

Chapter 1 : Psalm In old age they will still bear fruit; healthy and green they will remain,

Still Full of Sap, Still Green: A Spirituality of Aging Monday, July 30 - Friday, August 3, Retreat Description: This retreat will be inspired by many writers' reflections on a spirituality for the second half of life.

How to Season Firewood Firewood develops cracks, called checks, as it dries. If you buy or cut your wood green, you will need to dry it in order for it to burn more efficiently and safely. Learning how to season firewood is simple. It takes time for wood to fully dry but there are a few tricks I will tell you about below that can speed up the firewood drying process. When firewood is cut from a live tree it will be green. Green wood is wood that is still alive and full of sap, which is mostly water. Before your firewood will burn well it will need to be seasoned. To season wood means to give the wood time for the water to evaporate out of it. This can take from 6 months to over a year depending on the wood and your firewood drying conditions. If your wood is green it should be left out uncovered exposed to the sun and wind. Air circulation is a must when drying wood and direct sun will greatly speed drying. It is common for people to want to cover their wood pile with a firewood tarp but covering it too soon will only cause you problems. The smaller your wood is the faster it will dry. Whole logs will take a long time to dry and in some cases may not ever fully dry. When you cut them into firewood lengths and split them you greatly increase the surface area where moisture can escape. Splitting your wood will especially help it dry. The bark seals in moisture and when you split the pieces it opens them up so the moisture can evaporate. Keep your wood off the ground. Wood will absorb moisture from the soil. Firewood stacks with space between the rows. This space allows air to circulate between the stacks to allow them to dry. Stacking will help by creating better air circulation. One long stack in direct sun is best. If you make multiple stacks side by side be sure and make at least a few inches of space between the stacks so air can flow between them. Learn how to stack firewood. If you stack it in a shed it will likely dry slower because it will be shaded from the sun and the walls may inhibit air flow. Just know that it will probably dry slower than if it was out in the sun. This will just hold in moisture and encourage mold and decay. The surface water from the rain will dry fast, and believe it or not, according to many people, rain can help the wood dry. Wait until your wood is dry before covering it. Stacked firewood with tarp or plastic sheeting only covering the top. Sides are left open so air can circulate into the stack to help it stay dry. October 17, at 9: After welding it up so I could use it with out it falling over. I opened it up and all the bearing fell out. So I need a valve to replace the one I messed up. Anyone one around that can explain that to me? I had a fella tell me I could possibly dry 5 or so cords in a weeks time by doing it this way. I live in a very wet and remote area so I dont have a lot of options. What are your thoughtrs? February 1, at 5: Get a good wood splitting axe and a bungie cord to wrap around the rounds while you cut. I use a Fiskars x27 and can bet I can split more wood, faster, and with less work than any splitter. October 1, at 2: I just purchased a small place with nothing but large oak, hickory and pines. The house has a large fireplace that we plan to use. Any information you have on cutting,stacking, drying will be appreciated.

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Whatever becomes hard becomes unyielding and brittle, unable to accept change. The sixth-century Chinese sage Lao Tsu observed, A man is born gentle and weak. At his death he is hard and stiff. Green plants are tender and filled with sap. At their deaths they are withered and dry. Therefore the stiff and unbending is the disciple of death. The gentle and yielding is the disciple of life. Thus an army without flexibility never wins a battle. A tree that is unbending is easily broken. The hard and strong will fall. The soft and weak will overcome. The first time I read this I was nodding my head in agreement along with Lao Tsu, that is until I got to the last two lines. The soft and the weak will overcome. The weak are oppressed. The strong lord it over the poor and keep them poor. To get ahead in this world and succeed you must be strong, not just physically, but in this cynical age you must be mentally tough as well. Shortly afterwards a few words popped into my mind: Still full of sap. Where had I heard that before? And then I remembered. The last part of that psalm reads: The righteous flourish like the palm tree, and grow like a cedar in Lebanon. They still bring forth fruit in old age, they are ever full of sap and green, to show that the LORD is upright; he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him. But here a special grace is promised to those who believe in the Lord. That promised grace is that when believers are in the grips of the natural decays of the body, or even of spiritual decay, there is a provision that will help to make us flourish and be fruitful. God is encouraging us against all the decays in our attitudes and even our temptations of our mature years. Just think of all the oppositions that fly at a Christian in their older age, the difficulties with it, the temptations that must be conquered, the weariness we feel after a long spiritual conflict, and we see instead evidence of the faithfulness and power of God in His promise. I played eighteen holes of golf. I am getting old. It was getting harder to walk the slopes that would approach the greens and tee boxes, and my arms and back were telling me that by then they had very little left in the tank. And this is where a temptation slipped onto my radar. The temptation to feel sorry for myself. To brood excessively over days wasted and time lost. It was bad enough that my muscles and back were sore and stiff, but it seemed my mind wanted to follow and settle into that vast room we all reserve for the biggest of pity parties. To help push my mind into that party room was my surroundings. I was with Jeff and Chet my teenage son Nolan completed our foursome. On the next tee were Dan, Scott, Carter and Mike. I knew them all as teens and kids, and wondered if any of them would admit to being as sore as I was. As I get older it is tempting to dig in my heels and become set in my ways. To close myself off from new experiences, new people, or new opportunities. There but for the grace of God! So what do we do? How do we keep the juices flowing and stay sappy? Some would answer that we remain open to all things. Embark on new adventures. Get out of our comfort zones. All of these are true. But for me personally, I find that I am unable to do any of them unless I first do what the first few lines in Psalm 92 spell out: By participating in these offices of prayer I attempt in my own way to declare my love in the morning and my faithfulness by night. It is a time of praise, or Lauds, in the morning and of thanksgiving in the evening. Or at least not too many petitions, though I do have one or two requests for God now and then. It will be at this remote and prayerful location that I learn once again to be more gentle and yielding. So how can the soft and weak overcome? I had to be taught it too many times. I am planted in the House of the Lord. The winds still howl and the rains still pour, but my roots go deeper to drink and the sap still runs through these veins. I bend, but do not break.

Chapter 3 : Psalms - NRS - In old age they still produce fruit;

Still Full of Sap, Still Green. Posted on August 24, by petegath. A mother had shown up with her child, three years old, named, "Heaven." She had a little.

As I trotted briskly by in the chill these prostrate veterans of Yule gave me a next-to-last gift. The scent took me back to when I first meet them bundled up and full of potential in the stall on First Avenue. They were there looking tall and smart on the day after Thanksgiving. They told me it was time and I had better get busy about holiday things. I encountered them again socially in a number of locations. They were wearing their holiday best and beckoned me to join them for a tall eggnog. They bid me relax and wonder about the contents of the packages nestled in the folds of their skirts. Later in the season they elicited my sympathy because they had gotten tired of standing in the corner for so long. Their sad verdict was that it was all over and we both needed to move on, me to winter and they back to the soil from which they emerged. Without a word, but with fading scent they offered the tough love of the elderly. They shared the blessings of their calling to the end. I will hold on to their perfume until the hyacinths give me a new one in a few months. Much of our reflection upon people, things, and situations involves the ways in which they are passing away from us. Constantly we surrender the familiar into the hands of time. But God has planted a true perennial in the garden of life, and no cycle of nature holds it in check. I might be tired, or distracted, or burdened, but the love that reaches me in the Bread and Wine of Life flows ever free and clear. So many people have been life-givers to me and then they leave me. I connect to them by memory which gives a real gift, but they cannot share my present with me, and so much of my moment is about missing people. But in the heart of my present is now this mystery of the Body and Blood which nourishes and refreshes with the intimacy of a fully shared moment. The Liturgy has the task of showing you and me this truth of its amazing elixir. It does this in many ways, but one to discover, and hold on to, is the communion antiphon. In our parish this text is sung or said just as the priest finishes receiving from the Precious Blood and as you are about to rise from your place and present yourself for communion. The text is designed to accompany the movement in which we all receive the Lord in Communion, and you, on this day, receive Him. We might take the communion antiphon as a commentary on Holy Communion, and as a fresh perception of the mystery of the Eucharist. In future bulletins I would like to return to these antiphons and see what they can teach us and what avenues of prayer they can open up.

Chapter 4 : Psalms - They will still bear fruit in old age, they will stay fresh and green,.

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Closely following All Saints is the Feast of All Souls, commemorating all of the faithfully departed. As the days get shorter and the nights get colder and the trees begin to lose their leaves, death seems more in the air. And these days, the power of death is thickly present in our society: Remembering the dead in this time of death might seem a strange way to resist death. But the dead are not remembered to dwell on death. We are to remember the dead to be renewed in the hope of redemption, of new life, of fullness of life, all solidly grounded in the Source of Life, God, who is Love. And so the guests at Manna House shared answers to my question. Though I admit my question elicited more puzzlement than responses at first until I refined it. Who do you miss the most? The first few guests I talked with had memories accompanied by the uncomplicated grief and love of a loved one lost. If I have any sense at all that comes from her. We ran together in high school. I still miss him. She loved me, without hesitation or judgment. And she kept on me to be better. She died of an overdose when she was twenty three. The journey through death, went deeper when a guest gave me an answer that stopped me in my tracks. I thought later of an exchange that happened between Frederick Douglass and Sojourner Truth. As the story goes, Sojourner Truth was in the audience at Faneuil Hall in Boston back in when Frederick Douglass, despairing that slavery would ever end suggested that God had abandoned African Americans. In the face of the powers of death, the power of slavery, Sojourner Truth asserted her faith in a God who is Love, who is Liberating, and Life-Giving. This death of Jesus touches upon and connects with the death of each person who suffers and dies at the hands of the powers of death. Jesus was, after all, executed by the most brutal form of capital punishment the Romans used. Will I reject the power of death that makes me afraid of the stranger, of the other, of losing face, of not winning the rat race? Love is what liberates us from fear of death because love is what liberates us from death.

Chapter 5 : Walter Sempko Obituary - Pennsylvania - calendrierdelascience.com

January 22, Still Full of Sap, Still Green - Pastor's Reflection (January 21,) Yesterday morning (Saturday, January 13) I made my customary crosstown journey on 67th Street, westbound.

Such a kind person. Rest in peace Father Walter. Your devotion to Blessed Mother Mary and sharing the faith inspired us. Thank you for your life-long friendship and prayers for and with our family. You will be missed. You lived a wonderful life and were an inspiration to many. He was a very sweet, holy and insightful man. When he agreed to be my mentor, I often reminded him of Psalm 92 taken from the Liturgy of the Hours, "The just will flourish like the palm-tree and grow like a Lebanon cedar. Planted in the house of the Lord, they will flourish in the courts of our God, still bearing fruit when they are old, still full of sap, still Planted in the house of the Lord, they will flourish in the courts of our God, still bearing fruit when they are old, still full of sap, still green, to proclaim that the Lord is just. In him, my rock, there is no wrong. I will miss you and your beautiful cards. I will never forget him ever and although I should rejoice for he is with the Lord my heart is broken. I think he liked all of us little ones running around keeping him entertained. What I remember most, is how kind he was to all of us, whether in church, in school or at home. Rest In Peace, dear Farher! You have earned it. Thank you for your dedicated service to the Legion of Mary and all you had done throughout your priesthood. We will miss your wit and wisdom. He always had kind words to offer to those he came in contact with. He had an amazing memory, and was full of joy. He had a special devotion to our Blessed Mother and a deep devotion to the holy rosary. May he rest in peace.

Chapter 6 : Output type shows incorrectly processed status

STILL FULL OF SAP, STILL GREEN: A Spirituality for Aging Monday, August 22 - Friday, August 26, This retreat will be inspired by many writers' reflections on a spirituality for the second.

Chapter 7 : Still Full of Sap, Still Green – radicalhospitalityblog

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