

VIGIL Script for February 9, 2021  
By Karen Wyatt MD

1. Introduction:

Today is the 9<sup>th</sup> day of February 2021. On the ninth of each month, communities have been invited to hold space for reflection on life, death, and transformation during this time of great uncertainty and suffering on this planet. And so I invite you to join me in a vigil today and on the ninth day of each coming month.

Today we come together in this Vigil to acknowledge our deep grief after nearly a year of navigating a global pandemic. We come together to explore our experience of grief and to search within it for those hidden blessings that dwell in the midst of pain—love, growth, joy, miracles. This journey will not end for some time; our suffering is ongoing; the future is uncertain; additional losses are inevitable. We cannot control or divert any part of this path. But we walk together on this lonely road of grief, each with our unique experience of the pain. Looking out from our own well of blackness we can see the stars reflected in the eyes of our fellow travelers. We join together now under the flickering light of those stars in our shared darkness to see where the diamonds lay and how they might light our path forward.

2. Focus intention with 3 deep breaths

3. Blessing for Lighting the Candle

As we light this candle we acknowledge the deep layers of sorrow that have weighed upon us for the past year and have extinguished the light of hope. With this flame we rekindle hope in our hearts, we illuminate the blessings that have been overlooked, and we face the future with renewed anticipation.

4. Poem: Miracles Abide There by Bruce Sterling

We each have loss none escape it.

Grief,

the healing process that reintegrates feelings and thoughts, desires and regrets, the past and no future.

Through life, through living we choose the palate but never  
the timing,  
the circumstances or the outcome.  
So there it is,  
shock  
then sadness,  
later  
reality,  
an unreal reality  
the likes of which you've never experienced.  
Like taffy  
you're pulled  
into shapes  
that leave you  
in a state  
from which you can never return.

Like flying in the clouds you can't tell which end is up even when firmly  
planted in your seat.  
Like walking the streets on Christmas morning when gifts are exchanged  
and no one's outside.  
Like you've walked into the emotional post-apocalypse.  
Like love has filled your heart but the drain plug  
is three times the size  
it should be,  
and the vacuum left collapses everything  
that made sense, everything  
that gave you substance, everything.  
Grief,  
the humanizing, humbling shape-shifter  
that tears  
the fabric of you and explodes your heart into newer dimensions you didn't  
realize you signed up for.  
I don't wish the pain on anybody  
I just know the value of the outcome. Miracles abide there,  
if you can just see.

## 5. Reflection

Grief has been the theme of all our stories for one year now. We have carried it in our hearts, worn it on our sleeves, nurtured it in our relationships, and succumbed to it in our sleep. We can no longer deny or compartmentalize our grief—it is woven into the fabric of each day. Finally we no longer have to resist or argue with grief because it is an essential part of our world. Now we can simply be with it and explore our grief for its hidden treasures.

Lao Tzu wrote:  
Always we hope  
Someone else has the answer.  
Some other place will be better,  
Some other time  
It will all turn out.

This is it.  
No one else has the answer.  
No other place will be better,  
And it has already turned out.

At the center of your being you have the answer;  
You know who you are and you know what you want.

There is no need  
to run outside  
for better seeing.

Nor to peer from a window.

Rather abide at  
The center of your being;  
For the more you leave it  
The less you learn.

Search your heart  
And see  
The way to do  
Is to be.

This is the wisdom we need in order to find the “miracles that abide there” in the midst of this grief-pain. We need to learn to simply BE with it—to stop running away and searching outside of ourselves for answers. This individual grief we bear brings each of us our own unique miracle—and yet my grief, your grief, our grief together has the power to change the world. We reach into our own hearts to see the answers—the miracles—that have been illuminated there and release them to soothe the collective pain of the planet.

## 6. Introduction for silent contemplation

As we contemplate this deep grief that now resides full-time in our lives, we open our hearts to witness all of our pain without fear that it will cause destruction. We envision holding the darkness of our grief in one hand and in the other we hold the light of hope. Placing our hands together over our hearts we open to the miraculous transformation of our pain into wisdom and compassion. We hold space here in our hearts for the grief of all beings on this planet that it may be transformed into a force for good and a catalyst for healing.

Breathing in we fill our hearts with the flame of love, breathing out we radiate light in every direction, to all who suffer in the darkness.

Continue breathing love in and out for as long as you like as you pray or meditate.

## 7. Music and time for silent contemplation

## 8. Benediction

Having come together in this vigil for finding the miracle within our grief we now prepare to return to our daily lives. Repeat after me:

I recognize that grief is with me at all times.

I allow my grief to shape me, soften my edges, and expand my consciousness.

I choose to be with my grief rather than to hide from it, run away, or repress it.

I recognize the suffering of all who grieve along with me, even though my own experience of grief is unique to me.

I know that I don't have to "do" anything with my grief—I simply have to "be" with it.

In honoring my own grief, I will shine light on the darkness of this world.

I will use the pain that resides in my heart to bring compassion to this world.

I will move into the future as a beacon of hope, love and miracles, no matter how much grief I continue to carry.