

The Rich Beauty Of Ordinary Time ...

*T*his June morning sun dapples the deck beyond my bedroom window. I hear birdsong and squirrel chatter. Light breezes ruffle oak leaves. Geranium pots shout red. It is a simple morning of good cheer, all right with the world.

On a Saturday morning like this I would usually relish the extra hot cup of coffee beside me, the blueberries and raspberries and yogurt breakfast. I would be reading — scripture, perhaps — a psalm, an excerpt from the gospels. I would have a new memoir, a novel, or a work of non-fiction, just recommended, at my finger tips. I would have checked my iPhone for email and text, the weather, world news. I might be making a mental list of errands: grocery store, wedding gift, get gas, the hardware store.

I might be looking forward to dinner with family or a friend, or to hitting a nursery, lost in the lush variety of plants and bushes, content just to look, to be filled up with God's creation.

But today is not ordinary. I wait with family and friends for an outcome, a health outcome for someone who is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. No day has been ordinary since the day of diagnosis. All previous worries pale to background insignificance. My life is a prayer of supplications. My mind sings songs of comfort. I mentally travel down places that are too hard to bear. I vacillate between hope and dread, trust and fear.

On this non-ordinary day I choose to do what I always do. I drink my coffee with gratitude. I watch the trees ruffle, the birds flit. I try to smile at the chatter of squirrels, make an effort to notice the particular shade of deep red, geraniums still shouting from their pots on my deck. And I pray a prayer of relinquishment to the God who numbers the hairs of our heads and who knows when even a sparrow falls. I give this treasured one to Him for life and healing, safety and peace. And I acknowledge that each and every moment we are all “under the mercy”. 