**Reflection for Monday,**

**April 17, 2023**



Recently a mockingbird has been singing loudly, vigorously, and *constantly* in our neighborhood. I’ve been especially enjoying its renditions of frogs and car alarms.

“When does that bird ever eat?” Randy wondered. “It seems like other birds spend all day foraging, but that bird just sings.”

I went out for a walk yesterday, and as I headed down the street, the mockingbird swooped from its perch, belting out a new mockingbird tune. I didn’t know birds could sing while they flew. It turns out that they usually don’t.

But why not celebrate the return of sunny days? After months of soggy gray, how lovely to hear birdsong, and to see trees budding and leafing out. Down at the bay, I saw nine snowy egrets together. And last evening I saw a skunk sprint—yes, sprint!—from the railroad tracks into my neighborhood.

It’s enough to make you believe in the resurrection, all this awakening life. Between superblooms and leisurely strolling turkeys, life and color are everywhere. In my sermon yesterday, I was trying out the idea that gratitude *is* revelation. What we attend to, what we appreciate, does reveal God to us. And so as we celebrate Earth Month (and roll up our sleeves to find practical ways to nurture the planet), let’s pause in joy and thanks for the beautiful, vital world we live in.

In faith,

Elizabeth

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Elizabeth will be away from Thursday through Sunday of the coming week. Join us next Sunday for Boy Scout Sunday, followed by a brunch served by Troop 237—and then another video and discussion for Faith Climate Action Week.