

It's Spring

Listen! In the earth, the seeds are stirring and making noise, like the birds whose song has been silenced by winter. Now the snow is being devoured by sun, our elder, and in the branches, the persistence of our prayers is bringing the birds to life.

Circle of Life, Rupp & Wiederkehr

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The Cycle of the Seasons

What we call the beginning is often the end and to make an end is to make a beginning.

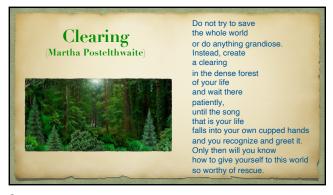
The end is where we start from.



-T.S. Eliot "Little Gidding" from Four Quartettes







Reflection

How does this poem speak to you?

Where is there a clearing in your life or in your being?

How might you begin to create a clearing in yourself today?

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When we find ourselves crossing some new threshold we had never anticipated, it is just like the change of springtime. Like spring secretly at work within the heart of winter, below the surface of our lives huge changes have been in fermentation. We never suspect a thing.

Blessing for a Threshold Time (John O'Donohue)

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Emergence

"The rhythm of emergence is a gradual slow beat always inching its way forward. Because nothing is abrupt, the beginning of spring nearly always catches us unawares. It is there before we see it; and then we can look nowhere without seeing it."

Blessing for a Threshold Time, John O'Donohue

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Spring (Again) by Michael Ryan

The birds were louder this morning, raucous, oblivious, tweeting their teensy bird-brains out.

It scared me, until I remembered it's Spring.

How do they know it? A stupid question.

Thank you, birdies.

I had forgotten how promise feels.







Refreshment and Reflection

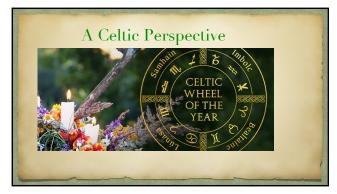
- I. At which threshold am I now standing?
- 2. What am I leaving, what is emerging and how I am feeling about this?
- 3. Is there an animal or color that would describe it?
- What, if anything is preventing me from crossing the next threshold and what would enable me to do it?

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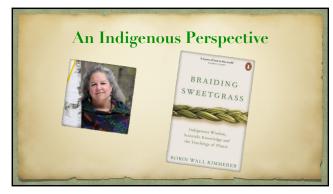
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Reflection Questions

- 1. What has resonated with you from Robin Wall Kimmerer's video clip? What does hour place in nature have to teach you?
- 2. What does the Celtic metaphor of "winter pregnant with summer" mean to you. How are your inner creative stirrings being harnessed?

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Community Sharing

What would you like to share with the group about your experience today?

What questions do you have about anything related to this track?

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Thresholds by Linda Pastan

when the last live leaf, for instance, waits to shrivel or when spring gathers its green forces beyond bare branches.
There is no odor of smoke or lilac; the sky is no particular color. But in those brief pauses we mourn the past even as we sense the future.
Shy as a girl on the blooded threshold of being a woman, we wait, holding our breath, until the earth stirs and shakes itself and the next thing happens.

There is a hesitation between seasons





