



Psalm 23 – Interpretive Reflection

Tended under the watchful eye;
Wanting for naught.
Guided through calm waters;
To a serene restful meadow.
Spirits free to thrive; feeling no fear.
The table of life is set;
No distress can be found.
Bodies well anointed in healing oil;
Overflowing with a vision of hope.
Pursued only by compassionate care;
To dwell in days of goodness and love.



**After years of growth and fullness;
Having weathered many storms;
A tree falls... to rest on the beach.
Out of the old, in calm repose,
Springs forth the vibrant new.
Roots firmly planted in the past –
Bound to the life that was –
Leaves and branches reach up.
Seeking out the nurturing light;
Filled with hope for years to come.**



In the presence of death, we sing the song of life.
Out of our grief, should come understanding.
Through sorrows, we join with all who have suffered
And all who will yet have to do so in their lives.
Though we mourn the deaths of loved ones,
We accept and hold on to memories as precious gifts.
Let us make the best of loved ones who are with us;
Let us not bury our love in the time of death.
(From the writings of Seneca)



**Quiet gentle blankets of pristine snow;
Grace the formerly verdant wood.
Vibrant life that filled the forest is not gone.
Promise and hope simply slumber here;
Sheltered in a spirit of silent softness.
New life peacefully rests, waiting;
Waiting to refresh and renew.**