

# The River Sidon

*they did cast their dead into the waters of Sidon*  
Alma 44:22

*many were baptized in the waters of Sidon*  
Alma 4:4

High in green mountains  
Clear water seeps quietly from springs  
Or drips and trickles through a scattering of rocks  
Like new blood spilling from a wound.

Gathering from myriad sources, the river swells  
And brings itself in offering toward the valley floor.  
It glides beneath the overhanging branches of low trees and  
Washes over stones in perpetual anointing.

Its ripples rise and melt and form and fall away  
Beneath a floating, undulating cloak of light.

It is the pure simplicity of water,  
The deep simplicity of blood.

Thousands upon thousands have been buried here,  
Their bodies eased below the surface,  
Lost from view.

Some have risen quickly, born again,  
Breaking softly through the water like the whispered sound of joy  
Their first new breath a fiery, buoyant gift of grace!

— Randall L. Hall