

Abundant Love  
Scattered in generous abandon  
Primordial fecundity  
Sown in beds of raw Truth

Vulnerable Love  
Awaits the everyday miracle  
Sleeping, rising  
Sleeping, rising  
Kingdom-entrusting Life

Tender shoot  
Growing, becoming  
Growing, becoming  
Fullness ripening into an explosion  
Of the Creator's gift

Kindness multiplying,  
Goodness expanding  
Divine Love-fest irradiating  
The Way

The Way of mustard seed madness  
Gift of smallest possibility  
Reason suspended, logic disabled  
Feathered wingbeats of Hope  
Nest in Her shade

O divine Lover  
Wound-bearer, kingdom-entruster  
What do you require of us?

*'O my beloved ones,  
Do you not know?  
Have you not perceived?'.....*

***'You are the seedbed of my heart; you are my womb'***

*A reflection on Mark 4:26-34 (Sunday Ordinary 11)  
Helen Roud*