

Explore the Theme — Remember That Thou Art Dust ...

“Lent” comes from the Old English word for “Spring.” View the SHCJ Lenten Meditation which invites reflection on humankind’s essential connection with earth and soil and all they hold for us.

for other “Explore the Theme” postings visit: <https://www.shcj.org/explore-the-theme>

ASHES AND ECOLOGY by Fr. Rob Esdaile

New Jersey Preventive Network Blog (NJPN)

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WATCH: SHCJ 2022 Lenten Meditation;

<https://www.shcj.org/pray-with-us/monthly-meditation/>

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"Remember (wo)man that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return."

Could these words be the key to tackling the ecological crisis? Could the ritualised remembrance of our earth-born frailty that marks the beginning of Lent on Ash Wednesday transform our relationship with our Common Home?

“Lent is a time for each of us to nourish that unique “good seed” planted in us by the One who created us so that we may flourish and bear fruit.”

Dear reader, I am the ultimate example of upcycling — and so are you. We are stardust in a surprisingly literal sense — and that's not an exercise in self-aggrandisement. Every atom in our bodies used to be something or someone else. And every atom will be bequeathed, passed on, reused. We are tomorrow's mulch. Perhaps the road to sane relations with our Mother Earth is the befriending of this glorious truth.



The late **Thich Nhat Hanh** put it thus: *“We often forget that the planet we are living on has given us all the elements that make up our bodies. The water in our flesh, our bones, and all the microscopic cells inside our bodies all come from the Earth and are part of the Earth. The Earth is not just the environment we live in. We are the Earth and we are always carrying her within us ... We need to recognise that the planet and the people on it are ultimately one and the same.”* (Love Letter to the Earth, pp.10-11)

Today let us pray and fast in solidarity with Ukraine.

No moment is unscarred, there is no pause.
In Every instant bloodied innocence
Falls to the weary earth, and whilst we stand
Quiescence ends again in acquiescence,
And Abel's blood still cries in every land.
One silence only might redeem that blood.

Only the silence of a dying God.

Malcolm Guite

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