



Mt. Auburn Presbyterian Church
GREEN CARD
Your Ticket to Ecological Citizenship

First week of Lent 2017

Scripture: Genesis 1-3

Poem: Mary Oliver, "Wild Geese"

Devotion: Pray outdoors

Green Learning: Identify ten trees on your street

Green Outreach: Visit the Cincinnati Zoo or Nature Center

Green Justice: Find out about one local Superfund site

Wild Geese

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body love what it loves.
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,
are heading home again.
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting—

over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.

—Mary Oliver

(from *Dream Work*, 1986)



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Second week of Lent 2017

- Scripture: Psalms 8, 104
- Poem: Gerard Manley Hopkins, "God's Grandeur"
- Devotion: Walking meditation
- Green Learning: Identify ten birds in your neighborhood
- Green Outreach: Visit your local city park
- Green Justice: Auto tithe (reduce weekly miles driven by 10%)

God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then not now reckon his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning at the brown brink eastward, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

—Gerard Manley Hopkins, 1877, 1918



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Third week of Lent 2017

- Scripture: Romans 1: 18-25
- Poem: Kelly Cherry, "Natural Theology"
- Devotion: Pray for a place that matters to you
- Green Learning: Trace the rain water from your roof top to the Ohio River
- Green Outreach: Visit a Hamilton County park
- Green Justice: Waste tithe (recycle 10% more, including something new)

Natural Theology

You read it in the blue wind,
the blue water, the rock spill,
the blue hill

rising like a phoenix from ash. Some mind
makes itself known through the markings of light
on air; where earth rolls, right

comes after, our planet's bright spoor If you look, you'll find
truth etched on the tree trunk,
the shark's tooth, a shell, a hunk

of root and soil. Study from beginning to end.
Alpha and omega—these are the cirrus alphabet,
the Gnostics' cloudy "so—and yet."

If a tree falls in a forest, a sacred hind
leaps, hearing branches break;
you crawl under the log and shake

honey out of a hollow, eggs from a nest, ants from the end
of a stick; resting, you read God's name on the back of a bass
in a blue pool; God grows everywhere, like grass.

—Kelly Cherry (from *Natural Theology*, 1988)



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Fourth week of Lent 2017

- Scripture: Isaiah 24:1-7
- Poem: Gary Snyder, "For the Children"
- Devotion: Locate your home in space and time
- Green Learning: Identify ten flowering plants on your street
- Green Outreach: Visit a local farm or orchard
- Green Justice: Energy tithe (reduce temp by 2°, turn off excess lights)

For the Children

The rising hills, the slopes,
of statistics
lie before us.
the steep climb
of everything, going up,
up, as we all
go down.

In the next century
or the one beyond that,
they say,
are valleys, pastures,
we can meet there in peace
if we make it.

To climb these coming crests
One word to you, to
you and your children:

stay together
learn the flowers
go light

—Gary Snyder (from *Turtle Island*, 1974)



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Fifth week of Lent 2017

- Scripture: Psalm 23
- Poem: Paula Gunn Allen, "Kopis'taya (A Gathering of Spirits)"
- Devotion: Say grace, giving thanks to the places your food came from
- Green Learning: Start a garden
- Green Outreach: Shop at a farm market
- Green Justice: Eat only local food for one whole day

Kopis'taya (A Gathering of Spirits)

Because we live in the browning season
the heavy air blocking our breath,
and in this time when living
is only survival, we doubt the voices
that come shadowed on the air,
that weave within our brains
certain thoughts, a motion that is soft,
imperceptible, a twilight rain,
soft feather's fall, a small body
dropping into its nest, rustling, murmuring,
settling in for the night.

Because we live in the hardedged season,
where plastic brittle and gleaming shines
and in this space that is cornered and angled,
we do not notice wet, moist, the significant
drops falling in perfect spheres

that are certain measures of our minds;
almost invisible, those tears,
soft as dew, fragile, that cling to leaves,
petals, roots, gentle and sure,
every morning.

We are the women of daylight, of clocks and steel
foundries, of drugstores and streetlights,
of superhighways that slice our days in two.
Wrapped around in glass and steel we ride
our lives; behind dark glasses we hide our eyes,
our thoughts, shaded, seem obscure, smoke
fills our minds, whisky husks our songs,
polyester cuts our bodies from our breath,
our feet from the welcoming stones of earth.
Our dreams are pale memories of themselves,
and nagging doubt is the false measure of our days.

Even so the spirit voices are singing,
their thoughts are dancing in the dirty air.
Their feet touch the cement, the asphalt
delighting, still they weave dreams upon our
shadowed skulls, if we could listen.
If we could hear.
Let's go then. Let's find them. Let's
listen for the water, the careful gleaming drops
that glisten on the leaves, the flowers. Let's
ride the midnight, the early dawn. Feel the wind
striding through our hair. Let's dance
the dance of feathers, the dance of birds.

—Paula Gunn Allen, 1984



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Palm Sunday 2017

- Scripture: Matthew 6:25-33
- Poem: Wendell Berry, "Manifesto: the Mad Farmer Liberation Front"
- Devotion: Pray like St. Francis, giving thanks for the creation
- Green Learning: Talk with three neighbors about nature & the environment where you live
- Green Outreach: Car pool to church
- Green Justice: Write to one of your representatives about an environmental justice issue

Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front

Love the quick profit, the annual raise,
vacation with pay. Want more
of everything ready made. Be afraid
to know your neighbors and to die.
And you will have a window in your head.
Not even your future will be a mystery
any more. Your mind will be punched in a card
and shut away in a little drawer.
When they want you to buy something
they will call you. When they want you
to die for profit they will let you know.
So, friends, every day do something
that won't compute. Love the Lord.
Love the world. Work for nothing.
Take all that you have and be poor.

Love someone who does not deserve it.
Denounce the government and embrace
the flag. Hope to live in that free
republic for which it stands.
Give your approval to all you cannot
understand. Praise ignorance, for what man
has not encountered he has not destroyed.
Ask the questions that have no answers.
Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.
Say that your main crop is the forest
that you did not plant,
that you will not live to harvest.
Say that the leaves are harvested
when they have rotted into the mold.
Call the profit. Prophecy such returns.
Put your faith in the two inches of humus
that will build under the trees
every thousand years.
Listen to carrion—put your ear
close, and hear the faint chattering
of the songs that are to come.
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.
Laughter is immeasurable. Be joyful
though you have considered all the facts.
So long as women do not go cheap
for power, please women more than men.
Ask yourself: Will this satisfy
a woman satisfied to bear a child?
Will this disturb the sleep
of a woman near to giving birth?
Go with you love to the fields.
Lie easy in the shade. Rest your head
in her lap. Swear allegiance
to what is nighest your thoughts.
As soon as the generals and the politicians
can predict the motions of your mind,
lose it. Leave it as a sign
to mark the false trail, the way
you didn't go. Be like the fox
who makes more tracks than necessary,
some in the wrong direction.
Practice resurrection.

—Wendell Berry (from *The Country of Marriage*, 1973)