

Gifts

No one comes into their life empty-handed.
There is already a being
the deep roots of not-yet-known giving,
the sprouts of spring leaf
and colours of fall leaving.
Your being is already a gift.

No one comes to this church empty-handed.
All bring their own becomings,
the ragged edges of growth and clumsy pruning,
and the buds of not-yet-known beauty.
Your being here is already a gift to us.

And there are those who come to this church
and flower before our searching eyes,
who breathe joy into the green spring air,
who open their hands and release their gifts
into the lives of their beloved and not-yet-known friends.

This harvest of food and flowers
brings life and beauty to our already-full hands.
We cherish them, nurture ourselves with them
and then, in an unforeseen moment,
unbidden, the beauty and sustenance
grown in the not-yet-known depths of our roots
flourish in our own being.
We open our hands to bring,
to release and share,
to gratefully receive.
And no one leaves this place empty-handed.

Jo-Anne Elder-Gomes, September 2011.