

SPINNING THE FOUR DIRECTIONS

I sing here at the midnight hour;
Chanting prayers beneath the moon.
I have no gift to give but kindness,
No wisdom but compassion
No authority but our shared experience.

Like you I have watched the seasons turn,
Deep cycles of change
Blessings and sorrow mixed
In the many colors of our lives.

What is spiritual is what is most ordinary,
The common threads of hope and mercy
The things we know best
Because we have lived them all.
So I chant the turn of another day,
Spinning grace into the world
Spinning the four directions until they turn like a wheel.

Spirit Wheel
Meditations from an Indigenous Elder
Steven Charleston