



ANN'S RAMBLES and REFLECTIONS

March 1st, St David's Day and the first day of Spring in the meteorological calendar.



I have been out nearly every day but inspiration has been slow to arrive recently! Now the wonderful weather this weekend has really lifted the spirits. The opening words of one hymn kept going through my head (and it's certainly not a hymn I like singing!)

'Each little flower that opens, each little bird that sings.....'



That's what it seems has been happening in our gardens, on the roadside banks, and in the woods this week. Plants that were just in bud last weekend have now burst into flower to join the snowdrop displays. I walked down through Stert village into the valley this morning, and as well as these banks of snowdrops along the road, there were celandine glorying in the sunshine, and a clump of primroses.



Yesterday in the woods I saw violets accompanying crocuses.



I had started my walk today by going up along the main road towards Stert – the skylarks were in full voice - leads to Manor Farm

like to go into the of peace and some lovely views the hedge so you could sit down to see the vale, but that added to the beauty.



and down the footpath that and into the village. I always churchyard there. It's a haven (although I wish they'd lower the view!). It was still misty in

1. New every morning is the love / Our waking and uprising prove; / Through sleep and darkness safely brought, / Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2. New mercies, each returning day, / Hover around us while we pray; / New perils past, new sins forgiven, / New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3. If on our daily course our mind / Be set to hallow all we find, / New treasures still, of countless price, / God will provide for sacrifice.

Spring is coming. The full circle since the start of the Covid 19 pandemic. But I like to think of it as a spiral going onwards. This spring in the countryside is not the same as last spring, or indeed the one before that. The flowers aren't the same flowers coming to life again. New shoots. New seedlings. New beginnings on old root stock. The garden is waking up. My hope is that this is what will be happening to our lives in the

coming months. New beginnings, not back to the old. We move forward, but build on the old. And we're all a year older! Let's consider what we've learnt in the last year. Take stock. Count our blessings. Let's take the opportunities being offered, and go onwards, having confidence in our guide. We shall be on a great journey of discovery – and it's sure to have its own ups and downs..

*Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim though this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore.*

*Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through;
strong Deliverer,
be thou still my Strength and Shield.*



*Mine is the sunlight
Mine is the morning
Born of the One Light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day*

Reflections

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