

A Blessing for the Sowing of Seeds

Fr. Brendan McGuire © 2026

We stand on ground we did not clear,
in buildings raised by hands we never held,
warmed by fires kindled long before our coming.
Strangers blessed us before we were born.

Now the call comes again,
gentle as a whisper,
persistent as the dawn:
Will you do the same for those you will never meet?

This is the mystery of the gift,
how it travels through time,
how it arrives before the need is spoken,
how it finds its way to children
whose names we will not know.

May we give as we have received,
freely, without counting,
trusting that what leaves our hands
will land in the right soil
at the right season.

May our giving become a kind of breathing,
the inhale of gratitude,
the exhale of grace,
a rhythm older than our wanting.

May our generosity become a bridge
across the years,
so that those who come after
may walk into a welcome
we prepared for them in faith.

And may the God who multiplies loaves,
who turns mustard seeds into sheltering trees,
bless the giver and the gift,
the sower and the harvest yet to come,
now and for all generations.

Amen.