



Deacon Deliberations by Deacon Gary Kupsak

“It’s Springtime”

To me, one of the simplest pleasures these days that God has provided for me, is to sit on the deck at the back of the house, under the patio umbrella that has just come out from the basement with the rest of the winter stored patio furniture, and experience the warm spring showers as they do their magic to the grass, the flowers, the trees and the shrubs. Enjoying this phenomena in relative solitude has become a springtime ritual for me and as I sit and marvel at the hand of God at work right in front of me. I can’t help but reflect on Psalm 65:11 “You drench plowed furrows, you level their ridges. With showers, you keep the ground soft, blessing its young sprouts.” Although the Psalm speaks to the many blessings that God showers on us (forgiveness, mercy, hope) the softening of the ground in preparation for blooming is what touches me. These words help me never to lose sight of the fact that all I have (all we have) is a gift from God and that without those figurative warm showers softening the ground, blessing us, we would never enjoy our “blooming” and the harvesting of all that is good in our lives and the lives of those we love and cherish.

This springtime marvel, this softening of the earth with warm showers and rain has been the subject of much literature and poems. And although I can’t claim to have much insight into writing poetry (I don’t know unrhymed iambic pentameter from an allegory, a sonnet or a haiku) I do enjoy finding spiritual poetry/reflections on the thoughts God has me pondering. I present to you a reflection on this wonderful time of the year that I found years ago on a bookmark while rummaging around in a used book store in Washington D.C. It’s about this marvelous season where we can vividly see God working on many of nature’s wonders that surround us. It’s called, what else, “Springtime.”

Springtime!

Your message of hope
to a world tiring of winter’s starkness,
longing for that first crocus
to push through snow’s icy blanket
and spread its leaves,
like arms outstretched to its creator.

Springtime!

Our yearly reminder, if we need one,
that to a world that was dark and cold.
A world devoid of love’s sweet warmth,
you sent you Son to break through sin’s icy blanket,
and with arms outstretched, on a cross, brought us hope.

Thank you, Jesus. Thank You!

