

Christian Perspectives: Majune and Forget-Me-Nots

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It seems just about everyone has a favourite season or month of the year that resonates with their spirit.

For many years, my favourite month has been "Majune.?"

Majune runs from about mid-May through to mid-June, give or take a few days on each end.

For the past 42 years, I have lived in Egypt, Peterborough and Shelburne, all in Ontario, and all on the 44th degree of latitude and with a distance of less than 2 degrees longitude separating them.

Geographically, they share a commonality in that the season of Spring tends to spring forth in all its full glory from about the 15th of May to the 15th of June. The weather tends to be not too hot and not too cold. The kaleidoscopic array of shades of green explodes and the senses of sight and smell are almost daily excited with something delightfully new to experience.

In late March 2016, the Town of Shelburne and other areas were struck with freezing rain that left basements flooded and trees damaged and even broken beyond repair.

On the park-like property I am blessed to call home, we had major damage to dozens of trees. Most were fixed by an expert arborist but five had to be cut down. Still, with the onset of Majune, healing and restoration has taken place. You would hardly know what devastation had been upon us mere weeks ago.

Life has moved on.

Majune is a time for me to remember.

Among many memories, May 21 marked the 45th anniversary of my engagement to be married to my husband, Bob.

In recent days, as I drove along there was a distance of a couple of kilometres where both sides of the back road were heavily flanked with lilac bushes in full bloom, the sight and fragrance were breathtakingly heavenly, reminding me of the bunch of lilacs I had picked on the day Bob proposed to me.

I wish I had taken the time to stop the car to walk along the road and drink in the fragrance and the memories. On a sad note, my mother and my father-in-law went on to Heaven in Majune, 27 and 6 years ago, respectively.

Currently, our back yard has a very large area in full bloom with a carpet of forget-me-nots. It is stunning, especially when the sun is shining upon them. Those forget-me-nots remind me of loved ones and friends who have gone on before me, but are not forgotten.

In May 2011, I wrote the following poem entitled "Forget-me-not."

For-get-me-not ? such a big request
from I, who have been laid to rest.
For-get-me-not for the smiles and tears
as we shared our story over the years.
For-get-me-not for my love for you
as you gaze upon these flowers of blue.

For-get-me-not, but mourn not with
great tears and sorrow; where I am now,
you'll be with me some tomorrow.
Carry on for me, sharing God's love
'till He calls you to your home above.
With the great cloud of witnesses
'twill be wondrous glory as we gather
to hear the rest of the story!

The days, weeks, months and seasons come and they go, each bringing sorrows and gladness. For me, Majune reminds me that even when life seems harsh, as with ice storms and the resulting, and time consuming, flooding of basements, healing and restoration come.

If we are open to it and are willing to carry on, joy comes.

Our life story continues on, even when we have to redefine it, as in creating a new "month" such as Majune!