

## **A time for stillness**

The air hums with silence,  
a song only the stillness could sing.  
We gather here, in the lull of it,  
wrapped in contemplation.  
A journey is to begin now,  
a journey within.

This is the time of turning,  
when the world tilts inward  
and asks us to pause.  
Not to chase, not to act,  
but to rest on what we've built,  
to look across the room and see,  
truly see,  
all of our blessings.

Cycles teach us patience.  
We are not what we were,  
and we are not yet what we will be.  
In this quiet, we sit with questions.  
They yet have no answers,  
though letting them shape us,  
just as rivers carve stone,  
slowly and gently,  
it softens what we thought permanent.

The bitter cold draws lines sharp and clear,  
revealing what is essential.  
The frost strips bare what we carry,  
leaving only what we need.  
The snow falls in a gentle hush,  
a blanket to cover what has passed  
and make room for what will come.

Now is the time to reflect,  
to plan the path to balance,  
to light a fire within  
that will grow as the days lengthen.  
This quiet carries us forward,  
teaching us to honor stillness,  
so that when summer comes,  
we can run with abandon,  
knowing we are rooted and whole.

And so we rest, reflect, renew,  
drawing close to this sacred center,  
a fire that cannot be extinguished.  
This is our moment to cherish,  
to lean into the quiet  
and know we are home.