Rev's Reflections

The Winter of Our Discontent

Last week Joe and I were in California, where we spent four days snuggling with our grandson Archer, whom we are already calling Archie the Most Beautiful Baby Ever.

We stayed in the house partly because he's still too little to take into crowds, but mostly because it was cold and rainy. Only five degrees warmer than it was at home. For the first few days, there was no sun, just constant drizzling. Streets were flooded and each morning we woke to slush on the car. It wasn't exactly what we were expecting.

It's spring in the Central Valley, and the miles and miles of almond trees are in bloom, which is gorgeous. It's actually kind of ethereal when the wind blows the blossoms around like fluffy snow. But last week wasn't that. It was just soggy, the air full of allergens.

The night before we were supposed to leave, our flight into TF Green was cancelled. The best we could do was two days late, with four flights over 19 hours. Our car was so buried in the hotel parking lot in Warwick that it took three of us 45 minutes to dig it out. Then we got home and had to dig out there.

As I shoveled and thought about the mess in the world and the small-mindedness of the people with power and the ridiculous headlines they're making this week, my mind kept returning to John Steinbeck, his world weary observations, and the title he borrowed from Shakespeare's Richard III. "The winter of our discontent." I didn't think about, I stewed in the parallels between those two historic times and now.

Then I got indoors, warmed up, and remembered another line from Steinbeck's novel: "It's so much darker when a light goes out than it would have been if it had never shone."

Despite it all, there is a lot of light. The sky is gorgeous this morning. And really, what is so terrible that it can't be helped by having a two-week-old baby sleeping on your chest? Or pink almond blossoms falling like snow?

In Peace,
Rev Denis