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Miniature Symphonies

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Miniature Symphonies

Dodi Dolendi

A few years ago I entered a time of discipline through writing. My focus was on Haiku poetry that gracefully re-crafted the ancient Japanese art form into twenty-first century verse that enhanced my spiritual and prayer life. These mantra-like nuggets empowered me, even in the midst of my chaotic daily life, into a realm of tranquility that lead to brief yet meaningful conversation with God. I love conversation, really long conversation; so typically I would journal thoughts and feelings and then my Haiku came in clusters: miniature symphonies written in harmony with nature where, for me, worldly discord dissipates from my soul.

October 24

I know that God has been masterfully painting the incredibly beautiful canvas of nature from the genesis of the world, so why is it that I let this gift so often go unnoticed? Too much chaos. Too much busyness. Too much stress. Too much, just too much. I know I need to be still. Psalm 46:10: “Be still and know that I am God” involves a Haiku:

Chaos for stillness:
an inside trade that’s allowed.
A chance to know God.

Still sleepy, and 4:30 am, I closed my eyes as I rode, somewhat carsick, in the back seat through the Organ Mountains of New Mexico, a drive I had taken dozens of times before. I was on my way to the airport for my return flight to Chicago after a visit with my mom. But today, I would not sleep through God’s majestic display of artwork. Through the veil of my eyelids I glimpsed the sun’s light peeking over the distant jagged ridge. I smiled, opened my eyes, and marveled at the glorious deep purple shadow that cascaded the foreground of the landscape. The mountain-side appeared like velvet against a sky that rapidly changed from vermilion to pink, brushed faintly with soft hues of blue. Suddenly, I sensed what Katharine Lee Bates meant by “purple mountain’s majesty.” She too must have recognized God’s amazing artistry while in the mountains. Research revealed that she did, indeed, write the original lyrics to “America the Beautiful” in 1895 out of sheer joy atop 14,000 foot Pike’s Peak. Today is my chance to know my Creator as artisan and I write with a wondrous heart:

I watch the sun rise
Purple mountains, changing sky
Your artwork at dawn.

Mountains rise upward,
majestically created
by Your loving hands.

The Day Waits

These tall trees You've grown
covering the mountaintops
reach to You in praise.

Amazing beauty
compares only to Your grace.
My heart leaps in awe.

Realizing I'm
created in Your image,
My tears humbly fall.

September 22

My favorite time of year is approaching...fall...with its masterpiece of rich colors painted onto the canvas of creation, just before the soul is bare and retreats... My greatest joy is to see the magnificent metamorphosis fall at my feet as I leaf through the year, now, nearly gone. Shades of melancholia sprinkle through my mind this year, like the salt that seasons my once only peppered hair, because I am keenly aware of autumn's approach, not just mother nature's... but my own. Fully aware that I have no more power than she does to resist my internal clock, I will dance, just as the trees do, to the rhythm of a song that I don't hear, keep in step with a partner that I don't see, and stand tall with all that is in sync with a perfect plan.

The seasons of me:
God's calendar for my life,
each perfectly planned.

Winter's darkness comes.
Bitter thoughts freeze my warm heart;
Tears are my snowfall.

Hibernation ends.
Doreen emerges in spring;
a delicate bloom

Playful and carefree
Dodi dances through summer
Burning pink with love.

Her serenity
arrives with autumn's colors
She falls in God's love.