



## *Spiritual Care Notes: January 2019*

Back when I was a young lad, just knee-high to a grasshopper, it seemed like January was the Longest. Month. Ever. Following the month-long anticipation of a Christmas Day that just couldn't get here fast enough – along with a return to school after Christmas vacation – January just seemed to drag on, and on, and on.

I remember after one January snowstorm, throwing snowballs at the telephone pole by the driveway, as if I were a major-league baseball pitcher on the mound; it was a strike if I hit the pole. I still hold the neighborhood record for consecutive four-pitch walks in the Hot Stove League. I couldn't paint the outside corner of the plate if my name were Sherwin Williams!

Now that I wear an older man's clothes (with a tip of the fedora to singer/songwriter Billy Joel) January doesn't seem to take forever to come and go. In fact, some years it seems to fly by as fast as December, if not more so. And yet, the curious thing is that it's merely our perception of the passage of time that makes us think how slowly or quickly the month goes by. Days roll into weeks, weeks into months, and time moves forward at the same predictably steady pace that it always has.

It is one of the amazing things about Creation, that only God is powerful enough to have arranged the movement of time and the changing of the seasons. We know that the sun will rise once again tomorrow morning, and that winter will turn to spring; but exactly how do we know these things? God didn't leave a written contract that guarantees there will be light every morning, every day, or that eventually we will trade our winter parkas for Bermuda shorts. We trust that these things will happen, because we have faith that they will – faith in Creation, and ultimately, faith in God.

It may be hard to tell right now, but the days have begun getting longer once again. Each day, there is a little more sunlight than there was the day before. Soon, the bleak mid-winter will give way once again to green grass and warmer sunshine. The Boys of Summer will return to Fenway Park not too long from now, even though some of us may not have finished savoring another World Series Championship for the Red Sox. By the time this month ends, Truck Day at Fenway will be only a few days away. This is the day when semi-trailer trucks loaded up with bats, balls, gloves and uniforms, roll out of Fenway Park bound for Fort Myers, Florida, ahead of the official start of Spring Training.

Truck Day at Fenway is always a welcome sight because it means – thanks be to God – that spring can't be too far behind!

*David Hutchings*

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