During the winter months, many of us have been plotting the resurrection by planting tiny seeds of hope in the sometimes frozen soil of our lives. Like the delicate and hardy crocus rising through the leaves of last fall and the snow of last week, some of the seeds that we planted have found enough nourishment to grow.

The deeper our commitment becomes to the growth of that seed, the more energy that is stirred within us to find even more creative ways to contribute to the seed. The process of making the choices becomes not a discipline but a joy as we anticipate the actual experience. Choices for life and growth have this energy. They can heal, strengthen, and renew us at the very core of our persons.

Many of us experience the grace of God in our lives in this way: a relentless, creative energy directed toward life, growth and wholeness, as living within the cold and barren as well as the warm and fertile soil of our lives.

...Relationships can be reconciled. Peace can be realized. We can become whole. Life can come from death. Wonders have not ceased. Possibilities not yet dreamed can happen....