**Prayer Reflection:**

Today we understand the meaning of interconnections. We know One Earth, One World, Coronavirus, Economic collapse and economic disparity and Climate Systems Change ---they are all teachers.

While technology can assist, it is not the answer.

While public policy changes can assist they are not the answer.

There is not one answer. There is not one problem. There is no enemy though try to convince us it is the virus, or oil companies or politicians or anyone other than ourselves.

Our challenges are Soul Sized. The deepest change required is perception. Our strongest tools are: the Soul Force of Gandhi; the dream of Martin Luther King; the courage of Berta Caceras and Sr. Dorothy Stang; the fortitude of Jane Goodall and Warangathi Maathi; and the contemplative vision of mystics and saints like Buddhist teacher Joanna Macy who said,

**“Out of the darkness a New World Can arise. This is a dark time, filled with suffering and uncertainty. Like living cells in a larger body, it is natural that we feel the trauma of our world. So don’t be afraid of the anguish you feel, or the anger or fear, because these responses arise from the depth of your caring and the truth of your interconnectedness with all beings.  
  
You don't need to do everything. Do what calls your heart; effective action comes from love. It is unstoppable, and it is enough.  
  
The biggest gift you can give is to be absolutely present, and when you're worrying about whether you're hopeful, or hopeless, or pessimistic, or optimistic, who cares? The main thing is that you're showing up, that you're here and that you're finding ever more capacity to love this world because it will not be healed without that. That was what is going to unleash our intelligence and our ingenuity and our solidarity for the healing of our world.**

Alone and together Love made visible for our world flows through our bodies. We are the ones called into this amazing, painful and miraculous moment. Please join me in a reflective prayer. Take your eyes off the screen. Open your hands and gaze at them together.

**These hands are forme**d from carbon elements of the first flaring forth of the universe 14.3 billion years ago.

These hands carry the memory of evolution of the arboarboreal tree shrew that lived about 60 million years ago who tirelessly climbed trees heavenward forming bones and flesh to grow, and strengthen over eons.

These hands speak of genetic ancestry from saints, grandmothers, farmers, bakers, construction workers, immigrants, social workers, change agents, and scientists.

The palms and lines of these hands sing as a fractal of mountains and streams of Sister Mother Earth.

These hands have clenched in fear and pain and opened to give and receive.

These hands have kissed with a touch the foreheads of sick or dying parents, grandparents, children, loved ones and even strangers.

These hands have wrapped around and around during thousands of washings with Sister Water over the months out of love to heal and protect family and community.

These hands, concerned with climate justice, make phone calls, sign petitions, and write letters to care for our sacred, land, water, air, vulnerable communities and children and then wonder what else they might they do.

These hands bake bread, plant seeds, pray and perform rituals, cook dinner, open acequia water gates, pull weeds, change diapers, construct homes with hammers, give shots in hospitals, clean schools, stock grocery shelves, play ball with six-year-olds, rest open in meditation, type letters to editors, and harvest food for the community.

These hands take plans of the mind and heart to create solar panels, to compose cello music, to advocate for climate refugees, to organize communities, to teach school, and to make visible new paradigms for life.

These hands join with human hands around Sister Mother Earth, and with the winged, two legged, four legged, leafy, flowering, and finned ones forming One Sacred Earth Community.

There are no simplistic answers.

There are only these hands.

These hands hold Sister Mother Earth. We are the holy flesh of her body. We are the visible expressions of sorrow, conversion, transformation, tears, imagination, suffering, solidarity, gratitude, equity, beauty, justice and Love as One Holy Earth Community.

In gratitude to the Holy One of All Names and Beyond All Names.

Blessed Be, Amen, Amen.