

Yesterday I was sitting in our living room helping my youngest son with one of his school subjects. The class was science and the topic was temperature. Together we learned about the difference between hot and cold, cool and warm, and what makes a temperature high or low. As we sat there together the sun was beaming through our front windows and filling the whole front room with light and heat. When the time came for my son to do his assignment, he needed to write down a list of things that were hot and a list of things that were cold. He started with hot and instantly declared, "Holy cow I have a good one, this room; its so hot in here."

He was right, the sun's rays were not only warm, but were actually hot. We both had to take off our sweaters as we continued the lesson. Afterwards as I sat there a little longer soaking in the rays of the sun, I started to think about the beauty of creation around us and the lessons it offers. Just outside my front window is snow that is so tightly packed it almost looks and feels like ice. To the touch its cold, freezing cold, and yet the suns energy was so hot that when standing outside I didn't need a jacket. What was amazing though is that to the naked eye, the suns heat was doing nothing to the tightly packed and frozen snow. In a way it was like opposites locked in a stalemate, both doing what they do, but neither being affected by the other. Now I understand that given time the sun would eventually melt the snow and ice and I also understand that under the surface of what I could see change was afoot, but in that moment not much seemed to be changing.

I can't help but relate this to our current experience of life. Last week we rang in the new year with the promise of hope. News of vaccinations, and people being vaccinated here in our own communities, have brought a great deal of optimism and joy; optimism and joy that we so desperately need. And yet looking around, even though the new year has begun and even though there is hope for tomorrow, very little seems to have changed. My children are still learning from home rather than at school. We are still worshipping together on Zoom, rather than being together. Our masks have become part of our wardrobe, like a shirt, you never leave home without one and all around us, a least in the political spectrum, personal entitlement and privilege seem to continue to outweigh the needs of the many. (***I could and want to say a lot more about that, but promised myself I wouldn't go down that road...yet***) On the surface it seems as though little has changed, even with the very real hope of vaccines.

This where my experience of the hot sun pushing down on the ice of my front yard comes into play and offers us all something to acknowledge. ***Everything in creation takes time.*** I understand that we are tired; tired of waiting, tired of the worry and the fear, but even the heat of the sun which can burn your skin through a window, take days, weeks, months even to melt the ice and snow on the ground. Back in march I can remember a wise health care professional saying to me, "we are trying to run a sprint, when we should be training for a marathon." There is truth in those words. We are in the midst of a marathon, of training and learning and figuring out daily life, all the while knowing that change is occurring around us. We

must have hope and we must trust, that like the heat of the sun that will bring forth a spring that our lives too, will blossom into a time when life will burst forth and shine bright once again.

And so, as we wait, I invite you to bask in the heat of the sunshine; for light is indeed shining in the darkness of this time and maybe instead of grumbling about tomorrow not coming quick enough, we should take time to simply feel the warmth and find the blessings of today.

Sincerely,

Rev. Adam Hall