

Frost

by Rev Dan Balsdon | January 2021 | read online at www.revdanbalsdon.com



Frost.

Winter's paint brush.
Earth's Creator, Maker, Artist,
Displaying their skills,
As the familiar colours of our environment,
Are covered in hews of white.

The world, this place we inhabit,
looks different,
for now.

Windows are patterned with natural beauty,
As fingers of ice reach out to one another,
Swirling into into a masterpiece that will not last till lunchtime.

Earth's Artist,
Offering a unique work of art
that is for our eyes this day, this moment.

The white frost captivates us,
We are made to notice the beauty of the simple things,
The things we too easily take for granted.

Cobwebs, frozen into lines of white.
Leaves, tinged with flecks of ice.
Grass, sprinkled with silver as sunbeams turn dawn to day.

Earth's Creator,
Calls for our attention.
Saying "see, I made this. It is good."

So we slow our pace,
Step onto the grass,
And hear the crunch underfoot,
With each stride we take.

Icy paths slow our footsteps
Make us pause,
take our time,
to enjoy the moment we have,
In this glistening white wonderland.

Earth's Maker,
Saying slow down,
be still for a while,
rest in this moment.

We breathe out,
And as the warmth of our breath touches the icy winter air,
Our breath becomes obvious to us.
Visible proof that there is life within us.

Earth's Creator, Maker, Artist,
Saying the beauty I breathe throughout this world,
I also breathe in you.