

Devotion- March 31<sup>st</sup>, 2021

As I am writing this devotion the whole church is creaking. The wind is shaking the trees and every so often I hear a pinecone hit one of the windows. Last night as I laid in bed I wondered if the tin on our roof was going to lift off. The wind is howling and the snow is flying; March is certainly going out like a lion. I was reminded today of a cartoon I remember reading years ago that I did not find that funny, but now makes much more sense.



Even though the weather has taken a slightly nasty turn, the last couple of weeks has offered us something that I think we all needed. The sunshine was warm, the bird songs were louder, the joy of children's laughter as they hop in and out puddles brought smiles to our faces, march offered us some time to just breathe and rekindled our hope. This past winter certainly was not the worst winter we have weathered, but with the added weight of the pandemic, being able to step outside and feel the warmth of the sun or sit on your deck, felt in many ways, at least to me, like what I imagine it must feel like to win the lottery; just a sense of joy and calm.

In some ways the weather that has started this week is absolutely perfect for the liturgical season we are in. Many of you will know that this is Holy Week and as such we will run the gambit of emotions, from great joy on Palm Sunday, to uncertainty filled with expectation on Maundy Thursday, to extreme

grief and disillusion on Good Friday and then to wondrous joy and hope on Easter morning. On Palm Sunday I spent a couple hour cleaning up my yard and taking in the sunshine, then was surprised to hear a couple cracks of thunder. By evening you could feel the chill settling in. Today I awoke to snow and wind and yet the forecast says that by weeks end it might be thirteen degrees or higher. It for sure is a week filled with different emotions.

But you know I want to focus on the fourth panel in the cartoon I shared with you. Yes, today is rough. But yesterday was beautiful and we know there are wonderful days to come. The hope and joy that I see on Garfield's face in that fourth panel is a hope and joy we all need. It's a reminder that everyday can be different, today be rough, but tomorrow will be different. One of the lessons that I have learned over the last year, is in fact one of the lessons of Holy Week, namely that this moment and time may feel shadowed and full of burden, but tomorrow God does something new. At some point the wind will cease blowing the snow will melt for another season and the flowers will grow, the insects will buzz and the birds will sing loud once again. We too will come to a time, when all the joys of life that we have missed will return in some way or another. Life, just like the weather, and just like of events of Holy week reminds us always, that tomorrow is new day and thank be to God for that.

Sincerely,

Rev. Adam Hall