

## Pastor's Letter – June 2015

My windows are open these days. With temperatures consistently above 60 degrees, I've enjoyed the luxury of vacuuming up all the dead flies, throwing up the storm windows, pulling down the screens and taking in lung-fulls of pollen-laden springtime air. Even amidst the sneezing, it's delicious! My living room table has lost its winter coating of dust, only to be replaced by a yellow patina of pollen. Who says I have no seasonal decorative sense?!

Open windows mean louder traffic. Spring traffic has a sense of urgency to it, as though folks are rushing to get done what they haven't been able to do for months, like plant, mow, picnic, swim and tan. Even cars ostensibly heading to work in the morning seem to be buzzing to the office in order to get **OUT** of the office and back to the yard, boat, golf course or grill. There's a kind of "strike while the iron (or weather) is hot" mentality. OR, perhaps more apt, "make hay while the sun shines." A hunger to maximize limited opportunities.

Things are more precious when they're scarce – which suggests to me that our friends in San Diego or Honolulu may have no idea as to the value of a warm, sunny day! We northerners tend to treasure what is fast and fleeting, as we are haunted by the recollection of a mere 5 hours above freezing in all of February! We can be forgiven if we loll in the lounge chair for another minute or two...or gaze at the irises for just a bit longer!

Therein seems to be my spiritual learning these days: to drink deeply in the moment, relishing the warmth of a friendly smile, rolling a funny story around in my mind, or delighting in those waning moments of sunset when the shadows are long and the clefts in the hills are deep and dramatic.

Jesus said, "Look at the birds of the air; they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly father feeds them" – along with help from that last aisle of Wegman's where they sell the 5 pound bags of wild birdseed!

Perhaps as the season deepens, so too will our trust in God's cycles of abundance. My strawberries just started to show up in my backyard. With luck, I'll be able to harvest enough berries this year to cover 2 large pieces of toast with jam! Humble beginnings. Where there's life, there's hope...and perhaps a whole pie's worth one day!

Strawberries send out runners, little strands of growth that yield fruit in new places. With a modest amount of attention to weeding and thinning, but mostly just waiting and trusting, the berries will come. OK, if I'm honest, I **DO** occasionally **TALK** to my strawberries, when no one's listening. Just a bit of a pep talk, now and then. I love strawberries, so I'll try anything!

We can do something like that for each other: encourage, support, coax, comfort and cheer – so that our fruits will flourish, to the glory of God. I wish you all a season both ripe and rich with the blessings of God.

In faith,  
Tim