

Empty

The tomb first, then possibly their hearts after He left to be again with Him, but only for a little while, until He sent Himself as the Paraclete, like He said He would.

I found Him in a flower, the Paraclete, or perhaps the flower was a snapshot of the moment He resurrected, or perhaps when He ascended, or maybe only a reflection as only He can reflect, of one of His angels shouting for joy at the prospect and reality of the whole Trinity, alive and omnipresent forever.

The earliest name man or woman gave this flower was heartsease, as in something to ease the heart, and it was used to treat a variety of afflictions, rheumatism (before rheumatism was broken down into two hundred other names by other men and women like arthritis and fibromyalgia) being one of the primary.



Ophelia, (or Shakespeare through the persona of Ophelia) mentioned them using their French derivative's name, pansies (the French being *peense*) in Hamlet, when she uttered the oft since repeated phrase "There's pansies, that's for thoughts." Historians are pretty sure Shakespeare was speaking of heartsease and meant for folks to know it was heartsease of which Ophelia spoke.

The first thought that came to my mind when I saw this little descendant of a flower that originated in Spain and France in the Pyrenees mountains, was Paraclete. I do not know why. Perhaps inspired by this feast of the Pentecost, perhaps something more, or something less.

My parents called heartsease, Johnny Jump Ups, as they've been known since the early 1800's, here in North America. Originally a flower wild in the mountains of Europe, they became cultivated and introduced into the flower trade in 1839, or so it's claimed. Horticulturists identify them as *Viola* (Genus) *Cornuta* (Species) or to a layman, horned violet. When introduced here, they quickly spread wild again.

Ours (including the one I pictured here – almost to scale) came from my parent's dream home, down in the hills of Southern Ohio, long since gone, along with them.

Yet it is not gone. Nor are they. Like many other things, bits and pieces of them survive in ways unnumbered and uncounted, like this tiny flower, like He is not gone, just more ever-present, all around us, still unseen, until we are ready to see them and all things unseen, when He is ready for us to be Home.

I have noticed Him in this spring like few others, if any other spring. I've rejoiced in the shades of green that last for only a few days, my beloved sometimes calls them chartreuse. I call them green laced with the gold of the new sun or the new Son, Who makes all things new. Against the backdrop of our of late crystal clear but deep Mary Madonna blue May skies of this place of, and on the Inside of the Leelanau, half way to the North Pole, they've been nothing short of spectacular, exceeding the most glorious of all of the golds of fall exponentially, especially when they dance in His breath, the wind.

In a world looking at a lot of ash in the air and a hole some of us made in it, causing it to spew its black innards, ugly stuff called oil from deep in its bowels, I find Him in a very tiny flower, less than a half an inch across, smiling, telling me, He is everywhere, and to look not to the signs around you, they are always there, nor to guess His time and hour, since that is known only to Him, but to be, like Him in His creation, everything you can be, even when you think you are so 'empty' you can't.

After all, once you are 'emptied out', He can fill you with almost anything! Just look what He did to this tiniest of flowers.