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Wholly Wonder Allyson Sawtell, 10/19

The golden puppy didn't know what to make of her first snow fall.

So she jumped at the snowflakes, one by one,
trying to grasp, to savor, to play.

Curiosity. Mystery. Gotta explore.

What other response is there, really?

You don't ignore something as wondrous and mysterious
as this cold white stuff flowing all around you.

She snuffled and spun, scrutinizing and investigating,
filling her being with grace-filled new experience, joyfully wrapped in mystery and curiosity.

When our son first discovered sunbeams, he cooed.

Rapt. Fascinated. Looking deeply.

(He did the same when he noticed for the first time that those things flopping in front of him belonged to *him*, looking with fascination at his fingers and thumbs.)

Aren't these all holy responses to complete, entire, surprising miracles?

How else to respond to the miracle of Creation all around us, but to take it in, savor it,
hearts leaping in wonder,
and give voice to awe.



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