

Flower Communion

Rev. Lynn Harrison
First Unitarian Congregation of Toronto
29 May 2022

Dandelions

As far as these dim eyes can see
Stretching out from tree to tree
Radiant under blue-grey skies
Gold that goes unrecognized

*When I want to read the signs
I walk the fields of dandelions
The treasures of this life I find
Are like a field of dandelions*

For they have never steered me wrong
The things I swore did not belong
The ones I said did me no good
The lessons long misunderstood

(Chorus)

The children call them wishing weeds
The blossoms dying down to seeds
That scatter in the rising wind
Of all we never could rein in

(Chorus)

The lilies neither toil nor spin
The lilacs, they don't lose or win
And roses only stop and stare
Amidst the beauty everywhere

*When I want to read the signs
I walk the fields of dandelions
The blessings of this life of mine
Are like a field...*

When I want to read the signs

*I walk the fields of dandelions
The treasures of this life I find
Are like a field of dandelions*

*Like a field of dandelions
Like a field...*

Lynn Harrison - June, 2021