

Living with Motor Neurone Disease - A Spiritual Perspective # 28

Our woodpecker returned this week!

We haven't seen her for months. On a miserable day, in a miserable month, in front of a miserable me. There she was. Vivid red, white and black markings shining through the January mist and murk. No longer as the song says was the month invoking a sense of 'sick and tired you've been hanging on me'.

Set me thinking too. As the world reels from one crisis and aberration after another, the woodpeckers of this world just carry on. The saying 'it is what it is' was probably coined by a woodpecker long ago. Now, we can't always change things, but we can seek out the woodpeckers. Those little goodness's that tap away at the edge of our lives, taken for granted. The new ways of thinking that peck at our spirits, trying to shift our perspectives a fraction. Thinking good things could easily be the Woody Woodpeckers song! Or put better by a sentence in the good book:

'Whatever is true, honourable, just and lovely ...
think a lot about these kind of things'

Even ever weakening limbs can't interfere with that. An antidote to the mist and murk of this time of year perhaps?

Or am I pecking up the wrong tree!

