



*This is the day which the Lord has made;  
Let us rejoice and be glad in it.  
(Psalm 118.24)*

Time to get outside! One of the glories of the Easter season is the arrival of spring and all that the season entails in terms of awakening new growth. As I watch flower beds go from bare to full in a few weeks' time and buds on trees awaken and leaf out into opacity, I am filled with a sense of God's goodness. In fact, every time I am outside and observe some intricate life form, I am struck by awe.

Inside the house, I am comfortably sheltered. My eye rests with pleasure on a lovely crafted object or on a memento of a happy event and I take on positive energy. Then I interact with people either directly or through print and there can be a bruising and messiness that is not always attractive. There can certainly be new and fresh starts in interiors, but it is outside where with just a short walk I feel a dropping away of dross and misdirections and a renewed sense of a hopeful future. Sometimes I take several walks within one day just to regain the sense of God's presence and benevolence after multiple false starts.

When I feel oppressed by dark aspects of history, I take comfort in the belief that God will grow right over and obliterate whatever scar man has left either on the earth or on people's spirits. I like to think of the divine as a green tsunami.

This past weekend I participated in the planting of 24 large trees, which were all about 7 years old so it was NOT the usual Arbor Day twig we had to deal with. When we first arrived at the site, we discovered that somehow the prep work (the digging of 24 3-foot diameter holes in solid clay) had not been completed, probably because of a little human pettiness. When I saw the situation, I thought there was no way our group (about 20 people, half of whom were young scouts) could finish the job and I suspected that some of the bare root trees would not be planted that day and would consequently die. But, magically, the trees were planted, mulched and watered before we left at 2 p.m.

How did this happen? Brownie Scouts and Cub Scouts, with the help of their parents! Although the scouts did not have the muscle necessary to dig in clay, their parents did! When people realized the situation, they began calling friends to ask for help and people kept arriving all morning. Someone had brought a trailer and it was used to transport dozens of containers of water to the trees with little Brownies gleefully going along for a ride and happily carrying gallons of water to trees. Nature's force conquered human obstinacy and transformed that obstinacy into a rigorous gleeful tenacity. I am happy to say, that 3 days later when we went to water the trees, the choke cherries and redbuds were already leafing out. Happy Easter.

*Dear God,  
Thank you for your sacrifice and for the  
exuberant growth you embody. Amen*

photo: Redbug branch from our backyard.