

Sermon Notes for 6/21:

Song of Songs 2:1-7

I am the rose of Sharon,
the lily of the valley.
—Like a lily among the thorns
so is my friend among the young women.
—Like a quince tree among the trees of the forest
so is my lover among the young men.
In its shade I delighted to sit
and its fruit was sweet to my taste
He has brought me to the house of wine
and his banner over me is love.
Stay me up with raisin cakes,
cushion me with quinces,
for I am in a swoon of love.
His left hand beneath my head,
his right hand embracing me.
I made you swear, O daughters of Jerusalem
by the deer or the gazelles of the field,
that you shall not rouse not stir love
until it pleases.

Song of Songs 8:6-7

Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm,
for love is strong as death,
passion fierce as the grave.
Its flashes are flashes of fire,
a raging flame.

Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can floods drown it.
If one offered for love
all the wealth of one's house,
it would be utterly scorned.

"If all the writings are holy, the *Song of Songs* is the Holy of Holies." (Rabbi Akiva)

"The Song could be understood as a meditation on our relationship with nature, animated by love ... the Song is also a love story about the lovers and the land and its creatures; a story of the archetypal intimacy between humans and nature. Eros is more encompassing than just a sexual relationship—it is life's endless desire to live, flourish, and create." (Rabbi Ellen Bernstein, *Toward a Holy Ecology: Reading the Song of Songs in the Age of Climate Crisis*)

Song of Songs 2:14

O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,
in the covert of the cliff,
let me see your face;
let me hear your voice,
for your voice is sweet,
and your face is lovely.

Song of Songs 2:8-11

The voice of my beloved!
Look, he comes,
leaping upon the mountains,
bounding over the hills.
My beloved is like a gazelle
or a young stag.
Look, there he stands
behind our wall,
gazing in at the windows,
looking through the lattice.

My beloved speaks and says to me:
“Arise, my love, my fair one,
and come away,

for now the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone.

Backyard (by Mary Oliver)

I had no time to haul out all
the dead stuff so it hung, limp
or dry, wherever the wind swung it
over or down or across. All summer
it stayed that way, untrimmed, and
thickened. The paths grew
damp and uncomfortable and mossy until
nobody could get through but a mouse or a
shadow. Blackberries, ferns, leaves, litter
totally without direction management
supervision. The birds loved it.