

## READINGS CLAYMONT 2015

"At the heart of most spiritual practice, what is left when we move beyond form and language, is simply remembering.

Remember who you are. Remember what you love.

Remember those who have gone before us and shown the way. Remember what is sacred. Remember what is true.

Remember that you will die, and that this day is a gift.

Remember how you wish to live. Remember your aim. ...." -

- Anonymous

### **You Reading This, Be Ready**

Starting here, what do you want to remember?

How sunshine creeps along a shining floor?

What scent of old wood hovers, what softened sound from outside fills the air?

Will you ever bring a better gift for the world than the breathing respect you carry wherever you go right now? Are you waiting for time to show you some better thoughts?

When you turn around, starting here, lift this new glimpse that you found; carry into evening all that you want from this day. This interval you spent reading or hearing this, keep it for life -

What can anyone give you greater than now, starting here, right in this room, when you turn around?

## William Stafford

### Let me remember

Let

me

remember

beyond forgetting –

let

me

remember –

-

let me remember always

for my spirit is often shrouded in the

mists –

let me remember beyond forgetting

that my life is not a solitary thing –

it is a bit of the rushing tide

a leaf of the bending tree –

a kernel of grain in the golden wheat fields –

a whisper of wind about the mountaintop –

a reflection of sunlight upon the

shining waters –

it is fleeting –

it is of the moment

it is timeless –

it is of eternity.

*Winston O. Abbott*

**WHAT TO REMEMBER WHEN WAKING**

In that first  
hardly noticed  
moment  
in which you wake,  
coming back  
to this life  
from the other  
more secret,  
moveable  
and frighteningly  
honest  
world  
where everything  
began,  
there is a small  
opening  
into the new day  
which closes  
the moment  
you begin  
your plans.

What you can plan  
is too small  
for you to live.

What you can live  
wholeheartedly  
will make plans  
enough  
for the vitality  
hidden in your sleep.

To be human  
is to become visible  
while carrying  
what is hidden  
as a gift to others.

To remember

the other world  
*in* this world  
is to live in your  
true inheritance.

You are not  
a troubled guest  
on this earth,  
you are not  
an accident  
amidst other accidents  
you were invited  
from another and greater  
night  
than the one  
from which  
you have just emerged.

Now, looking through  
the slanting light  
of the morning  
window toward  
the mountain  
presence  
of everything  
that can be,  
what urgency  
calls you to your  
one love? What shape  
waits in the seed  
of you to grow  
and spread  
its branches  
against a future sky?

Is it waiting  
in the fertile sea?  
In the trees  
beyond the house?  
In the life  
you can imagine  
for yourself?  
In the lovely

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Anonymous

Remember who you are  
And what you came here to share.  
Remember those who came before  
And the place that awaits you there.

Remember through fear and shame  
Through anger and all the pain  
Remember your essence  
And the sound of your one true name.

Remember that all is one  
And that one is the final sum.  
Remember your deepest wish  
Aim true so that love will come.