

# Seedlings

## Central Mexico, Tetela del Volcán

**W**E STAND BEFORE A BROCCOLI PLANT that has been allowed to flower. The small yellow blossoms are brilliant in the noon day sun, and the bees that are busy pollinating add their song of buzzing to our silence. The date is January 28<sup>th</sup>, 2015. A majestic volcanic mountain watches over the indigenous village. More amazing is the garden plot ready to receive broccoli seedlings that are about two inches high. They look so healthy, full of potential.

“Never,” I think, “never on the same day have I seen broccoli as seedling and in flower.” Suddenly I wonder if this is a show for foreigners—but the concentration of our hostess at work convinces me otherwise. We started with a prayer—as I hold my seedling and put it into the soil my hands and heart move within blessing.

What are the seedlings we plant? How can we enjoy flowers? Sometimes we are timid, perhaps fearful. On this day we are filled with the enthusiasm for life. ■

*- brother Michael*



The Popo volcano above the village

