“The Sun” by Mary Oliver

Have you ever seen anything in your life more wonderful than the way the sun, every evening, relaxed and easy, floats toward the horizon and into the clouds or the hills, or the rumpled sea, and is gone — and how it slides again out of the blackness, every morning, on the other side of the world, like a red flower streaming upward on its heavenly oils, say, on a morning in early summer, at its perfect imperial distance — and have you ever felt for anything such wild love — do you think there is anywhere in any language, a word billowing enough for the pleasure that fills you, as the sun reaches out, as it warms you as you stand there, empty-handed — or have you too turned from this world — or have you too gone crazy for power, for things?

The object that gives the Earth its light and heat is a massive ball of gas and plasma 93 million miles away. The sun is our nearest star. Thanks to the nuclear fusion reactions taking place at its core, the Sun has been shining for four and a half billion years. Without it, Earth would be cold and dark. No plants could grow, no fields of wheat, no animals, birds or insects. Nothing could live here. The sun keeps us alive. The energy in our food comes from the sun. — it’s solar energy! Unless the grain of wheat that falls into the Earth and dies is warmed by the sun, it cannot live; it cannot yield a rich harvest.

“Be praised, my Lord, for all your creation and especially for our Brother Sun, who brings us the day and the light; he is strong and shines magnificently.”
O Lord, we think of you when we look at him.
Francis of Assisi

Lumen Christi! Deo Gratias!

How will the dreams we sow, the seeds we plant, be for the good of our endangered planet as it circles the life-giving sun?