

What the Wind is Saying

I stepped out the door and into the midst of a paradise in West Texas after a wet winter. A slight breeze was softly whispering a barely perceptible song as the fresh growth on the trees continued to test their new wings. Merely flags now, but soon to be a sea of green. The birds heard the delightful melody and joined in with foolish twitter as the tired old junipers softly sighed as their limbs responded to the fresh challenge. The long cold winter was having a difficult time withdrawing as the new season bumped its way in. Change is never easy, but the old must make way for the new. This is the way of things. As I walked in the wonderland of green and vivid color around me, a fresh and cool wind grew as winter held tightly to its foothold and began to make another assault on the upstart spring. But with the ever stronger and cooler wind came a louder song, solemn and foreboding to foretell of storms that are coming. The terrible storms are inevitable because dark cannot abide in the light, cold winds and warm winds clash and deception flees from the truth. The creation groans with anticipation of its rebirth. But for now, all is well. And more. Spring is the living testament to the coming of our Savior and the everlasting kingdom. God is painting on His canvass and it is very good, even awesome. But just wait, the best is yet to come.