

Templates for Change

Reconnecting with Nature



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Part 6 – Becoming a Bard of Nature

A Bard of Nature

Native cultures lived far more in harmony with the natural worlds around them, and in our own time we must evolve more natural ways of thinking and living to rebalance our own lifestyles to be more in tune with the web of life on which we all depend.

The experience of developing better sensitivities to the natural worlds described in this workshop can begin a life long journey of discovery that may help towards such an evolution of consciousness and ways of life .. and ourselves become a **Bard of Nature**



Bards of Nature

“There is need for awareness that the mountains and rivers and all living things, the sky and its sun and moon and clouds all constitute a healing, sustaining sacred presence for humans which they need as much for their psychic integrity as for their physical nourishment.”

Thomas Berry, Cosmologist, 1914 - 2009



Bards of Nature

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every meadow, every humming insect. All are holy in the memory and experience of my people.

We know the sap which courses through the trees as we know the blood that courses through our veins. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters. The bear, the deer, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadow, the body heat of the pony, and man, all belong to the same family.

Chief Seattle, 1852

Bards of Nature

“To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet, 1803-1882



Bards of Nature

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;--
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

William Wordsworth, poet, 1770 - 1850

Bards of Nature

All nature has a feeling: woods, fields, brooks
Are life eternal: and in silence they
Speak happiness beyond the reach of books;
There's nothing mortal in them; their decay
Is the green life of change; to pass away
And come again in blooms revived.
Its birth was heaven, eternal in its stay,
And with the sun and moon shall still abide
Beneath their day and night and heaven wide.

John Clare, poet, 1793 - 1864

