

**Unless the grain of wheat falls into the ground...**

**As I usually take my walk around our perimeter, there are stretches of ground that are nothing but gravel— scattered with some pebbles.**

**They are completely barren, no sign of life anywhere.**

**But now, as Easter approaches, they are verdant and blooming with thousands of orange and yellow sunflowers.**

**At the beginning of Lent, we received the holy dirt.**

**On our Lenten journey we are planting the seeds of new life.**

**So if our lives might seem barren, or even forsaken in these Covid desert times, there is always new life stirring in the substrata.**

**Come Holy Spirit,**

**Let us bloom at Easter,**

**for unless the seed of selfishness**

**falls into the ground,**

**we shall not bloom.**

**Amen**