

**Daily Meditation 05/02/2022**

## **Motherhood as Primal**

Good morning.

In today's meditation, I call on M.C. Richards, poet, philosopher, potter, and painter, for her powerful description of what happens to the soul in society when religion and science separate, when psyche and cosmos are divorced.

I think it's a very powerful telling of this major conflict in our western consciousness. And it's so powerful to me that I employed it at the very beginning, first paragraph, on page one of my book, *Creation Spirituality: Liberating Gifts for the Peoples of the Earth*. In the prologue to the book, I call it a new creation story.

Now to begin with, M.C. Richards observation of the malady, "characteristic malady of our society," where "the inner soul withdraws, goes underground, splits off from the part that keeps walking around. Vitality ebbs. Psychic disturbance is acute. Suicide may be attempted."

And I move from there into the new creation story from science where there is this marriage, this re-bonding of religion and science of psyche and cosmos.

So, I created this poem based on some biblical templates: John 1, for example, in the Christian Bible, and also Genesis 1, starring in today's scientific story.

So I call it a new creation story. I'll share some of it with you now.

"In the beginning was the gift,  
and the gift was with God and the gift was God.  
And the gift came and set its tent among us.  
First in the form of a fireball that burned unabated for 750,000 years  
and cooked in its immensely hot oven hadrons and leptons.  
These gifts found a modicum of stability,  
enough to give birth to the first atomic creatures, hydrogen and helium.  
A billion years of stewing and stirring and the gifts of hydrogen and helium  
birthed galaxies--spinning, whirling, alive galaxies created trillions of stars,  
lights in the heavens and cosmic furnaces that made more gifts  
through violent explosions of vast supernovas burning abright  
with the glow of more than a billion stars.

Gifts upon gifts, gifts birthing gifts,  
gifts exploding, gifts imploding,  
gifts of light, gifts of darkness.  
Cosmic gifts, and subatomic gifts.  
All drifting and swirling,  
being born and dying in some vast secret of a plan.  
Which was also a gift.  
One of the supernova gifts  
exploded in a special manner  
sending a unique gift to the universe,  
which later-coming creatures would one day call Earth,  
their home.  
Its biosphere was also a gift,  
wrapping it with beauty and dignity and just the right protection  
from the sun's radiation and from the cosmic cold and eternal night.  
This gifted planet was set as a jewel in its most exquisite setting,  
in this case, the exact distance of 100 million miles  
from its mother star, the sun.  
New gifts arose, never seen in such forms in the universe  
--rocks, oceans, continents, multicellular creatures  
that moved by their own inner power.  
Life was born!  
Gifts that had taken the form of fireball and helium,  
galaxies and stars, rock and water, now took the form of Life!  
Life--a new gift of the universe, a new gift in the universe.  
Flowers of multiple color and scent, trees standing upright.  
Forests arose offering places for all manner of creeping, crawling things.  
Of things that fly and sing. Of things that swim and slither.  
Of things that run on four legs.  
And, eventually, of things that stand and walk on two.  
With thumbs that move to make still more creativity--  
more gift making--possible.  
The human became a gift, but also a menace.  
For its powers of creativity were unique  
in their potential for destruction or healing.  
How would humans use these gifts? Which direction would they choose?  
The Earth waited for an answer to these questions.  
And is still waiting. Trembling.”

Now I'll end the prologue there, since we are still waiting to see what direction we humans choose.

Thank you. We'll see you tomorrow.