

## 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