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Proclamation, and Confession of Faith

Allyson Sawtell, 2020

We are ancient. We are new.

When it's all working right, we will bend towards justice; we will bend and will not break.

That doesn't always happen.

So we come together to remember and to re-member ourselves.

We come together because it is in our DNA to do so.

We come together not because we may but because we must. We can do no other.

We are not alone! This is our cry. And this is our call.

We are not alone and we owe each other life and love and hope and promise.

We owe each other because it is through us – beings of flesh and blood and stone and water and air and bark and leaf – that life can flourish.

It is through us co-creating with that unknown mystery that surrounds all of life, the embrace of the Universe that we sometimes call God by many names – it is through all of us that life can flourish.

We need each other.

Our very DNA calls us to community,
our building blocks of life are sinuous curves and waves, splashing on the shores and retreating into the depths.

And we have forgotten. Or denied. Or ignored.

As a species, we have thought so very deeply: I am all that is. I am all that matters.

In our own humano-centrism, we don't realize how isolated we have become from each other:
we don't even recognize the web of life through which we move so we rip the strands and fray the ties that hold us all together. We've lost so much.

And we don't even realize how much that hurts.

There is a depth of loneliness so profound that we do not acknowledge it except in waves of rage or fear or dominance or power over.

We have forgotten. Or denied. Or ignored.

So we come together to remember and to re-member ourselves.

We have to collect the pieces and tenderly weave them together again and make a new creation.

We have to soak the strands with our tears, softening the fibers so we can weave each other again.

We are.
Community.



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