

Weekly Meditation, September 9, 2009
By Rev. Teri Lubbers

You Said “Be”

I read it here in your very word, in the story of the gestures with which your hands cupped themselves around our becoming – limiting, warm. You said “live” out loud, and “die” you said lightly, and over and over again you said “be.” ~ Rainer Maria Rilke

Think of the times that you have cupped your hands around something.

It is a gesture of protection. I can think of all sorts of fire images in which I have held my hands that way: sheltering the flame of a match or a candle from wind that would blow it out, or protecting a timid fire until it starts to burn. I have held fluffy baby chickens and little hamsters in cupped hands, butterflies and moths, and caterpillars from which they come. And the little geckos or spiders which sometimes make their way into the house but need safe escort out again.

I love Rilke’s image of God cupping God’s hands around our becoming. The hands of the Divine guarding our tentative flames to help them stay lit until they are able to blaze steadily. Cupped hands also shape clay on a spinning potter’s wheel. The wheel’s momentum is such that even the slightest touch leaves its mark and design in the clay.

God grows us, God shapes us. And with tenderness God speaks these words – Live and Be. A Divine incantation over us, calling us by name, calling us into being.

Prayer: Creator, sometimes I wonder why you have made me the way I am. Cup your hands around me today and may I hear your voice inside me. I love you too. Amen.