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5-21-2013

May 21, 2013: Spiritual Exercise #1

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Repository Citation

Ledewitz, B. (2013). May 21, 2013: Spiritual Exercise #1. Retrieved from <https://dsc.duq.edu/ledewitz-hallowedsecularism/747>

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Title: Spiritual Exercise #1

Date: 2013-05-21T15:34:00.003-04:00

5/21/2013— – There are different ways to develop spiritual life. Meditation is one. Seeing and describing may be another. I'm sitting here in the easy warmth of a spring warm spell in my shoebox courtyard with its brick floor, brick marked planting areas, back dominated by the great oak tree and the carport, empty now but reminiscent of Patt. I can see there's always a breeze but the sun blocking house also blocks the wind, except when I can hear the leaves rustle. It's too warm for the pugs, but maybe too lazy. Lazy, except for the workman shouts in the alley and the airplanes that motor overhead. On first glance it's all mostly green—this short tree and the tall branching tree and the grasses and the plants—but on closer look very different shades of red everywhere—the brick the flowers, droopy now in the heat, and the flowerpots and the covers. Even the brown fence seems red. Then there is the silver and dirty white of the big wind chime and the hammock chair hanging from the tree. The chair now turned round to face the fence as if some invisible man has no interest in conversing today. I left out the chirping birds. They are always there, but quiet and happy. You only hear them when you think about it.