

## Homily Palm & Passion Sunday Year B 2021

### Mine Is The Love ~

Mine is the love that stands through time,  
a love that never fails.

Upon the cross, my love lived on  
although my hands were nailed  
The pangs of death and hell could not  
prevent love's burning fire  
to see you whole again has been  
my Father's great desire

I rose again, for death could not Obliterate this love.  
And now the way is open to my Father's throne above.  
Each day that passes by, I see the longing of your heart  
It's my desire to comfort you and my love to impart

You're precious and I long to give you everlasting peace,  
and reassure you daily that my mercies never cease.

Mine is the love that stands through time;  
O come to ME, dear soul.

Receive my precious love, sublime  
that never will grow old      © 2013 Christine V Mitchell

Slowly, she celebrated the sacrament of **Letting Go...**

First she surrendered her Green,  
then the Orange, yellow, and Red...

Finally she let go of her Brown...

Shedding her last leaf

she stood empty and silent, stripped bare;

leaning against the sky she began her vigil of trust...

Shedding her last leaf she watched its journey to the ground...

She stood in silence,

wearing the colour of emptiness

her branches wondering:

how do you give shade, with so much gone?

And then, the sacrament of waiting began.

The sunrise and sunset watched with  
tenderness, clothing her with silhouettes.

They kept her hope alive.

They helped her understand that

her vulnerability,

her dependence and need,

her emptiness,

her readiness to receive,

were giving her a new kind of beauty.

Every morning and every evening she stood in silence

and celebrated the sacrament of waiting.      Macrina Wiederkehr