

**COMING TO OUR SENSES-Sounds by Joan, Tenant April 2**

On a sunny morning a few weeks ago, I cracked open a window and heard the sounds of birds chirping and singing. Until that moment I hadn't realized how starved I was for Spring.

A few days later it rained. Not that wintery snowy, blowy mix. It rained straight, abundant, soft and melodic, like blessing.

Spring has always been linked with transition. "When one flower blooms it is Spring everywhere." (Zen mystic). In the Celtic tradition, Spring is nature's invite to you and me to become aware of the sacred circle that shelters all life, the season that stirs our souls with "great longing, exuberance and hope".

**Sounds**

Everything that has life rise,  
no more compromise.

O sweet Spring, dear friend,  
you're back again,  
my senses soar!

Sweetness in the air,  
silence to sounds,  
life abounds.

As colors stir  
and forms become  
fluid in the sun.

Listen...

It's the Resurrection everyone!

Have a blessed Easter,

Your neighbor,