



Winter 1

The north wind blows and then dies down,
A quiet, cold settles in, amplifying the sound
Of the remaining birds and the chilly squirrel
That's barking loud – it sounds like a quarrel.

Winter is coming, and there is less and less green,
Summer had so much it now seems obscene,
Today the prairie grass has turned brown,
And the liberated seeds fall to the ground.

No leaves on the hardwoods or the crepe myrtle,
No sign of amphibians, no snake, no turtle,
All hiding away from the oncoming cold
Finding a burrow where their stories are told.

Just think of the tales told by the frog,
About how it escaped the snake in the bog,
How it was a tadpole in someone's pond,
How it and the human have an Earth-Church bond.

Winter's part of the Earth's rotation,
A time to anticipate spring's elation,
It's also a reminder of our limitations,
And of Earth Church's varied manifestations.

Winter's the time of introspection,
Winter's the time deep reflection,
Winter's the time of a new perspective,
Winter's when we live with November's election.

I welcome the winter that is now on its way,

I'll see winter residents that are here to stay,
I'll visit Earth Church and do a Christmas count,
I'll enjoy the manna, I'll drink from the fount.

For Earth Church has patterns, rhyme and reason,
There's no doubt there's purpose to change of season,
The seeds that are now dropping to the ground
Will sprout in the spring as life newly found.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray that winter delivers
A new perspective for you.