

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD

John 3:16

**I am
cosmopolitan.
The whole world
is my country
and heaven
is my home.**

Cornelia Connelly

How big is my world?



**After reflecting as Cornelia did upon ‘the wants of the age
and the means of spiritual mercy to be exercised,’
we strive to act with the same courageous zeal she taught us.**

SHCJ Constitutions 6

**We inherit from
Cornelia a spirit
of concern for
the whole world.**

SHCJ Constitutions 6

Artificial intelligence has created a dreamlike image of a humanoid figure composed entirely of cosmic dust. The figure is cradling the Earth delicately in its hands, and the background showcases other planets in the cosmos The Earth's surface, depicted from a distance, has vibrant green plant life and human figures of varying descents and genders scattered about. The image mimics the aesthetic of a long exposure photograph taken with a wide-angle lens, giving it a science fiction atmosphere.

“MY WORK IS LOVING THE WORLD”

Opening to the World as It Is

Air fills with song of bird and breeze this day
cheerful comfort to hold my grief for the world
just as it should be
this world speaks in unending innumerable voices
I write poems to let the world know I'm paying
attention
I write poems when words fail me
when I have no choice
but to take the time and
feel the care to find precise expression
I write poems when the world assaults me with
its paradoxes
I write poems about the gifts I receive from
presence
I trust my voice has purpose
when the world speaks to me so vividly
it would be sheer cowardice to refuse to give voice
staying present is a responsibility I accept
call and response

Meg Wheatley

October 2024, Sundance, Utah

“Messenger” by Mary Oliver

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird—
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still half-perfect?
Let me
keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,

which is mostly standing still and learning to be
astonished.

The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all the
ingredients are here,

which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy
to the moth and the wren,
to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is
that we live forever.

**What speaks to my heart
in either of these poems?**

**How would I describe
my own relationship
with the world?**

**What could
“loving the world”
begin to mean for me?**

How big is my world?

