

Morgan's Moment...

I Googled up "pussy willows"
learning something new to me...
there is a "Pussy Willow Sunday."

Ukrainians and Russians and others
observe "Pussy willow Sunday."
in place of Palm Sunday.

If you don't have palm branches
pussy willow branches
or any branches will do.

We're going to celebrate Spring
with a Pussy Willow Thursday...
our very first orthodox service.

Haven't figured the liturgy
or chosen songs yet...
or even found any Pussy Willows!

A triumphal entry for Jesus
is more history imagined
than history in fact.

And palm branches are no more holy
than good old Pussy Willows
celebrating the end of winter.
— Art Morgan

BOOK CORNER

I have been re-reading "*The Last Week – A day by day account of Jesus' final Week in Jerusalem*" by Marcus Borg and John Dominic Crossan.

I've tried to do this kind of study
before Easter for many years.

This book has been read and
discussed in many churches,
exposing people to contemporary
biblical scholarship.

Some churches would consider the
book too controversial to study.

The book does not report the Easter
events as eye-witness historical
events. It does report Mark's version
of Jesus as it had developed during
the 40 or so years after Jesus' death.
The book has been mind-opening
and helpful to many.

I did not find any mention of pussy
willows.

NOTICE – Moment Ministries
will observe *PussyWillow Thursday*
on *March 20* beginning at 6 p.m.

NOTING A FULL MOON

I don't want to give anyone the illusion that I spend much time thinking about God or religion. It's not the first thing I do in the morning. I know I should be more devout, but truth is truth.

My first waking act is to look out the window right beside my bed. I had it built so I could see out with my head still on my pillow.

Most of the time it's dark, but I check for stars anyway. If no stars I have my first clue of clouds. Then I peek down at our driveway to check for puddles reflecting our outside night light.

I get on my feet and grab my shaver and tour down the hall to the kitchen where we have an indoor-outdoor thermometer.

Then I go to the front door and open it to see and feel what the weather is really doing. I scan the wider sky for moon or stars. I look to the east for the early glow of a possible sunrise.

By then I'm pretty much done shaving and ready to get on preparing for the day.

Our day always begins with a three mile walk with a stop for coffee. Our walks expose us to whatever weather there is. We have all kinds of coats and scarfs and umbrellas in the car. When we get home we will check the paper to see what it has to say about the weather.

There is a spiritual aspect to this that is not explicit. I think of the picture of an American Indian greeting the morning sun with arms raised. We don't raise our arms. But I wonder whether we humans didn't lose something when we separated religion from nature. We took God inside. Actually, God is still wherever God is, if "isness" is a divine necessity. Weather may be a more realistic way to describe "God". Weather is like the kind of God you cannot escape. Weather is, and if it isn't, we aren't. (That may be a quote worth saving!)

Before there were churches there were holy places. Often on mountain tops or high places. Sometimes by giant trees or still waters. It's a long time before the Bible locates God in a box or temple or book.

So I was thinking we might do better to suspend all our self-created Gods (yes, we create all our own gods). At the same time we could end all the wars we have between one another over the supremacy of one god or another. Then we could turn our faces to the sun, or stars, or rain and expand our wonder along with our sense of dependence and humility.

Some call such religion pagan. I think they might be wrong. By the way, did you see the full moon this morning?
Art Morgan, Beginning of Spring 2014