

April 16, 2020

Despite yesterday's snow and tonight's forecasted snow, our isolation and distancing have not lasted to winter again, at least not as of yet.

It is still spring 2020, and our emotional storehouses are strained or empty but we can still have hope, a hope that is bigger than we might have ever known before, a really big hope that takes us further than we have ever been before.

The sparrows and robins and the lusty doves are at it again. As dawn approaches, I can hear all manner of racket and fuss outside my window every morning.

Arguments, seductions, construction plans, all go on as scheduled for the birds and, I imagine, the bees, such as those poor creatures are faring.

Who could have ever imagined that we might have so much in common with the bees?

Be that as it may, I like the finches and I love to watch them scissor across my parking lot from tree to tree. The gold finch is a special bird of spring in the Catholic imagination, it has been closely associated with the Paschal Mystery, the suffering, death, and resurrection of Christ since the late Middle Ages.

The goldfinch eats thistles and thistles are a type of thorn and the story goes that a goldfinch was flying over Jesus carrying his cross to Calvary and had empathy for him so it swooped down and started pulling thorns from the crown on his head and eating them as a kind of Eucharistic meal and one of the thorn had some of Jesus' blood on

it and that is why a goldfinch has a tiny spot of red feathers on its head.

Additionally, some species of goldfinch spend the winter encased in mud and as the weather warms in spring they break out of their mud and start gathering and mating again which became a symbol of the resurrection.

I would just point out to my friend David Lund and all of my other “science is sufficient friends” that it was precisely these Catholic symbols that, in part, caused Charles Darwin to begin to look more closely at finches.

Happy days are coming sayeth the Lord!!!
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!