

*Spirit Rising
Sanctuary of
Light, LLC*



*A Center of the
Spiritual Arts*

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The Time of Honeysuckle and Roses ©

~ ~ ~

Ahh ~ the time of honeysuckle and roses ~
Sweetness of the air and refreshment of the heart.
A time to renew one's Self and leave behind the sorrows of the past.
A time to allow the sweet scent of God to impose itself
Upon the scent of sorrow and to *recompose* one's Self
To the precious time of *this* moment ~ of scent, sound, and sight:
The Summer wind singing in the trees and playing with the wind chimes,
Golden Light pouring down from the heavens,
Eyes nearly blinded by the brightness and glory of the Great Ones,
The Golden Ones who make life bearable, bright and beautiful,
So that we may carry on and live again
With each new death within us and about us,
Being born again and again, each moment, each hour, each day.

Sorrow passes, the sun comes out again,
June brings her wonders,
December looms on the horizon ~
But with the perfect and delicious memory of June,
One bears the unbearable.
No one need linger in the Land of Sorrow
When the Land of Light and Glory is always enveloping our hearts.
Grief passes, Mistress Mint grows tall and stately in her emerald green garments,
The perennials showing us that Life is everlasting.
The sweet lament of the mourning dove brings a pang and a tenderness to the heart.
The nectar of the grape, the sun, the good, rich earth bring a different sort of awakening ~ an
appreciation of the senses of *Earth*,
Which enable one to remember the senses of the *Spirit*.

How sweet it is on a Summer's eve
To remember the gentle, passionate moments of one's Life,
And rejoice for having lived, for having explored, discovered, taken chances,
For having been alive to the moment, with no thought for tomorrow.
Tomorrow *will* come, and with it the changes that are constantly inherent in Earthly life.
But one must remember, amidst the chaos and apparent dementia of these times,
That the honeysuckle and the rose shall always bloom,
Bringing their color, scent and glory to embrace our souls
So that we may say to ourselves, "This day is good.
How great Thou art, how great Thou art, Beloved One."

~ ~ ~

Channeled by Mariah Crawford from her Literary Angel Band, June 13, 2007, 8:40 pm

Mariah Crawford, Director

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