

# 33. Spring



In *The Wind in the Willows*, Mole is cleaning his little home when he senses something above “calling him imperiously”. “Spring was penetrating even his dark and lowly little house,” writes Kenneth Grahame, “with its spirit of divine discontent and longing.” So he scrapes and scrabbles up an earthen tunnel until his snout pops out into warm grass and sunlight. In Ernest Shephard’s illustration, he is clicking his heels with delight under tassels of catkins.

As our clocks go forward, the sun warms and lockdown gradually lifts, we too are being called, like Mole, out of the “seclusion of the cellarage” we’ve lived in so long. Something new is beckoning. Hope rises within us like sap in the woods. And in these words from the divine lover, we hear ‘discontent’ at our confinement and ‘longing’ for our renewal: “*Arise my love, my fair one and come away; for now the winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth and the time of singing has come*” (Song of Solomon 2. 10-12a).

But our ‘winter’ has been long (over a year) and brutal (so many losses), making it harder for some to emerge. Kind, mutual confidence-building will be vital if each of us is at last to welcome our ‘spring’, emerge blinking into the sunshine and click our heels with delight.

## Today...

...heighten our sensitivity, God of renewal,  
as we help each other to embrace change.

**Amen**