



## Reflection

There is a certain angle, a certain distance, a certain quality of light that turns a window into both a mirror and a view.

### Inside and out

This is where we first met; you looking out, as the rain spattered the glass, the deep green of mid-summer fullness, the whitewashed shed in the back.

Deal is there, in her starched white dress, under your purview; boxed in by the wood frame enclosing glass panes.

She is working in/despite the rain, churning butter – the up and down motions a steady rhythm;  
Her days filled with the labour that makes your life easier; your family's life easier; my family's life easier

I wonder what you are thinking as you stare out at her.

The tea in your cup – a rare extravagance brought as a gift from parishioners – steams in curling fiddleheads like the ones you've seen in the woodlot, just back from the shed.

Fiddleheads in Mi'kma'ki – a treasure of which you are likely unaware

But the window, pa(i)n(e)s

The window doesn't just frame and box in Deal;

Its reflection – emerging with the overcast skies – also contains your face. Your reflection as boxed in as Deal.

Do you contemplate a way to get out?

Or are you simply gazing in the middle distance as you compose this week's sermon.