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## No Orioles

"My help comes from God, the maker of heaven and earth." Psalm 121:1

Dear Ones,

There are no orioles at my bird feeder. Do you know orioles? Those impossibly-coloured birds which arrive in the spring like flying oranges. Bright, bold and sassy. It is like having angels suddenly appear each April when they arrive – I see them, but I don't quite believe that they are real.

But there are no orioles at my feeder. I don't know why. There were orioles. A couple of weeks ago. A saucy male and a shy female, checking out my supply of grape jelly, placed seductively on a bright orange feeder. They really do like orange! He came and filled his belly. Then she came. I was going through grape jelly nicely there for a few days. And then they disappeared.

There are no orioles. Maybe the neighbour's grape jelly is nicer than mine. Or my tree is too short. Or the bus that drives up the street too annoying. All matters beyond my control. All I can do is be prepared, watch and wait.

Be prepared. Watch. And wait.

Like our situation in the pandemic right now. Isn't 10 weeks enough? Haven't I been good? Can I please, please, please go back to real life? And when will the orioles do what I want them to do?

They won't, will they? They will not be swayed by my hope, or my longing, or my fervent prayers. Learning to accept that – that I have no control over the orioles, or my situation – brings a certain freedom. Because now I don't have to hope or long or pray.

I just prepare. And watch... and wait. And it's OK.

**Grace to you, and peace,**

Kate

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*"Our relationship with God and each other strengthens us, and helps make the world a better place.  
We welcome and include **everyone** into congregational life."*