

The Peace of Wild Things

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

Wendell Berry

Storytelling in small groups or personal reflection. One by one, each person shares their answer to the first prompt below. Then go to next question and so forth. A person can pass.

- 1. Tell of a time in your life “When despair for the world [grew] in me.”**
- 2. Share a personal story/experience of “I come into the peace of wild things who do not tax their lives with forethought of grief.”**
- 3. Share about how you “rest in the grace of the world, and am free.”**
(Or share about not resting “in the grace of the world” and how that feels for you?)

Check out and download more small group storytelling reflections and prompts at:

<https://lifesjourney.us/storytelling-in-small-groups-menu/>

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