

# IN WINTER

by  
Carla Guthrie



This poem was the result of Carla's being inspired by God, during one of our meditative sessions.

Quail Springs Ladies'  
Retreat, January 2006

*IN WINTER*

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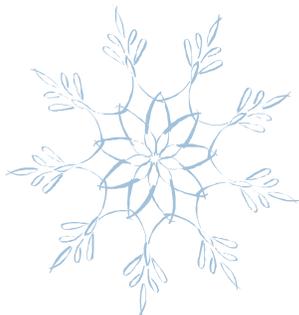
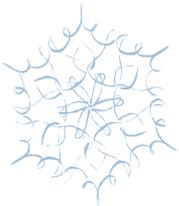
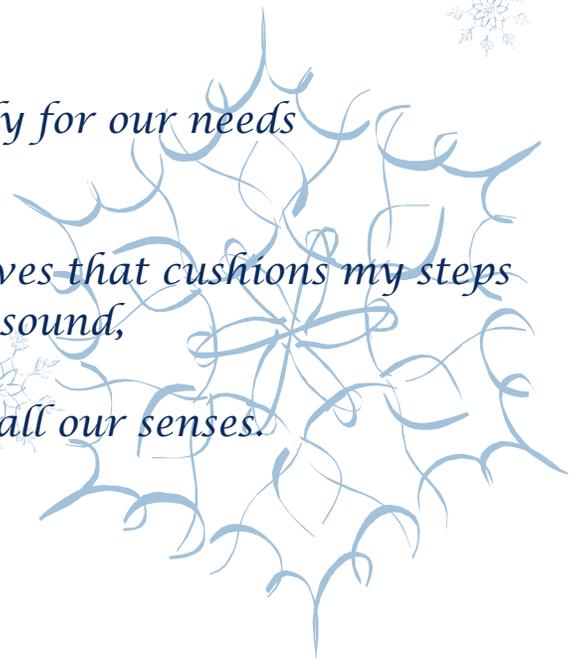
*Among the browns and grays,  
The naked bark of trees,  
You left the evergreens,  
Bright, slender, ever pointing to you.*

*The trunks of the trees are sleeping  
Under a woven blanket of vines.  
The red berries on the holly are a signal  
To never forget that more is coming,  
Little dots, as reminders of you,  
The never slumbering God.*

*Always busy, always working,  
For you never tire to provide.*

*It is your joy to give.  
Your inexhaustible abundance of supply for our needs  
Is a mystery.*

*I am awed, oh God, at the carpet of leaves that cushions my steps  
And tickles my heart with its crunchy sound,  
Paired with the chill in the air.  
How wonderful you are at enveloping all our senses.*





*The dried pods of flowers are little tufts, round,  
So soft to the eye.  
The trees in the distance are a fuzzy blanket on the horizon.  
The dry grass in the meadow is a silky sheet,  
To calm the restless souls who strive for a change in season.*

*Thank you God for the little joys of winter.  
My heart overflows in this symphony,  
A feast for all the senses.*

*The wind plays its music on the dry dormant branches,  
Which in turn dance and sway  
To the rhythm of your heartbeat, oh God.*

*The low sun shimmers  
On the fluttering leaves of the shiny evergreen bushes.  
I can't contain my joy,  
I want to cry,  
And cry out,  
And dance, and sing, and play.*

*I want to skitter on the crunchy leaves,  
Swing on the low branches,  
Cup the dried flower pods in the palm of my hand  
And breathe in hard  
To catch the gifts you send on the wind.*

*Thank you Lord for the grandiose,  
Amazing joys of winter that fill me up,  
May they be poured out  
To bless your children.*