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Faith is the bird that feels the light and sings when the dawn is still dark.
-Tagore

SPRING 2003

Dear Friends,

During these very dark, violent days I find myself trying to resist the splendor of Spring. How can one appreciate beauty when war is happening, people are being killed, children maimed and what passes for civilization seems to have gone quite mad? What do we rely on when we are in the middle of despair? How can we hold both the horror and the magnificence, the brutality and beauty of life in our hearts and never turn our eyes away? What words of comfort could I offer that haven't been said before?

I don't know. Truly none of us does. But, deep inside us, like the splendor of Spring, grows a feeling I have come to name Faith. We never know the exact time Spring comes but each year, miraculously, we can not deny its existence.

Spring itself is Faith. In all its glory and color the true nature of our being is being reborn. Faith roots in our souls and grows in our hearts. Faith is the very beat of our hearts. Faith is the air we breathe. Faith is the lump in our throats and the tears we shed. Faith is the first rose that blooms.

There is always a loving healing energy guiding us. The answers are not found in words. The solutions are not found by the mind. Our lives are not rooted in fear. We are each a part of a miraculous whole, which is moving toward the light: the light of day and the light of love.

Rejoice in creation. Embrace Father Sky who brings heaven to earth. Kiss the earth who is our true Mother. Know that each one of us is a child of the Universe unfolding in our own time. Acknowledge both suffering and compassion as the soil in which we plant our seeds of life. Bear witness to your own Spring. Renew your Faith by each expressing your Faith in your own way, in your own truth, recognizing your own beauty and hearing the song of Faith when the dawn is so very dark.

The loving Creator asks us not only to mourn but also to celebrate. Each year, each season, each day brings another opportunity to celebrate and rejoice in that which loves and guides us. May each of us sing our own song of Faith this Spring and for the seasons to come.

Thank you for all your generous prayers and support.
Blessings of Love,

Barbara