

CREATIONTIDE DAY 3

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core

From *To Autumn*, John Keats

There is an awe and reverence due to the stars in the heavens, the sun, and all heavenly bodies; to the seas and the continents; to all living forms of trees and flowers; to the myriad expressions of life in the sea; to the animals of the forests and the birds of the air. To wantonly destroy a living species is to silence forever a divine voice.

T Berry, *Selected Writings*, 34. *From The Dream of the Earth* (1988), 46.



Kneelers decorated with animals displayed at Wiggonholt Church, near Pulborough on the South Downs

This church is a member of the Small Pilgrim Places Network