



*Closing Prayer:  
For A Spring Day*

Blessed are you, Lord,  
for the glories of Spring.  
The world bursts with  
the signs of resurrection;  
Flowers stir in their winter beds,  
Poking through  
the last traces of snow.  
The sun drenches us with its  
warmth, stirring the hidden and  
waiting life  
Within the earth, within us.

The world awakening  
Reflects the movement of my heart  
And I am touched  
in the depths of my spirit.  
At work is the power of your hands,  
The Spirit of drawing life from  
things both old and new.  
To be praised are you, Lord  
For the blessings of Spring.  
-B. Arbour



*“Beside restful streams  
He leads me  
to refresh my spirit...”  
Psalm 23:2*

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YCDSB

*Signs of  
New Life*

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*Celebrating the  
Beauty of Spring  
Celebration*



*“No winter lasts forever,  
No spring skips its turn...”*

—Hal Borland

# ***Signs of New Life: Celebrating Spring***

## *I ntroduction*



As the snow begins to melt, and the birds begin to sing again, spring awakens from its slumber. Today, we turn our attention to nature, and its signs of new life. Spring provides us with a chance to begin anew. Today we celebrate Spring and all its beauty.

## *Another S pring*

There's another note in the choirs  
that sing upon the leafless boughs.

There's a new song  
in the air today,

A song that seems to rouse

The joy of life, the hopes and  
dreams grown cold in winter hours

Walking all the old, sweet thoughts  
Of blossoms, buds and flowers.

There's a promise of delight  
In every throb of melody;  
There's a stirring and a quickening  
In every bush and tree.  
So sing your heart out, little bird!  
Your music seems to bring  
The news that God is sending  
To the world another spring.

-Patience Strong



## *S cripture Reading: S ong of S ongs 2: 11-13*

Listen to the words from the Song of Solomon.

My beloved speaks and says to me:

"Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away; for now the winter is past and the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land. The fig tree puts forth its figs, and the vines are in blossom; they give forth fragrance. Arise my love, my fair one and come away".

The Word of the Lord.

**All: Thanks be to God.**



## *R eflection*

When we plant a rose seed in the earth we notice that it is small, but we do not criticize it as "rootless and stemless." We treat it as a seed, giving it water and nourishment required of a seed. When it first shoots up out of the earth we don't condemn it as immature and underdeveloped, nor do we criticize the buds for not being open when they appear.

We stand in wonder at the process taking place, and give the plant the care it needs at each stage of its development.

The rose is a rose from the time it is a seed to the time it dies.

Within it, at all times, it contains its whole potential. It seems to be constantly in the process of change; yet at each stage, at each moment it is perfectly alright as it is.

-Beth Burns

