From my window, I see Creation hope. October 11th, 2026
Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 & Colossians 1:15-20

From his prison cell window Paul watched the pear tree, laden with fleshy fruit, ripen more each day.
His confinement included time in the court yard, where he could sit under the ancient tree, smell the growing sweet scent and enjoy the sun on his face.

As much as he longed to be back with his friends and followers-sharing and teaching, as well as counselling and sometimes parenting new communities of faith; he found quiet pleasure in this opportunity to reflect and be still.
Rome was not mistreating him.
He had food, a bed, parchment and writing tools-and he was allowed time outside.

The fruit tree became a special focus for him.
Watching it through the window of his room and sitting under it in the mornings.
It became a silent teacher that did not judge or scold-simply flowered and flourished and offered food to the beings in its neighbourhood. Birds and small mammals, the guards and the workers.

It reminded him of God.

Far to the North east, Paul's companion Timothy was laying the teacher's mosaic of faith in the community of Colossae. Imbued with his friend's and mentor's will and faith, Timothy sewed new seeds of love, rich with the spirit of Christ poured out from the holy hands of God.
People gathered and listened.
Some walked away and some stayed.
Not everyone had the ears to hear and digest a new way to live into a deeper truth.
Not everyone is ready.
But like Paul, Timothy endured and continued and with heart felt faith, he shared the wisdom of the sacred three.

Taking in the early morning Mediterranean sun, Paul cherished the moment to feel his deepening commitment to the journey he felt called to. He was tired, aging, but something here in this experience, was renewing him.
The warm breeze whispered through him.
The earth beneath his feet rooted him as he felt the unmistakable presence of the Christ weave around his being.
And for a moment, all was well.

When Timothy heard of Paul's confinement he bestowed his leadership onto their followers and began the trek to Rome.
Patrons from within the new communities supported him, appreciating his devotion and loyalty to Paul.
The trip could take up to several months, utilizing both ground and sea travel. Timothy knew the risks. He wrote to Paul-knowing he would be on his way far before a letter reached him.
He also knew, Paul would tell him not to come.

Back in his cell Paul was starting to experience the gravity of imprisonment. Even with the freedom to walk outside and write at a desk, the confinement pushed and tested his spirit. And he prayed.

Sitting on his bed, head bowed, the loneliness and passion in his heart ached into his being.
“Come to me brother christ, sister spirit and father god.
Cast your love and wisdom into me so that all I see is you in the everything around me.
The lush trees.
My persecutors.
The sun that warms and moon that watches.
The birds and creatures that find sustenance at my tree.
The guards that are always there.
And my companions and brothers and sisters who under threat of judgment and persecution, have taken Christ into their hearts and had their lives transformed.”

Weeks past. Prayer and writing, food and drink, along with the morning sun under the pear tree, sustained and fed Paul with a deepening connection to Christ and his intimate relationship with all life.

He was both softened and anxious.
Unsure what would befall him and also experiencing the cradle of God holding him close.

One early morning, when night-dark meets dawn, Paul was up in the courtyard unable sleep.
He cast his solemn gaze into the burgeoning sunrise, closed his eyes and drifted into prayer.
Just as he was sinking from prayer to sleep, a hand clasped his shoulder.
A guard requested he escort him back to his cell.
Not an unusual ask, so Paul went without worry.

Back at the cell, as Paul was about to turn into his enclosure, he saw, standing by the open door, Timothy.
His eyes welled with tears as he beheld his friend. The months of imprisonment caught up as Paul embraced Timothy and slackened in his embrace. Timothy held on as tears flowed down his cheeks.

Paul then took a step back, was about to say something but instead held Timothy’s face between his hands and simply said,
“Too long. Too long.”
And together they sat and talked and cried. Their love of each other and the Christ that brought them together, wove between their friendship, their words and their silent pauses.

Several weeks later Paul was released and he returned with Timothy to his ongoing community ministry.

Paul was in his early sixties.

The next time Paul would be imprisoned, it would be his last.