

Spring Dawn
Praying With Julian

Spring is coming! I know it!

Maybe nights are nippy and mornings frosty.
But it's coming. I know it!

It's now. Days are longer. The sun is warmer!
It's happening!

Maybe I should linger before I plant the peas.
But, hey, let the frosts and blizzards be.
Spring is in the air.
Winterfast is over.
We are free.

Moonshadow

Earlier this month the sky was clear;
the nights were warm; the moon was full.

Darkness was not dark at all. The night was as bright as day.
Darkness and light were both alike.
And spring was in the air.

At first warmth I'd idle outdoors well before dawn and listen to the silence.

Beyond the silence the wind spoke softly.
The pond sang under shifting ice.
I heard an owl calling from the hillside.

Beyond the silence -- past the deep heavens -- and far beyond --
I listened to the singing of the spheres.
Watch. Listen. Wonder.
Experience the connection.

In the Twinkling of an Eye.

Rooted in the night, dawn heralds a new day.
Sleeping is done. Birds sing. Squirrels chatter and play.
Jesse's Tree, rooted in Eternity,
bends towards the morning sun.

We who offer prayers and praises are flowers and fruit of that Holy Tree.
With arms open to the blessing
We warm to that Sun.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow.
Praise God all creatures here below.

May we be rooted with that tree in eternity
in the One Who is Holy and Who is always;
Who made us and gave us
The Spirit of Love.

+++++

A Song of Our True Nature by Julian of Norwich

Christ revealed our frailty and our falling, *
our trespasses and our humiliations.
Christ also revealed his blessed power, *
his blessed wisdom and love.
He protects us as tenderly and as sweetly when we are in greatest need; *
he raises us in spirit
and turns everything to glory and joy without ending.
God is the ground and the substance, the very essence of nature; *
God is the true father and mother of natures.
We are all bound to God by nature, *
and we are all bound to God by grace.
And this grace is for all the world, *
because it is our precious mother, Christ.
For this fair nature was prepared by Christ
for the honor and nobility of all, *
and for the joy and bliss of salvation.

[*'Canticle S'* from *"Enriching Our Worship"*, Church Publishing, 1998, p 40.]