**Resources from April 1, 2022 Handheld Finger Labyrinth Walk**

When the human world feels heavy, take yourself to

the homely arms of oak, into the whispers of the ocean and find the call of bird.

Let new languages, new sounds, new meanings fill your bones.

Let the beauty of this more than human world settle your frightened heart.

Let your wider community show you, strengthen you, let them tell you stories of the wildness that is seeded from the darkness.

Find the white of blackthorn blossom amidst the bare spaces, the gold of celandine and the song of the bee.

Let rose and hawthorn hold your heart, and nettle strengthen your resolve.

Let dandelion’s medicine speak to you of courage, weaving tales of tenacity and rewilding into your gut.

Find the verdant seedlings grown from death, the young Elder birthed from a breaking.

Watch how the little alchemists, the insects, the fungi and the worms eat the shit and turn it into gold.

You are more than stagnant human in concrete and chaos.

You are wild, wise and ensouled.

Let yourself remember.

~ Brigit Anna McNeill

**Translation of Hildegard ’s**

**O viridissima virga**

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!