

Let us Pray "For the Beauty of the Earth," our Turtle Planet, where we Walk Lightly, for we stand on Indian Land.

As a Pilgrim on the Way, I join the Psalmist: "I lift up mine Eyes unto the Hills" and ask: "From Whence Shall Come My Help?" [Ps. 121] My Help comes from Signs along a Pilgrim's Path into the Hills of my youth:

Through Sycamore Canyon, up Coyote Rd, snaking, twisting and turning past Banana Road to Mountain Drive. Turning East, the road meanders the scorched weeping hills past Sign Posts to guide us:

"The Only Good Road is a Bad Road" leads onward to **"Troll Crossing."** Enter this place of potters, painters, and poets, who were drawn to this place of Such Terrible Beauty, Savage and Electrifying. They were Vets returning from WW II on their own pilgrimage toward Peace and Reconciliation. At the sign **"Tarantula Crossing"** wait patiently and listen; because this is **"Not Quite a Through Road."**

This rugged mountainside is a place of dreams both lived and fulfilled; but also dreams dashed by earthquake, fire, flood, mudslide, drought.

All the while, In Lincoln on this Autumn Today we have come together as we celebrate the 'Worship of God in Nature.' O "Source of All, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise." *Amen.*