

HADEN, SPIRITUAL DIRECTION, APRIL 2026

We will turn our madness into flowers

~ *Alice Walker*

The birds fly quietly
through us. Oh, I who wish to grow,
I look out, and inside me the tree grows.
[. . .] I take refuge, and refuge is inside me.

- Rainer Maria Rilke, *trans. Steven Cassedy*

We cannot live in a world that is not our own. In a world that is interpreted for us by others. An interpreted world is not a home. Part of the terror is to take back our own listening, to use our own voice, to see our own light.

- Hildegard von Bingen

Yes god yes
of course my life is mine
but who owns this singing if not
love? Let every scar welcome me
as I fly through the door of my flesh.

- Rachel Eliza Griffiths

Healing is an honor,
Though perhaps one wrapped in darkness,
Like a star is.

- Jennifer Williamson

there are flowers
in my chest again.
the kind that do not
lose their bloom

- F.D. Soul

Like wildflowers;
you must allow yourself to grow in all the places people thought you never would.

- E.V. Lucas

Chestnut

- Rebecca Baggett

I touched a chestnut sapling
in the Georgia mountains.

My friend writes of the great trees
and their vanishing,

but I have seen a young chestnut,
tender and green, rising from its ashes.

I, too, write of loss and grief
the hollow they carve

in the chest,
but that hollow may shelter

some new thing,
a life I could not

have imagined or wished,
a life I would never

have chosen. I have seen
the chestnut rising,

luminous,
from its own bones,

from the ashes of its first life.

