

April 21 – First Word (Marilyn Miller)

My word for this year is Kindness. Yes, I have shared that with you before. I keep learning more each week about that word, as I pay attention and write each Monday on my blog. Recently I learned kindness can be in very small ways, such as a smile as you pass someone on the street, or kindness can be how you treat yourself. In the song we sang last week it said “I know you/God will make something beautiful out of me.”

A poem I found recently called Kindness by Naomi Shihab Nye is as follows:

Before you know what kindness really is  
you must lose things,  
feel the future dissolve in a moment  
like salt in a weakened broth.  
What you held in your hand,  
what you counted and carefully saved,  
all this must go so you know  
how desolate the landscape can be  
between the regions of kindness.  
How you ride and ride  
thinking the bus will never stop,  
the passengers eating maize and chicken  
will stare out the window forever.

Before you learn the tender gravity of kindness  
you must travel where the Indian in a white poncho  
lies dead by the side of the road.  
You must see how this could be you,  
how he too was someone  
who journeyed through the night with plans  
and the simple breath that kept him alive.

Before you know kindness as the deepest thing inside,  
you must know sorrow as the other deepest thing.  
You must wake up with sorrow.  
You must speak to it till your voice  
catches the thread of all sorrows  
and you see the size of the cloth.  
Then it is only kindness that makes sense anymore,  
only kindness that ties your shoes  
and sends you out into the day to gaze at bread,  
only kindness that raises its head  
from the crowd of the world to say  
It is I you have been looking for,  
and then goes with you everywhere  
like a shadow or a friend.

So remember we are rubbed together, an agitation, there is lots of work and finally we glitter and shine.  
We become bright shining gems.