

Song of Songs 2:11-13

11 See! The winter is past; the rains are over and gone. **12** Flowers appear on the earth; the season of singing has come, the cooing of doves is heard in our land.

13 The fig tree forms its early fruit; the blossoming vines spread their fragrance.

I belong to a group on FB that asks us to post “what do you see out your window?”, in an effort to post positive pictures and join us globally. I envy those members who live in the tropics-they post “positive” pictures (the sand, the sun, the surf, etc.) Last week looking out our windows we saw... the “snow” the “snow” and then “more snow”. I recalled one of Rev. Cathy’s reflections early when she mentioned she was writing as she looked out her window to an empty street – and how quiet it was. Well, we live on a busy highway, so when we’re reflective we tend to look out the back-patio door – on the fields where we walk. Well, I still see snow along the edge of the hedge, some icy strips in places, other muddy places, a lot of doom and gloom. Then I looked more closely and I saw:

* The pole barn Matthew helped Tony build 10+ years ago;

* The “thinking” rock just beyond the fence, always a favourite stop on way back from walks with the kids, to reflect on what we’d solved during our loop around the back fields;

* The biggest tree in our yard – a red maple (we planted in 1986, a year before we built our home)

* The climbing tree where our kids tree fort used to be (where Carly felt out and put her teeth entirely through her tongue when she was 4)

* Our vegetable garden – it is no longer 60 x 100 feet - but I look at the one end where we always let the kids’ plant what they wanted, how they wanted (I still plant teddy bear sunflowers in the same place, every year, just because)

* The ice is off the pool cover and we think if we have to be isolated, in just one more month we can open the pool and “tough it out”

* The outline of where the old playhouse and swing set sat (we put down beach sand and pea gravel for safety and more cushion, even with newer topsoil added, the grass never grows the same)

* The BBQ pit where every weekend from April – October we could pretend we were camping (or pitch a tent anyways), and cook spider wieners and make smores

* Peeking over the edge of the back deck are lilac buds, trying so hard to emerge and stay green in the latest flurry of flakes. At their feet my daffodils, braving the minus temperatures overnight.

Then I’m interrupted by the pair of cardinals who, every year, spend weeks pecking at our windows trying to “scare us away” as they pick a nesting place in our mulberry tree.

I’m hopeful. It’s a promise that every year, spring WILL come, the grass will turn green again, the robins will find fatter worms, the garden will come up again, the apple trees will blossom, the lilacs will bloom again, the sun will get warmer.

We have God’s promise that “in every bud there is a flower” and spring will come.



Patty Parks