



EASTER SUNDAY

At Starcross we gathered before dawn around a little fire beside the chapel. Then we lit a candle and used it to carry the light into the chapel. It was a gentle service and you were all in our hearts. Afterwards we came out on the deck as the dawn was breaking. It was one of those moments when you can feel the entire community of existence and are glad to be a part of it.

In the human community it is possible for a wounded person to be healed by another person. In this greater community of all life it is possible for so many things to mend us in spirit. Walking down from the chapel I had a new awareness of everything I saw.

Apple blossoms on the old tree. Rusty antique plows. The huge spruce tree we light on Christmas Eve. The sound of the gravel on the path. The cats and dogs playing around. The big brass bell brought to us from China by a ship's captain. The lavender plants. And looking up, on the distant hills are the redwood forest and vineyards. The giant trees that surround us seem to accompany me down the hill. Old friends who were here long before me. A carpet of wildflowers. Camellia bushes in bloom. And the peaceful, graceful, olive trees gently dancing in the morning breeze. The awakening birds. Everything, including my heart, heralds the season of new life.

This is not a time for religious head trips. How Jesus came to be still existing among us after his cruel execution I do not know nor care. What I do know is that death was not the final word for him. And I also know that today there are many other folks out there on other paths. We are all united in some way. Watched over by these towering trees and made happy by the flowers around us.

One way to celebrate together and for us at Starcross to wish all of you a blessed Easter is found in Ralph Waldo Emerson's (1803–1882), only slightly patriarchal, *SPRING PRAYER*;

*For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird, and hum of bee,
For all things fair, we hear, or see
Father, in heaven, we thank Thee.
For blue of stream, and blue of sky
For pleasant shade, of branches high,
For fragrant air, and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.*

Brother Toby

Starcross Community, www.starcross.org, community@starcross.org, 707-886-1919