

Beneath the Dark Earth

Given the condition of our front garden, for which I am supposed to care, you would probably be surprised how often I return to the theme of seeds. I am not a gardener, but there is something profoundly Christ-like in the image of the seed dying in order to re-create. Here, it was actually the image of the darkness in which the seed sleeps which sparked this prayer. It was written as a Eucharistic thanksgiving, but by omitting the two eucharistic lines, you could probably use it anywhere.

Beneath the dark earth
Sleeps
Gently
The tiny seed of hope

Beneath the dark earth
Sleeps
Gently
The tiny seed of love

Beneath the dark earth
Sleeps
Gently
The tiny seed
which today
will spring forth
bursting
joyfully
into New Life

Small
Brown
Insignificant

Small
Brown
Rotting away

Dying
to bring new life

What life?
Tiny white shoot – life
turning green – life
stretching forth – life

Flower
or vegetable?
Fruit
or weed?

Risking the adventure

of New Life

Purple
or pink?

Uncontrollable
unquenchable

Life.
New Life
Life after death
Eternal Life

Take, eat, share in my dying
Take, drink, share in my life

Plant seeds
and wait

Plant seeds
and remember

Plant seeds
and hope

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