

Sermon Notes for 6/28:

Song of Songs 2:10-13—

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.

The flowers appear on the earth;
the time of singing has come,
and the voice of the turtledove
is heard in our land.

The fig tree puts forth its figs,
and the vines are in blossom;
they give forth fragrance.

Arise, my love, my fair one,
and come away.

“*The Song* situates us in a different kind of time. With its long descriptive passages and infrequent use of active verbs, time slows down and spreads out. Time is rhythmic and cyclical, not just linear. There is a season for everything.” (Rabbi Ellen Bernstein, *Toward a Holy Ecology*)

Song of Songs 4:1-7—

How beautiful you are, my love,
how very beautiful!

Your eyes are doves
behind your veil.

Your hair is like a flock of goats,
moving down the slopes of Gilead.

Your teeth are like a flock of shorn ewes
that have come up from the washing,
all of which bear twins,
and not one among them is bereaved.

Your lips are like a crimson thread,
and your mouth is lovely.
Your cheeks are like halves of a pomegranate
behind your veil.

Your neck is like the tower of David,
built in courses;
on it hang a thousand bucklers,
all of them shields of warriors.

Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle,
that feed among the lilies.

Until the day breathes
and the shadows flee,

I will hasten to the mountain of myrrh
and the hill of frankincense.
You are altogether beautiful, my love;
there is no flaw in you.

Song of Songs 6:11-12

I went down to the nut orchard
to look at the blossoms of the valley,
to see whether the vines had budded,
whether the pomegranates were in bloom.

Song of Songs 7:1-2—

How graceful are your feet in sandals,
O queenly maiden!
Your rounded thighs are like jewels,
the work of a master hand.
Your navel is a rounded bowl;
may it never lack mixed wine.
Your belly is a heap of wheat,
encircled with lilies ...

Song of Songs 7:10-13—

I am my beloved's,
and his desire is for me.

Come, my beloved,
let us go forth into the fields
and lodge in the villages;
let us go out early to the vineyards;
let us see whether the vines have budded,
whether the grape blossoms have opened
and the pomegranates are in bloom.
There I will give you my love.
The mandrakes give forth fragrance,
and over our doors are all choice fruits,
new as well as old,
which I have laid up for you, O my beloved.

Song of Songs 8:14—

Make haste [or *run away!*], my beloved,
and be like a gazelle
or a young stag
upon the mountains of spices!

Suggested Practice: Go for a slow walk (or, if walking is difficult, find someplace outside to sit) and intentionally look for evidence of the season we're in: summer.

If it's helpful to have a meditation mantra, try saying the first line on the in-breath, and the second line on the out-breath for a minute or two. Feel God's love meeting you in that place.

"Everything has its season.
I don't have to rush mine."

