

BLUE SHEET VIA EMAIL From *MM* SUMMER HEADQUARTERS ON PUGET SOUND

It's the front edge of the Memorial Day weekend. Lots of folks heading out. Any heading our way are running windshield wipers on high speed. Sun is scarce this weekend, but at last news we don't have tornadoes or floods.

We're here through September, probably. Time out for a quick run to Albany OR where our youngest grandson, Max, graduates from High School. No more high school graduations in our future I guess. It takes a while to work out a reasonable compromise between our use of this property and what nature wants to do with it. It dumped some limbs this winter. I haven't seen the beach yet to see how it weathered.

My grandfather and grandmother found this place before I was born but I think without doubt that Jean and I have spent more years here than others combined. It's a camp, really, with some tent-decks that evolved into tin roof cabins. Four of them. We have an open tin roof camp fire area and another open tin roof kitchen that connects to a couple of decks that look out toward the mountains and over the water. Flush toilets and showers in recent years.

We do life here, which means shopping, working on the place, neighboring, reading, staying in touch via all the latest tech devices. I just got a "smart" phone with a Wi-Fi "hot spot" I can use to connect my computer to the internet. The end of the road is connected to the world.

If the weather warms we expect folks to take advantage of our open camp for a night or two. We provide bunks and a common table with a view, opportunity to practice camp skills, to use a variety of boats, sit, read, nap and talk about everything important. **Cell #541-207-2018**

My last e-mail blue sheet was published shortly after returning from an extended trip through the American southwest. We were home long enough to mow the yard, have a nice little family birthday party, before flying off to Mexico for ten days of sun, walking sandy beaches for miles, swimming in balmy blue water in the Sea of Cortez. Four days home and we were packed and on our way to Puget Sound. Sounds decadent, a bit frantic, somewhat adventurous, a little tiring, and fun. We're doing what almost all older folks have told us: "Go while you can."

I spent another morning under our 26 foot sailboat, scraping its 23 year old bottom in readiness for painting. A certain amount of theological discussion goes through my mind while doing the job I hate most. I generally don't come out with anything inspiring to say!

For profound thinking I'm reading a paper by friend Ken, called "The Unforgiveable Sin." What does it mean when we reject the "holy" in ourselves, others and the world?

Another friend, John, is doing a paper on a "Critical Interpretation of the Resurrection Reports," and has trusted me with a preliminary copy to critique. I'll not disclose the probing of John's sharp mind, but we have had some good interchange in recent weeks. You may suspect that I am not worrying about the subject too much.

Some on my list are laboring hard to find ways of improving the survival possibilities for struggling congregations. I was there for 25 years but for the last 33 years have done whatever it is I do outside any institutional structure. No building, no budget, no committees, no salary. It's no way to run a church, but I can tell you that there are many, many people who are done with creeds and institutional *ism*. But the more interesting thing is that some churches are finally getting up nerve enough to be more open about their biblical understanding and theology, and less hung up on rounding people up to be branded with a particular creed or denominational label. Read this week's article by Fred Plumer, "Dandelions in the Cracks of Sidewalks: Is there a future for the Church?" (ProgressiveChristianity.org) It's what some churches I know need.

That's enough, says Jean. Time for Happy Hour. She's always right.— Art Morgan 5/26/11

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