Unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains just a single grain; but if it dies, it bears much fruit.

Beloved, in love you have thrown the seed of yourself into the soil of us.

You have sown yourself in the wound of us, the dark, rich humus of our sorrow and lostness.

You have surrendered yourself to our pain and the taunting of the demons that haunt us.

You’ve allowed the seed casing of your life to split open, and your love to reach out, fingerling tenderly through the dark soil.

You’ve already said, “Into your hand I commit my spirit.”

You have already died, and been raised to life that is eternal.

So now you are ready to ride your little donkey toward us.

Resurrected One, you are ready to be crucified.

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