

ACTinG Bulletin #4

Note: the website has been updated with more climate action ideas for parishes, which you can find here (if you scroll wn far enough!)

<https://www.gippslandanglicans.org.au/acting/climate-action-links-and-articles>

You are invited to:

Six Strong Steps

An ACTinG webinar on Tues 13th August, 7:00 PM-8:30 PM.

With Cath Connelly

Here is the link to join in: (Event not recorded)

Cath writes:

'Claire Dunn addresses the question about what we can do to be enablers of hope. This is her wisdom:

'Know your neighbours.

Know your place.

Get skills.

Grieve.

Create.

Celebrate.'

Our next ACTinG webinar will delve deeper into the ideas expressed here.'

Cath also offers two poems here:

Beginners

Denise Levertov

"From too much love of living,
Hope and desire set free,
Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere to the sea—"

But we have only begun
to love the earth.

We have only begun
to imagine the fullness of life.

How could we tire of hope?
– so much is in bud.

How can desire fail?
– we have only begun

to imagine justice and mercy,
only begun to envision

how it might be
to live as siblings with beast and flower,
not as oppressors.

Surely our river
cannot already be hastening
into the sea of nonbeing?

Surely it cannot
drag, in the silt,
all that is innocent?

Not yet, not yet –
there is too much broken
that must be mended,

too much hurt we have done to each other
that cannot yet be forgiven.

We have only begun to know
the power that is in us if we would join
our solitudes in the communion of struggle.

So much is unfolding that must
complete its gesture,

so much is in bud.

A Thousand Years of Healing

Suva Silvermarie

From whence my hope, I cannot say,
except it grows in the cells of my skin,
in my envelope of mysteries it hums.
In this sheath so akin to the surface of the earth
it whispers. Beneath
the wail and dissonance of the world,
hope's song grows. Until I know
that with this turning
we put a broken age to rest.
We who are alive at such a cusp
now usher in
one thousand years of healing!

Winged ones and four-leggeds,

grasses and mountains and each tree,
all the swimming creatures,
even we, wary two-leggeds
hum, and call and create
the Changing Song. We remake
all our relations. We convert
our minds to the earth. In this turning time
we finally learn to chime and blend,
atune our voice; sing the vision
of the Great Magic we move within.
We begin
the new habit, getting up glad
for a thousand years of healing.