

***Coming Home*** Meditation and message 8-28-22 Rev Brigid Beckman

What does ***home*** mean to you? This morning we'll explore the gift of coming home: home to our deepest selves, home to God-within, home wherever we are in the world, home to the only moment there is: now, the present moment.

I'll lead us into our time of meditation with a quote from Thich Nhat Hanh.

“If you can breathe in and out and walk in the spirit of I have arrived, I am home, in the here, in the now, then you will notice that you are becoming more solid and more free immediately.”

So let's take a breath in, and out, and in the spirit of “I have arrived” begin to notice your breath as you inhale and exhale, letting each breath settle you gently into wherever you're sitting-- moving or shifting or wiggling as you need.

Notice all the places where the back of your body is supported by what is solid beneath you. Sense the solid home of your body-- inviting shoulders to soften, feet resting grounded on the floor, facial expression to relax...

As you settle into this present moment, come home to your breath in and your breath out. Feel yourself welcomed, invited in, safe and secure...

I breathe in, and I am home...

I breathe out... and I am home...

I am solid... I am free...

God is my home...

the whole wide world is my home

I am solid... I am free...

One of my most loved books is “Writing Toward Home: Tales and Lessons to Find Your Way,” by Georgia Heard. She writes:

“In Spanish, *querencia* describes a place where one feels safe, a place from which one's strength of character is drawn, a place where one feels at home. It comes from the verb *querer* which means to desire to want... Animals have *querencia* by instinct. The golden Plover knows every year where to fly when it migrates. Rattlesnakes know by the temperature when to be dormant. In winter, sparrows and chickadees know where their food is and return to the same spot again and again. *Querencia* is a matter of survival.

Humans have *querencia* too. We know where we feel most at home. Our bodies tell us, if we listen. There are certain seasons during which we feel more at ease. Certain times of day when we feel safe and more relaxed. Certain climates. Even the clothes we wear make us feel more at home.”

Writing Toward Home is an invitation to writing as a daily practice, but Heard's words could be about ANY practice that brings us into that still, centered deepest home within:

“When I don't have enough quiet in my life I sometimes ignore the pull to that chair; it seems more important to make phone calls and pay bills. But I'm ignoring the voice that will lead me to safety, take me home. My body knows it. I feel cranky and dull. The more I write... (or insert your own practice here!) the closer I come to finding my way home.”

The Daily Word today reminds us, “I listen to the still, small voice of Spirit within to discern the best way to fulfill my purpose. I heed its call to learn, discover and grow.”

Do you know where you find your *querencia*? Where or when do you feel most at home? When you feel overwhelmed, or disconnected, who or what brings you back to center? What are the practices that bring your home to yourself, to know yourself as fully and beautifully human AND divine? Solid and free immediately?

I've been reminded this week that back in the day of printed bulletins here at Sunday services, the message was “Welcome to Unity. Welcome Home.” Over and over I hear from people that when they found this community, they knew they were home. Last weekend here in this home, thanks to the love and compassion of this community, I had a powerful reminder about that welcome, and all it stands for.

- Louise- housing insecurity, dignity, rest, safety-- WELCOME
- Perspective! I am temporarily upended, NOT temporarily homeless-- all the blessings I have the privilege of taking for granted. These moments of recognizing the unexpected events of life made me think of the lines from Rumi's The Guest House:

**The Guest House** ~Rumi, translation by Coleman Barks

This being human is a guest house.

Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,  
some momentary awareness comes  
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!  
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,  
who violently sweep your house  
empty of its furniture,  
still, treat each guest honorably.  
He may be clearing you out  
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice.  
meet them at the door laughing and invite them in.

Be grateful for whatever comes.  
because each has been sent  
as a guide from beyond.

Be grateful for whatever comes! Not that there is a "great puppetmaster in the sky" saying "Oh, you need a flood!" "You need this illness!" "You get THIS joy!" But if we stay open to welcoming all that comes to the door of our heart, we find the wisdom of Divine Mind, Divine Heart, Divine timing. I am STEEPED in lessons right now about the grace of "Coming Home."

As I share some of my steeping, I'm going to try an experiment, and invite you to see how this lands. The Irish mystic and poet, John O'Donohue has a beautiful blessing for a new home. We'll hear it three times, each with an invitation to consider it in light of a different focus: our physical body, home of our unique spirit; the homes we inhabit; and finally, our shared sacred space of this home of our Unity Church.

- Presiding at a memorial service this week, reminder of our temporary home in these physical bodies, the eternal sense of home we trust in our divine essence, our true self, our inner querencia (Hear these words for your individual self, the beautiful expression of the divine you house: A NEW HOME, 1)
- Our early experiences of home-- whether positive or difficult-- color our perception of "Home" and where and how we create a physical querencia, place of a sanctuary, a refuge, a place where we most solidly, and freely express our truest selves, our inner querencia. (Hear these words for your own home: A NEW HOME, 2)
- THIS home, our building where we nourish each other as family is more than the bricks and mortar, and pews or chairs, or lights or AV equipment. This community has imbued the space with sacred purpose-- with our vision, our welcome, our values, our companionship on the journey. (Hear these words for our shared sacred home: A NEW HOME, 3)

**For A New Home** by John O'Donohue (My solid body, my home, my Unity home)

May this house shelter your life.

When you come home here,

May all the weight of the world

Fall from your shoulders.

May your heart be tranquil here,

Blessed by peace the world cannot give.

May this home be a lucky place,

Where the graces your life desires  
Always find the pathway to your door.  
May nothing destructive  
Ever cross your threshold.

May this be a safe place  
Full of understanding and acceptance,  
Where you can be as you are,  
Without the need of any mask  
Of pretense or image.

May this home be a place of discovery,  
Where the possibilities that sleep  
In the clay of your soul can emerge  
To deepen and refine your vision  
For all that is yet to come to birth.

May it be a house of courage,  
Where healing and growth are loved,  
Where dignity and forgiveness prevail;  
A home where patience of spirit is prized,  
And the sight of the destination is never lost  
Though the journey be difficult and slow.  
May there be great delight around this hearth.  
May it be a house of welcome  
For the broken and diminished.

May you have the eyes to see  
That no visitor arrives without a gift  
And no guest leaves without a blessing.

And may you see the blessing that YOU are in this home of the whole wide world! And so it is. Amen! PAUSE!!!!