Except a grain of wheat
fall, catch the current of the wind,
and lose all sense of direction,
to rest in a place unbidden and foreign,
it remains a single grain.
Yet, unbridled or contained,
and at the mercy of God’s faithfulness,
it bears the seed for the new season’s harvest.
It becomes new bread.
Yes, I think it is that what often looks like
death,
or lack of fruitfulness, is instead,
just the time it takes
for the gift of life to flourish.
And tears, and gestures, or words,
the frustrated expressions
from good intents gone vaguely wrong,
or not as we would have determined;
the love that appears to be in vain.
They bear our heart’s cries as seed,
while God’s purposes he sometimes shields,
from our current understanding.
So that just like grain, or leaves,
or anything that falls,
we find next season’s yield,
is often stored,
in the remains of the first.
Apparent death just the shedding
of the husk,
that brings about new birth.

Ana Lisa de Jong
New Zealand, June 2017

"I must fall and die like a kernel of wheat
that falls into the furrows of the earth.
Unless I die I will be alone—a single seed.
But my death will produce many new wheat kernels
—a plentiful harvest of new lives.
John 12:20-26 (Phillips)

"Unless a Grain of Wheat Falls into the Earth &
Dies, Marty Haugen; https://www.youtube.com/
watch?v=q6x4hDaLKWE

What does the poem or song
say to me/us about the scriptural theme
in relation to our general chapter?