

Brief VIGIL Script for May 9, 2021
By Karen Wyatt MD

1. Introduction:

Today is the 9th day of May 2021 and it is also a day set aside to honor our Mothers. On the ninth of each month, communities are invited to hold space for reflection on life, death, and transformation 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 honor and grieve all of our mothers who no longer breathe with us in this lifetime and to remember as well our planet the Great Mother and Nurturer of all life that connects with and supports our existence. As we hold in our hearts our deepest grief and sorrow over the loss of our mothers, we recognize the Divine Maternal Energy that flows throughout the universe and gives birth continually to all that is love and creativity and joy. We join our hearts together in mutual sorrow for the pain of death and mutual awe for the infinite and restorative love of our mothers.

2. Focus intention with 3 deep breaths

3. Blessing for Lighting the Candle

As we light this candle
May the light and love of every mother who has left behind physical form
Shine in our hearts until each of us becomes a beacon in the darkness,
Lighting the way for any who are lost at this time and nurturing those in
need of love.

4. Poem

“MOTHER,” [NIKITA GILL](#)

The water of her womb, your first home.
The body she pulled apart to welcome you to the world.
The spirit in you she helped grow with all she knew.
The heart that she gave you when yours fell apart.
You are her soft miracle.

So she gave you her eyes to see the best in the worst.
You carry your mother in your eyes.
Make her proud of all she watches you do.

5. Reflection

Our mother, for better or worse, gave her body, her youth, her energy, her time—in the prime of her own life—to bring us into this world. We acknowledge the massive commitment she made the day she said yes to carrying us in her womb, her arms, her heart, her fears, her thoughts for the rest of her life. There are mothers who sacrifice everything for their children, who give up their own meal so that their children will have food, who lose sleep to care for their children, who interrupt their own dreams and plans to support the dreams of their children. There are also mothers—never adequately mothered themselves—who neglect their children, mothers who abandon their children, mothers who abuse their children. And then there are mothers who left this life before their children were ready to see them go. Today we honor all of our mothers—those who loved us well and those who could not—those who are still with us and those who now must watch us from another realm. We recognize the deep wound of mother-loss that we carry, a wound that no one else can fill.

Your Clothes

BY [JUDITH KROLL](#)

Of course they are empty shells, without hope of animation.
Of course they are artifacts.

Even if my sister and I should wear some,
or if we give others away,

they will always be your clothes without you,
as we will always be your daughters without you.

We will always be the sons and daughters who feel the stabbing pain of our grief each year on Mother's Day and who fall, year after year, into the abyss of our never-ending sorrow when we remember that sorrow is all that we have left of our mother. But today we also remember that by simply being alive we preserve our mother's memory, in our eyes, our smile, our laughter, the gentleness of our touch, we can see a reflection of her in everything we

do and are. We draw upon our memories of her love and call upon the loving Maternal energy of the universe to help us feel our mother's presence today, right here in every breath we take and in the way we live each moment of our lives. We offer forgiveness and grace to our mother for any way in which she brought us discomfort or harm. We are filled with gratitude for this very life of ours that she nurtured into existence with her own beautiful and flawed mother-love.

6. Introduction for silent contemplation

As we now contemplate our grief and the collective grief of the entire world we hold our deep sorrow in one hand and our deep gratitude for life itself in the other hand. Placing our hands together over our hearts we hold space here for all who are motherless and in pain today. We call upon the vast love that animates the universe to fill our own broken hearts and to radiate to all those who carry this pain of grief.

Breathing in we fill our hearts with love, breathing out we radiate that love in every direction, to all who need it right now.

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 to honor and grieve our mothers we now prepare to return to our daily lives. We close this vigil with a reading of Blessings – written by John O'Donohue for his mother:

On the day when
The weight deadens
On your shoulders
And you stumble,
May the clay dance
To balance you.
And when your eyes
Freeze behind

The grey window
And the ghost of loss
Gets into you,
May a flock of colours,
Indigo, red, green
And azure blue,
Come to awaken in you
A meadow of delight.
When the canvas frays
In the currach of thought
And a stain of ocean
Blackens beneath you,
May there come across the waters
A path of yellow moonlight
To bring you safely home.
May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
May the clarity of light be yours,
May the fluency of the ocean be yours,
May the protection of the ancestors be yours.
And so may a slow
Wind work these words
Of love around you,
An invisible cloak
To mind your life.