

**A Word from Jawn**  
***June 15, 2020***

I mentioned earlier that Carol and I are much gifted to live on seventeen and a half acres of Lake Huron-side Bruce Peninsula. Since the early seventies, we have walked and wandered the hills and ridges and swamps and spillways. The northern boundary was surveyed and a trail was cut through the bush. This has been quite handy over the years, because we have been able to make side-trails off this cut.

Now, I here freely confess; my sense of direction is abysmal. When I go into our bush, I go armed with my compass and a fresh roll of trail-marking tape. Over the years, this strategy has served me well! The thing is, Nature is not a static thing. It lives, breaths, grows and evolves!

What happened is this: We had laid out a number of marked routes that we could easily enjoy strolling along. Then, Carol and I got busy. We got busy updating our retirement home. We got busy in a number of Parish-settings. We got really busy visiting our 'far-and-away' children and grandchildren. We had also grown a number of great excuses why it was better to sit in front of the fireplace instead of going for those long walks into our bush. And as we discovered, trees and bramble and flora and fauna and dead-fall do not wait for our convenience. The bush grows and changes and, of course, markers, as well as trails, get lost.

Recently, Carol and I have been making time to reacquaint and rediscover all the glory of our beautiful home. The compass and marking tape is once more in hand.

All this seems rather obvious, doesn't it? You have to do the work in order to preserve and enjoy the beauty of any relationship. I wonder what other 'busyness' I have let get in my way.

My Creator, quite likely, wonders the same.

In Jesus' name . . . Peace.