

O Risen Christ, Firstfruit of all that lives,

Awaken what still slumbers in me.
Let not this new season pass me by unnoticed—
but draw my gaze toward the once barren ground,
where even now the smallest signs of seed-life are stirring.

You, Jesus, are the Seed once sown in sorrow,
the Root no frost could destroy,
the Vine that rises still with joy.
You are the Spring that does not sleep.

Christ has been raised—
the firstfruits of those who have fallen asleep.
(1 Corinthians 15:20, paraphrased)

Still, even as blossoms break forth and birds begin their
warble again,
something in me aches for a world
where hope is fully realized.
Where it's always spring and never winter.
Where healing is complete,
and hearts no longer sorrow.

But this—this in-between—
is the place You meet us.
The place where redemptive suffering becomes radiant.
The place where sorrowing hearts
begin to shimmer with the light of resurrection.

Let the thawing earth echo:
Even here, even now—life is breaking through.
Let the birdsong tell me:
Joy still sings at morning's edge.
Let the greening fields remind me:
Hope is not buried. It is planted.

Let every blossom whisper:
You are making all things new.

Christ in me, the hope of eternal glory.
Christ in me, the promise of redemptive life unfolding.
Christ in me, the bud that will blossom with everlasting
beauty.

Amen.

