

December...

December has laid the gardens by!
But the brown & passive earth
will not die!
It will wait, resting, until the
sleeping worms awake and stir the
dormant covers.

And then this earth will move again!
And will break into springtime leaf
and blossom and little dots of green!

Now, winter bids us rest and be renewed
for the season when earth and worms and
we alike, will rise up like morning,
waking fully into the joys of our
New beginnings!

Winter is an intimate season, especially
in the country where lamps are lighted early
and burned late, only when a watchful light
is needed for some special event---as when
death sues for admission---or when a prodigal son
comes home---or when a calf or a colt or a daughter
is born...

Winter, the intimate season, held the night light
very close----for the moments of His Birth.

Mary Etta Perry
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