

Lord of the Spring



L.: Loving and gracious God,
creator of the sun
which makes the seasons,
we rejoice in the gift
of ever growing light.
Hope rides on the hope
and vision of springtime air,
carried aloft upon
the wind, filling field and
forest, city and town
with the incense of
excitement. With awe filled
joy we sing of the sun,
mysterious daystar

that warms and feeds our
planet with energy
and light . . . Great and
generous are you, my
God, who has given us the
rich variety of changing
seasons.

All: Amen.

L.: Let us express our belief
in the Lord of the
Springtime:

L: I believe spring is one of
earth's finest moments, that
the sun lifting yellows and
greens into life of tiny poplar
leaves is much like God's own
Spirit of Love lifting life into
me.

All: I believe that the Word
of God has many times been
planted in my life, often
because of another, who
received the seed in ready
soil
brought forth a harvest, and
shared the good
news with me.

All: I believe that great
things can come forth from
the tiniest seed planted in

love and cared for tenderly in the heart of another.

L.: I believe that usually only God knows what sprouting and greening will come from the Word planted through my work. I am content in knowing that I have tried with the Sower's grace, to seed that Word in faith and joy.

All; I believe that even the most insignificant aspects of life can be the seed of God's gifting, that deeper faith can root and mature in very ordinary soil.

L.: I believe it takes much patience to sow a seed, to freely give it away to the heart of the earth, to allow it to take root and to grow in its own good time.

All: I believe that my life will always know its seasons of hope, that I will find flowers after very finality of ice and snow, that I will find green growing things after every harsh, barren rein of winter's rage.

And most of all I believe in the Sower of seeds, in the God of springtime, in the Giver of all good and growing things, my Lord and my God!

L.: God of all seasons with artistic splendour you have given us the overture to the resurrection of your Son, in the resurrection of Spring from the cold tomb of winter.

With joy we await the coming of flowers and the return of the birds, make us one with all creation that we may sing the song of springtime celebrating the resurrection of your Son. Amen.

