

The Joy of Blackberry Cobbler

Life is filled with pleasurable moments – happy events or circumstances that bring a radiance to the face and joy to the heart.

Such as ...

- Flying a kite in a lush green meadow on a breezy April afternoon.
- Watching a red-and-white float bobbing in the water, certain that a fish will pull it under at any second.
- Pausing, breathless, to take in the orange and purple swatches across a blue sky at sunrise.
- Noticing a pair of bluebirds, shopping for a home, ready to begin a family together.
- Admiring the tenderness of a young mother, cradling a baby in her arms.



Add to that list one of my delights: a piping hot blackberry cobbler made and delivered recently to the Hunter house by a friend – a lady who learned some time ago that my favorite dessert is blackberry cobbler, and she was gracious enough to bless Lola and me with a demonstration of her culinary art. Times have been good at the Hunter table. To me, there is no better, tasty treat than a hot, steaming dish of blackberry cobbler, topped off by a couple – that’s right, a couple – of scoops of vanilla ice cream.

A part of my fascination with this delectable dish most likely has to do with my childhood, since I learned at an early age the price that had to be paid for blackberry cobbler. Customarily, my family spent some part of July the Fourth in the brier patches. We did so for two reasons: (1) that’s when the berries are typically ready for harvest, and (2) my father had a holiday from work. We defied the weather elements, the insects, the plant and animal life, including reptiles, to pick blackberries. And when that was done, my mother worked in the kitchen to produce outstanding blackberry cobbler.

And while our friend made the cobbler a gift, it didn’t come easy. She had to invest time and money to produce it. There was a cost associated with it. This process reminds us that the things worth having in life come with a price tag. A college degree is achieved only after endless hours of study. A successful career demands loyalty, hard work, and perseverance in pursuit of goals. A good marriage is one that requires diligence and sacrifices from both parties.

In the spiritual realm, eternal fellowship with God – for you and me – demanded the best that heaven had to offer, God’s only begotten Son. He voluntarily laid down His life so that we who believe in Him can be part of the kingdom. We can be forever grateful that He was willing to pay that price.

– Beecher Hunter