

This morning's second reading is "Speak to us of Religion" by Kahlil Gibran.

And an old priest said, "Speak to us of religion."
And the prophet said:
Have I spoken this day of aught else?

Is not religion all deeds and all reflection,
and that which is neither deed nor reflection,
but a wonder and a surprise ever springing in the soul,
even while the hands hew the stone or tend the loom?

Who can separate faith from actions, or belief from occupations?
Who can spread their hours before themselves, saying,
"This for God and this for myself;
This for my soul, and this other for my body?"
All your hours are wings that beat through space from self to self...

Your daily life is your temple and your religion.
Whenever you enter into it take with you your all.
Take the plough and the forge and the mallet and the lute,
The things you have fashioned in necessity or for delight...

And if you would know God, be not therefore a solver of riddles.
Rather look about you and you shall see
God playing with your children.

And look into space; you shall see God walking in the clouds,
with outstretched arms in the lightning and descending in rain.

You shall see God smiling in flowers,
then rising with arms waving in the trees.

Here ends the reading.