

Moody Weather

I love moody weather! As I contemplated writing for you, I somehow felt a yearning to open your eyes to the wonders of a stormy night, the hidden treasures of a rainy day and the exhilaration of a wind-tossed landscape. I don't know why. I only know that moody weather brings me joy, and I feel the need to share the wonder of it.

The moods of the weather are many and varied. Sometimes the fog lays thick upon the land, blotting out every boundary and landmark. Making each of us a lone adventurer—fogbound in a strange land that we travel every day.

Sometimes the land is garnished by wisps of delicate mist that invites meditation and introspection. It gift-wraps all that is ugly and leaves beauty in its place. If one is observant, Brigadoon can be seen in a broken tangle of bushes—a fairy-kingdom in a garbage dump.

Sometimes deafening thunder shakes one's world, and shards of lightning illuminate the night sky as at noonday, punishing the landscape with sheets of life-giving rain that rattles the windows—then patters gently on the roof—a cleansing liquid that clears smog from the air and washes away the grimy accumulations of the city. At times like this I love to hurry my family into blankets and huddle on a covered porch to “ooooh” and ‘aahhh’ as we watch the gaudy fireworks of nature.

Sometimes, in the solitude of an evening snowfall, one can almost hear the silence.

Sometimes, on the coldest days of winter, the snow squeaks against chilling numbness at every step, a frozen soliloquy of ice; and the distressing chill of frosty half-breaths recall one's deepest primal fears. Sometimes, when leaves are damp and wafts of gentle mist modify the world, one observes a symphony of fragile color woven into a loved ones face, or into the warp and woof of the landscape as an ensemble of faded leaves plays muted tones of orange, red and yellow against the tympani of deeper purples, greens, greys and blues. The delicate violet skeleton of an oak tree plays a plaintive solo against layers of forest greens and violets, and the obsidian depths of a sodden shadow accompanies the melody of a single daffodil, playing bravely against the hope of early spring.

Moody weather is a study of contrasts. Delicate and subtle—harsh and stark—in a way that replicates the world. There must be opposition in all things, we are told. We see it in the halting walk of the aged, the cry of

the distressed, we see in the depths of addiction, the senseless tragedy of the twin-towers, and in destructive forces of nature that too often crush the things we treasure.

And yet the storms of life expose a trove of hidden surprises that can exalt us if we let them. We need only bear our afflictions well, and out of our distress will emerge a concerto of blessings akin to the colorful subtlety of moody days. As children of God, we are His heirs, and can—even yet—attain peace. . .and joy.