

Julie the Spider

‘Look’ -demanded our 3-year-old neighbour who had just arrived back from term 1 in nursery school, and is clearly clocking up IQ points for her CV.



We looked – but could see nothing. ‘Look’, she insisted. ‘Look there!’ pointing to what appeared to be thin air. Eventually she got us to see what was blatantly obvious to her. A big brown speckled spider hanging in the light breeze. It took some visual adjustment to see the expertly constructed web across the branches of the bush – and the long single thread from the house roof which we surmised must have been the rope from which this acrobatic arachnid had launched its descent. ‘How beautifully sparkly this will be in the morning dew.’ we ventured. This was one step too far in the conversation as we were met with a puzzled expression. ‘What should we call him?’ we asked. ‘Julie’, came the decisive reply as if it was obvious to anyone with an gram of brain. So, Julie and the rest of us settled in for the night.

What a blessing children are to those of us so entrenched in what we have learned that we miss some the most elegant miracles of life. No wonder Jesus said, ‘No-one can enter the kingdom of heaven unless they come like children.’ (Matt 18.13). They see things we take for granted, they marvel and wonder at each discovery. They are happy to spend time listening to stories, and equally happy to dance round the garden exploring flower petals, ladybirds, worms and even gravel.

What have we lost as we age? That sense of wonder which links us to the natural world in which we were created and on which we depend? We give thanks at harvest time – but what about a thank you on a daily basis for ‘*all good gifts around us sent from heaven above*’ – far better for our wellbeing than daily grumbles!

So, thank you God for Julie the spider, thank you for small observant neighbours, thank you for the little things which make us smile, and thank you for reminding us to notice our blessings.

