 2014

From *In the Light of the Moon: Lunar Tales From Around the World* Carolyn McVickar
Edwards

Like life itself, the moon is mysterious and perennial, full of wonder, sad and glad. Like knowing, desire, daring, and silence, the moon stays, disappears, and returns, never ceasing.

Steady as a drum, the moon pulls the liquid rhythms of earth and body, and everything else seems to move with her. On dark balconies, the moon quiets hearts and comforts the sleepless. Changing form and costume, the moon has called up stories from every human culture in the world.

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Remember Harold and his purple crayon? Harold sets off on an adventure and is led by the light of the moon that mysteriously remains just ahead of him every step of the way. Ultimately, as he wends his way home he is reminded of exactly where his bedroom is found. He draws a big window right around the moon ... and right there, he remembers, is his bed. He is home safe and sound.

This moon story is a bit like Harold's. I once lived in CO in the Rocky Mountains. One winter night I felt a peaceful but urgent presence that quite literally stirred me from sleep. Although it was late at night my room was filled with light. No lamp was on. I went to the window and what I saw stays with me still these 30 years later. The freshly fallen snow was glimmering. Sparkling ... the sparkling and glimmering animated by the full moon that hung in the sky. I felt as though it was the first time I'd ever made the moon's acquaintance. I looked up at that moon until it moved on in its nighttime journey. I felt changed for that encounter.

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We are reminded that the moon glows not from its own light but from that which shines from elsewhere. Its beauty and mystery stem not only from its own orbit but also from the places far afield that make it shine. Can't the same be said of all of us who humbly walk the earth? We may let our own little lights shine, but that glow is reflected back from all of those whose lives we touch. Our own little light helps others to shine.

When my family was leaving NYC to head to CA where I attended seminary, one of my daughter's godfathers (she has two) reminded her, "When you look up at the moon, remember that it's the same moon that we are seeing here in NY." The moon brings us together somehow. A reminder that we all look up and see its light but its light is not of itself, it's of all the suns and stars that share energy, warmth & light.

The moon is the lantern for our souls. On dark balconies, the moon quiets hearts and comforts the sleepless.

And we pray that if nothing else, indeed it may be nothing else, that the moon is quieting hearts and comforting the sleepless in Gaza. In Tel Aviv. In a wheat field in the Ukraine. In Syria. Iraq. Afghanistan. In an undisclosed place in Nigeria where hundreds of girls still hope for rescue. In border towns in Texas, Arizona, and California.

In hospital beds here in New London.

And for all of you ... as you look up to the night sky seeking light and beauty. May you find both in the moon's mystery and in the light that is reflected from loving hearts to your own soul.

Amen.

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