**Resources from March 5 Online Handheld Labyrinth Walk**

**The music** was live by Ruth Cunningham Her youtube channel <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCGOsTZ-A5PavpLPvcyJ-taA>

**Hildegard von Bingen**

Viriditas, the Healing Green Force

O most honored Greening Force,

You who roots in the Sun:

You who lights up, in shining serenity, within a wheel

that earthly excellence fails to comprehend.

You are enfolded

in the weaving of divine mysteries.

You redden like the dawn

and your burn: flame of the Sun.

**Ruth’s Hildegaard’s Antiphon**

1. O branch of freshest green,

O hail! Within the windy gusts of saints

upon a quest you swayed and sprouted forth.

2. When it was time, you blossomed in your boughs—

“Hail, hail!” you heard, for in you seeped the sunlight’s warmth

like balsam’s sweet perfume.

3. For in you bloomed

so beautiful a flow’r, whose fragrance wakened

all the spices from their dried-out stupor.

4. They all appeared in full viridity.

5. Then rained the heavens dew upon the grass and all the earth was cheered, for from her womb she brought forth fruit and for the birds up in the sky have nests in her.

6. Then was prepared that food for humankind,

the greatest joy of feasts!

O Virgin sweet, in you can ne’er fail any joy.

7. All this Eve chose to scorn.

8. But now, let praise ring forth unto the Highest!

Within the grip of winter, it is almost impossible to imagine the spring. The gray perished landscape is shorn of color. Only bleakness meets the eye; everything seems severe and edged. Winter is the oldest season; it has some quality of the absolute. Yet beneath the surface of winter, the miracle of spring is already in preparation; the cold is relenting; seeds are wakening up. Colors are beginning to imagine how they will return. Then, imperceptibly, somewhere one bud opens and the symphony of renewal is no longer reversible. From the black heart of winter a miraculous, breathing plenitude of color emerges.

The beauty of nature insists on taking its time. Everything is prepared. Nothing is rushed. The rhythm of emergence is a gradual slow beat always inching its way forward; change remains faithful to itself until the new unfolds in the full confidence of true arrival. Because nothing is abrupt, the beginning of spring nearly always catches us unawares. It is there before we see it; and then we can look nowhere without seeing it.

From commentary in To Bless the Space Between Us, John O Donohue