

Song of Awakening (by Edward Hays)

(as one lights a candle)

Listen, all you seeds in the Earth,
buried in your dark earthen tombs.
As this flame of my spring candle
penetrates the darkness,
may your young tender stems pierce the Earth
to dance in wind and rain
just as this flame, like a tiny sun,
now dances before me.

Teach me the lesson of spring
as all creation comes alive—
tree and bush, flower and plant—
in the alleluia richness
of resurrection of creation.
Grant me the gift to do the same.

Teach me, O glorious Spring,
the lesson that nothing dies completely.
At the death of my body help me know
that I have not entered an endless winter,
but simply a stage in the unfolding mystery
whose name is Life.

This spring
may I taste with delight
the freshness and vitality of new birth
and come forth from the womb of winter
youthful with hope
and fully alive.
Amen.