



# DANCING WITH THE DAFFODILS

By Ian Menzies

The Kyneton daffodil festival unsurprisingly features 'hosts of golden daffodils' in plantations bordering the main entries to the town as well as throughout its local parks and in home gardens. Wordsworth would be delighted. This lovely display, with all the promise of spring and new birth it promotes, gives a charmingly simple introduction to other contemplations of the wonders of God's Creation.

Wordsworth sums up the pleasure of his encounter of a similar mass daffodil planting by a lake in a manner that we

might relate to whenever we recall such abundance:

*I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
what wealth the show to me had brought:*

*For oft, when on my couch I lie*

*In vacant or in pensive mood,*

*They flash upon that inward eye*

*Which is the bliss of solitude;*

*And then my heart with pleasure fills,*

*And dances with the daffodils.*

## *Reflection:*

*Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; let the sea roar, and all that fills it; let the field exult, and everything in it. Then shall all the trees of the forest sing for joy.*

*Psalms 96: 11-12*