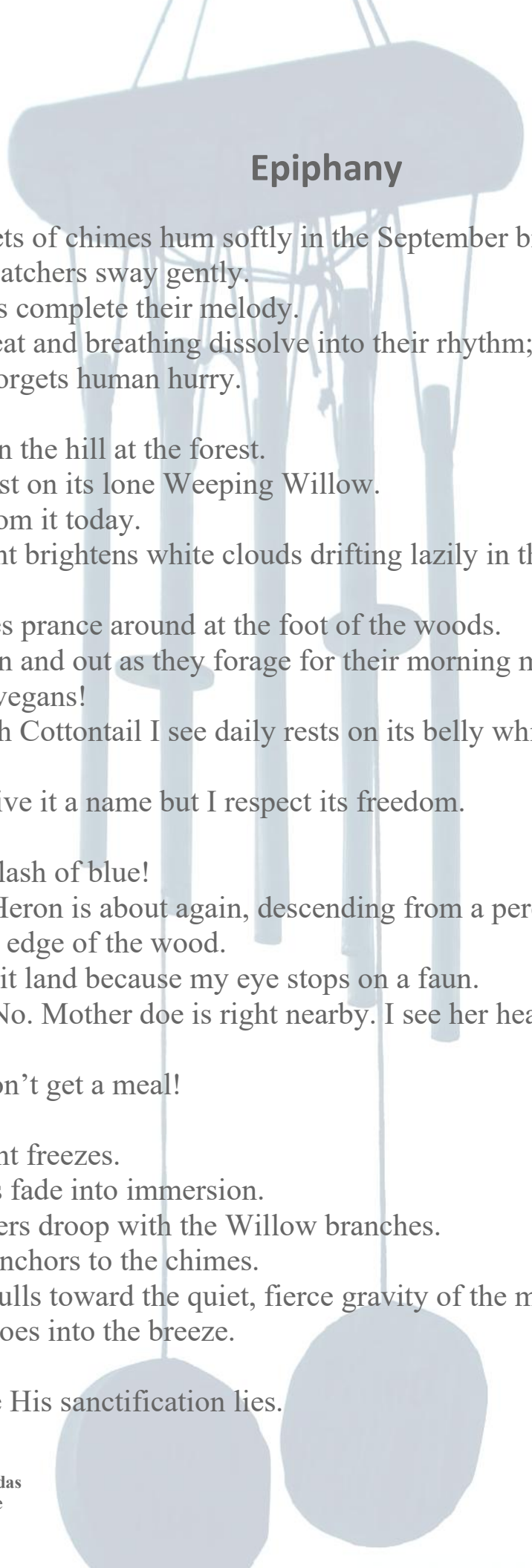


Epiphany

The dual sets of chimes hum softly in the September breeze.
The wind catchers sway gently.
The cicadas complete their melody.
My heartbeat and breathing dissolve into their rhythm;
My mind forgets human hurry.

I gaze down the hill at the forest.
My eyes rest on its lone Weeping Willow.
No tears from it today.
The sunlight brightens white clouds drifting lazily in the blue.

The bunnies prance around at the foot of the woods.
They dart in and out as they forage for their morning meal.
Cute little vegans!
The English Cottontail I see daily rests on its belly while the others hop and eat.
I want to give it a name but I respect its freedom.

A sudden flash of blue!
The great Heron is about again, descending from a perch toward the little pond at the edge of the wood.
I don't see it land because my eye stops on a faun.
By itself? No. Mother doe is right nearby. I see her head poking out from the brush.
The fox won't get a meal!

The moment freezes.
Boundaries fade into immersion.
My shoulders droop with the Willow branches.
My pulse anchors to the chimes.
My heart pulls toward the quiet, fierce gravity of the mother doe's love.
My spirit goes into the breeze.

I see where His sanctification lies.

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