

Daily Reflection  
From  
Pastor Mark



Friday  
March 20, 2020

## Let's Try Not To Miss It

I was a little surprised to hear on the news that yesterday was the vernal equinox—the first day of spring. I love the change of the seasons, but the arrival of spring is the most amazing to me. Spring is my favorite season. It is the rebirth of life after the darkness and cold of winter.

I also love spring because it is the season that suddenly starts to make the earth dress itself in my favorite color – Green! I have (as we all have) been kind of too preoccupied for the past couple of weeks to be thinking about the coming of the first day of spring. I'm so glad that I caught that little bit of news. I think I just might have just forgotten to start watching for the rebirth of life.

*This spring*, I am going to make sure I stop each day, just for a moment, and look around at the earth. I'm going to do this because this happens to me nearly every year: I look out the window one

morning, shocked, and I'm like, "Rats! I missed it again! When did spring get here?" Suddenly everything is so green and I am surprised.

You see, what I miss is the moment of transition from the drab gray of winter to the bright green of spring. It might that I

miss it because it's really a process, something that unfolds day by day. It's not like one day you wake up and "Wham!" all the leaves are out. Still, it does happen rather quickly.

There is this space of a few days where the final corner is turned and all traces of winter are erased. Every year I tell myself that I won't

miss it, but I almost always do. Then it is like my eyes are opened and I suddenly see the green—green that was not there before!

I often think that this is what our walk of faith is like. We work at trying to be closer to God. We try to find that center place where God's Spirit can be felt and heard more clearly. We journey towards it and work to get there, slowly stripping away all the distractions that

keep us from that place. Then, suddenly it arrives: a moment of connection. The scales fall from our eyes and we are there. God's presence overwhelms us! Then, just as quickly, it recedes and we are left a bit flustered and flushed, as if after a desired, but

unexpected, first kiss from a new lover.

We stand unsteadily and wonder how such a moment arrived? What was it that we did, or didn't do, that allowed us to turn some spiritual corner? What was it that brought us past the threshold from the mortal realm to that brush with the realm of God? Just when, exactly, did all those leaves appear on the trees?

I have never been able to pin this all down—understanding how God suddenly breaks into our lives. It remains a bit of a mystery to me. And, I try to be content with that.

What would it be like, I wonder, if I had more control over those moments? Could I actually handle it spiritually and emotionally if I could, at will, create those momentary experiences of the Holy? Would it become tiresome?— "Oh, look. A burning bush... that old horse again!"— I don't know.

What am sure of, however, is that I feel so blessed that two things will always happen: the leaves *will* appear every year and the divine *does* break into our lives now and then. I am so thankful that the world is renewed and that with it comes the reminder that the Holy *is always there* waiting for us—just beyond the next rise in the green hills of spring. Let's all try not to miss it—especially this year.

*Pastor Mark*

...*"Rats! I missed it again! When did spring get here?"* ...

