NATIONAL CATHOLIC REPORTER
Published on *National Catholic Reporter* (http://ncronline.org)

The Brooding Spirit

Ed Hays | May. 22, 2009

Psalm of the Brooding Spirit

Come, Spirit of the Holy, brood over me,
huddling henlike as you once did
over the dark, swirling waters of chaos
on Creation Eve.

Your scream shattered the silence
as God's love cracked open the cosmic egg,
spilling out spiral galaxies and stars,
planets and moons, oceans and land.

Brood over me, Spirit of Creation,
with your searing, scarlet wings aflame.
Umbrella me in the hothouse steam of love,
so my hard shell will shatter open.

Then, spill forth from the very center of me
God's wildest dreams and fantasies,
heaven's highest hopes for my day and times,
as you again recreate this old, weary world.

Reflection: This psalm of the Spirit-Agent of Creation is a song-prayer which can be used any morning or as a pre-work psalm for those who are laborers of the new covenant, that unique zero-gravity order of life which calls for perpetual newness.

Brooding, as a hen does while hatching an egg, takes time. So allow appropriate incubating space and time for the warmth of the brooding God to influence you in a time of seeming charos. Also consider calling for a "silent prayer time of brooding" at meetings when a stalemate locks shut the floodgates of creative resolution.

From *Psalms for Zero Gravity* by Ed Hays

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Ashes to Ashes: A Psalm of the Holy Spirit

Holy Fire of God,
descend as once you did in times of old,
furnace full of searing flames
engulfing ancient Mount Sianai
In the fullness of God's presence.

Fire Storm of the Holy,
wind-sweep your wall of flame over me
in a raging Pentecostal love,
and burn me to ashes, again.

Ages before ages past, my flesh was once
the glowing ashes of a dead sun
drifting to Earth as star-flakes
to become again the stuff of life.

No mere dark clay or Earth-dirt am I,
for star-studded space was my womb.
Ashes to ashes, star dust to star dust,
so bury me now in the passion of God's Furnace
so I can rise, phoenix-like,
to a new way of living and loving.

Reflection: The story of Earth's creation is about cremation. God created Adam not from the clay of the Earth but from the creamated stars. This is a powerful image of life coming out of death, of the funeral pyer becoming a birthing bed. It leads us to ask if the natural way to deal with death may not be holy fire instead of decay. Rather than a funeral feast for worms, perhaps a Viking hero's bonfire burial is a more fitting end.

Along with the sun, fire was once worshipped as divine--as a god or a gift from the gods. In our age of electric fires and lights, the flames of fire might be newly reverenced as holy. It is a rich symbol of our star-dust origins as well as an image of our funeral-pyre rebirth in the flames of God's passionate love.

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Prayer action suggestion:

Spend some time star-gazing and reflecting on your origin. Open your heart as wide as the galaxies to take in the star dust that is every other being on this planet.

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