



*A Spider in the Chapel*

*Grandmother Spider,  
spinning the strong silken threads  
of Wholeness for the Universe,  
unbeknownst, You hover over us at our worship.  
White in ancient newness,  
You weave us together with tender bands of Love  
in the midst of nourishing sacrament.  
Communion...the height and breadth  
of which we ache to know*