**Rev's Reflection**

*The Contradictions of Spring*

Vicar, our 6-pound Yorkshire Terrier, was more driven than usual on our walk this morning, eager to get out of the 33-degree sunlit air. We were both surprised and annoyed by the cold.

After a warm winter with virtually no snow, spring made its first appearance early, buds and blooms appearing in March. The last few weeks seem to have suspended the animation of flora and fauna as we vacillate between warm and cold. It feels like climate change has made seasons more timid to appear, even while weather events and catastrophes become more frequent and destructive. Contradictory characteristics can co-exist within one body.

I'm reminded of a Billy Collins poem called "Today," in which the spring is so overwhelmingly bucolic that narrator has thoughts of *tearing* the door off the canary cage and *smashing* the snow globe with a hammer. He is the embodiment of tension between joyful appreciation and anxious destruction. You can read the poem **here.**

In Peace,
*Rev Denis*