

Levy-dew

by [Diane G. Scholl](#) in the [January 12, 2022](#) issue

*(for Kristine)*

She walks the nave to sprinkle water  
from the font, Christmas greens  
still vivid in the January pall. Our collars  
water-beaded, even our eyelids wet,  
we sing "On Jordan's Bank" for  
the Baptism of Our Lord. Tongues  
catch stray drops, like children  
catch the rain, all of us laughing,  
all of us thirsty. When she preaches  
it's to say God's promises are with us,  
good to the end and beyond the end,  
her dad across the aisle, the little  
girl who runs and reaches for her arms.  
We want to believe her, cool spray  
finding our skin at "cleansed be every  
breast." We almost believe her.

The old Welsh caroled "Levy-dew,  
oh levy-dew," splashing water  
from their sacred wells to see in  
each new year. And sheepishly I do  
the same, opening the west door to let  
the old year go, making the new year  
welcome through the east door in  
the empty dawn before the neighbors  
wake. Like a child up early, I keep  
the day as holy in a way I don't  
yet understand, but trust.

I want to believe her, that the water  
is a wonder, washing out the old  
and replenishing with new, that grace  
wells like a fresh stream in fields  
snow-crusted and silver as the new  
year rises in a winter sky, and I stand  
at the door singing *levy-dew*.