

Reflection: Creation as Healer



The following is a poem I wrote a few months after returning home from a 3 week hospital stay. I received treatment for a serious health crisis. I have Cystic Fibrosis, which is a chronic disease affecting primarily the lungs.

Healing

*I must hurry. "I must hurry," my mind says.
I have so much to do, so much to care for...so much to love.
My mind says, "I shouldn't be writing this – taking away my illusion of time."
There are my treatments and my therapies, and work,
my Atticus, my Anthony.
I have my desperate yoga and elliptical workout,
my push-ups and curls – all trying to force my lungs and mind to heal.
And so, I'll start...soon...trying to ignore the pull, the invitation
to sit with my Atticus on the glider on our porch,
to absorb the beauty...the miracle;
like the tiny droplets of moisture on his whiskers,
shimmering with the miracle of healing.
Just to gaze at those translucent images of our One.*

Question

Describe a time when you have experienced or witnessed the healing presence of God through creation.

What was that like for you?

Share this experience with someone you love.