

The Rabbit

*We don't see him much during the year
Not until the snow gets good and deep
But we don't expect to see him either
Mostly life moves along as it should*

*The snow that we shovel from the drive
Ends up in piles under the crab tree
The rabbit uses the snow as a stool
And makes a feast of the berries*

*We often curse the snow for being snow
Yet therein lies opportunity
Like so many things that we go through
Our attitude makes all the difference*

*Now and again we put out some apples
I don't know why it's not more often
Hard times seem to make us more aware
And help us remember what's important*

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The LORD God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places.

Habakkuk 3:17-19