

May 2020

*Falling in Love Three Times a Day*

Judith Blanchard

Grace and peace of our Lord Jesus Christ from South Freeport!

In these stressful days of CoVid19 and social distancing, I am not out in nature as much as I would like to be. Nonetheless, I monitor the signs of Spring, marveling at nature's love and dependability. Matthew Fox, in his book, *Creation Spirituality: Liberating Gifts for the Peoples of the Earth*, writes of our need to fall in love at least three times a day. He doesn't mean an anthropocentric kind of falling in love, "it is a falling in love with creation itself and its many expressions of beauty." Despite some limitations in access to nature, I am trying to note daily at least three things with which I am falling in love. Today, they are (1) my crocuses, white and purple, blooming merrily and persistently even through the heavy snow that fell on them last week. (2) The bird's nest that I discovered in the boxwood bushes next to our wooden boardwalk to the driveway. With our more infrequent comings and goings the past four weeks, Mama and Papa bird were emboldened to build much too near to human egress. The insides are shiny, wet, exquisitely designed and constructed to hold the bodies of its builders and their offspring. And (3) the rhododendrons in the photo outside my office window where I now participate with friends and family in Zoom meetings and Hangouts.

This wedding of last year's dried blossom husks and the swollen bud of this season's was a mirror of my Holy Week experience: the death and despair of Good Friday, of mounting coronavirus deaths, of the dying in nursing homes and hospital intensive care wards without the comfort of family members. "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"



And the new life of Easter: the acts of heroism, compassion, and support evidenced every day in our communities and around the globe; clear skies over polluted cities absent carbon emissions; animals imprisoned in zoos mating without the distraction of human crowds. He is risen indeed, Alleluia!

We will see the other side of this epidemic, perhaps not for many months and then rebuilding and recovery lasting years, but it will come. I pray that the lessons of humility, restraint, and care for our planet will be a part of the new world ready to burst forth.

Brothers and sisters, may you fall in love at least three times today!

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