

June 2021

Beloved:

Many years ago, when my sons were small, my husband and I needed to travel to Canada for a job interview. A lovely older couple volunteered to watch the boys while we were away. They were wonderful people, and I knew they were completely trustworthy, but...I had never been separated from my babies for any substantial amount of time before. I was a wee bit anxious. Well, maybe a bit more than a "wee bit:" a lot anxious, actually. Anyway, I handled the event the way I usually handle stressful life situations, I made a list. Most mom's know about "the list." It instructs a babysitter or caregiver on all of the what to do "if," situations: the doctor's number, food preferences, sleep rituals, what specials toys to keep handy, you know the drill.

It was a substantial list, it might have even qualified to be a mini-novel. I have no idea if Margaret ever actually read it. But I felt better for having written everything provided my loving detailed emergency tome. I called every day, but mostly the boys couldn't be bothered with making conversation with mom. They were much more interested in watching cartoons—Margaret and Chet had cable! I should have felt comforted, I suppose. Sigh.

It dawned on me recently, that the last few weeks have felt a bit like I felt when preparing for the trip to Canada. I have been writing a list. Lots of lists, if I am honest with myself. What words do I want to leave behind? What scriptures should I be preaching on? And don't forget to leave instructions about...or remind Chris to...or make sure that everything is ready for Gigi's arrival.

Pastors come. Pastors go. That is a fact of life. Congregations survive the changes and transitions. Just as my children quickly adjusted to life with Margaret and Chet, churches are resilient and able to move into a new place with a new person. And I am glad. Mostly.

I want you to welcome Gigi and her family, as you welcomed me and my family. I want the transition to be smooth, and the glitches to be few. I want all good things for all of you going forward into times of new adventures and mission and ministry. I will continue to pray for you. I will miss you. And, if I am honest with my little over-functioning self, I hope you will miss me just a bit as well. But not too much.

It has been a wonder and a delight to have had the opportunity to spend these last four years together. I have learned so much, and I have been blessed to be in service alongside all of you. You have become part of my extended family, I am blessed. I leave you in excellent hands. God go with you, Best Beloved.



*Peace, Pastor Nancy*