

A New Year Calling

Veriditas Finger Labyrinth Walk

January 1, 2021

Brigid FitzGibbon

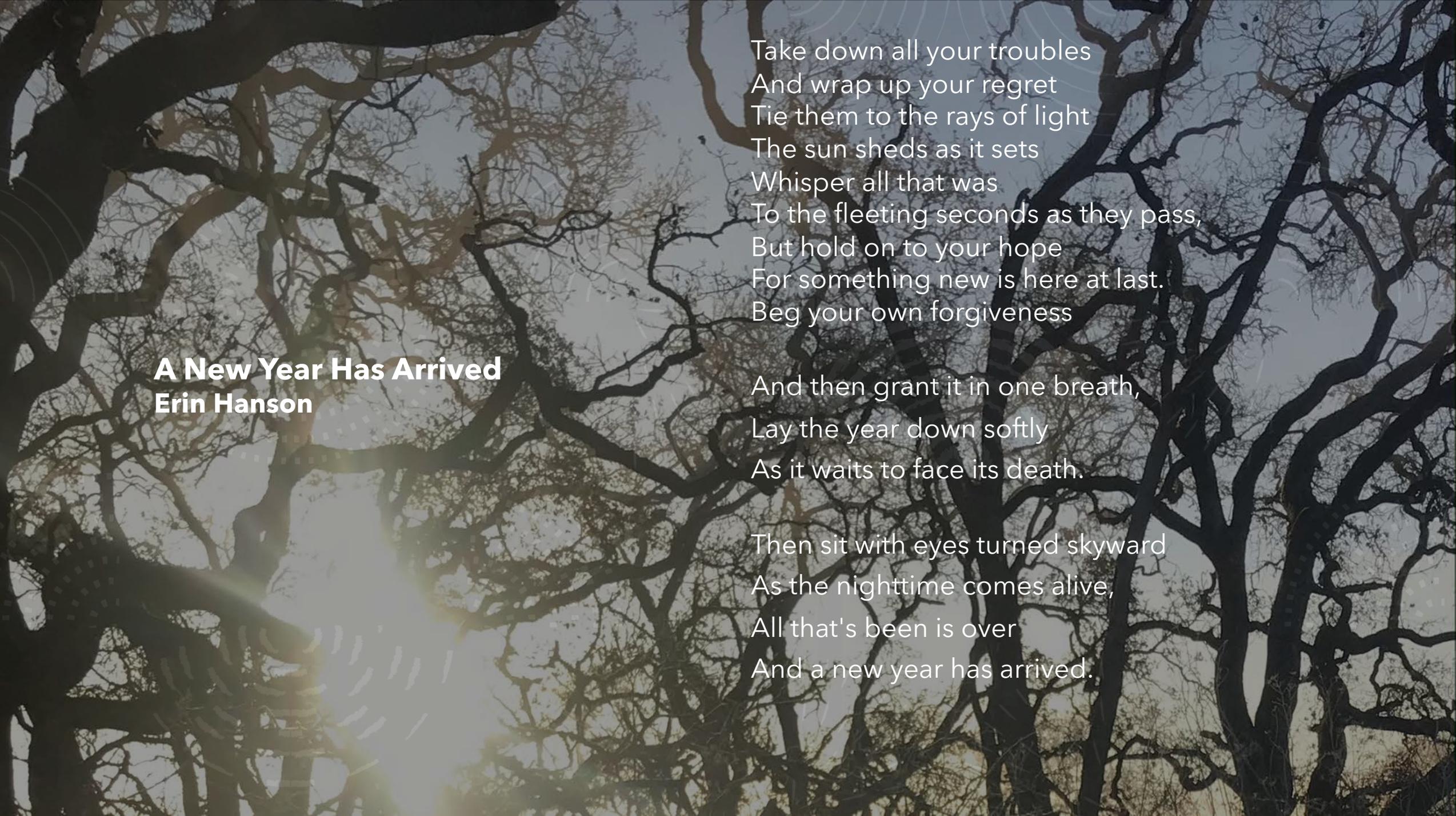


Friendship

Dinah Maria (Mulock) Craik

Oh, the comfort—
The inexpressible comfort of feeling
safe with a person,
Having neither to weigh thoughts,
Nor measure words—but pouring them
All right out—just as they are—
Chaff and grain together—
Certain that a faithful hand will
Take and sift them—
Keep what is worth keeping—
and with the breath of kindness
Blow the rest away.





A New Year Has Arrived
Erin Hanson

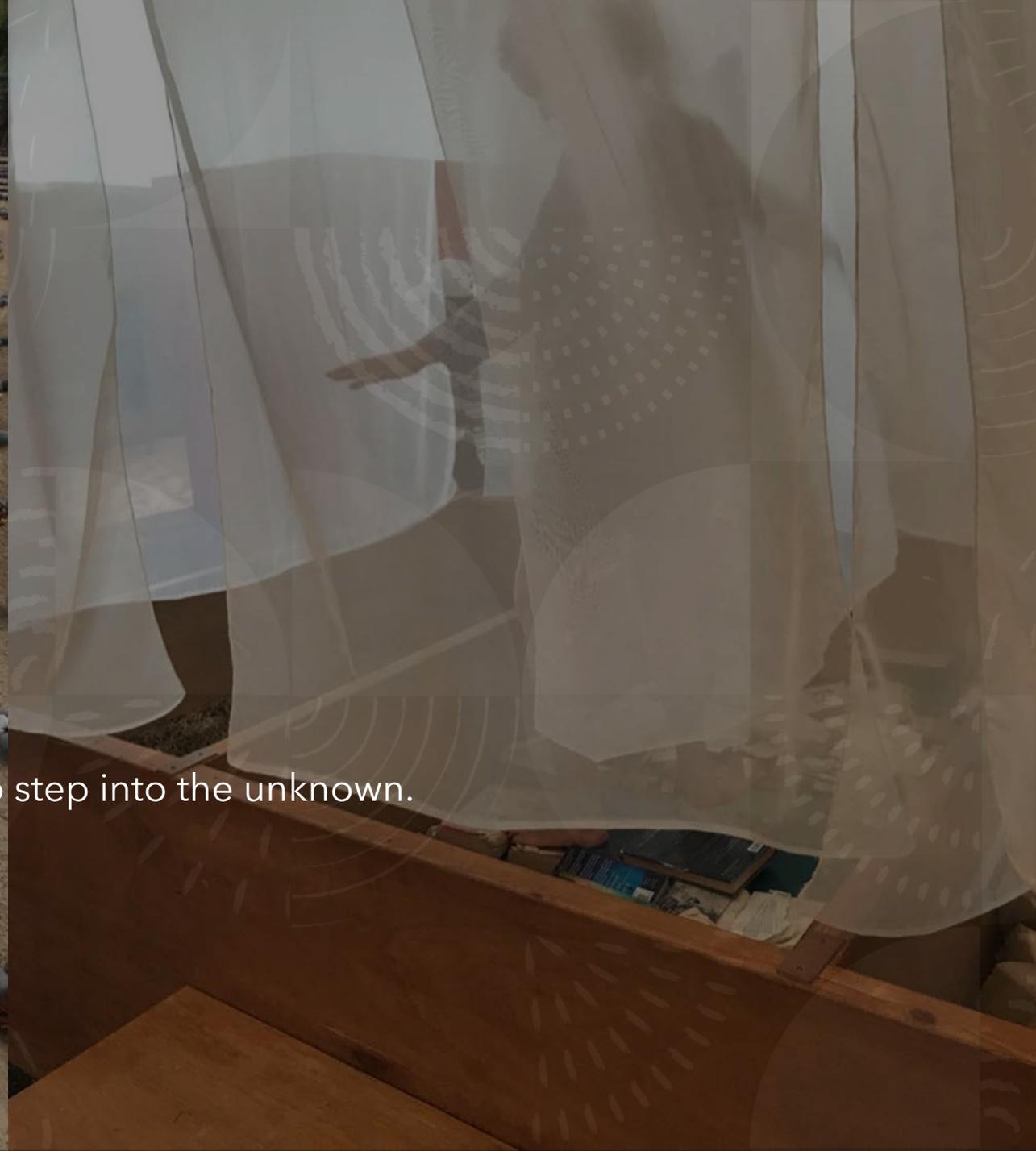
Take down all your troubles
And wrap up your regret
Tie them to the rays of light
The sun sheds as it sets
Whisper all that was
To the fleeting seconds as they pass,
But hold on to your hope
For something new is here at last.
Beg your own forgiveness

And then grant it in one breath,
Lay the year down softly
As it waits to face its death.

Then sit with eyes turned skyward
As the nighttime comes alive,
All that's been is over
And a new year has arrived.



Answering the call to step into the unknown.



The Call by Richard Wehrman

It's not the day on the calendar that makes the New Year new, it's when the old year dies that the new year gets born. It's when the ache in your heart breaks open, when new love makes every cell in your body align. It's when your baby is born, it's when your father and mother die. It's when the new Earth is discovered and it's the ground you're standing on. The old year is all that is broken, the ash left from all those other fires you made; the new year kindles from your own spark, catches flame and consumes all within that is old, withered and dry. The New Year breaks out when the eye sees anew, when the heart breathes open locked rooms, when your dead branches burst into blossom, when the Call comes with no doubt that it's calling to you.



Today's Music

- David Darling. "Sweet River." *8-String Religion*. Curve Blue, 2001.