

MM Email Blue Sheet from Art Morgan February 4, 2013

Morgan's Moment...

*"I think I might know
the lady in room 202..."*

I told the assisted living helper.
We were in Eugene with friends...
who take us every year
for a visit with the friend's mom.
A chance glance at a door-plate name
led me to ask the helper
to see if I knew the room's occupant.

*"Enid a man is here...
who thinks he might know you...
his name is Art Morgan."*

I knew her but she was foggy about me...
until I spoke of their restaurant in Corvallis...
of hospital visits, a wedding, and a baptism.
Eyes brighten as memories came back...
the missing 30 years were bridged...

"Art Morgan you were my pastor!"
Then words poured... *"I'm 97 years old..."*

*Robert died 10 years ago at 91...
my daughter you married died."*
Friends were waiting as she asked
"Are you still writing your blue pages?"
"Yes and I'll add Room 202 to my list."

I gave her a little hug
brushed a kiss of blessing on her forehead
then went on down the hall.

As soon as I left she guided her walker
telling anyone in the hall...

"He was my pastor!"
Just a glance at a name on the door...
for five minutes to become a "moment"...
with the lady in room 202.

Art Morgan

IN REMEMBRANCE OF RUBY

This is not an obituary. It's not even about Ruby. In fact, I suspect she would be surprised and embarrassed about any notoriety.

This is about how to remember.

There is some scholarly debate about whether the ceremony that is observed or "celebrated" as The Mass or Holy Eucharist or Holy Communion or Lord's Supper was actually "instituted" by Jesus.

It really doesn't matter at this point what started it, but each can have an opinion, at least in this time when most heresies go unpunished... and unnoticed.

I do not doubt that Jesus had supper with friends. There are too many clues that have filtered up through oral tradition and later written reports reporting breakfasts, lunches and dinners... and parties.. At some point everyone has a "last" supper. Most of us don't know when, but someone in danger of execution might know.

I don't find it unlikely at all that Jesus might tell friends at such a supper, *"Don't be moping over me... Whenever you can get together and share a loaf and a glass of wine, remember me. I would like that."*

I'm not saying that is what happened, but scholars agree with me that it was most unlikely Jesus had any notion of setting up the kind of ceremonial event practiced in churches bearing his name.

Now, back to remembering Ruby. It wasn't her idea to live to be 99, nor was it her idea to die before she made it to 100. I don't know if she had any idea about how she should be remembered.

But here's what happened.

Her family, being a creative bunch, rather freed up from need to do what is expected, decided not to do a service. They would go through one of Ruby's recipe books and choose a favorite meal. It would be one she loved to serve and one they had often shared at her table.

So it was that last Saturday night her family cooked up a meatloaf dinner with green beans and jello salad and cherry upside down cake with real whipping cream. They invited us to share that meal and remember Ruby. No formalities. Just eat together, share stories, renew connections, remember the good old days.

They didn't tie this to holy communion or anything like that. But I went away from there feeling that this was a great way of remembering someone. It worked for Jesus, didn't it.? Some remember him with bread and wine, and sometimes fish, even to this day.

But from now on whenever I eat meatloaf or cherry upside down cake with real whipped cream I'll do it and remember Ruby. A sacred meal indeed.

— Art Morgan, February 3, 2013

BOOK CORNER

"Hallucinations" by Oliver Sacks, Professor of Neurology at New York University.

A fascinating books with many case illustrations of varieties of hallucinations. If you've ever had a vision of someone vividly present whom you knew to be deceased, or had an "out of body" experience, or wondered about some biblical appearances, and visions, this book might add some light. For people with dementia or such diseases as Parkinson's and others, the brain often creates scenes of its own. How and why?