

Windsong

The Rev. Sheryl Stewart

“What you sow does not come to life unless it dies. And what you sow is not the body which is to be, but a bare kernel, perhaps of wheat or of some other grain. But God gives it a body as he has chosen, and to each kind of seed its own body.” ..1 *Corinthians 15: 35(b) -36 [NIV]*

The Wind blew a seed, along with many others, up into the air.

Frightened, the little seed cried, “Where am I going? What will happen to me?”

“You are going to a new place,” replied the Wind. “When you get there, you will sleep through the winter and change in the spring.”

“Change?”

“You must let what is inside you come out,” the wind whispered. “You will put down roots, send up a green shoot, and grow leaves. You won’t be a seed any more.”

“But I know how to be a seed! I’m afraid to change. If I’m not a seed anymore, I won’t be me. I’ll have died.”

“Nothing comes to life unless it dies,” said a little, yellow leaf that was falling down from a nearby tree, rushing to the ground below.

“You can’t die until you live,” added a dust mote, dancing in the air.

“You can’t live until you love,” said a small spider that floated past, attached to a little sail she had made from her silk.

Suddenly the tiny seed landed-- *plop!*-- in some good dirt next to a garden fence. A squirrel, looking for nuts, stepped on the seed and pushed it into the ground.

Helpful earthworms, looking for leaves to eat, carried it deep beneath the ground. “So,” complained the seed, “what if I don’t change?”

“Look around you,” the worms told the seed. “Some of this dirt was made from seeds who never changed. If something tries to live without changing, it will die.”

“How can a seed live if it isn’t a seed anymore? I don’t understand.”

“Dig in the earth after a seed grows, and you find only the new plant the seed becomes. Seeds are God’s promises that haven’t happened yet.”

The tiny seed decided to have courage. After winter’s long sleep, it sent out roots, green shoots, and leaves.

“Look Wind,” cried the new plant, “I’m a girl! I thought I was but I never knew till I let what was inside me come out.

She grew and grew, quickly sending out long green arms with special leaves that could wind and grip other things to lift her up and along the fence, closer to the sun.

“I’m a very long woman,” she giggled to the Wind.

“You are becoming a vine of some sort. Keep changing.”

She spread green leaves and long arms over much of the fence. She made buds and grew beautiful white flowers shaped like trumpets with lovely pink stripes at their center. “What a pretty morning glory,” said the boy who worked every day in the garden. “I think that’s my favorite flower.”

“I’m a Morning Glory,” she laughed. She was very happy.

Little pods holding baby seeds appeared along her length. She told the Wind about it: “I’ve made seeds! But now that I’ve finished that promise, I’m afraid again. When I was a seed, I changed and became a plant. But, what now? I’m already a plant. There is nothing left become except a dry husk turning into dirt.”

“And what is wrong with dirt?” grumbled the Earth beneath her.

Surprised, she quickly apologized, “I’m sorry. Nothing is wrong with dirt. Earth has always been there for me and I couldn’t live without you. It could be another answered promise of God’s for me to join you.”

“I understand, dear,” replied the Earth. “And a part of you will join me. But surely you don’t think God made only one or two promises when Divine Breath gave you life?”

Soon, the frost came. Glory lifted her bursting pods to the Wind and sent her seeds into its breath. Her vines and leaves wilted. Her dry body fell to the ground.

As she saw all this happen to her, Glory suddenly shouted in wonder: “Hey, how am I seeing this? Who am I? What am I?”

She blew up and about, lifting all the colored leaves in the garden, searching for an answer. She could fly! She laughed with joy and played tag with the tail of a little, black kitten. Seeing the gardening boy come out, she blew an autumn kiss on his lips and put a red blush on his cheeks.

“Wind,” she exclaimed. “I’m part of the Wind.”

“Yes,” the Breath of God laughed around her, “you are.”

“How?”

“A brave and loving spirit is the breath of God,” the Wind replied.

“You can’t live till you change,” she whispered.

“You don’t change until you give,” added a little, brown leaf.

“You don’t live unless you love,” came the voice of the gardening boy, not aware he was talking to anyone but himself.

“Some words mean almost the same promise,” spoke a voice on the Wind: “*Love, life, wind, Jesus, breath, spirit, God.*”

Glory had to ask, “Where do I go now?”

“Everywhere God breathes,” replied the Wind. “Come, Glory, I have many more promises to share.”

And, perhaps carrying a story, the Wind blew along.