

Spring Reflections at Healing Springs

I like to sit on the east deck in the morning where the sun is filtered through the tree's to create a perfect combination of light and temperature. A fresh brewed cup of coffee, my Bible and journal complete my time.

Creation is waking up for the day as the choruses of birds sing in harmony. The chipmunks scurry to and fro, chasing each other as playful children often do. Sometimes they forget where they are and end up on the deck right at my feet. They quickly stop, assess and run off. The squirrels do the same but they are more mindful of the environment around them. They have "Mr. Black" to think about. "Mr. Black" is the large black squirrel with pointed ears and a long bushy tail. He seems to dominate the squirrel world. The humming birds fly dangerously close and cause me to jump from time to time. They too seem to pay no mind to the humans now occupying their space. As I glance up I spot the family of deer meandering through the woods with their new white spotted additions. How cute and skittish they are as they learn the terrain they have been born into.

The aspens quake, the pine needles shimmer in the new days light, and the mountain peaks layered with fresh snow stand majestic. The peace of the Lord is tangibly present. My spirit is at rest, full of His love and grace, overflowing with joy and hope, and abounding with thankfulness for His generous gift of our Lincoln log cabin we call Healing Springs.