

To Install. To Instill

*Written, by Reginald O'Hare Gibson For The Installation of Reverend Anne Mason
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To INSTALL: *To physically fill a space.
To place into position someone to
watch over and guide an institution.*

To INSTILL: *To imbue with a quality— such as
courage, responsibility, hope. To infuse an idea or an
attitude into a person's heart and mind.*

We know you.
We have seen your kind before.

You who have been called by our will to instill in us a sense of hope and blossoming.

Yes, we know you...

*Wisdomwoman with Scriptured Tongue.
StillPeacewoman with Medicine in her Eyes.*

We have seen your hands, *PreacherPoet*.
Heard the psalms in your palms...
Witnessed your breath breaking into a murmur of song.

You are *Softwalkwoman* leaving lasting footprint wherever you step.

And now... you step here... into this gathering... into this congregation ripe with three centuries of seasonal turnings, three centuries of yearnings...of yelled and whispered hopes, of hands held through tear, through trial and triumph and tradition all distilled into this church burning bright with history.

But while we live beneath the halo of that hallowed history we will step in covenant, with you, into this lucid and living now...

And we will continue to live on because of those, like you, who answer our call—
Because of those we *install* to *instill* in us hope and belief in a better way
of being by demanding we empower the better angels of a will compelling us to mantra:

-Loveseeke.serveLoveseeke.serveLoveseeke.serve-

The expressed electromagnetic spectrum of this church.

Who is this that says:

*Surround me with that spectrum of Love. Seek. Serve...
Show me the this-ness of your hope, belief and will...
Baptize me in the full effulgence of you
and I will endeavor to be a living lens that will gather
your distinctive brilliances and focus them into one lucent beam.*

Who is this that says *I can only instill what you will radiate.*

Who is she that commands *we...radiate?*

Who is this that asks us to glow when we so much wish to dim?!

Who is this that begs us: *Break yourselves open in love when you want to be clinched fist and teeth grit!*

Who is this that asks us to *become* compassion for both self and enemy
and reminds us they are often one and the same?

Who dares to show us how glaringly blind we have been
by aching our eyes with the bright we can *be?*

...Oh, it is you!

Concave Glass Woman...Woman of Reverent Lenses

We know you.

So, come...

Take our spark and shimmer
and show us the finer substance of our glimmer.

Infuse us with what strength we've given you,
and use it to help us fan and flare our courage into flourish.

Fluoresce us with truth and your honied honesty
and challenge us to flame and forge into beloved community.

Yes, *Minister Prism. Light Distiller. Gatherer of Our Various Spectra.
Focuser of our Diffuse and Often Inchoate Glowings...*

We know you!

We have seen your kind before.

And we INSTALL you today in word, ritual and rite:
To take our separate flames and INSTILL in us... *one light.*