

Thought for the Day 24th September - Helen Cox

Spring has arrived and because I have always been a keen gardener, my garden has woken from its winter sleep and burst into bloom and is full of perfume.

Azaleas, Wisteria, May Bush, Bottlebrush, Port Wine Magnolia are blossoming. The evening air is magic. Soon there will be a flush of the first roses and Scarlet O'Hara bougainvillea, all competing for the most brilliant red.

Alongside the flowers come the birds, bul-buls, lorikeets, wattle birds, fairy wrens, eastern spinebills, magpies, currawongs, rosellas, king parrots, white cockatoos,, silver-eyes, honey-eaters, and an occasional kookaburra and tawny owl, filling the air with noisy screeches as they position themselves for the best spots to find the nectar and scavenging for twigs as they build nests for the new life to come.

I am so grateful to still be able to nurture my plants and enjoy their beauty in springtime, and to watch the bird life, and smell the fragrance in the air.

Some years ago, I was asked to speak to a small group of ladies, unique in their own way, but feeling many pressures surrounding their lives and needing assurance. I chose these verses:

2 Corinthians 2: 14 But thanks be to God who in Christ always leads us in triumph, and through us spreads the fragrance of the knowledge of Him everywhere. 15a. For we are the aroma of Christ to God among those who are being saved and among those who are perishing...

My garden is visible to the street and passers-by can savour the perfume and I can take my cup of coffee onto the back porch and enjoy it too, but it takes many years to make a garden, as it does to hone the new life Christ offers. In one case much fertilising and watering and in the other case perfecting our souls to have the skill to share the fragrance.

With a thankful heart these words and my spring garden open a way to witness to God's creation that wherever we are we can be His witnesses and spread the fragrance of His love.