



## **Meditation for Wednesday in the Fifth Week of Easter May 5, 2021**

*Abide in me as I abide in you. [John 15:4]*

During May, in our worship and in our daily lives, we will celebrate with joy the beautiful and bright flowers that burst into life around us. No matter how our senses have been dulled by the long winter, no matter how weary we may be of rainy days and weedy grass, the sight of daffodils, tulips, and hyacinths re-orient us.

With that in mind, I was moved by this poem by Ada Linton, who reminds us that we may also be awakened by the ordinary and abiding green trees.

*More than the fuchsia funnels breaking out  
of the crabapple tree, more than the neighbor's  
almost obscene display of cherry limbs shoving  
their cotton-candy-colored blossoms to the slate  
sky of Spring rains, it's the greening of the trees  
that really gets to me. When all the shock of white  
and taffy, the world's baubles and trinkets, leave  
the pavement strewn with the confetti of aftermath,  
the leaves come. Patient, plodding, a green skin  
growing over whatever winter did to us, a return  
to the strange idea of continuous living despite  
the mess of us, the hurt, the empty. Fine then,  
I'll take it, the tree seems to say, a new slick leaf  
unfurling like a fist to an open palm, I'll take it all.*