

Lazy Snow

As I began to write this reflection, I am sitting in my study looking out of the window at my quiet street and watching the steady falling of snow. A song has come into my head, wholly appropriate as it is called "Lazy Snow", and a wonderful memory because the first time I heard it was in the Bishop's Gardens last August on my priesting retreat.

It was a strange one to pop up on my random shuffle back in August last year. It is by a country duo called "Down Like Silver" and it's a song from an album that I was not overly familiar with at the time. It was odd because it was a sunny day, the gardens were in full colour and here was a song about snow! But it made me smile from ear to ear. Its gentle melody is almost like a lullaby, and the simple lyrics speak to me of beauty and hope and of letting God's love touch me with the most tender of touches.

You can listen to the song here: <https://youtu.be/zMolbwvHe0g>

Lazy snow
The sky is falling
And it's beautiful
And it's beautiful

Lazy snow
The streets are silent
And it's beautiful
And it's beautiful

Warm and white
Let it fall on you
Quiet light
Let it shine on you
Let it shine on you

Lazy snow
The town is hiding
And it's beautiful
And it's beautiful

Lazy snow
The ground is rising
And it's beautiful
And it's beautiful

Warm and white
Let it fall on you
Quiet light
Let it shine on you
Let it shine on you

Let it shine on you
Let it shine on you
On you
Let it shine on you
On you
Let it shine on you

It's not biblical, it's not deeply theological, it's just a song about how the world can look so different if we choose to see it that way. A bit like now, I could be looking out of the window and thinking only of the cold, or the ice or the difficulty in getting to the shops – or just choosing to marvel at the wonder of the spiralling snowflakes and how bright everything looks when touched with white.

In this song Caitlin Canty sings the line: "And it's beautiful" no less than 8 times! And it's repeated, so we can really feel the smile in her voice. To me it feels restful, I can sense her wonder at it all – the snow is falling and the ground is rising – as if it is rising to meet it.

There is a sense that there is a "joining up" – that the ground, the town is welcoming the touch of the snow, receiving it openly.

The songstress invites us as listeners to let the snow fall on us, to let something of the tenderness of the quiet light rest upon us. And to receive the warmth of it.

I stood outside for a moment in my garden earlier with these words on my mind and this feeling of receiving on my heart. Truly, it was beautiful. Made even more precious to realise that every single snowflake is unique, no two are the same and every single one has been touched by God.

As are we. No two the same. Each of us touched by God.