

From the Pastor's Desk

I've said it before, Lent is my favorite season. Don't get me wrong, the other seasons are something special too. But it seems to me that during the Lenten season we are just so much more intentional about our faith and life. There is an intentionality of focus on what is most important, God's great love for us in Jesus Christ, and the sacrifice that was made for our salvation. The disciplines of Lent allow us an "excuse to be better." We often add worship, devotional time, prayer, fasting, and/or acts of service ... an excuse to be better about our faith practices.

With that in mind, each year, additional Lenten devotional practices are encouraged ... to make it easier, there's resources provided. This year, the devotional book is entitled "Wandering Heart," by A Sanctified Art. The resource has a little something for everyone: art, commentary, prayers, reflection questions, and poems. It includes wonderful poems.

I'd like to share one of the poems ...

Here's My Heart

As a child I made a nativity set for my mother—
pinch pot clay, uneven angel wings,
hair made with the help of a garlic press,
Joseph's staff rolled out like I was God
and it was an earthworm.

There was nothing beautiful about it,
nothing whispering of talent,
but I made it for my mother!

So I wrapped
that questionable piece of art in a box
and gave it to her like I was handing her a Picasso.

Here, mother,
you carried me in your womb.
You bandaged my knees when I fell.
You made soup when I was sick.
You rocked me to sleep as an infant
and sewed my costumes by hand.
In return, I made you this haphazard nativity!

And in my childlike mind,
I thought that the small white lamb,
molded from a lumpy piece of clay,
could somehow make us even,
could somehow balance the scales,
could somehow pay her back.
And bless my mother, because in her grace,
she smiled and she displayed that
hodgepodge nativity set on the mantel
as if it were her pride and joy.
(I believe that it was.)

Maybe that's the way it is with God.
I say, Here's my heart and God smiles.
And God takes it.

And despite the ragtag nature of my humanhearted faith,
whatever I can give always ends up on God's mantel.
Whatever I can give always calls for pride and joy.

Poem by Rev. Sarah Speed

May this Lenten season be a time of return, reflection and renewal.!!



Pastor Karen