

PRAYER / REFLECTION February 2021

HOW DID THEY KNOW?

How did they know
It was time to push up
Through the long-wintered soil?

How did they know
it was the moment to resurrect
while thick layers of stubborn ice
still pressed the bleak ground flat?

But the tulips knew.
They came, rising strongly,
a day after the ice died/



There's a hope-filled place in me
That also knows when to rise.
It is urged by the strong sun
Warming my wintered heart.
It is nudged by the Secret One,
Calling, calling, calling,
'Arise, my love, and come.'

Like the dormant tulips
My heart stirs,
And hope comes dancing forth/

Not unlike the Holy One
Kissing the morning sun,
Waving a final farewell
To a tomb emptied of its treasure.

Joyce Rupp

