

Odd

Odd, it's relatively warm outside of late. "Tropical" is the word most of us from the Inside, the Leelanau, use when the temperature is above freezing. It was almost a year ago today the winter in which we saw over one hundred and eighty inches of snow, threw at us in six hours, another eighteen inches plus. We lost our mailbox in that one. Today, there are a few piles left from the snowplow driver, but almost all of the ground is brown.

Or is it?

What appeared to be a spec of bright yellow caught my eye as I left the car last Sunday. A piece of paper or plastic in the front garden? I walk over to pick it up. It was alive! Turns out it was one of the first blossoms of the primrose, those hardy earliest flowers who show up soon after snow and often through it. There was more than one. Several new buds were getting ready to open.

This woke something in me. I turned and went over to the other side of the driveway, looking in a certain spot, where year after year three crocuses come up. Wow, there they were again. Not yet budding but their little spikes pushed up through the sea of myrtle where they lived.

Later in the week, the more time outside I spent, the more I saw... signs of new life. Trees showed tiny buds that had not been there the week before. Many of the perennials dotting our gardens and forest floor were showing signs of something other than their deep winter frozen green, a fresh light green, spring green. The bleeding hearts poked their first deep red shoots from the drab gray cedar mulch I'd placed around them last year.

What caught my eye, ears and heart more than anything though, were the birds. The songs of cardinals and robins broke the stillness with something truly beautiful. A simple note or two lifts a heart instantly, reminding or awakening something inside that simple says 'joy'. To be serenaded like I was with much more than a couple of notes, their songs went on and on, turned my divine joy into ceaseless wonder. Other birds whose names I do not know added their voices to the holy concert. Of course the chickadees chimed in with their constant chirping and added one more thing to the venue, their constant fluttering about, often back and forth from the small birch tree next to the feeder less than five feet from my head. The comedy element in the crowd I suppose. They had no fear of me, only delight in their chirps and the seed I provided them throughout the winter. Woodpeckers added the drums.

Spring. What a concept.

I do not want to jinx us by saying that just maybe, just maybe we might get Spring this year, a real one, not just a marking of the calendar and then a sudden shift from winter to summer, which happens all too frequently up here. We've had many March's with over eighty inches of snow. Yes, I know, new life shows up every other year sometime between now and May and we think it is the same from year to year.

But it is not.

All new life is just that. New. And life comes from one Source and one Source only. Him. And remember, after all, we have been told many times, He makes all things new.

Surely we recognize the presence of the Lord?

I find it odd only when we don't.