

MINING for MEANING, AUGUST 10, 2008

**Psalm 19**

1

The heavens are telling the glory of  
God;  
And the firmament proclaims his  
handiwork.

2

Day to day pours forth speech,  
And night to night declares  
knowledge.

3

There is no speech, nor are there  
words;  
Their voice is not heard;

4

Yet their voice goes out through all  
the earth.  
And their words to the end of the  
world.

5

In the heavens he has set a tent for  
the sun  
which comes out like a bridegroom  
from his wedding canopy,  
and like a strong man runs its  
course with joy.

**Why I Wake Early**

Hello, sun in my face.  
Hello, you who make the morning  
and spread it over the fields  
and into the faces of the tulips  
and the nodding morning glories,  
and into the windows of, even, the

miserable and crotchety—

best preacher that ever was,  
dear star, that just happens  
to be where you are in the universe  
to keep us from ever-darkness,  
to ease us with warm touching,  
to hold us in the great hands of light—  
good morning, good morning, good morning.

Watch, now, how I start the day  
in happiness, in kindness.

Mary Oliver from *Why I Wake Early*

**To a Young Child** by Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–1889)

Margaret, are you grieving  
Over Goldengrove unleaving?  
Leaves, like the things of man, you  
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?  
Ah! As the heart grows older  
It will come to such sights colder  
By and by, nor spare a sigh  
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;  
And yet you will weep and know why,  
Now no matter, child, the name;  
Sorrow's springs are the same  
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:  
It is the blight man was born for,  
It is Margaret you mourn for.