



Irish Spiritans



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# Primrose

By Patrick Kavanagh

Upon a bank I sat, a child made seer  
Of one small primrose flowering in my mind.  
Better than wealth it is, I said, to find  
One small page of Truth's manuscript made  
clear.

I looked at Christ transfigured without fear--  
The light was very beautiful and kind,  
And where the Holy Ghost in flame had signed  
I read it through the lenses of a tear.  
And then my sight grew dim, I could not see  
The primrose that had lighted me to Heaven,  
And there was but the shadow of a tree  
Ghostly among the stars. The years that pass  
Like tired soldiers nevermore have given  
Moments to see wonders in the grass.





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# Closing from Prayer of One Who Feels Lost

By Joyce Rupp - Praying Our Goodbyes

Dear God,  
why do I keep fighting you off?  
One part of me wants you desperately,  
another part of me unknowingly  
pushes you back and runs away.

What is there in me that  
so contradicts my desire for you?  
These transition days, these passage ways,  
are calling me to let go of old securities,  
to give myself over into your hands.

Like Jesus who struggled with the pain  
I, too, fight the "let it all be done."  
Loneliness, lostness, non-belonging,  
all these hurts strike out at me,  
leaving me pained with this present goodbye.





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# Closing from Prayer of One Who Feels Lost

By Joyce Rupp - Praying Our Goodbyes

I want to be more but I fight the growing.  
I want to be new but I hang unto the old.  
I want to live but I won't face the dying.  
I want to be whole but cannot bear  
to gather up the pieces into one.

Is it that I refuse to be out of control,  
to let the tears take their humbling journey,  
to allow my spirit to feel its depression,  
to stay with the insecurity of "no home"?

Now is the time. You call to me,  
begging me to let you have my life,  
inviting me to taste the darkness  
so I can be filled with the light,  
allowing me to lose my direction  
so that I will find my way home to you.





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**"...When we learn how to say goodbye we truly learn how to say to ourselves and others: 'Go, God be with you. I entrust you to God. The God of strength, courage, comfort, hope, love, is with you. The God who promises to wipe away all tears will hold you close and will fill your emptiness. Let go and be free to move on.' "**

**"When our suffering refines us in such a way that it leads to an inner change or transformation that positively affects our lives or that of others, it becomes *creative suffering*."**

*I do not wrestle anymore*

*Only wait, only wait....*

*I keep myself available to be found.*

*Not hiding in my fears*

*Or in my busyness or my ego-centeredness,*

*Not absorbed in my pain or in my anxieties*

*That I evade the searching love of the one*

*Who yearns to help me find my way home.*





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# For Light

By John O' Donoghue

Light cannot see inside things.  
That is what the dark is for:  
Minding the interior,  
Nurturing the draw of growth  
Through places where death  
In its own way turns into life.  
In the glare of neon times,  
Let our eyes not be worn  
By surfaces that shine  
With hunger made attractive.  
That our thoughts may be true light,  
Finding their way into words  
Which have the weight of shadow  
To hold the layers of truth.  
That we never place our trust  
In minds claimed by empty light,  
Where one-sided certainties  
Are driven by false desire.  
When we look into the heart,  
May our eyes have the kindness  
And reverence of candlelight.

