

Daniel's reflection for week beginning February 26th – The same good energy runs through all life

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I was walking by the obelisk in the Market Square. My mood wasn't great. The sudden floods had thwarted me all morning in my efforts to visit some parishioners. It was now bucketing it down. I had a small hole in my shoe. And I had forgotten my cap. Like a child I was whining, 'Why are you picking on me, God?'

That was the moment I saw it – a tiny, fragile snow-drop peeping out at the base of the giant, eternal obelisk. It was like a gift from heaven. 'Take heart, Daniel,' it seemed to say, 'have you noticed that Spring is on the way?'

That was the turning point. The snow-drop had put the Spring in my step. My mood changed. Soon I began to notice all kinds of little miracles happening around me. The following day I was driving north to comfort a bereaved family. Even while the slushy snow was still lingering in the high headlands, I could not miss the first delicate sheen of green wheat and barley across the brown, newly furrowed fields. And again my heart lifted. What is occurring to me now is how much a part of nature we all are. Spring happens in our bodies as well as in our fields. . As the days get longer, our spirits get lighter. When the countryside around us renews itself these weeks, so too our hearts are empowered. It is the same energy that runs through everything. . .

I began to understand how everything is related to everything else. Everything is connected. Everything belongs in the bigger picture. Tread on a daisy and trouble a star. The heartbeat of every living thing beats in our hearts too. And they all beat in the heart of God. Or, put more accurately, we could say, 'If we listen with our whole spirit, we can hear the heart-beat of God in everything that lives – and that includes the music from a rock.' This is a marvellous mystery and we humans are in the middle of it. When the sun rises over our city and its surrounding fields, our spirits become glad as well. We look at the sea from the lighthouse and something deep lights up within us. We walk on the moors and the dales and our souls come alive. And, in the evening, and we sit near the fire with a glass of wine, we are filled with those special memories that bring smiles and tears.

And even while the cold rain slices against our windows, already in warmer places, a little swallow is getting ready for her long flight to our shores.

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