



Dear Faith Family,

November 15th

Letter # 38

Texts for Sunday: Ezekiel 34: 11-16, 20-24; Psalm 95; Ephesians 1: 15-23; and Matthew 25: 31-46.  
November birthdays: 15th, Anje Prey, 20th Karen Strom, Christine Cassayre, 21st Carolyn Dorisdotter, Sherry Thompson, and the 27th, Patrick Murphy. Send cards!!!!

I have some prayer concerns to share: Pray for peace and comfort for Mary and Greg Steeber. Greg's brother, Doug, died on November 5th. Pray for Liz Caemmerer and her family; Liz wants her Faith family to know that her cancer has returned, and she will begin receiving hospice care this Monday. Pray for one another, our community, and our nation. Sunday's sermon reminded us that as children of God, we are kin, called to live as "we" and not "me." This is difficult; there are days I am all about me and not interested in engaging THOSE people. Then I am reminded of the words we hear on Sunday: "my blood shed for you and for ALL people for the forgiveness of sin." Even THOSE people.

This past week I gave up watching the news—I only peek sometimes to catch the weather report. The news of the spread of the virus and the election battles paints a grim picture that I can't stomach anymore. SO—guess what? I watch the overly sweet, trite Hallmark Christmas movies. They are rarely spiritual, but feature carol singing, tree-lighting and happy endings. Problems are solved as relationships are healed, and the economy regains health. Love conquers all. I know many of these sappy movies word for word. They are my balm—no, not in Gilead, just Leavenworth.

Peepers, being an Arizona girl, she doesn't quite know how to handle the snow. Her legs are pretty short, so the snow came up to her belly. The best part for her is following the scents of all the wildlife that visits Benton Street. The other morning, she was stunned to encounter six does crossing the yard. Yes, she barked. We're working on that with a squirt bottle; the only problem, the water isn't good for her pink turtleneck.

The approaching holidays are significantly different this year. Thanksgiving won't be a family feast, table moaning under the abundance of food. The many things I took for granted have moved into the blessing category: house (shelter); clothing; financial security; relationships. My Christmas wish list has taken a new direction, too. I wish for a safe vaccine that will be available and free for everyone; I wish for an end to nastiness in the public sphere; I wish for unity of purpose in the pursuit of justice. Most of all, I wish for peace and love for all people. Big list—I could go on. You add your wishes!! Now what I need—not money to fill the list—but courage to walk my talk.

I read a neat quote by Rob Bell. "The Bible isn't a book about how to get into heaven, it's a library of poems and letters and stories about bringing heaven to earth now, about this world become more and more the place it should be." Our instruction book!!