

Let me begin this musing thinking of the marvelous distractions of summer.

The verdant, explosive growth of June, that annual shift from spring into summer, brings with it all sorts of pent-up plans and ambitions. June is a traditional month for wedding celebrations and for graduations for students at all levels. Trips, anticipated in winter, are planned for June and the successive months of summer. Gardens and flower beds come alive and there is summer work. Birds mate, sing at the rising sun and build nests that now are filled. And now, as energy increases with the daylight, the marvelous distractions --the wonderful ones reserved for summer--mount.

In the midst of many things, let me issue an invitation to myself and perhaps also to you. It is an old invitation but it persists. It comes in the form of just one word: Quiet. I think of the quiet of our own church, Trinity, hushed and gathered on a summer Sunday for worship. Or these Zen-like lines, one stanza from a poem by Wendell Berry:

the quiet in the woods of a summer morning,
the voice of a pewee passing through it
like a tight silver wire.

"The Satisfactions of the Mad Farmer"

You're out for an early morning walk or bicycle ride: quiet. You're sitting on the back porch as an evening in June comes on: quiet. You're early to the church as the silence of the place wraps itself around your spirit: quiet. You're up in the middle of the night to close the windows against a soft and gentle rain: quiet. You let down your line into the glass water of lake or pond and as you do the whole place becomes expectant: quiet.

Quiet is a gathering place. A place to be fed by observation. A place for gratitude. A place for prayer. Thomas Merton reminds us: ***silence makes us whole if we let it. Silence helps draw together the scattered and dissipated energies of a fragmented existence.***

~ Fr. Brian