

Morgan's Moment...

"How's your day going?...
was the Starbucks greeting to me.
"I haven't had my coffee yet...
but I think I'm OK."
A moment for honesty avoided...
I sat down and...*naturally*...
opened my phone.
"What's on your mind?"
is how Facebook greeted me.
Two personal delving questions...
before I've had coffee.
I begin to think of answers...
"Didn't you know?...
stocks dropped 1,100 points!"
Or "I'm thinking about a dear friend
who just died last evening".
Jean joins me and brings me to here and now
"Anything to add
to the grocery list?"
Mind begins to blur...
*enough already...
coffee first then our walk.*
Things will focus
and the day will happen.
"This is the day that the Lord has made
Let us rejoice and be glad."
I'll give it my best shot."
Art Morgan

Few on my present list knew her. Some of you knew that every year Jean and I journeyed through Spokane to visit some old friends. Those friends were Teddy and Clara Fern Turner.

We were colleagues going back to when we started in ministry at the Kelso Christian Church. They were in Olympia. We both had small children. Theirs were named Stephanie and Win.

In those days minister's wives rarely worked outside the home. And ministers had Mondays off. We would drive to Olympia to visit. Lunch "out" was peanut butter sandwich that we brought. Lots of stories and laughs from those days.

We didn't know other ministers in those first years. I didn't go to Northwest Christian College...now NCU...where most Christian Church ministers attended. (I went to University of Washington). NCU was a great place for ministers and wives to connect. So Clara Fern from Aberdeen and Teddy from Idaho connected there.

In those days most clergy wives were expected to be a sort of first lady in the church and a presence at church functions, and always at the Christian Women's Fellowship. Definitely a pastoral asset and assistant. A gracious lady and supporter she was.

A different era comes to mind (answering the Facebook question of the day "What's on your mind?") We had 60 years of friendship history. Strange how long-forgotten things come to mind when someone you've known so long dies.

I don't and can't write about everyone I've known when they die and I don't. They all have their stories. I'll miss visits to Spokane, Clara Fern's easy and frequent laughter and her good soups. And we always remembered those days when we showed up at their door with peanut butter sandwiches.



WHAT? ME WORRY?

I mentioned that the stock market fell 1,100 points yesterday. Yes, we have some savings in the stock market. We don't worry about it. We did when we first started investing. If you're a worrier you don't want to be in the stock market. It's like life. Up and down. Whatever. After doing our shopping (and stopping for Starbucks) we came home where the phone soon rang (or buzzed or whatever Jean's cell phone does to attract attention). It was our Investment Manager. I forget his title, but after all these years we call him "friend."

He was checking in and telling us we were OK. He didn't want us to be worried. We weren't surprised to hear from him. It's what he does.

It's very pastoral...a moment ministry. It's the kind of things caring people do.

CURRENT READING

"FANTASYLAND — How American Went Haywire — A 500 YEAR HISTORY" by Kurt Anderson.

Our present era of fantasy is not new. I think I will write about it another day.

Here is our great-grandson Henry announcing what his T-shirt says:

"I'm going to be a BIG BROTHER!"

Granddaughter Lauren and husband Pete Moe happily agree.

I need a T-shirt that says

*"I'm going to be a great grandfather...
AGAIN!"*

Number 6...I think.

One of our nicest moments recently.