

A semi-occasional paper of news and commentary from Art Morgan and Moment Ministries  
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## Morgan's Moment...

A hollow feeling in my stomach...  
when I think of Leap Year...  
when gals can ask guys...  
when I was once asked and said  
"No, I can't dance."  
The feeling gets worse...  
remembering her turn away...  
walking alone across the room...  
to tell her friends  
"He said, 'no'."  
She was only fifteen that year...  
pretty shy herself...  
acting on borrowed courage...  
from insisting friends...  
to invite a guy she didn't know.  
That was sixteen Leap Years ago...  
and my awkward refusal  
still shames me...  
the memory of that  
Last Chance Dance I didn't attend.  
There's more to the story...  
it wasn't my last chance...  
my worst moment memory  
turned into my life's  
most important moment...  
when a girl got my attention...  
and a few weeks later  
offered to teach me to dance.  
Amazing grace...  
when there's another chance  
after the last chance.  
— Art Morgan

## READING —

Books are starting to pile up on me again. Our book group is going to discuss a book I mentioned before: "The Meaning of It All – Thoughts of a Citizen Scientist" by Richard Feynman. Here is what one brilliant scientist has to say about the *importance of doubt* to the study of science and how the same approach is important to religion. He is candid, humble, witty and profound in all sorts of practical ways. The chapters were lectures delivered to an audience of peers and students. A great book for opening dialog between science and religion.

## A LETTER FROM MILDRED

I almost started this column by writing "There is an old lady who lives in a chair..." That doesn't dignify her, but I doubt she cares. In fact, she is not shy about stating her age as 94. And she is the one who used the line about living in a chair. It's not her first choice of a place to spend her days and nights, but her old friend, pain, tells her where she feels best. So that's where she lives.

That is not anywhere near the truth. If you know Mildred, you know what I mean.

Mildred Whitworth goes more places in that chair than most of us go who drive and fly and train and sail all the time. No, it's not a flying chair. It doesn't even roll. But she doesn't just sit there. She goes places. She has so many people on her itinerary. She's in touch with lots of them. She reads their letters and even their *newsletters* and *Blue Sheets*. She probably keeps lots of letters filed. After all, she spent a career filing things where they could be found. She also files things in her memory.

Her mind travels in thoughts about different things, and opinions which she is not shy about expressing. And she draws on her memory file all the time.

Mildred wrote lots of letters during her long career at the Disciples Seminary Foundation at Claremont CA. Most of us who received degrees there must have had numerous letters that passed through her typewriter. She still writes letters, but few by typewriter. At least the ones I see are hand written. They are carefully written. Very legible. And personal. She has special stamps.

You want to sit down and listen to them all the way through.

A couple of months ago Mildred said she was going to get another award. Understand that her chair location has been discovered. Her photo has graced the local papers more than once. Thousands have read of her life and thoughts.

The award arrived just before Christmas, a second place prize for an essay in the "Why I Write" contest. Over 500 entries. Hers was called "an excellent piece on why writing is important." Her opening words said:

*"We will be known by the tracks we leave. For years I have left tracks by letter writing for family, friends, and Letters to the Editor. My opinions are expressed politely but firmly. There is Power in the written word. Having lived in seven states I have collected a wide variety of wonderful friends and have kept in touch for years with written words."*

My list has more than a dozen people—at least—each differently abled, yet more out and about in ways that matter than many unfettered folks. Some dispute the possibility of a transcendent God. I don't argue one way or the other. But I believe in the reality of transcendent people. I remember that when I get a letter from Mildred.

## Moment Ministries Annual Meeting

Thursday, February 23, 2012

Beginning our 34<sup>th</sup> Year