Rev's Reflections

Bitterness

Every fall, as the air starts to feel chilly in the morning, I look forward to the cold. I have images of myself bundling up, putting a quilted jacket on the dog, and heading out for morning walks with hot cup of coffee. I even imagine myself sitting out on the porch, reading, as the low sun shines on my face. I long to be in a place like Quebec City or Oslo where outdoor cafe culture thrives in the winter. I always think cold weather is going to be nice. Bracing. Rejuvenating.

Right.

This morning the wind chill was barely above zero. I made my coffee, bundled up, and put the jacket on the dog. The second I opened the door, she backed up and looked at me like I had lost my senses. Of course my dear husband had already told me he had no interest in going out into that cold.

They hung out together by the radiator in the toasty kitchen, Joe responding to email, Vicar snoring on her little bed at his feet. I made it around the block, about 1/10 of the walk we usually do in warm weather. - My nose was purple and the remainder of my coffee was ice cold.

For better or for worse, some things just don't work out the way we expect them to. As Inauguration Day approaches, I keep reminding myself of that. The next four years may not be as bad as I'd imagined. Or, it could be a whole lot worse. All I can do is show up, as prepared as I can be.

As I write this, I am headed off to join other religious leaders and community activists at the RI State House on the first day of the 2025 legislative session. I'll be bundled up for sure, reminding myself that there is no bad weather, just bad clothing choices.

Can the same principle apply to government? Could it really be that the choices we make over the next four years will determine the outcome for ourselves, our families and our communities?

I guess we have yet to see.

In Peace,
Rev. Denis