

Trinity Devotion 13

Week of October 18, 2020

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Forgotten Language by Shel Silverstein

Once I spoke the language of the flowers,

Once I understood each word the caterpillar said,

Once I smiled in secret at the gossip of the starlings,

And shared a conversation with the housefly

in my bed.

Once I heard and answered all the questions

of the crickets,

And joined the crying of each falling dying

flake of snow,

Once I spoke the language of the flowers. . . .

How did it go?

How did it go?



Oh, to remember how to speak to the flowers! Children are the most mystical, mysterious beings on the planet. Their bright eyes shine with the knowledge of centuries.

As we teach them about being grown up, they lose a little of that sparkle and honesty. I think young children are the closest to God, they are the most open to unconditional love. Before boundaries, taboos, prejudice and etiquette, they simply embrace the world. In their innocence they question all, while in our complacency, adults often follow the status quo and fail to question anything. Are their souls a guiding force, informing them about the world or are their spirits so free they have no qualms about chasing rainbows and dancing in the puddles? Living with a small child as they encounter the wonder of each new day is gift I will always cherish. I saw the joy of discovery in the face of my beautiful step-daughter and I sought to create space for my kids at work to experience the same awe. Some of them struggled with the mysteries of the world, many had been mistreated or neglected. It was difficult to engage them in the locked away innocence of their souls, like searching for a lost coin or a wayward sheep. The task of igniting wonder could be arduous, but succeeding was always a cause for celebration. Embracing awareness was a goal, opening the world one moment at a time to recall the diction of the daisy and the proper response to each cricket.

For Consideration

- Re-read the poem, what jumps out at you? Take a few moments to sit and journal your thoughts.

Prayer: God of the caterpillar and of the snow, fill my heart with childlike awe and faith. Never let me forget the mysteries of my past for they help create the wonders of my present and future. Amen.