

Meredith Jeremiah
Unitarian Universalist History
9.30.19

Holy Ground

When you came through the doors this morning
what were you expecting?
What songs did you hope to sing, your voice sliding over the notes in time (or maybe not exactly in time) with those around you? What words does your heart long for?

We are a people on a precipice, of change, of hope, of something that we cannot yet know.

Like a tree, in times when our branches are shaken by the wind, and when our leaves fall away with the frost, our roots hold us steady. Like the gnarled fingers of a grandmother, our roots spread their fingers out wide grabbing on tightly to the earth and holding it in their grasp. They keep us firmly in the ground.

But, what roots us can be hard to name, as if something so close to our being, that holds us the way a parents holds their child is so intimate and so known that it shouldn't have to be spoken aloud.

Naming, though, carries with it a power, a conjuring of sorts. A calling up and into being of that which we already know to be true. The chaplain occupies the role of the midwife, naming the pain, the desire, coaching us through, waiting for that which is to be born. So what will be born in you?

Our spiritual ancestors have walked this path before us. And so we do not come here to the garden alone, but rather with the spirit of generations gone before us . They carry us forward.

They have spoken out, naming that which they already knew to be true in their hearts. They have taken risks in the name of faith.

In community, we are bound together like a knot. Snarled and messy, we are held together so tightly that we cannot be unwound.

Here in this rooted, knotted, holy place we come to consider what it is we believe. Who are we? Where are we going in this life? And where will we journey together?