



The sheer extravagance of God is amazing! This little briar rose has been covered in flowers all summer and shows no intention of stopping – it is still full of buds.

The garden is full of bees and butterflies enjoying the nectar of the lavender and the buddleia and there is a happy hum of creatures fulfilling their role in nature. Blackbirds, robins and sparrows, pigeons and collared doves have all brought forth young and the sparrows are now busily refurbishing the nest box on the wall outside our kitchen window. A scrappy little hazel, just a couple of twigs has expanded to become a substantial bush. It seems as if everything is glowing with the joy of growth.

Yet there are days which hint of autumn, with their cool mornings and light dew. And with the change of season there will be new delights to fill us with wonder.

I don't think I would have got through the changes in life that the corona virus has brought without being able to see the seasons of the year turning as they have ever done. And with them the realisation that it was ever thus, generation by generation. Our ancestors welcomed the sight of the growth of summer as a defence against winter, piling harvest into barns, and welcomed the shortening days as a period of rest, knowing that in the turning of the year they would be ploughing and sowing new crops. And thanked God for his amazing extravagance.