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Seeds of Fire

Randall L. Hall

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Seeds of Fire

Long before this green and misted landscape
Bore villages of any size

A prophet, vigorous with power, knelt
And spoke a blessing on this place
With words that fell like seeds of fire.

There was

*Glory hovering in the air
Peace and gladness everywhere
For the Light so rich and rare
Blessed in its promise*

Abiding there for generations
Like embers flickering with light
The blessing lingered,
Until one afternoon
When all that latent glory flamed to life
As Heber moved from Chatburn on to Downham.

There were men and women calling blessings on his head
From doors and windows,
Children gathering in celebration
To follow him upon the narrow road
All holding hands and singing hymns of Zion.

*Glory hovering in the air
Peace and gladness everywhere
For the Light so rich and rare
Blessed in fulfillment*

Three times young Heber knelt
To wash his tear-filled eyes
With water from a cool, bright stream.

Then, standing in the vigor of the Lord
He left another blessing hovering there in power.

—Randall L. Hall