

## **The Morning Sun**

My wife has, over the years, developed into a lover of plants. I know that she got it honestly, because her mother loved plants. I always said that her mother could take a dead limb of a plant, plant it in the ground and it would grow. Well, not surprisingly, the same is true of my wife now. We have plants planted in the yard; we have other plants that go back and forth from the yard to the house, depending on the time of year and temperatures. Then, we have the plants that are totally house plants.

This early summer morning was an unusual morning. We slept in. I did not get up until about 7:30. At night, the shades in our den are often let down. A row of plants sits in front of the den windows. This morning after I “arose” from the bed, I sat in my chair and suddenly noticed something. It was a partly cloudy day and only occasionally was the sun peeking its head out from between the clouds. Suddenly, I looked, and it was as if fingers of the sun were reaching through the closed shades trying to open them, trying to make their way to those plants to bathe them in its life-giving light. I quickly pulled up the shades, and suddenly those plants were bathed in sunlight. It was almost as if the plants were grateful as their leaves and blooms were enveloped in the welcome warmth and sustenance of that morning sun.

I don’t know much about it, but my wife tells me that the morning sun is the very best for most of her plants. As it rises, its rays tenderly stroke the welcoming earth with gentle warmth. The morning sun has not yet begun to declare the fury of the power of the sun that the noon day will bring. It is as if it is fresher and more soothing as the sun begins its journey through the sky than the dying embers of the final light when the sun gives way to the moon and night slowly replaces the light of day. I can only marvel at the simplicity, yet greatness, of the design of God I can behold in those plants and the sun.

Jesus told his followers, “Ye are the light of the world.” May we, like the morning sun, provide the light that, if allowed to come in, will provide spiritual sustenance for those around us, and will help them to grow and flourish spiritually. Like the sun, we cannot open the shades that some have closed over their hearts. When those shades are opened, may we kindly, gently, yet uncompromisingly, shine the light of God’s Word, His love and His power into those hearts that will open and listen. That, too, is the plan of God, and it is marvelous!

*By Dean Kelly*