

Daily Meditation 10/04/21

Francis of Assisi and the Return of the Sacred Masculine

Good morning.

Today is St. Francis's feast day. We're meditating on that together and I wish you all a happy St. Francis day. And all your animals, too!

But also, I'm taking this feast day to kind of launch more meditation on the sacred masculine. We've been involved with meditating on the divine feminine for a couple weeks now. I hope it's been rich for you, including, of course, the Black Madonna. But I think Francis is a perfect springboard for examining in more diversity and more depth the important theme of the sacred masculine.

It's so obvious when you look around, when you hear the news and watch the news--for example, January 6th--that an unholy masculine, a toxic masculine, is on the rise and on the loose. And patriarchy is kind of crescendoing in our time. It's coming to a peak. And, of course, this translates into authoritarianism and fascism, many other isms that will not be good for the health of Mother Earth or of our children--or children to come--or of our own souls, whether we are women or men, girls or boys. So it really behooves us, it helps us to look at those men in history who have embodied both the sacred feminine and the sacred masculine. Certainly Francis is such a person.

So I'm going to share some of his poem. Now he wrote several poems, but this is his great poem we know as a Canticle of the Sun. It's so marvelous for its balance of masculine and feminine.

He writes, "All praise be yours, my Lord, through all that you have made. And first, my Lord, Brother Sun."

My Lord, Brother Son. Notice the sun is being celebrated as a lord and a brother "who brings the day and light you give to us through him. How beautiful he is, how radiant in all his splendor. Of you most high, he bears the likeness."

So light is like divinity and it's radiant, doxa, glory, it's glorious. So we praise God for Lord Brother Sun.

"All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Moon and Stars."

Sister Moon and Stars. So now he's turned to the feminine. He's praised the sun, he's praising the moon. And he's explicit; the first is brother, male, the second is moon, female...and stars! He puts them together.

"In the heavens, you have made them bright and precious and fair."

So he's celebrating again the light and radiance and glory that exudes from the moon and from the stars.

And he talks about Brothers Wind and Air and all the weather's moods. And he talks about "Sister Water, who is so useful, so precious, and so pure. And Brother Fire, through whom you brighten up the night, and who is full of power and strength."

So he's naming all these elements, all these experiences we have in nature, as being brother and sister. He's personalizing them. They're part of our family; it is a kinship. It is part of all our relations. He's honoring them.

Notice how beyond speciesism he is. How the joy he takes at life is from the waters and the winds and the fires and the stars and the sun and the moon. It's so cosmic. His psyche has married the cosmos.

And he says, "All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Earth, our mother who feeds us in her sovereignty, and produces various fruits and colored flowers and herbs."

So Earth is not only our mother, but our sister, and she has her sovereignty and her autonomy. And she brings forth fruits, flowers and herbs. And, of course, food. She is a royal person, therefore, Mother Earth.

"All praise be yours, my Lord, through those who grant pardon for love of you. To those who endure sickness and trial. Happy those who endure in peace. By you, Most High, they will be crowned."

And so he turns to the suffering of life, and the need that we be pardoned for mistakes we make. And we grant pardon to others for their mistakes, all out of love for the Creator. And he assures us that we do undergo sickness, we do undergo trial, but that to endure in peace is key. That masculine energy of perseverance, sticking in there, enduring, and peace. And that ultimately there will be a crowning.

Very much like the beatitudes of Jesus: blessed are the peacemakers. But it will not be easy. He concludes his poem in praise to Sister Death. So now he's incorporating all of life, its brightness and lightness, and its shadow and its struggle.

"All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Death, from whose embrace no mortal can escape. Happy though she finds doing your will, the second death can do no harm to them."

The second death. Notice there's a first death and a second death. The second death is our leaving this world, in this flesh and body that we know, which will come to all of us. But the first death is dying to a consciousness of self-hatred or of hatred of others, of arrogance, of violence, and the rest. And so letting go of these addictions and this kind of violence, this is the first step. And there follows, then, that we need not fear the second, because just as the Christ talks about the

first resurrection and the second resurrection, so Francis is saying the same. That there is a first death and a second death, and to undergo the first properly, we don't have to worry about the second.

So these are a few of the deep teachings of Francis, coming from a soul that is both rooted in the sacred masculine and in the divine feminine. And you can literally see this dance, this dialectic, between the masculine and feminine. It's right there in the poem. Every other stanza adjusts as the masculine or the feminine. It's a marvelous balance, a marvelous dance.

No wonder he was a saint.

Thank you. We'll see you tomorrow.