

Congregationist Essay Series | 48 | November 11, 2021

“Basically, for centuries the native peoples of New England—and the settlers who came later—had to live through winters that were long, dark, and hard.”

— Professor Robert Allison (Suffolk University)

Winter

Even Nature needs a time;
When She must pause for rest;
To hide from wind and snowstorms,
That end autumn at its best.

Stripped of brilliant red and gold,
Down to black, grey, and brown;
Her coverlet is grimy ice;
Her bed the frozen ground.

But all the while She lies in Peace;
Certain God knows when,
To drive all deathly gloom away,
And help Her rise again.

Paula Sutter Fichtner