

Meditation Seasons 4th May 2021

It seems no time at all since I wrote about the coming of autumn with the changes we were all experiencing at that time. Already we are in the middle of spring. Over the past few weeks at times it has seemed like summer the sun has been so hot, yesterday we had heavy showers of hail, today it is cold wet and breezy. A typical British springtime?

Rowing on the river at Hexham yesterday we could see how the trees had changed since last week. Trees and bushes were almost lime in colour and the vista higher up the river was of light greens peeping flirtatiously from bare branches that have not yet borne any leaves but which will of course appear in the next few days and weeks.

Each season brings something special. In the woods already there is wood sorrel, wood anemone, lesser celandines, cowslips and primroses. How I appreciate these first born telling us that winter is over, well almost, and everything is bursting into life. We are seeing the deer more regularly when out on our walks and their numbers seem to have increased, most farmers are in the later stages of lambing so the year moves on very quickly.

We have a roll of sheep wire stacked in part of our garden, it's there just in case we need it again, not that we have any plans to have more sheep but just in case. We were about to move this roll when we spotted a bird's nest with two tiny blue eggs. I immediately thought they were a robin's but it certainly isn't a robin that is sitting on them. Then I discovered it could be a tiny tree sparrow they apparently, lay blue eggs whereas other Sparrows eggs' are grey or white? I was able to touch the inside of the nest when the mother was not sitting and discovered it is lined with the hair of our dog. When I have been brushing her I put the clumps of hair into the hedge for the birds to use so it is very gratifying to find that they have put it to good use. I think the chicks will hatch soon as we discovered this nest about twelve days ago. Now I cannot stop peeking in to see if there is any action without frightening the bird away.

Through the cycle of the seasons we discover that life has meaning and balance and the challenge of change. It was Paul the Apostle who reminded us that 'God has shown kindness by giving you rain from heaven and crops in their seasons.' Left to itself what would nature have come up with? Would it have managed to organize every part of the universe to make seasons happen? It was God who said 'Let there be lights in the expanse of the sky to separate the day from the night and let them serve as signs to mark seasons and days and years'. It was the Psalmist who said 'who set the boundaries of the earth; you made both summer and winter. Even the stork in the sky knows her appointed seasons, and the dove the swift and the thrush observe the time of their migration.'

Seasons in nature are merely reminders of the rhythm and cycle of the seasons in our own lives. Each day is a mini season, a time for getting up, for lunch, for tea and then for going to bed. Solomon captured it best by saying 'There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven.'

PS: Sadly one of the bird's eggs has disappeared, it must have been either a cat or a magpie, and the second egg has not hatched as yet.