



25 Main Street, P.O. Box 61, Grand Bend, Ontario N0M 1T0 \* (519) 238-2402  
[huronshoresunitedchurch@gmail.com](mailto:huronshoresunitedchurch@gmail.com) \* [www.huronshoresunitedchurch.com](http://www.huronshoresunitedchurch.com)

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6 January, 2021

## Light Shines Through

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

Friends,

Outside my window this morning there are juncos – little slate-gray birds with white tummies. They are popping around in the snow, clearly not bothered by the cold, enjoying the birdseed which has fallen from the feeder.

I had forgotten about juncos when I put the feeders up. I had put nourishing food for the birds a way up in the air – on a pole (to keep the squirrels off!). But the birds are messy eaters, and a good third of the seed falls to the ground.

Where the juncos have found it. Like tiny angels, they steal up, uninvited, and do the unexpected. Treating leftovers like a feast!

It is Epiphany today! The traditional celebration of the arrival of the Wise Ones who followed the star to find their king. They looked first in the castle – but he was not there. He had fallen to the earth somewhere else – in a stable – like birdseed on the ground. Unexpected.

That is how God's Spirit comes to *us*, isn't it? Sometimes in church – but more frequently somewhere else. In a birthing room. Or a sick room. In a kindness offered to us. Or one which we offer someone else. It turns out that God's Spirit creeps up on us like juncos... popping daintily over the snow, making a blessing where previously there had been none.

Light shines through everything. Stop and see it. And be changed.

Grace to you and peace,

**Kate**

[huronshoresminister@gmail.com](mailto:huronshoresminister@gmail.com)