



I give you a new commandment, that you love one another.
Just as I have loved you, you also should love one another.
By this everyone will know that you are my disciples,
if you have love for one another.

— John 13:34-35

My community's spring equinox service ends with this prayer:

Let us bud forth. Let us spread out our branches bright and graceful. Let us be honey for each other. Let who we are and what we learn and what we become serve each other. Amen.

Let us be honey for each other.

As we say those words, I see us greeting each other with “I love you, honey,” something like we used to do years ago when we sisters curtsied to each other as we passed in the hall: The Christ in me greets the Christ in you.

Honey is the amazing gift of bees who gather nectar, then work their bee magic to make the sweet, healthy golden treat we so enjoy. It lasts for a very long time; stored properly it can last for years. Should something go wrong with the storage plan, honey can become unfit for humans, yet bees will happily consume it themselves.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we all became honey for each other? There would be an essential sweetness to everyone. We would feed each other, and ourselves. We would all be deliciously good and, when treated properly, our friendships would last a very long time.

I love you, honey. The farmer's *namaste*.

— Sister Catherine Grace