I've been thinking about breath this week. The gift of life that God breathed into the earth creature at the beginning. The gift of the Holy Spirit that Jesus breathed into his disciples when he appeared to them as the risen Lord. I've also been thinking about the times when breathing is very difficult. About the times when breath is actually taken away.

We've just witnessed the end of the trial where a man literally had the breath crushed out of him. And in so many other ways, we've been anxious because of the pandemic, because of the racial inequity in this country which has been laid bare, the breathless rhetoric that we spew back and forth over each other, not taking time to listen.

My spiritual director gave me this exercise to help me breathe. And I think we all need to take a little time now, just to breathe. Not to negate what has gone before, not to just get over it, but so that we can reengage with each other and with the world. It comes from Psalm 46, upon which Luther also based his hymn “A Mighty Fortress.” And it's all about tumult and mountains trembling and being cast into the sea. But at the very end, close to the very end, there is this verse: "Be still and know that I am God."

So breathe.
Be still and know that I am God.
Be still and know that I am.
Be still and know.
Be still.
Be.
Breathe.
Be.
Be still.
Be still and know.
Be still and know that I am.
Be still and know that I am God.

Be well, dear church.