

Mother May Apple

(a poem by Becca Stevens given on Mother's day at the occasion of the River Side baptism at St. Martin's Meadow, May 10, 2009)

Rain fell on spring-soaked soil so much it pooled and flowed unbounded.
Love, blessing and abundance poured out on all God's green earth.
Thick new growth sprouted from every pore from this water feast.
In this vast wilderness, the Mayapple comes prepared for the rainy season.
Her single leaf, an umbrella, lets water flow and protects her single blossom.
That flower, like all creation, is made in secret,
intricately woven in the depths of the earth.
It is not fragile or sweet, but miraculous and healing.
Before we ever dreamed of this flower or this rain, her eyes beheld it.
When it finally opens for the world, it is a wondrous delight.
Mayapples flourish in wet Springs as they gather gather in community on hillsides.

Come, celebrate our Mother Mayapple and the Mother who bears all fruit.
Sing praise to her and to her waters that bring new life to everything.
Count her blessings that number more than all the wildflowers in all the woods.
Then pray her waters bring us new life worthy of her children.