

Seeds of New Life

Meditation For Adults

Meditation Theme: A Journey with the Seed

Sacred Space:

- Scripture opened at text
- Lighted Candle
- A large pot filled with earth
- Mustard seeds

Scripture Focus: Mark 4:30-32

Song During the Mediation: Canticle - Liam Lawton

Song After the Meditation: Sail the Soul - Liam Lawton

Introduction to A Journey with the Seed

Celtic spirituality can never be understood without an appreciation of the relationship our Celtic ancestors had with nature. Every plant and animal, lake, river and sea, every hill and dale, every inch of earth, each stone and mound, the sun, moon and stars, the calm and the storm.... radiated the presence of God. In Ireland there is a famous song called 'Forty Shades of Green.' As the title suggests it refers to the many varieties of green to be observed in our natural surroundings. Coming home from work yesterday I suddenly became awareness of the intensity of greens that enveloped me. In our summertime Ireland becomes a garden. Everywhere new life is bursting through. Resurrection is no longer a promise but a breathtaking reality breaking forth before our eyes. Visitors to Ireland forever marvel at such beauty. But as Irish people we pay a price - our rainy days are many and are certainly not confined to any season. The reward for enduring these rainy, wintry days and long, dark winter evenings is the endless shades of greens and every other conceivable colour too. Irish people live in the constant reminder that during the grey and black of wintertime, seeds of new life are sleeping, awaiting the wake up call for spring. The challenge is - to take such knowledge from the head to the heart.

Sing the song **Canticle**.

Meditation

Having attended to the preparation of this quiet time and meditation, when the group is settled and still, gradually bring up the quiet reflective music to a suitable level. As you sense people are coming to their still centre, invite them to bring to mind their favourite flower. Inform them how we are going to journey back in time with this flower to its first moment of being embraced by the earth. Ask people to imagine the tiny seed as it finds

itself in the cold, dark clay. How does it feel?..... What does it desire?..... In all of its vulnerability this seed must let go of what ultimately keeps it feeling safe and secure... Its husk must be broken so all its potential for new life can be released. Letting go of its protective covering is something that happens over time. There is nothing abrupt about it. Rather it is a gentle, caring, and respectful response to a quiet trust in what is possible if only it dares to let go.... Like the winter that believes in the possibility of springtime, the seed that trusts the flower, so too can I take the next step into keeping faith with the journey I am on, no matter how dark, dull, or dismal I may be experiencing it.... As the seed draws its nourishment from its own food source, the moist earth and the sun, can I trust my own inner strength and make a choice now to invite into my life whatever support may be of assistance to me for this next stage on my journey..... It may be a request for help,.... confronting a task I have been avoiding,.... a change of attitude towards a person or situation,a firm decision I need to take regarding creating a better quality of life for myself,.... choosing to take more time out for prayer or reflection..... Whatever..... How is it for me to let go and take this next step into newness of life? The husk can be broken and I can be freed.... Allow people whatever time they need to stay with the journey of the seed. When you feel they are ready, invite them to sit up quietly.

Give each person a mustard seed and a small pot of soil. Invite them to plant their seeds. As they are planting their seeds encourage them to make a silent, personal commitment to the surrender that is needed so the journey into life can continue. As people are planting their seeds play the song **Sail The Soul**.

© 2002 Mary Teresa McCormack rsm and Emmaus Productions. All Rights Reserved.