

A Blessing Inspired by Mary Oliver's "Wild Geese"

May we have ears to hear the voice of Love
coming to us in unexpected ways.

May we be gentle with ourselves and each other,
when we feel like we are riding a wave that could drown us.

May we allow our softness and vulnerability to rise, and
May we pay attention to what truth it has to tell us.

May we share our despair and listen deeply to the despair of others.

May we notice the rhythms of grace found in all living things,
and receive it all as gift.

May we admit our loneliness, our survivor's guilt, our helplessness,
and our overwhelm, while also holding the hope that
everyone and everything belongs in the family of things.

May we have eyes to see the profound reality unfolding
and the patience to endure it's revealing.

May we be ones who hark like the wild geese,
shouting to each other with love and care,
that each of us have needs and are needed,
and we are in this together.

-by Christa Hesselink