**Saturday Afternoon**

**Soaked in the Spirit**

As you look over the diagram of your life’s river, reflect on the different ways you have understood and experienced God across your life.

Who or what was God to you at the different times on your river of life?

What caused you to feel closer to, or more distant from, God at these different times?

What places or situations were encounters with the Sacred for you?

Have you faced situations or experiences devoid of any sense of God or the Sacred?

You might want to consider times of significant suffering or joy – yours or others’ – that shape the flow of your life river.

Rivers do not exist in isolation but are always part of a larger ecology. So too, our human lives are situated in a larger world. Are there events – local, national, world – that shaped the flow of your life’s river?

What values, commitments, causes, or principles were most important to you at a given point in your life?

Toward what goals, if any, were your primary energies directed? Or, metaphorically speaking, what purposes and ends helped to shape the flow of life waters at a given time in your experience?

Decide on a way to note these matters, with words and/or symbols, and place them on your river.

As you finish depicting your river of life, review the whole diagram. Do its symbols and words seem to portray how you think and feel about the whole of your life? Is there some important element left out? Make adjustments as needed. Remember that no diagram can possibly capture all that shapes your journey. The river is meant to be a beginning point for reflection and conversation and not a comprehensive depiction of your life.

**Your Other Name**

Tara Mohr

If your life doesn’t often make you feel
like a cauldron of swirling light —

If you are not often enough a woman standing above a mysterious fire,
lifting her head to the sky —

You are doing too much, and listening too little.

Read poems. Walk in the woods. Make slow art.
Tie a rope around your heart, be led by it off the plank,
happy prisoner.

You are no animal. You are galaxy with skin.
Home to blue and yellow lightshots,
making speed-of-light curves and racecar turns,
bouncing in ricochet –

Don’t slow down the light and turn it into matter
with feeble preoccupations.

Don’t forget your true name:
Presiding one. Home for the gleaming. Strong cauldron for the feast of light.

Strong cauldron for the feast of light:
I am speaking to you.
I beg you not to forget.

