

[Spirituality](#)
[Soul Seeing](#)



(Pixabay/Mike Goad)

by Joni Woelfel

[View Author Profile](#)

[**Join the Conversation**](#)

Send your thoughts to *Letters to the Editor*. [Learn more](#)

October 31, 2026

[Share on Bluesky](#)[Share on Facebook](#)[Share on Twitter](#)[Email to a friend](#)[Print](#)

The *Lycoris squamigera*, colloquially called the forgotten lily or the resurrection lily, is described by gardeners the world over as a surprise. Each spring nine of them faithfully come up in our backyard, then promptly die down to nothing, leaving just clods of dirt. This year, wanting to protect the new lilies from the elements, I cut them and put them in a vase of water in the house. The past spring and summer had left my husband and I feeling like clods of dirt ourselves, beaten down by several stressful situations to the point of losing sleep and experiencing chest pain.

The late-blooming lilies reminded us that endurance and patience matter when waiting for underground spiritual growth, for ourselves and for others we care about. There will always be ordeals we can't control, and the growth comes in God's timing; not ours.

Recently I said to my doctor, "I can't take another day of this suffering, just can't take it." He paid close, kind attention and started me on new medications that turned out to feel like a miracle, the relief rising up suddenly like forgotten lilies, when I was running low on the hope of ever feeling better. I marveled at new possibilities. Abundant life can seem like a cliché, but if we experience it, even if only for a day, it changes one's perspective.

It is fall now. Our forgotten lilies are long gone, back to clods of dirt. Our hummingbirds Zippy and Leo (named after the pope) will be migrating soon and are frequenting our feeders in order to get nourished for the trip. Soon, like the lilies, they will be gone.

Advertisement

The wind whooshes through the woods and leaves swirl down while our tin windmill clicks and clatters with the gusts. Just below our porch step, our half-grown rabbit named Hop nibbles on nuts by my husband. Queenie, one of our deer, stands at the fence munching on a piece of bread I tossed her. This is our world, our precious world in our backyard, where peace and tranquility live.

Outside of this little backyard world, news reports about the perils of AI and other issues of fear abound like an ominous wind. There is a presence now of so much that is invisible. I am reminded of the song lyrics by Hank Williams, "Did you ever see a robin weep, when leaves begin to die?" and I feel prayerfully hushed by the

uncertainty of what our future will hold. Last week a predatory hawk swooped into our backyard sanctuary and, in a flurry of wings, flew away with one of our young blue jays. I sorrowfully found a scattering of feathers. Menacing things can happen. I don't want it to be like this.

Queenie gazes at me with her friendly, trusting eyes and I ponder how precarious change is in our hearts, politics, relationships and world safety. The forgotten lilies, while underground, still offer messages, as a friend wrote: "Remember, remember, remember: Faith, not fear."

When seen through the eyes of the soul, my tall, pale-pink forgotten lilies are a reminder to hold onto that which can resurrect: goodness, goodwill and decency. When we don't feel safe, Psalm 91:1-4 reminds us of God's protection, "Under his wings we will find refuge." It's not a call to hiding, but to dwelling in a place of power, possibilities, wise council and trust.