

**Lent Begins**

**Song:** I Am Light by India Arie

**Reading:** from *A Book of Blessings for the Seasons*

 by Jan Richardson

I cannot tell you how light comes.

What I know

I cannot tell you

How the light comes

but it does.

That it will.

That it works its way

into the darkest dark

that enfolds you,

though it may seem

long ages in coming

or arrive in a shape

you did not foresee.

is that it is more ancient

then imagining.

That it travels

across an astonishing expanse

to reach us.

That it loves

searching out

what is hidden,

what is lost,

what is forgotten

or in peril

or in pain.

And so

may we this day

turn ourselves toward it.

May we lift our faces

to let it find us.

May we bend our bodies

to follow the arc it makes.

May we open

and open more

and open still

to the blessed light

that comes.

That it has a fondness

for the body,

for finding its way

toward flesh,

for tracing the edges

of form,

for shining forth

through the eye,

the hand,

the heart.



Closing: Prayer of St. Ephrem (4th Century) (together)

Oh God and Redeemer of my life,

Take from me the spirit of

 Laziness,

 Despair,

 Lust for power and control,

 Gossip,

 Pride.

Give, rather, the Spirit of

 Humility,

 Patience,

 Purity of thought and action,

 Self-denial,

With a love for what you love and

A burden for what burdens you.

Help me to see my own errors and wounding arrows,

And to forgive and not judge those of my sisters and brothers.

For you alone are just and holy,

Now and forever.

Amen.



*In the light of all that is going on*

 *in your life and/or in our world, --*

 *what does this Lenten poem offer you?*

*How can we bring Light into each other. our neighbor and our community through this ministry?*

