

Formation Song by Shay MacKay

SKSM Commencement 2016

It began as nothing more than a whisper of sound,
faint notes of a melody playing deep within me,
calling me.

It was a breath that carried me into the Unknown,
an exhalation of the Spirit that moves through all things,
a single note of the Song that sings us all into being.

On this journey I learned to listen,
and heard the Song everywhere;
and I learned that when I listen
this Music grounds me,
inspires me,
moves me forward,
toward greater life.

On this journey I remembered that I am divine,
participating in the creation of my own reality,
and I learned that participation in creation
requires spiritual practice,
loving relationships,
intellectual challenge,
emotional honesty,
and psychological transparency;
and then it requires surrender –

to the breathing of Spirit into the Silence of the Unknown;
surrender to the composing of the Song that sings Life.

But this is not a solo, my friends!

I do not walk – or sing – alone.

I must attune my heart and mind in harmony with yours
and to the rhythms of this planet we call home.

And I must listen for the silence that dwells between all things,
the silence in which I can find rest
until I am ready to sing once more.

So as the last notes of my seminary journey
fade into the silence from which they came,
I close my eyes and listen...
waiting to hear the melody
of the next verse in my song.

Listen by Shay MacKay

Listen, this is important.

Go deep. Deeper still.

Go deep inside to the well within your soul,
the pool that holds the memory
of the story of all that came before,
and more.

The story of all creation.

The memory of the story of your creation.

Go deep.

To the words written on your heart that speak of the now,
the who of You.

The words that sing of all you love, and those that weep.

Go deep.

Deep into the tissues and muscles and bones
of your arms and legs and hips and neck, your hands and feet,
the soft and strong parts of you that shift and move,
re-arranging and re-interpreting where you are and where you're going.

Go deep.

Go deep and find that which is fully, wholly, beautifully You.

Resurrection by Shay MacKay

When a little piece of my soul
dwells in darkness.
When hope seems lost
in all the little deaths that occur
within and around me each day.
If I can just remember,
if somehow within the foggy confusion,
blurred vision,
dim twilight of the unknown,
ungrounded,
unfound places –
if I remember to listen,
listen for the song that will save me,
help me to rise
and even dance again,
the song that will soothe me as I weep;
if I listen,
I will hear music all around me,
I will find resurrection in every note that sings.

Slow Down by Shay MacKay

Slow down.

Take time.

Be still.

Spirit is the calmness,
the serenity of water rippling over rocks,
flashing with sunlight,
gently lapping at the shore.

Life flows around me.
Spirit flows with it,
connecting me to the flow,
and protecting me from it.

The current of life rushes through the rapids,
crashing,
racing down the middle,
wanting to get to where it is going.

I am the stone,
sun-kissed and caressed
by softly sifting Spirit.

I am the leaf,
floating,
cradled gently by cool, clear water.

I hear the rushing river of life
and the strength of its current causes movement,
even here at the water's edge,
touching me, rocking me.

But I am safe in Spirit's embrace.
Spirit, made of the same water flowing through life,
but tempered, expanded,
out beyond the fury and frenzy of the flow.
A quieter strength,
a gentler intention,
a calmer attention,
with all the time in the world
for me.

Part I – NORTH – Water – creating space for inquiry

“...As we walk the streets, discovering who is there, what the joys and struggles on the street are, and how each of us finds ourself in relationship to life on the vibrant streets. Some of us are inspired to action. Some of us are called to deeper reflection...”

~ Alex Darr, Fools Fables 2014, *Accompaniment*

It was smell that moved me
as I stepped out of the Fools’ Court,
stopped on the street
and closed my eyes.

Smell.

Urine.

Smoke.

Body Odor.

Half-rotten food and stale beer.

Exhaust fumes, air fresheners, colognes,

Dirt.

It was smell
that moved me;
moved me through the Tenderloin,
Drifting through bodies standing,
sitting half-propped against the old facades,
I heard snippets of conversation,
muted and garbled, like
sound through water
as the smells - familiar, some,
others, not -
released a torrent of memories
that washed through me.

This water of wonder entered my nose,
ran down my spine,
flowed into my arms and legs,
filling me. Reminding me
of answers to these questions:

Who am I?

What am I doing here?

It's a huge strength to know a quiet purpose.¹

As I stepped out of the Fools' Court
I remembered stepping into Nativity House.
Twenty years on this journey –
discovering a Call,
coiling and curling around the precious
new spark within.

“You're an angel!”

And a pebble
dropped
into the pool of my soul.
Slow ripples moved for twenty years.

This is what I am made of.

Fluid.
Flowing.
Nourishing what grows within.
Cleansing.
Polishing.

You have become, now

Be!

Be what you want to see in the world.

The smell snaps me back
to where I am now. Familiar, or not.
Fear and doubt recede
as the wash of memory fills me
with grace and light.

I walk toward the beginning.
Walk

toward
the
beginning.
The spiral journey having brought me here.
Full circle.

The smell,
or what flows with it,
softens me
until my heart dissolves
into Spirit
and Spirit pours through me
into the world.

I wade within this power,
the power of my presence.
A prophet.
A disciple.
A companion.
Reclaiming.
Listening.
Remembering.
Being.

I am Shay.
I am a minister.
I am here.

Let me meet you
where you are.
You are
an angel, too.

ⁱ Kasey Asberry, *Fools Fables 2014: Accompaniment*