



# Ramblings from the Rectory

## Winter is Here

Winter is here. Winter with snow scenes on cards, with sleds and snowmen. Winter is here with bright winter berries on holly trees and large glasses of winter cheer. Winter is also a time to reflect and take stock of life. To look backwards as the year ends and forwards to what is perhaps to come. What sort of person have I been? What sort of person do I want to be?

All of this can seem sad and morbid but it shouldn't. There are good things to reflect on too. That's where I like to start, by asking myself, "What are all the good things of this year? What has gone well? When did I do well?" I reflect on those things and thank God for them all. Then, knowing God's love for me, I start to bring to mind the things that aren't right. I ask myself, "What went wrong this year?" I let myself remember all the things that I've said and wished I hadn't and all those things that I've done and wished I hadn't. Also, all those good things that I could have done but didn't and all the general failures of this world. Then, I thank God for all those things too but I need to let the past speak without pre-judging. I know it sounds strange but either God was with me when the bad things happened or he was never with me at all. God shares the good and the bad with me, like any good parent; like any good friend. So, I can remember the good and the bad, in me and in the world, confident that God will work in me to bring more goodness to both.

Then I remember that my faith isn't complicated after all. Jesus gave only one commandment, to love. He summarised the 10 Commandments, and all laws, into love God and love others. Then he made it clear that God is love. So, I'm enfolded and surrounded by God's love. I know that nothing can separate me from God's love, ever. I thank God again and look to a future that's not yet born, a future full of hope.

I would like to end my winter article with two haiku poems

### **Solstice haikus Vivienne Tuffnell**

Snow on dark holly  
Sunlight on ice, sparkling:  
Lovely but so bleak

Silence fills cold air  
Crunching feet on frozen snow:  
Stillness reigns again.

God bless, Nigel.