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Magnolia blossoms

"My refuge, my fortress, my God in whom I trust." Psalm 91:2

Friends,

I have always loved magnolia trees. They are so improbable.

"Hey, let's create a tree with whacking great big tulip-shaped flowers that bloom for one week a year!" I don't think it's a good marketing pitch. For anyone who values efficiency, economy or reliability they are a real bust. They take forever to grow, they are susceptible to late frosts, and everything they are good at is over and done with in a relatively short period of time.

OK, they do have nice leaves. But really.

If I were Jesus, and I lived in Canada, I would definitely have a parable about a magnolia tree. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, behold the magnolia which leaps up early and then withers and dies."

It might be a hard parable to hear.

Except that that is not the whole truth about magnolias. There are the other truths. How deeply pink the blossoms are, almost maroon. How inviting the petals are, so that you want to become a bee and climb right inside. How, knowing all of this makes you long for them to bloom, gazing out your window, aching for the sun to do its work, unclenching the tightly clasped buds.

How they make you hope.

And hope is a precious commodity.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, behold the magnolia which leaps up early and then withers and dies. How in its brief, bright moment of glory it magnifies – magnolifies – all our joys in one explosive gesture of abandon. Go, ye, and do likewise, squandering what beauty you have been given so that the world might have hope.

This week, let's all be magnolias!

Grace to you and peace,

Kate

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