

May 4, 2021

Rest in His Care

"Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they? ... See how the flowers of the field grow. They do not labour or spin. ... If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, will he not much more clothe you...So...do not worry about tomorrow, ... Matthew 6:26-34 NIV



Three weeks post Corona 19 vaccinations and I have become a rebel. I had breakfast cereal before I made a fruit smoothie and coffee. Not a healthy bran cereal either – Sugar Crisp - It always reminds me of my childhood.

I woke quickly in a bit of a panic as I thought it was Thursday but then I realized it was Tuesday. During Covid 19 days mingle together in their similarity and lack of structure on the farm. We haven't mixed the months as yet so hopefully fields will be prepared and crops will be planted on time, but this is April, so our outdoor days are spent clearing and transplanting gardens, pruning trees, placing mulch, installing birdhouses and planting garden art.

Yesterday I watched our daughter-in-law, Dana, dig plants for her mother, Carla, from our flower gardens to be transplanted into Carla's garden at her new home. It was a different experience. No shoulder-to-shoulder work with hands in the dirt together or helping retrieve the precious plants from the soil. Close your eyes and envision Covid gardening. Dana with her spade following at a safe distance as I padded through the gardens pointing out plants. Her masked mother six feet away in a different direction, nodding 'yay' or 'nay' to day lilies, hosta, peonies or poppies. At times instructions

needed to be repeated as it becomes difficult to hear statements being said through masks over the sounds of birds, the wind and cars driving by.

A second year of Covid 19, I do pray we can do better, although we are more seasoned at the Covid drill ... social distance ... masks ... sanitize and re-sanitize; the numbers tell us we still have a long way to go before we get it right.

I feel getting it right is simpler on the farm. Yesterday was not the historical norm as I shared space with Dana and her mom. It was however a joy "at a distance" to share the bounty of my flower garden with a friend. There were no hugs, no handshakes or kisses on the cheek. All were replaced with waves, smiles under the masks and a verbal thank-you and expressions of love. We are trying to get it right here on the farm as I know each of you are in your homes and outdoor spaces.

My garden is still flourishing during Covid 19. God still gives it sunlight and rain. He cares for it "from a distance" and I know he continues to care for me as well. As he cares for the sparrow and flowers. I need not concern myself with the concerns of tomorrow. I need to follow the rules, pray and care for others and allow God to care for me.

May has arrived as it always has and then the work of planting and caring for God's land will begin. I feel so fortunate to be blessed with our farm.

I prayed for April showers and sun for your gardens and that God continued to hold you in the palm of his hand.

Close your eyes, feel His presence, His Love and Rest in His Care. You are much more important than the birds and flowers to our God.

Peace and Blessings,
Ruth Ann

*"Our relationship with God and each other strengthens us, and helps make the world a better place.
We welcome and include **everyone** into congregational life."*

