

# Salt – Light – Hope

reflections and care for those who serve in pandemic  
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For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-4

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Sitting still, watching the quiet woods outside our living room windows gently shake itself into renewed life each morning reveals the ongoing moment of beginning. Across the handful of years since we settled in this place, I have often missed this revelation, rushing through morning darkness to gather keys, briefcase, iPad, to-do lists, a hasty lunch, the travel mug for the always-late drive to work.

Slowing down opens us up. When we are delayed in travel or waiting to pay our restaurant bill or advised to stay at home in pandemic, we may think we have been stalled, but perhaps we are being asked to re-find the beginning. When we are ill or broken, our minds, hearts, or bodies pause, yet the Earth still lovingly carries us.

In this pause, discover the “dearest freshness deep down things,” that the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins invokes. We live, embrace, and put to rest our dearest things, so that our lives can be resurrected anew.

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## **Please pray with me:**

Gracious Creator, continue to open our eyes to see the beauty all around us, great and small. Open our ears to hear those who believe they have no voice. Open our minds to creativity in our work together. May the Holy Spirit keep us facing forward into the future knowing that nothing can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen

Amen.