**Music:**

Migration by Peter Krater and R. Carlos Nakai

**Poetry**

St. Francis and the Sow   Galway Kinnell

**Saint Francis and the Sow**

BY [GALWAY KINNELL](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/galway-kinnell)

The bud

stands for all things,

even for those things that don’t flower,

for everything flowers, from within, of self-blessing;

though sometimes it is necessary

to reteach a thing its loveliness,

to put a hand on its brow

of the flower

and retell it in words and in touch

it is lovely

until it flowers again from within, of self-blessing;

as Saint Francis

put his hand on the creased forehead

of the sow, and told her in words and in touch

blessings of earth on the sow, and the sow

began remembering all down her thick length,

from the earthen snout all the way

through the fodder and slops to the spiritual curl of the tail,

from the hard spininess spiked out from the spine

down through the great broken heart

to the sheer blue milken dreaminess spurting and shuddering

from the fourteen teats into the fourteen mouths sucking and blowing beneath them:

the long, perfect loveliness of sow.

**To Learn From Animal Being**

by John O'Donohue

Nearer to the earth's heart, Deeper within its silence: Animals know this world In a way we never will.

We who are ever Distanced and distracted By the parade of bright Windows thought opens: Their seamless presence Is not fractured thus.

Stranded between time Gone and time emerging, We manage seldom To be where we are: Whereas they are always Looking out from The here and now.

May we learn to return And rest in the beauty Of animal being, Learn to lean low, Leave our locked minds, And with freed senses Feel the earth Breathing with us.

May we enter Into lightness of spirit, And slip frequently into The feel of the wild.

Let the clear silence Of our animal being Cleanse our hearts Of corrosive words.

May we learn to walk Upon the earth With all their confidence And clear-eyed stillness So that our minds

Might be baptized In the name of the wind And the light and the rain.

~ John O'Donohue From: *To Bless the Space Between Us*

A Dog in Mary’s Chapel  Judith Tripp

Today a dog joined me in Mary’s Chapel

He was tied tight to the pew

He whimpered when I sat down next to him.

My hands gratefully burrowed in his white and caramel fur

I told him he was a good dog in French and in English

He rolled over for the universal belly rub

He wanted more.

After a while I quieted into the meditation.

It is all about love after all,

Returning to Love

Again and again,

Ignoring the rest as much as possible.

Soon after, the mass is ended

A spindly old woman in a long grey coat

Comes back for her companion.

I help her untie him and he wiggles his old body to greet her

J’aime votre chie, “  I say  Twie

Ah, il vous donne plaisir,” she says, twinling

Yes, they is pleasure

To be with a dog in Mary’s chapel.