

Parable on a Winter Brown Lawn

By Kelvin S. Jones

Old blades can only take so much nature's fury.
Last summer's glist'ning green has turned dull brown;
the drying winter winds and arctic chillings
have sapped their life and left them trodden down.

They bore the early frosts and stood undaunted.
They took the first snows gamely in their stride,
but as the cold nights lengthened and continued,
they lost their inner strength and slowly died.

Our joys can only take so much of sin and sadness.
By guilt and grief and grumbling they're pushed aside;
the finite strength of fragile human spirits
is not a match for troubles multiplied.

Our courage may hold out through a few setbacks,
and a minor sickness barely slows our pace;
but when trials and troubles come in quick succession,
we're overwhelmed and want to quit the race.

But old blades hide the evidence of something deeper.
They spring from vital roots beyond our view;
these same roots now await the reoccurrence
of the springtime rains and early morning dews.

Then as they're nudged by sunshine and fresh moisture,
new blades will sprout with fresher shades of green,
bringing back the verdure lost to winter trials,
and adding growth and joy and sparkling beauty to the scene.

So joyfulness springs too from something deeper.
Its roots are faith and confidence in Christ;
it buds again in Easter's reassurance
with hope and lush new growth through Jesus' life.

Then springing through the mats of brown depression,
and filling with the Spirit's green what has been void,
new thoughts will sprout in the warmth of Easter's springtime,
and we'll sense inside our Lord's triumphant joy.