

## *The Snail and The Girl*

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May 26, 2020  
Congregational Church of Austin, UCC

Can I wait till the snail gets to the top of the flower?

No, we have to keep going.

That's the interaction I heard between a young girl and her mother this morning as I was walking my dog, Hastings.

The girl was sitting on the sidewalk, so I physically distanced myself by going into the road, and then I saw her mother about five houses down.

Can I wait till the snail gets to the top of the flower?

The girl's question struck a deep chord within me, as if it conveyed some profound, hidden, or Zen-like meaning. It immediately brought to mind the haiku from Issa:

O snail  
climb Mt. Fuji  
but slowly, slowly

The mother's response struck me as well. No, we have to keep going. We can't wait for the snail to reach its destination. We're on our journey and we have to reach our destination.

I was moved that the girl noticed the snail in the first place, and then stopped, sat, and watched. An encounter between human reality and snail reality, human time and snail time. But the human had to keep going, just as the snail was going, each on their way, in their time.

I have no idea why this struck me the way it did, but I'm glad it did, because I'm enjoying my wonderment. It really made my day! I hope you notice something that makes your day.