

Signs of Love

The season sings of the love of God.

It's present in the song of the mockingbird.

It's heard in the chatter of the squirrel.

It's visible in the blush of the rose.

Its never-ending quality is painted in the green hues of grass and shrubs.

Its sadness when lovers are separated is mirrored in the blues of the iris.

Its rulership of lives is portrayed in the purple haze of mountains.

Its envelopment of the soul is depicted in the early-morning fog.

Its sparkle is reflected in the dew at dawn.

Its passion is painted in the glow of a sunset.

Its grandeur is illustrated by lofty peaks reaching into a clear, blue sky.

Its forgiveness is wrapped with a rainbow.

Its enthusiasm is sensed in the rush of a rocky stream.

Its tenderness is exhibited in the care of a robin for her young.

Its fertility is proclaimed by the furrowed field.

The signs of God's love are all about us.

The cries for His love surround us.

Sometimes, the eye does not behold it, and the ear is not attuned to it, and the call goes unheeded.

It's needed.

Heed it.

--Beecher Hunter